STANZAS WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR DR PAUL BRUNTON BY PRANAVANANDA, first disciple of Sri Maharhsi who died in 1937.

the Munshi of Vellore,

O

The meditation on Silent Aum

1. First, it should be regarded that the Vedas (Holy Scripts) with their divisions and subdivisions, the historic Stories and the voice of animals are the roarings of the waves that arise on the surface of Athman.

2. Next, the meaning which creates the difference in words must be cast aside, and the Voice of Aum which abides or dwells in the heart of these words must be sought for in our heart, and had as our only Shelter.

3. The sounding Aum - the quality or attribute of ~~Akasa~~ Akasa (Ether) must also be regarded to be having its origin in Athman. This dhyana (meditation) spreads or extends itself to Sahasrara

-[the head - i.e. the summit or top of dyana] - and causes the Neetar to flow down therefrom.

4. This divine drink should be taken in, gulp after gulp. Hereby the Jeeva gets himself under the influence of Paramathman and experiences the excessive Joy - called Ananda or Bliss -. Thereby he regards himself to be and does actually become "One with Paramathman"

5. This experience (~~of dhyana or Voice-less Hum~~) is the outcome or the effect of the shakeless, unobstructed and attributeless dhyana. It is attained by the grace of Sri Ramana Sathguru.

Ramanananadam openly declares or reveals this to all the intellectually and spiritually learned men

Notes: —

1. Dhyanam is the ~~absorption or being sucked~~ "I" being absorbed or sucked in the Paramathman.

2. The Neetar is the state of birth and deathlessness. It is not of this perishable body, but it is the inseparable condition of Athman.

3. Drinking the Neetar is to be actually living or dwelling in the state of no-beginning, no-being and no-end - which is the Silent Hum.

4. Being One with Paramathman is the enjoyment of Self-Light, called Gnana Jyoti or Athma Jyoti

Ramanananadam

—

O

UPADESA SARAM (TEACHINGS ON THE SPIRITUAL PATH)
by The Maharishee

1. Karma must ever yield its proper fruit,
For thus it is ordained by God, Himself,
Supreme Creator. Then is Karma God?
No, for it is itself insentient.

2. Of Karma the results must pass AWAY
Yet it leaves seeds which in their turn sprout forth
And throw the actor back into the flood
Of Karma's ocean. Karma cannot save.

3. But acts performed without attachment's urge,
And solely for the service of the Lord
Will cleanse the mind and indicate the way
Which leads at length unto the final goal.

4. Worship, reciting of God's Holy Name,
And meditation, mainly are performed
By body, voice and mind, and they excel
Each other in the order here set down.

5. If we but could recognize this Universe
Of eight-fold form as form of God Himself,
And serve in adoration all the world,
This is of God most Excellent worship.

6. Constant repeating of the Holy Name
Is more than Praise, at length the voice will sink
TO SILENT REPETITION IN THE HEART
AND IN THIS WAY IS MEDITATION LEARNT.

Thinking*

7. Better than meditation that recurs
In broken fits and starts is that ~~whic~~
which is
A steady ceaseless flow, like to the course
Of falling oil or a perennial stream.

8. Worship of God as in no other way ~~[illegible]~~
distinct
From him who worships, or in other words
Thinking that" He is I" , is better far
Than any other kind of worshipping.

9To rest in the Real Being, that transcends
Our very thought, by reason of the strength
Of our devotion to something conceived;
This of supreme devotion is the truth.

IO. To be absorbed again into one's Source
Is Karma, Bhakti, Yoga, Jnana, all
These things in truth. Or put in other
words
Is Work, Devotion, Union, Wisdom, too.

II. As by the fowler birds are caught in ~~th~~
nets
So by the holding of the breath within
The mind can be restrained.This a device
Which will effect absorption of the mind.

I2. For mind and life, expressed in
thought and act
That is with thought and action as
their function,
Diverge and branch like two boughs of a
tree,
BUT BOTH OF THEM SPRING FROM ONE SINGLE STEM

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nets
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12. For mind and life, expressed in
thought and act
That is with thought and action as
their function,
Diverge and branch like two boughs of a
tree,

I3. Suppression of the mind in two ways comes
Absorption and extinction; mind absorbed
Will live again, but mind which is destroyed
Will never more revive, for it is dead.

I4. When, by the means of restraint of the breath,
The mind has been controlled, then make it flow
Along a single current, that achieved,
Its form will then entirely disappear.

I5. For the great Sage for whom all form of mind
Has disappeared and who is ever one
With the Reality, there is no Karma more,
For He, indeed, the True Self has become.

I6. When mind has given the sence-objects up
Which are external and has drawn within,
And has perceived its own refulgent form,
Then verily alone True Wisdom is.

I7. When pondering with constant vigilance
Upon the actual nature of the mind
One finds that there is no such thing as mind;
This, of a truth, Is the straight course for all.

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Absorption and extinction; mind
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Will live again, but mind which is destroyed
Will never more revive, for it is dead.

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Upon the actual nature of the mind
One finds that there is no such thing as mind;
This, of a truth, is the straight course for all.

I8 The mind is nothing but a lot of thoughts,
Of all these many thoughts 't is the thought 'I'.
That is the root. So we can see by that
The mind in truth is only the thought 'I

I9. Whence therefore, does this 'I 'I-thought' have its birth?
With vigilant and ever active mind
Seek this, and crestfallen the 'I' becomes.
The search, itself, the quest of Wisdom is.

20. The search pursued till 'I' has disappeared
There now shines forth the 'I-I' all alone,
The quest is finished, there's no more to seek,
For this is truly the Infinite Self.

2I. This is eternally the true import
Of the term 'I'. For in the deepest sleep
We do not cease to be, we still exist
Even though there, there is no sense of 'I'.

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19. Whence therefore, does this 'I
'I-thought' have its birth?
With vigilant and ever active mind
Seek this, and eradicate the 'I'
become.
The search, itself, the quest of Wisdom
is.

20. The search pursued till 'I' has
disappeared
There now shines forth the 'I-I'
all alone,
The quest is finished, there's no more
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21. This is eternally the true import
Of the term 'I'. For in the deepest
sleep
We do not cease to be, we still exist
Even though there, there is no sense
of 'I'.

22. As I am Pure Existence, I am not
The body nor the sences, mind nor life,
Nor even ignorance, for all these things
Are quite insentient and so unreal.

23. As there is not another consciousness
To know Existence, it must follow that
Existence must itself be consciousness.
So we ourselves are this same consciousnes

24. In their real nature as Existence both
Creatures and Creator are the same,
The unique Principle. In attributes
And knowledge only is a different found.

25. Realization of the Self alone,
Eliminating all its attributes,
Is God-Realization of a truth,
As it is He that shines forth as the Self.

26. To be the Self, that is to know the Se Self,
As there is no duality in Self;
This is Thanmaya-Nishta, or the state
Of absolutely being That in truth.

27. That knowledge is true knowledge which transcends.
Knowledge and ignorance both equally,
And this alone is truth. For there is kno
Subject or object that can be known.

28. If one can only realize at Heart
What one's true nature is, one then will find
That 't is infinite Wisdom, Truth and Bliss,
Without beginning and without an end.

29. Remaining in this state of Supreme Bliss,
Devoid of bondage and of freedom too,
Is found to be a state in which one is
Wrapt in perpetual service of the Lord.

30. By ardent search and shedding ego's veil
Realize the Self, The One that's ego-less,
And function thus; the soul right penance this.
So teaches Bhagavan Sri Ramana,
Who is the Self of everything that is.

OM! TAT! SAT!

The Reality

(translated by Lakshman Sarma)

① // There is the Desire to get something. It is the impulse for action. The desire is generated in the self as a sequence of past experience. This last was due to the result of similar action activated by a similar desire and so on, in the unlimited past. The present action yields concrete fruits immediately; it also leaves on the mind an impression of experience. The impression now latent, will sprout forth in due course under agreeable conditions. Action is therefore interminable and the Agent cannot escape from its grip. Action is therefore the bond tying down the individual self in the samsara of births and deaths & is an enemy to Release.

To obtain release, can one cease to be active? Life itself is Action. So long as there is life, the individual must act willy-nilly. If careful, the action can be shorn of its results. The action should be performed without thought of self, but in harmony with the Universe. Such action purifies the mind, that is to say, the mental impressions of the past actions lose in vigor. The mind can then be brought under control more readily and means adopted for obtaining a permanent Release from Samsara.

1. The Divine Author ordains the fruits of Action; Action is not the Dispenser Himself but only inert.

2. With its transitory (crop of) fruits and trail of mental predisposition (for future actions and their harvest) the vast expanse of Action holds the agent down and allows no escape.

3. (Whereas) actions done selflessly and dedicated to God, cleanse the mind and lead to salvation.

Release.

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These steady the mind in the quest of God.

to serve all with humility and loving kindness.

3. (Whereas) actions done selflessly and dedicated to God, cleanse the mind and lead to salvation.

4. (Such are) Worship, Prayer and meditation respectively of body, speech and mind and they are effective in the order of merit.

5. (Of these, again,) the highest Worship of God is the service done to His eightfold aspect as the Universe.

6. Prayer is best (offered) in contemplation instead of chanting mantras (or adorations) loudly or muttering (them) softly.

Note to 5. The worship in the initial stages is ceremonial stimulated by Sastra or exhorted by the wise. Later, the mind longs for a sight of God. Being told that He is Immanent, and Eternal, the devotee seeks to be worthy of His Grace by real and sensible service to His manifestations of life. Naturally enough, the rituals of and the appointed time for, image worship, drop off from him and his ardour finds vent in right service in thought, word and deed, on every occasion and in every place.

7. Meditation is best if (uninter-
mitant*) like oil flowing and (intense
as flood swelling.

8. (Furthermore,) contemplation (of God) as Self of self is superior to contemplation (of God) as other than self.

9. Supreme Devotion gained by contemplation on the Self of self, is to abide clear of thought in the True Essence (of All) or as Supreme Existence.

or,

Contemplation on the Self of self leads to the highest Devotion which is to abide as the unalloyed quiddity of self.

10. To merge the mind into the Heart* is, without doubt, the acme of Karma, Bhakti, Yoga or Gnana.

11. The mind becomes quiescent by the control of breath; this is the

* = ardent

The ultimate goal is Realisation of God in the Self as the Self. Being so, its effect is eternal and the Samsara ceases to operate on the Yogi. Whereas if God be other than Self, a sight of God will be just an accretion on the mind and the effect must vanish with it.

Complete surrender becomes possible only if the Self merges into the Supreme being.

* The source of all.

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11. The mind becomes quiescent by
the control of breath; this is the
way to possess* the mind like netting
a bird.

*dominate

Breath

or,

With the control of breath, the
mind becomes void;* that is control-
ling the mind like netting a bird.

*ceases to be active

12. (For,) (the tree of) Mula Sakti
has put forth two branches--the mind
and the pranas--to think and to act,
respectively.

The association of mind with prana
is shown.

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With the control of breath, the mind becomes void; that is controlling the mind like netting a bird.

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the source of all.

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causes to be active

The association of mind with prana is shown.

13. In the two states of inaction, the laya (quiescence) or the Nasa (Dissolution), the mind revives shortly or disappears for ever, respectively.

or,

The mind is void in laya (quiescence) from which it revives shortly or in dissolution when it disappears evermore.

14. The breath held, the mind controlled, meditating on the One alone, melts the mind away (dissolution).*

*becomes absorbed in the Supreme.

Henceforth, the Upadesh deals with the transcendental experiences of the Yogi. It is too sublime to be commented upon. Its significance can be understood only by hearing from the mahatmas and ~~ex~~ practice and experience of the initiate. Briefly put, the mind, after casting off the phenomenal world, is fixed steadily and intensely on itself; it becomes blank. However, excited by the ardent desire for Self Realisation, the inactive mind is sublimated into the self (individual consciousness or ego) which in its turn is later absorbed by the Higher or Supreme consciousness or Supreme Ego. Such is the state or Experience; the subject, object and the instrument of cognition merge into Unity--a Single Reality. It is the One

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Where the mind is not, its activity is not also. There is no desire--- no impulse to Action--and no action.

The mind is restrained from external perceptions; it is turned inward; its internal activity also is checked by concentrating on its source. The result is Supreme Realisation.

alone, melts the mind away (dissolution).*

15. Is there aught to do for the best of men--the Yogi whose mind is lost in His own self?

16. Warded off externally, for the mind to gaze into its inner consciousness is Self Intelligence and Self Being too.

Or,

Ends in abstract Intelligence the same as Supreme Reality.

*ceases to be in consciousness

The enquiry and meditation.

Even after the mind ceases its activity, there is the passive ego--the seed of reappearance of the active mind.

Directing the thought on the nature of the passive ego, the individuality disappears.

The disappearance of the individual self is consequent on its assimilation with the Supreme Self.

The Supreme Self being the self of all, is common to all and attainable by all. It is ever there and can be realised at any time.

17. "What be the mind?"--thus probing into itself the mind is not;* (it is) the way straight (for Release or Salvation).

18. Vrittis (perceptions, thoughts and actions) turn round Ego; they form the mind; Know then the (static) ego to be the (dynamic) mind.

19. "Whence is this Ego?" contemplating its source, ego falls away; this is the ~~right~~ direct way of seeking.

20. Ego as mind (concrete ego) vanishing, the Higher Ego (the abstract Ego) is ~~revealed~~ spontaneously as the ~~(transcendental)~~ Transcendental, Infinite Self, the ~~source and essence of all and filling all~~ and Real.

21. The Heart (i.e. The Supreme) is known as the abstract Ego; it is eternal and its immanence is manifested even though (and only when) the concrete ego vanishes away.

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21. The Heart (i.e. The Supreme) is known as the abstract Ego; it is eternal and its immanence is manifested even though, (and only when,) the concrete ego vanishes away.

The Supreme is Absolute Existence and Absolute consciousness as well.

22. Such Eternal Self is not the body, not the senses, not the pranas which are all non conscious; it is Alone, and Real; (whereas) the rest are unreal and inert.

Existing per se, there being no other, Its existence is its own Experience also and there is no experience besides Itself.

23. (The same) Reality is self illuminating. Is consciousness other (than that)? Self Intelligence is the result of Self Existence, and the Ego is from Self Intelligence.

(Cosmic Self)
Isvara is Samashti
Jiva is Vyashti (individual self)
Isvara is Sarvagnya
Jiva is Alpagnya

24. Isvara (the Universal ~~only~~ Soul) and Jiva (the individual soul) name after (the limitations of) form and knowledge, being of the same fundamental principle form the One Reality only.

25. On shedding off the limitations there results the experience of the Infinite Self-- It is the Supreme Experience too, for the Supreme is same as the Self. ~~only~~.

Although the words differ, the experience is single.

26. Existence as Self is Experience of Self; there being no dual selves, it is only Abstraction as Self.

Knowledge inherent in wakeful & dream states of manifested world ~~states~~
Ignorance inherent in sleep due to the disappearance of the manifested world

27. The Light of Intelligence (Abstract Experience) is past all knowledge and ignorance. Can there be knowledge other than the knower?

28. "What be the Self?"--enquiring thus and knowing the self, there is the Infinite, Eternal and Complete Bliss.

Knowledge inherent in wakeful & dream states of manifested world
Ignorance inherent in sleep due to the disappearance of the manifested world

27. The Light of Intelligence (Abstract Experience) is past all knowledge and ignorance. Can there be knowledge other than the knower?

28. "What be the Self?"--enquiring thus and knowing the self, there is the Infinite, Eternal and Complete Bliss.

29. This is the Supreme Bliss past bondage or Release and reached by the Super-man, (Yogi or Saint) while yet alive.

Blissful to the unregenerate as leading them to Bliss by advice to begin, by guidance of the method, by light on the path, as invigorator throughout. Blissful to the regenerate as reminiscient of their experience and confirmatory of it.

30. Destroyer of self (individual self), Illuminator of Truth; this Mighty Word (Upadesh) is blissful.

or,

Sri Ramana Rishi uttered this Upadesh to free the self, to illumine the Truth and to inculcate the method (tapas).

Upadesa Saram

Chapter.XXXV.

Bhakti (Devotion).

अङ्कोलं निजबीजसन्तति रयस्कान्तोपलं सूचिका
साध्वी नैजविभुं लता क्षितिरुहं सिन्धुस्सरिद्वल्लभं ।
प्राप्नोतीह यथा तथा पशुपतेः पादारविन्दद्वयं
चेतोवृत्तिरुपेत्य तिष्ठति सदा सा भक्तिरित्युच्यते ॥

("As the Ankola seed is attracted to its stem, the iron to the magnet, the wife to her lord, the creeper to its tree, the river to the ocean, so the soul attracted stands ever at the feet of the Lord. This attraction is Bhakti ")
Sivanandalahari.

K.L.G.Sastri:--

Will Maharshi please enlighten us on the subject of Devotion (Bhakti)?

Maharshi:--

To everyone, the dearest object is himself. He loves himself as always, and with the greatest love possible. Such unbroken current of love, frequently compared in sacred books to a flowing stream of oil, is styled devotion, if it is directed towards God. सा परानुरक्तिरीश्वरे Ordinarily people regard God as existing outside of themselves and as having a personality like their own. स्वस्वरूपानुसंधानं भक्तिरित्यपरे जगुः

The Jnani (enlightened sage) however regards Personal God (also) as no other than himself, and self love in this case is or becomes the love of God (Personal). Others who treat of personal God as something outside themand finally

The Jnani (enlightened stage) however regards Personal God (also) as no other than himself, and self love in this case is or becomes the love of God (Personal). Others who treat a Personal God as something outside themselves, develop deep devotion to such God, and finally ~~which makes them~~ sink their personality in ~~such God.~~ Him - their chord of self, smitten by Love, trembles & passes in music, out of sight. In fact worship, nay all intense concentrated thought or feeling is the merging of the mind in the object worshipped or concentrated on. Intense faith in a Personal God however, carries the devotee easily and naturally to the faith in and devotion to the impersonal Absolute. (Swarupa Brahman). Mostly the beginnings of devotion to (personal) God are traceable to a desire to avoid sorrows (& attain happiness). So with great keenness and zest people approach their God, investigating Him with name, form, and the objects they desire. Even after such attainment of devotion continues, and the mind

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trained to worship God with form and name develops its power to dwell on the formless and nameless. The evanescent objects acheived by the first flowing of devotion to a personal God do not fully satisfy the aspiring soul which thirsts after enduring happiness, with this ever new impetus to seek something more than relative happiness, the aspiring soul drops name and form in its object of contemplation and thus attempts to conceive of or realise the Absolute (Brahman). Thus devotion to a personal God gets transformed or impenced gradually into devotion to the Impersonal, which is the same as Vichâra or Inquiry and Realisation. Devotion may at the outset be by fits and starts; but even this will help in developing a steadier and unbroken current. When devotion (personal is ripe and mature, a single occasion of receiving instruction (Sravana) may suffice for the next step in Jnâna. Faith helps in the development of one's intuition and the attainment of complete illumination, cosmic consciousness. Thus the original efforts of the weak aspirant or devotee how carry on his devotion attributing name and forms, to God and carrying it on at broken intervals and for attaining finite or lower ends ultimately results in dropping all name and form from all objects of contemplation, in an unbroken current of love, and in the attainment of the Absolute. This is Salvation (Mukti).

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Om

Sri Arunachala - Ashtakam -
(English Translation) By G.R.S.

1.

Oh! It stands as a Hill beyond all (ordinary) human comprehension. Surpassing are Its powers which none can know. Even from unreflective tender age, Arunachala shone sublime in my consciousness. I learnt from somebody that it is Tiruvannamalai. I did not know its exact import. When unconsciously I was drawn to It, I found It motion-less.

2.

On Searching in the mind for the seer, the seer vanished and I found only that which lasts. There was no mind to say that I saw and how can there be the mind to say that I did not see. When it is said that previously, Thou revealed this (Truth) only in silence, who is there able enough to convey the same through speech. It is indeed to proclaim by silence this, Thy Truth, that Thou standest motionless, extending from Heaven to Earth.

3.

When I approach Thee as one with form, Thou standest as a Hill on earth. To conceive of Thee without form is to circumambulate the earth with a view to see the Akasa (sky). In trying to conceive of Thee without thinking (whether Thou hast a form or not), one loses his form like the Sugar-doll getting into the Ocean. When I realise myself, where then is form to me apart from Thine or form to Thee apart from mine. It is Thou

Om

Sri Arunachala - Ashtakam -
(English Translation) By G. R. S.

Oh! It stands as a Hill beyond all (or sorrow) human comprehension. Surpassing are its powers which none can know. Even from unreflective tender age, Arunachala shone sublime in my consciousness. I learnt from somebody that it is Tiruvannamalai. I did not know its exact import. When unconsciously I was drawn to It, I found It motion-less.

2.

On searching in the mind for the seer, the seer vanished and I found only that which lasts. There was no mind to say that I saw and how can there be the mind to say that I did not see. When it is said that previously, Thou revealed this (Truth) only in silence, who is there able enough to convey the same through speech. It is indeed to proclaim by silence this, My Truth, that Thou standest motionless, extending from Heaven to Earth.

3.

When I approach Thee as one with form, Thou standest as a Hill or earth. To conceive of Thee without form is to circumambulate the earth with a view to see the Ahasa (sky). In trying to conceive of Thee without thinking (whether Thou hast a form or not), one loses his form like the sugar-doll getting into the Ocean. When I realise myself, where then is form to me apart from Thine or form to Thee apart from mine. It is Thou

that existest, O Thou, that art in the form of the great Aruna Hill.

4.

To search for God, leaving Thou that existest & Shinest, is like seeking darkness by means of a light. It is indeed for revealing Thyself, the One that exists and shines, that Thou art in different forms in different creeds and religions. If they do not comprehend Thee, the One that exists and shines, they are indeed the blind that do not see the Sun. The great Aruna Hill, the matchless gem, remain in my heart and shine as One without a second -

.5.

Thou art the one in every jiva (embodied Soul), in every religion as the cord in a chain of gems. If like polishing the ruby, the (impure) mind is whetted against the (pure) mind, till the whole is completely purged of all impurities, then thy Divine light flashes. Like the lustre of the Ruby the mind will no more take impressions of other objects. Can a sensitive plate take any impression after the Sunlight falls on it. Is there anything other than Thee, the gracious & ever-effulgent Aruna Hill.

6-

Thou art the one thing - the Heart, the Source of all Light and Knowledge. In Thee is present, the wondrous power, that is not apart from Thee. The chain of pictures embedded atom-like in the roll of Prarabdha, are by that power projected through thought & Knowledge, or

that existest, Gothou, that art in the form of the great Pruna Hill.

4.

To search for God, leaving Thou that existest & Shinest, is like seeking darkness by means of a light. It is indeed for revealing Myself, the One that exists and shines, that Thou art in different forms in different creeds and religions. If they do not comprehend Thee, the Gue that exists and shines, they are indeed the blind that do not see the Sun. The great Pruna Hill, the matchless gem, remain in my heart and shine as Gue without a second -

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Thou art the one in every jiva (embodied soul), in every religion as the cord in a chain of gems. If like polishing the ruby, the (impure) mind is whetted against the (pure) mind, till the whole is completely purged of all impurities, then Thy Divine light flashes. Like the lustre of the ruby the mind will no more take impressions of other objects. Can a sensitive plate take any impression after the sunlight falls on it. So there any thing other than Thee, the Gracious & ~~ff~~ ever-effulgent Pruna Hill.

6-

Thou art the one thing - the Heart, the Source of all Light and Knowledge. In Thee is present, the wondrous power, that is not apart from Thee. The chain of pictures embedded atom-like in the roll of Prarabdha, are by that power projected through thought & knowledge, on

the mirror (Screen) of the mind-light and display the Shadowy world pictures that are seen whether in or outside, by the sense-organs. O Gracious Hill, that art like a Screen, those pictures that are seen through the lens, whether they appear or disappear are not apart from Thee - 7-

With the vanishing of the I-ness (egoism), all other thoughts vanish. Till then, if other thoughts arise, question yourself as to whom they arise; the answer comes, "To me"; then question further, wherefrom the I-thought springs; & thus diving inwards, reach the seat of the Heart & then you become the Suzerain. There, there are no dreams of dualities, like I & you, virtue & vice, birth & death, pleasure & pain, and light and darkness. In that Court, viz the Heart, dances motionless (it reigns supreme) the Supreme One - the Aruna-Hill - the Boundless Self-effulgent Light, the ocean of Bliss - 8.

The Oceanic waters in the form of clouds Shower as rain on earth and flow back to their Source, the Ocean, despite all obstacles whatsoever & there find rest. Even so, O Ocean of Peace, Aruna Hill, the jiva that emanates from Thee, though pursuing the several tracks, does not find Peace, until he reaches Thee back, retracing the way he had taken, as the bird soaring high up the wide skies and finding no resting place there is forced to trace back the way it had gone up and return to the earth which is its proper resting place -

/

the mirror (screen) of the mind-light and display the Madsury world pictures that are seen whether in or outside, by the sense-organs. O Gracious Will, that art like a screen, those pictures that are seen through the lens, whether they appear or disappear are not apart from thee -

7-

With the vanishing of the 9-ness (egoism), all other thoughts vanish. Will then, if other thoughts arise, question yourself as to whom they arise; the answer comes, "To me"; then question further, whereafrom the 9-thought springs; & thus during inwards, reach the seat of the Heart & then you become the Sugarain. There, there are no dreams of dualities, like 9 & you, virtue & vice, birth & death, pleasure & pain, and light and darkness. In that court, big the Heart, dances motionless (i.e. reigns supreme) the Supreme One - the Aruna-Will - the Boundless Self-effulgent Light, the ocean of Bliss -

8.

The Oceanic waters in the form of clouds shower as rain on earth and flow back to their source, the Ocean, despite all obstacles whatsoever & therefind rest. Even so, O Ocean of Race, Aruna Will, the jiva that emanates from thee, though pursuing the several tracks, does not find Race, until he reaches the back, retracing the way he had taken, as the bird soaring high up the wide skies and finding no resting place there is forced to trace back the way it had gone up and return to the earth which is its proper resting place -

ARUNACHALA-RAMANA

1. My Lord, the truth of me---
I called Him Bater then,
Not guessing half the truth
Now by His grace I know.

2. What is the food He loves?
The very selves of men,
He swallows up, and leaves
No trace of self in His.

3. His very own are they,
Whom He does make His food;
So well He loves the pure,
He makes them Himself all.

4. I said to Him, "I give
Myself and mine to Thee."
Quick came His answer soft
"Who art thou, child, to give?"

5. My problems all are gone;
The one, that's o'er them vexed,
Is seen to be a dream,
And naught remains but He.

6. I am like garment worn
By Actor of this play
of personalities,---
One of His numerous parts.

7. It's all His own concern,
How goes the world with 'me'.
Nature, His grace achieves
The purpose of my life.

8. Within His heart's expanse,
I wander 'here' and 'there'.
I go a thousand miles,
But He's already there.

9. A dream, may be, this is;
But what a lively dream;
What if I dream some more,
If He joins in it.

10. I long to speak to Him;
But words He takes away;
In thought-free ecstacies
I lose myself and live.

11. Ambrosial days I pass
In Eden of His grace;
He sees me as Himself;
Can there be truer love?

12. He whispers in my ear,
"My boy, this is but play"
The golden Boy is He---
The soul of playfulness.

13. My Ramana is He---
The Lover and the loved;
For those that have no fear,
There are no two in Love.

14. No prayers seem in place;
But for the sake of use.
Let me this prayer make:
May Loyalty ne'er fail.

15. May heart be true for e'er
May lies and frauds depart ;
And may His Holy Name
Be never off my thoughts!

K.L. Sarma.

OM

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I called Him Enter then,
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Now by His grace I know.

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K.L. Sarma.

MAGE

By
VACLAV CECH

Mr. Vaclav Cech

Sri Ramana Maharshi prescribed no special conditions for spiritual practice and that is why his teaching is so universally valid and applicable. He performed no outstanding miracles, preached no undue austerities, practised no exacting rituals, played to no exciting gallery, propagated no esoteric dogmas, programmed no sectarianism.

The teaching of Sri Ramana Maharshi spoke direct to my heart and I felt that this was the only way for me. However the conditions, as they developed in central Europe, were neither favourable for establishing good relations with foreign countries nor for spiritual endeavours.

In a letter of April 1957 to the management of the Ashram I asked for spiritual instruction. I got a reply from the President saying that suitable literature had been forwarded to my address. But I never received it.

Professor K. Swaminathan from Madras came to Praha as the head of an Indian delegation of National craft workers in January 1959. I was agreeably surprised by greetings from the Ashram and by being given a publication *Ramana Maharshi and the Path of Self-knowledge* by Arthur Osborne, a review copy of the Jaico Publishing House in Bombay.

I used to turn inwards in the effort to reach Self-knowledge. And something peculiar happened to me, though only in a dream. I dreamed I entered a bright, sunlit room. In this room I saw to the left Sri Ramana Maharshi. He stood with his back to the entrance in European dress at a lecturer's desk. Before him there were a few short rows of seats which he faced. Passing him on the right side I bowed to him and took a seat ; I noticed that in the auditorium only two places were occupied. I looked at Sri Bhagavan. He gazed at me silent and concentrated ; after that I had a very definite feeling that I ought to rise and go to him. I did so. Without a word he gave me his hand. Afer that I returned to my seat.

I woke with a feeling of peace and bliss. Quite unusually the dream was very vivid so that I retained it very clearly in my memory.

Time passed on and once I had a strange experience. I found myself in a flood of peace and light early one morning just on the point of waking from a dreamless sleep.

YOGA VASISHTA SARA[1]

THE ESSENCE OF YOGA VASISHTA

Based on a trans

CHAPTER VI

MEDITATION ON THE SELF

1. I, the pure, stainless and infinite Consciousness beyond Maya, look upon this body in action like the body of another.

2. The mind, the intellect, the senses, etc. are all the play of Consciousness. They are unreal and seem to exist only due to lack of insight.

3. Unmoved by adversity, a friend of all the world in prosperity, without ideas of existence and non-existence, I live free from misery.

4. Inactive am I, desireless, clear as the sky, free from hankering, tranquil, formless, everlasting and unmoving.

5. I have now clearly understood that the five elements, the three worlds and I myself are pure Consciousness.

6. I am above everything : I am present everywhere : I am like space ; I am that which (really) exists ; I am unable to say anything beyond this.

7. Let imaginary waves of universe rise or fall in me who am the ocean of infinite Consciousness ; there is no increase or decrease in me.

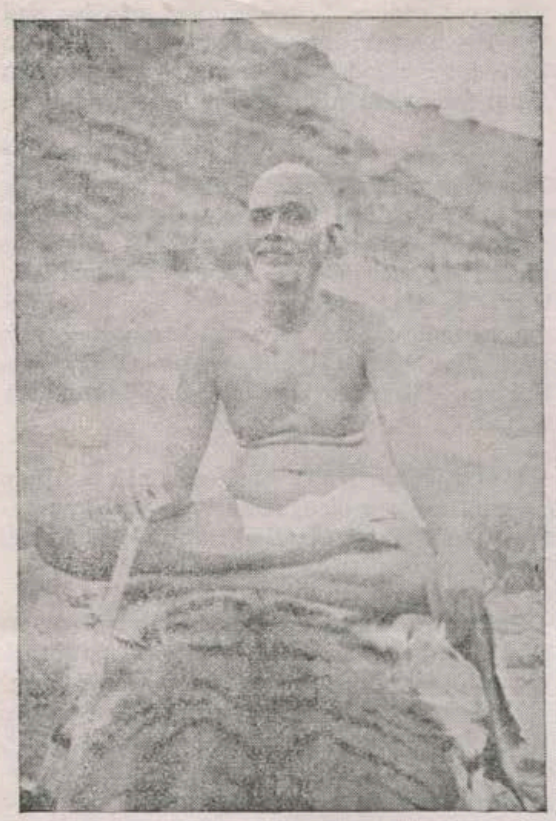
8. How wonderful that in me, the infinite ocean of Consciousness, waves of *jivas* (individual souls) rise, sport for a while and disappear according to their nature.

9. The world which has come into existence on account of my ignorance has dissolved likewise in me. I now directly experience the world as supreme bliss of Consciousness.

10. I prostrate to myself who am within all beings, the ever-free Self abiding as inner Consciousness.

[1] Continued from our last issue.

I tried hard to understand what was the matter, striving to wake up. Immediately I regretted what I had done.



What I had known only from books and by hearsay to that time, was now quite clear to me. I experienced the Self in its purity, my real Being when without thoughts between two states of sleep and waking.

The Czechoslovak State Airlines started to fly from Praha to Bombay in 1959. But the chance to travel to India came only in 1965 when we were able to pay for the air tickets in Czech money.

It was possible to leave the country on a written invitation from friends abroad. The host had to promise in a letter to look after the invited person and pay all the expenses for him.

The idea occurred to me to try to visit Ramanasramam. I asked the President Venkataraman for the necessary invitation in July 1967. I did so remembering Bhagavan's saying "Whatever is destined to happen — in accordance with past deeds, *prarabdha karma* — will happen, do what you may to stop it. Whatever is destined not to happen, will not happen, however hard you may try."

On August 23, 1967 I received with great pleasure the kind invitation of the President of the Ashram for a three months' stay in the Ashram. I landed on Indian soil in 1967 after midnight and in addition without any Indian currency. Fortunately all went well thanks to devotee friends who had been notified by the Ashram management and were waiting for me at the airport. I arrived at Ramanasramam in Tiruvannamalai on October 28th 1967 which happened to be the Independence Day of the Czechoslovak Republic, declared after World War I The Ashram is situated at the foot of Arunachala, a sacred hill forming a conspicuous object in the landscape for miles around. I was given a room in the Ashram and went about visiting places of interest. I walked ronnd the sacred hill (*Giripradakshina*) on a full moon night, reached the summit of Arunachala twice in the course of my stay and enjoyed the tranquillity there. The Old Hall and a small building where the Maharshi spent his last days are pervaded by an atmosphere of peace. I was fortunate enough to get to know personally in Ramana Nagar the surviving older devotees of Sri Bhagavan who have lived as members of his "family".

The Second International Conference Seminar of Tamil Studies was held in Madras in January 1968. My countrymen from Praha attended it and one of them, Dr. Kamil Zvelebil was General Secretary of this conference. He visited Ramanasramam. I left for Madras and, on the way, stopped for four days at Aurobindo Ashram in Pondicherry. One of my friends in Czechoslovakia asked me to do this, being a follower of this movement. In this connection I recalled the following story which an Indian friend told me.

Mr. H. Chattopadhyaya, an Indian author, was once questioned about his opinion of Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ramana Maharshi. The writer was heard to say this: "Sri Aurobindo is a great personality and Sri Ramana Maharshi is a great impersonality." His reply evidently might be an illustration how it is possible with a few words to say a great deal.

In Madras I met my countrymen as well as Dr. T. M. P. Mahadevan, Director of the Centre for Advanced Studies in Philosophy at the University of Madras. He is famous as one of the leaders of Advaita and he is a staunch devotee of Sri Ramana Maharshi.

After visiting various places of interest I wended my way to Ananda Ashram of the late Swami Ramdas in Kanhangad. I spent in this peaceful and pure spot three weeks under the loving attention of Mother Krishna Bai, Swami Satchidananda and others. Afterwards I stopped for a few days at Kaladi, the birthplace of Sankaracharya, that great spiritual leader who re-established the supremacy of Vedanta. Leaving colourful, exotic and lush Kerala I went to the southernmost point of the Indian peninsula to Cape Comorin or Kanya Kumari, named after the temple of Kumari (the Virgin, an attribute of Durga). On India's Land's End meet the Arabian Sea, the Bay of Bengal and the Indian Ocean. The temple and village stand on rocks. The Vivekananda Rock Memorial is being constructed here. The aim is to erect a shrine-like structure, that is a Mandapam, with a bronze statue of the Swamiji installed within on the islet situated in the midst of the sea about a thousand feet off the shore of Kanya Kumari, where Vivekananda is known to have meditated. There on the shore is also the Mahatma Gandhi Memorial.

From the apex of the Indian subcontinent I turned my steps to the North. I arrived in Madurai, the second largest city in Madras State with a population of about one half million. Madurai is the most ancient city in South India. It has existed uninterruptedly on the banks of the river Vaigai at least for two and a half thousand years.

Meenakshi Temple of Madurai is an exquisite example of Dravidian and Tamil architecture and sculpture. It is a twin temple — on the South to Meenakshi, "the fish-eyed goddess", the consort of Siva and the sister of Vishnu; and on the North to Siva, here called Sundareswar. I went to this great temple at night as well as in daytime.

Of course I visited the first floor room of Venkataraman's uncle's house, where the youthful Ramana had the great experience of death, which changed his life. It was very gratifying that in the RAMANA MANDIRAM, there, in that quiet room, it was easy for me to merge into silence. I repeated my visit. The house is situated in Chokkappa Naicken Street, close to the Meenakshi temple.

I also entered the Madura College High School, under which name it is now known, near the Railway Station, which the young Venkataraman attended in his schooldays.

Naturally I also visited the birthplace of Sri Ramana, a small town, Tiruchuzhi (Tiruchuli), an administrative centre (taluk) in Ramanathapuram District in Madras State. It is about 38 miles from Madurai and I reached it by bus. The house is situated near the many centuries old temple, the presiding deity of which is called Bhuminathar and his consort Sahayavalli.

Via Tiruchirapalli, or the City of the Three-headed Demon, which is famous for its Rock Temple, I went back to Madras. Professor T. M. P. Mahadevan arranged a visit to Sri Sankaracharya of Kamakoti Pitha, the sage of Kanchi. He is the same Sankaracharya with whom Mr. Paul Brunton conversed about forty years ago; later on Mr. Brunton published this conversation in his book *A Search in Secret India*. Sri Sankaracharya gave me audience of one hour which was quite unusual for its length. The Sage of Kanchi amazed me with the unexpected question whether I knew the book of Bunyan, *The Pilgrim's Progress*.

The route of my further journey led me to the sacred city of Puri dominating Orissa's

coast and later on to the capital of West Bengal, Calcutta. It stands to reason that I visited all the places connected with Sri Ramakrishna and his disciples, Dakshineshwar, and the room where Sri Ramakrishna spent most of his life and naturally I went to the famous Belur Temple.

Later on I visited Benares, in Sanskrit called Varanasi. Sprawling along the left bank of the river Ganga it is the religious capital of India since times immemorial. In Benares I unexpectedly got into the company of the woman saint Anandamayee Ma "The Joy-permeated Mother" or Mataji as her devotees call her and who is now well-known throughout India. I received from her a floral decoration in the form of a garland with blessings. Next I proceeded to Sarnath. Here on the spot, which at that time was called the Deer Park, Buddha delivered his first great discourse in the middle of the sixth century B.C. Sitting quietly under the trees he explained his doctrine to the five ascetics who had been his former companions. And thus he "set the wheel of the Law in motion."

The Hindu Shastras say that no pilgrimage would be complete unless the pilgrim pays a visit to Badrinath on the Tibetan border, far up in the Himalayas. I intended to proceed to Badrinath. But, since the Chinese invasion of India, it had become so difficult for foreigners to obtain the necessary permission, etc., that I had to give up the idea as my stay in Rishikesh was too short for that.

I left India for my own country on the 13th October 1968 from Bombay one year after my arrival. I call to mind all Bhagavan has done for me, all he is to me and how he has influenced my life. My Indian journey didn't follow a scheme carefully made in advance. And yet one thing fitted into another. It may look as a matter of course, but it stirred up my deepest sense of gratitude.

Ramana

By
Johannes J. De Reede

Sitting on the veranda fragrant tea at my side.
The bread is buttered. It is eight in the morning ;
Looking down unseeing at the dark green paddy fields
Wave upon wave pushing their way between the red and green hills ;
When another wave, the ripple of a name hits me
Between the eyes, singes a path to the heart, vibrating
RAMANA
I weep.
The tea and the paddy fields are gone.
My blurred eyes are mine no more.
My thoughts have forgotten me.
My tears remember all.

GARLAND OF GURU'S SAYINGS

Translated by Prof. K. SWAMINATHAN
from the Tamil of Sri MURUGANAR

121. When the fiend-mind at random darting
Hither and thither, beyond bounds,
Ends its madness and stands still,
Egoless like a waveless sea,
The goal of wholeness is attained

122. Freed from the ignorant ego's fond delusions,
To realize that we do nothing
And that all deeds are His,
This is the energy
Springing out of penance pure.

123. Traitors to the Self are those
Deluded fools who know not
That all these worlds and creatures
Seeming so many and various
Are but the Self held and beheld
Within its own ethereal space
Of pure awareness.

124. In fear of hell they tremble who
Know not that hell is the ego's fault.
Those who know whose fault it is
Have found the heaven of truth and take
Measures against what causes hell.

125. Poor seer who suffer endlessly because
You still perceive the object not the subject,
Look inward, not without, and know
The bliss of non-duality.

126. Since the notion of duality
Brings pain and mars all peace,
It is proper to control the play
Of mind and save it from the clutches
Of this notion.

127. Why do you bird-like hover ever
From place to place without discovering
What exists within ?
Awareness centred in the heart
In stillness absolute abides
As Shiva supreme.

128. Not like a boat's sail wide outspread
And worn by wind and weather,
But like the humble anchor sunk
In the vast ocean's depth,
'Tis wisdom for the mind to plunge
And settle in the heart.

129. For the man of dharma seeking
Experience of the state supreme,
The sole heroic action needed
Is to draw in
The outward-darting mind and fix it
Firmly in the heart.

130. Thinking we are this body, we imagine
That Heaven exists somewhere afar.
Shiva's world is not a place to go to.
Nowhere but in your heart alone
It is.

131. You, the perfect light, make room for,
Marvel at and illuminate
That other world.
To know it, know yourself.
Within you is the Kingdom of the Lord.

132. The Self, the whole sole source from which alone
Shakti supreme, the power of thought arises,
That Self, the Heart of Being,
Is Shiva pure at home in Thillai.[1]

133. This bliss supreme on tasting which
The mind will cease from further search,
The heart from which a copious spring
Of ever-fresh experience flows,
This heart of bliss,
Enchanting and eternal This
Is Shiva.

[1] Chidambaram, where Siva is worshipped as Pure Awareness.

TRANSLATION OF A BOOKLET PUBLISHED BY X PALLANI SWAMI EX DISCIPLE OF M
AND PLAINTIFF IN THE ASRAM LAND LAWSUITS

DEFECTS IN THE WISDOM OF THE RISHI

NOTICE TO THE LOVERS OF PUBLIC WELFARE.

Friends ;

India has risen to esteem because several Sages live in it. But some modern Sages behave in such a way as to bring discredit on the motherland. The ascetics are not alone to blame; the householders who are the rightful guardians of the ascetics share in the blame. Moreover, there are also those who unable to maintain themselves, becoming dependent on true ascetics and plunging them too in samsara, fill their own bellies, under the guise of being disciples to their Master, Many have been victimised by such ascetics and their disciples and are relieved of their wealth and possessions and their good name by their own ignorance. These hangers-on who thrive on the ill-gotten acquisitions, ruin themselves and carry genuine ascetics on the way to ruin by their machinations.

2) A good example of such a state of affairs is found in Sri Ramana Ashram. The actions of Sri Ramana Maharishi who now claims to be the head of the Ashram at Tiruvannamalai are parallel to the Ramana Tirtha formerly discovered by him. An account of that Tirtha is according to Ramana Vijaya, as follows:

There is a perennial spring in the Ashram whose water is as sweet as the water in a tender cocoanut. It was discovered by Sri Bhagavan. His keen eyes discovered a moist spot. The surrounding tract was dry whereas a small area was alone damp. When dug up clear and sweet water oozed out equal to the clarity and sweetness of His teachings. We name it Ramana Tirtha. This sacred spring does not dry up even in the worst droughts.

3) The present state of this sacred spring is obvious to all the townsfolk. The rock called Tirtha has eaten up the money converted into dynamite, chisels and human labour, collected during several years, eructating after the meal, could not satisfy its own thirst with water, not displaying even a driblet of its perennial waters, but widely displaying Arunajala (colloquial term of contempt of unsuccessful efforts for water) and has cheated the Rishis and the charitra (life-sketch). One reaps what he sows. The present regime blindly wastes its money in boring the rock composing the bottom of that reservoir of rain water. But conscious of its drying up in every hot season, they had cunningly mis-appropriated the public municipal water-supply, defying all opposition, are shamelessly quenching their own thirst at the expense of other peoples' wants. This is the present state of that once perennial spring alleged by the author of Ramana Vijayam. There are many more happenings similar to this.

4) The discoverer of this spring - the owner of Ramana Ashram is himself dry as the well and filled up by falsehood, fraud, treachery, display of vanity, etc. Long live the lawsuits exposing these tricks. This Ashram affords the standing example of the proverb: "More lies to support one original lie; a clever man's lie exposed in eight days.

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5) Vide p.126 Self-Realisation.
" p.308 Ramana Vijayam.

There is an episode of sugar candy. A Brother of Swamiji coveting the sugar candy, tried to remove it as his share, but was prevented from doing so, on the plea that the offerings to Bhagavan were common to all. These claims of brother and relative were not admitted - such is the moral drawn from the episode.

p.219 Self-Realisation.

He does not allow even his brother to arrogate to himself any right of superiority over others.

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DEFECTS IN THE WISDOM OF THE RISHI

NOTICE TO THE LOVERS OF PUBLIC WELFARE.

Friends !

India has risen to esteem because several Sages live in it. But some modern Sages behave in such a way as to bring discredit on the motherland. The ascetics are not alone to blame; the householders who are the rightful guardians of the ascetics share in the blame. Moreover, there are also those who unable to maintain themselves, becoming dependent on true ascetics and plunging them too in samsara, fill their own bellies, under the guise of being disciples to their Master, Many have been victimised by such ascetics and their disciples and are relieved of their wealth and possessions and their good name by their own ignorance. These hangers-on who thrive on the ill-gotten acquisitions, ruin themselves and carry genuine ascetics on the way to ruin by their machinations.

2) A good example of such a state of affairs is found in Sri Ramana Ashram. The actions of Sri Ramana Maharishi who now claims to be the head of the Ashram at Tiruvannamalai are parallel to the Ramana Tirtha formerly discovered by him. An account of that Tirtha is according to Ramana Vijaya, as follows:

There is a perennial spring in the Ashram whose water is as sweet as the water in a tender cocoanut. It was discovered by Sri Bhagavan. His keen eyes discovered a moist spot. The surrounding tract was dry whereas a small area was alone damp. When dug up clear and sweet water oozed out equal to the clarity and sweetness of His teachings. We name it Ramana Tirtha. This sacred spring does not dry up even in the worst droughts.

3) The present state of this sacred spring is obvious to all the townsfolk. The rock called Tirtha has eaten up the money converted into dynamite, chisels and human labour, collected during several years, eructating after the meal, could not satisfy its own thirst with water, not displaying even a driblet of its perennial waters, but widely displaying Arunajala (colloquial term of contempt of unsuccessful efforts for water) and has cheated the Rishis and the charitra (life-sketch). One reaps what he sows. The present regime blindly wastes its money in boring the rock composing the bottom of that reservoir of rain water. But conscious of its drying up in every hot season, they had cunningly mis-appropriated the public municipal water-supply, defying all opposition, are shamelessly quenching their own thirst at the expense of other peoples' wants. This is the present state of that once perennial spring alleged by the author of Ramana Vijayam. There are many more happenings similar to this.

4) The discoverer of this spring - the owner of Ramana Ashram is himself dry as the well and filled up by falsehood, fraud, treachery, display of vanity, etc. Long live the lawsuits exposing these tricks. This Ashram affords the standing example of the proverb: "More lies to support one original lie; a clever man's lie exposed in eight days.

4) The discoverer of this spring - the owner of Ramana Ashram is himself dry as the well and filled up by falsehood, fraud, treachery, display of vanity, etc. Long live the Jawanita exposing these tricks. This Ashram affords the standing example of the proverb: "More lies to support one original lie; a clever man's lie exposed in eight days.

5) Vide p.126 Self-Realisation.
" p.308 Ramana Vijayam.

There is an episode of sugar candy. A Brother of Swamiji covering the sugar candy, tried to remove it as his share, but was prevented from doing so, on the plea that the offerings to Bhagavan were common to all. These claims of brother and relative were not admitted - such is the moral drawn from the episode.
p.219 Self-Realisation.

He does not allow even his brother to arrogate to himself any right of superiority over others.

6) But Maharishi has now given power of attorney to his brother. A copy of it is appended. Consider what this unseemly action means with reference to the account in the book and the present conduct of Maharishi.

Is not your mind agitated by the inconsistency ? A true sage would not do so. Contention of this kind in the form of a lawsuit can be seen in the appendix 2. It is alleged that he had made a statement to the court. The copy in appendix 3. It looks like fire issuing from the pot opened for its food. Consider its tenor. There will be found a statement that Maharishi is not an ascetic. Recall the proverb. Deformity to start with is tireless deformity all through. It will be seen in the power of attorney that he is not a householder. Alas ! an opportunist ! What more is needed for a scandal ! Though he denies being an ascetic, still the votaries give offerings to him under the impression that he is an ascetic. Moreover, his biographies mention him as an ascetic in many places. Probably they are meaningless eulogies.

Ramana Vijaya states that he threw away his sacred thread, shaved his head clean, tore a cod-piece from his cloth, threw away the cloth, wore the loin-cloth, entered the Temple and was seated in a retired spot in the thousand-pillared hall. Such action must be that of an ascetic, or of a madman or of a fake. Many more actions of a similar nature will be found in the chapter on Heroic Asceticism in R.V. A fake under the guise of ascetic for fame, neither an ascetic nor a grihasta for acquiring wealth - what more metamorphosis for other purposes - one cannot know.

7) He now states that he does not recognise any one as his disciple. Is his brother - the present sarvadhikari - called a disciple in the power of attorney for enabling him to swindle the public money. His brother alone is a disciple ! but not Perumal Sami who lived with him, nursed him on his sickbed, doing even menial work, protected him in times of danger and earned renown for the Master ! Yes, yes ! Is not the brother, very learned and recondite scholar who had renounced wide renown and great wealth ? Such a one deserves control of public trust and the status of disciple. Swami used to say that monkeys, dogs and other animals would dispute if only they were able to talk. But no one dares tell him that he would empower a dog, a beast, a creeper to manage public trustif only it were born his brother ! Well, well ! Great men's deeds are incomprehensible ! His disciples are described in one chapter of R.V., in Sixth Chapter of Self-Realisation and in the whole of R.G. Having at one time published that Christian Humphreys, Muslim Musten, Sanskrit pandit, A. Pillai, a woman & etc. were his disciples, he throws mud in the eyes of the public to blind them and throws mud into the mouths of the disciples to starve them, in order to swindle the public and earn money. The people too are blind. How wonderful are the machinations of the selfish !

8) Maharishee seeks to claim as his own what has been acquired from the votaries, visitors, etc. He denies its being public trust. Listen to the acquisition of one such property. When the Ashram petitioned the Government for the assignment of a peramboke land, they had alleged that it was for the benefit of the Mother's samadhi, of the disciples and of the public in general. The endorsements are as under:

Assignment may be made in the name of the present trustee, Nir... since the land has been developed by public funds, the land may be assigned to the petitioner under certain conditions limiting the sale etc.

This endorsement furnishes the answer to Maharishi's refutation of its being public trust. M. is not ignorant of the fact that the false allegation is meant to deceive the Government also: knowing it, he seeks to deceive the Government. Will the Government be ever deceived ? Is it blind ? Or, is it ignorant ?

6) But Mahariahi has now given power of attorney to his brother. A copy of it is appended. Consider what this unseemly action means with reference to the account in the book and the present conduct of Mahariahi.

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9) Another lie is to claim Skandasram as his own. On p.153, S.R. it is stated that there arose a dispute over the ownership of the Skandasram. M.left it. He did not claim it. Are these statements cofrect or is the present claim put forward right ? Thinking people, find it out !

10) Again, he states that there is no contact between himself and the plaintiff and that the relations were cut off, since the time of his departure from Sk... Leaving personal misunderstandings aside, is it denied that M. advised the cheapest method of casting a statue by the plaintiff and submitted himself to be photographed in different postures for the same purpose ? There is a respectable witness for it. The statue cast with M's permission, photos taken for that purpose, description of it in the S.R. and other relative details are still preserved for the benefit of those interested in them. To deny mutual contact between the plaintiff and himself in the face of this evidence, is a bare-faced lie uttered probably in ignorance of the Self and of the world . The statement in the judgement delivered on the lawsuit bears on this point ! The first plaintiff by himself did not strike me as a bad man. It appears that he was responsible for the rise to fame of the first defendant. Is it due to enmity that one makes a statue for worship and festivities ? Is it again due to enmity that funds were collected for jayanti and paved the way for M's fame and prospects ?

11) He denies having given permission for interring his mother's remains. S.R. furnishes the appropriate answer page 136. There it is stated that Perumal sami and other disciples interred the remains. The publisher of this book is the afore-mentioned sugar candy thief or the second defendant in the suit and brother of Swami. The author was an eminent lawyer of wealth and renown and he is now a genuine ascetic of real worth. The crowds then present know it well that the plaintiff played the chief part at the time of Samadhi (internment). Probably Swami has forgotten this too, as is usual with him. But still, who is He that gave shelter to his brother in Skasrashram when he came there emaciated, like a scare-crow, leaving nothing behind but a helpless son to take care of himself because he was himself unable to keep the wolf from the door - even much less so than the M. who was sharing the plaintiff's begged food - and who is he that helped with funds for the internment of the mother's remains left uncared for ? Do they have the accounts for the money spent on that occasion amounting to about a thousand rupees ? In whose name was the assignment of the rite of Samadhi made at the time ? Are not the public aware of the fraud, treachery, of the defects in the midst of their vain glory ? Would it not become clear on investigation ?

12) Swami says that he does not mix in the worldly transactions nor reflect over them. At the same time, he contends the power of attorney to his brother without his signature is not illegal. Is this the vaunted non-attachment and non-intervention ?

13) Swami left his home for some unknown reason, leaving an unsigned chit behind him. That happened at a time when he was poor and had nothing to renounce. But it has been glorified by the biographers as some extraordinary renunciation. The present is the time of prosperity, wealth, fame, fulfilment of desires etc. all acquired by the efforts of the disciples and given by the beneficent public.

In the former chit, the script began with I, faded into this and trailed off into dashes which have now developed into a seal for the deed of the power of attorney in favour of his brother and which display his spiritual wisdom and non-attachment to the surroundings.

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In this case there is no question of inability to write the name by the first defendant or illiteracy or deafness or blindness or dumbness. I am therefore of the opinion that the second vakalat does not constitute a valid power of appointment. How then can the deed of the power of attorney with a seal on it in place of signature be valid ?

14) Giving up all sense of propriety, of shame, etc. he writes hymns on God and on himself, corrects hymns on himself written by others and glorifies himself. Such events were long unknown but have of late become common knowledge. He still says with mock humility that he has no ownership and that he lives on food offered to him, Throwing off that guise, he now betrays affection for his brother and other relatives. He dishonestly and shamelessly misappropriates funds given for public charity and lands assigned for public benefit. He denies being an ascetic also. Then what is the harm in affixing his signature instead of marking a line ? Do the lines injure the fingers ? What is this hypocrisy ? Hence the contention that these are not the actions of Swami. Ownership can be claimed in public property; seal can be affixed; leaving aside the holy teaching that "I am Brahman".

Claim is now made that "I am the seal"; more dashes may be drawn to face the contentions of the claims; the dashes can be proved to be his own by means of witnesses. But if the name is signed, oh! the world will step in ! Attachment will grow ! Bondage will result ! How nice ! How honest ! What fraud ! Can he still continue to deceive the world. What a pity ! How low has he fallen ! He is now an object of pity.

15) This has been published so that the public may judge if M. is himself responsible for such misdeeds, lies, fraud, etc. or if he is a tool in the hands of self-seekers surrounding him. It is consistent with his own teachings as published.

A bigger volume on this subject may be expected, both in Tamil and English.

16) The grace of Bhagavan extended to a fake, the thieves or other outcastes cannot surely be denied to humble me. Were it so, it may still be good to me. I reply to the self-styled devotees of Ramana who accuse me of wrong conduct, as follows:-

"My devotion is nothing less than yours. I have never consciously hated Swami. Still, I do not falter in my desire for justice and asceticism. If sin there be for these actions of mine, it must rightly attach itself to the cause which led me to this state. That cause is no other than my Master".

"Moreover, good or bad is not real. Even the evil deeds mistakenly done for good deeds are themselves good. Do not be confused on that point".

The words of Bhagavan are still ringing in my ears - be they for my good or eveil.

So I heartily adore that Divine Grace which has prompted me to this meritorious action.

Do not believe that brothers are ralted to you. For, disease born within oneself, kills one ultimately. Herbs found on the hill, though not born of the same womb as oneself, will cure one's ills. There are people similar to such medicinal herbs.

Hard to swallow pills; happy after doing it.

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Though entitled "Defects in the Wisdom of Rishis", the pamphlet does not even touch upon the subject of Wisdom nor its defects in the abstract, but directly presents a block picture of the well-known sage of Tiruvannamalai on its front cover and confines itself to malicious statements leading to wrong inferences regarding him where it does not openly vilify him.

The book has been printed in Arni in a fifth-rate press and does not disclose the author's or publisher's name. The stock is in Tiruvannamalai where resides the plaintiff mentioned in the book. Two thirds of the book reproduce the plaint in the Court, the statements and counter-statements. The internal evidence in the book cannot be missed and abundantly proves the plaintiff to be the author or the publisher.

It is for the aggrieved party to take action on defamatory passages and for the Court to decide the propriety of dealing with matters sub judice. Considerding the wide-spread fame of the Maharishee and the number of his disciples and devotees resident in Tiruvannamalai or non-resident, the high esteem in which he is held, his great popularity and the feelings that will be aroused by malicious statements regarding him, a breach of peace should certainly be apprehended by the publication of this booklet.

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LOOKS AT BOOKS

By RATHMELL WILSON

"**In Days of Great Peace.**" By Mouni Sadau. Published at 2, Loch-street, St. Kildas, 2, Victoria, Melbourne, Australia. Price not stated.

This is a most welcome addition to the books about Sri Ramana Maharshi, the sage of Arunachala, of whom many Westerners heard for the first time in the popular books by Dr. Paul Brunton.

The author does not write much of Maharshi's teaching. His purpose is "to note the real experiences of an average man who wanted to know for himself what the presence of a Great Sage means and what its influence is."

The short chapter about "**The I-Current**" I found particularly interesting.

May not the presence of this powerful spiritual magnetism help to explain some of the happenings at Lourdes and elsewhere?

This book is full of beauty and wise guidance in the affairs of the spirit. Mouni Sadau has served his master very well.

Letters to the Editor

It will be readily understood th although we receive thousands of lett from our world-wide readers, it is c possible for extracts from a few of t to appear in these columns; but sincerely wish to thank all kind fr for their welcome letters of goo kindness, valued support and co-ope EDI

HOLLAND

ur editorial in the Sep- ber has struck a res- in me.

nd showed me a

BRITAIN

SIR,—The Cornish Astronautical Society, whose first public exhibition in October at Penzance was reported on the B.B.C.'s "News in the West," was founded earlier this year with, as its constitutional Aims and Objects, to "encourage the study of Astronomy and Cosmology, the possibilities of space travel, and the sociological and philosophical implications of these subjects, and to endeavour to establish the truth regarding sightings of unidentified flying objects."

We would welcome the help and guidance of any of your readers who, by correspondence or personal contact, feel that our work may be of importance. Our members are deeply in sympathy with the "Code for the New Age Civilisation," published in your current issue. We know that "Space has no Frontiers" any more than this Earth as it should and will be. But, as we are all children we seek help and guidance in our work to discover the truth.

JOHN D. MONRO,
Hon. Sec., Cornish Astronautical Society.
12, Peverell-road, Cornwall, England.

A HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE AND HILL OF ARUNACHALA

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at TIRUVANNAMALAI
SOUTH INDIA

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The Sage Arunagiri shines over all, as the infinite flame of Wisdom, wearing the three streaks of sacred ash and the musk dot on his forehead, with a shining garland on his chest, a bright loin-cloth about his waist, the serpent-king and the moon, things impossible for mortals to wear, on his head.

That kind of Banyan tree, whose shade is spread far and wide and which, because it stands ever with universal form, unchanged by the movement of the Sun, is always admired by Devas and men alike, is seen at the northern peak of Annamalai. At its foot Maheswara in Siddha form, as the Sage Arunagiri, always resides.

The Greatness of the Sacred Ash and the Rudraksha.

Sacred Ash, that is the wealth called Bhuti takes the eight Siddhi forms, that is Anima and the other powers. Those who daily wear this sacred ash, this blissful wealth of God in the form of the eight Siddhis, namely Anima, Mahima, Garima, Laghima, Prapti, Prakamyam, Esitwam and Vasitvam, with devotion, attain their desires in the present life and Salvation in the life to come.

As the Lord gives His form to one who attains Him in meditation and merging in him remains as Infinite Wisdom, so also Fire first makes the cow-dung cake take the form of its flame and then remains as sacred ash, the previous forms of both being lost. It was for this reason that Gnana Sambandha, in his song entitled 'Tirunitruppathigam' (Song in praise of the Sacred Ash.) sang that that which truly is is Sacred Ash, as it takes

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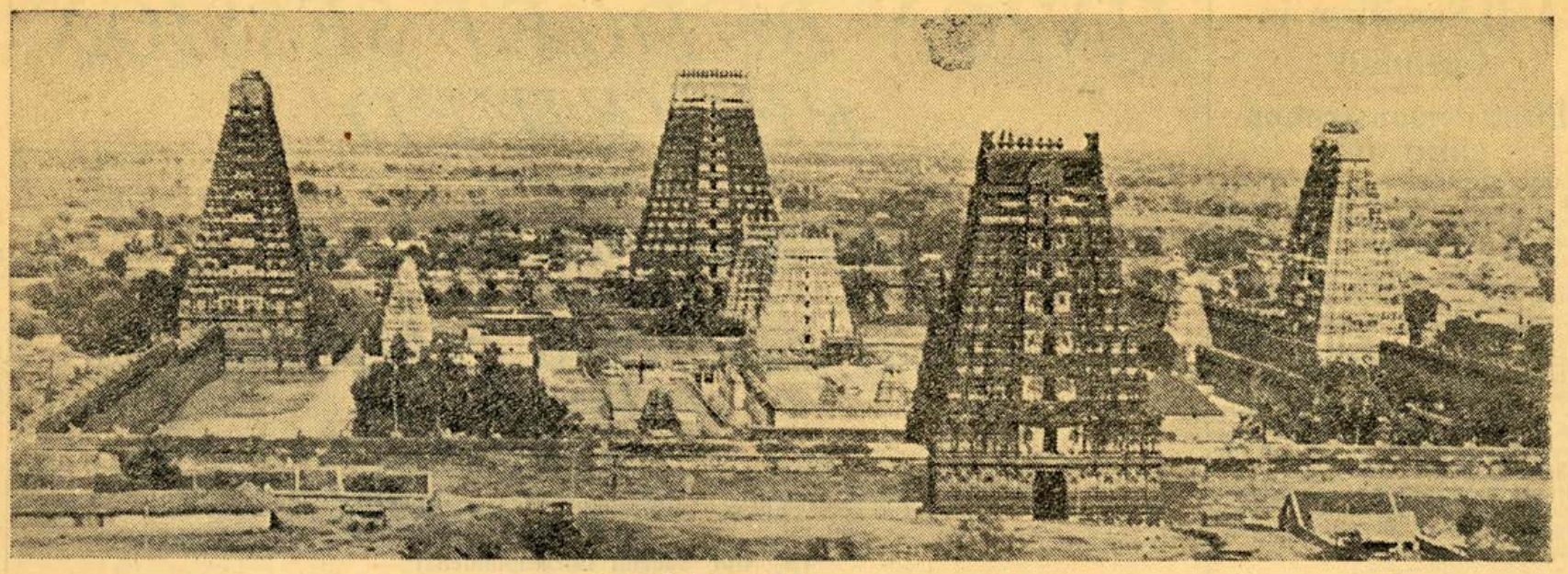
Sacred Ash, that is the wealth called Bhuti takes the eight Siddhi forms, that is Anima and the other powers. Those who daily wear this sacred ash, this blissful wealth of God in the form of the eight Siddhis, namely Anima, Mahima, Garima, Laghima, Prapti, Prakamyam, Esitwam and Vasitvam, with devotion, attain their desires in the present life and Salvation in the life to come.

As the Lord gives His form to one who attains Him in meditation and merging in him remains as Infinite Wisdom, so also Fire first makes the cow-dung cake take the form of its flame and then remains as sacred ash, the previous forms of both being lost. It was for this reason that Gnana Sambandha, in his song entitled 'Tirunitruppathigam' (Song in praise of the Sacred Ash.) sang that that which truly is is Sacred Ash, as it takes



An aerial view of Tiruvannamalai.

The Saint of Arunachala is no more

Ramana Maharshi attains Maha Nirvana

Devotees mourn loss of great sage and Guru

THE saint of Arunachala, Bhagawan Sri Ramana Maharshi, passed away at 8-47 last night at the age of 71. At the *Maha Nirvana* a large gathering of devotees stood reciting the Maharshi's famous composition, "Ramana Malai" as the saint breathed his last peacefully.

TIRUVANNAMALAI, Apr. 15

An all-night recitation of the composition of the Maharshi and the reading of the Vedas was held.

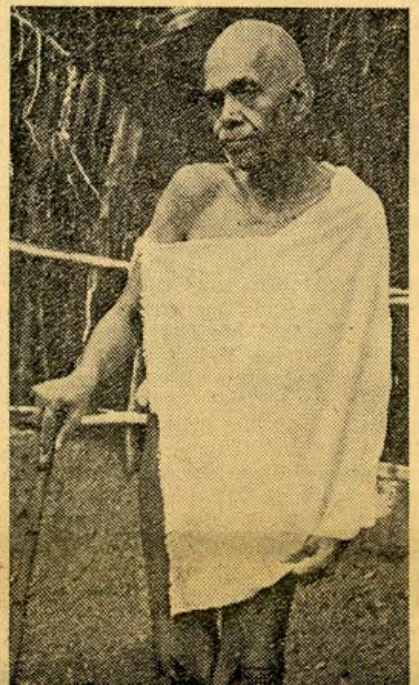
Leading personalities like Mr Omandur P. Ramaswami Reddiar, Mrs Feroze Talyar Khan, the District Superintendent of Police, the District Medical Officer, and others were present at the Ramanashram at the time.

The Maharshi had been ailing for several months, and his condition was reported to be gradually deteriorating

nent sage. Sages and saints are divided into three classes according to their main methods of approach to divinity. They are known as Karma Yogins Bhakti Yogins, and Gyana Yogins, i.e., those who believe in action, those who pin their faith to devotion, and those who seek to ascertain the Truth by discrimination. Each one of these paths leads ultimately to the realisation of the Divine.

Ritualism

Renunciation, self-sacrifice, service to



LAST JOURNEY

Body removed for Samadhi

(By Trunk telephone)

TIRUVANNAMALAI, Apr. 15.

The body of the Maharshi, covered with numerous rose garlands, was this morning removed to the central hall of the Mother's temple and placed in a sitting posture, when thousands of visitors paid their homage. When the the crowd swelled, the body was removed to the outside verandah and placed in a sitting posture. Thousands of peopel witnessed the 'Abishekam' of the body performed to the accompaniment of Vedic recitations. Since last night, thousands have filed past the body.

This afternoon the body was removed for Samadhi to a place north of the Mother's temple.

The Maharshi gave his last Darshan yesterday between 5-30 and 6 p.m. to thousands of peoplee. During the last 14 months since he fell sick only once on Monday last, was the Darshan suspended, with his approval. During last week, the Maharshi took no food.

Last night the residents of Tiruvannamalai and the vicinity saw a

several months, and his condition was reported to be gradually deteriorating during the last fortnight.

The death of Sri Ramana Maharishi removes from the world's stage a figure of the first magnitude in the sphere of Hindu religion and spirituality Though the Maharshi was cosmopolitan in outlook, and felt bound by no convention of caste or ritual, he was looked upon as a great spiritual teacher even by the most orthodox Hindus.

His passing away has cast a gloom among his disciples and devotees all over the world.

Left home at 17

Shri Ramana Maharshi was born in 1879 in a Brahmin family in a village in Madura district. He was known in his boyhood as Venkatraman. Son of a prosperous lawyer, he did not show enthusiasm for studies in his early days, but evinced a keen interest in the lives of saints.

Finding life at home out of tune with his spiritual yearnings, he left the place as a boy of 17, and after wandering some time reached Tiruvannamalai, a famous pilgrim centre, at the foot of a hill, in 1896. Here he used to sit in deep meditation near the shrine of Arunachala (Lord Shiva) for hours. He later retired into a deep cave (now the renovated Patalalingam shrine) and remained there for over a month performing rigorous penance. Here he was discovered one day by someone when part of his body was found eaten away by vermin.

A well-known poet and scholar, Kavyakanta Ganapati Sastri, who saw him here, recognising his spiritual greatness, proclaimed him to the world as a great seer. It was he who first hailed him as Sri Ramana Maharshi.

His mother was later drawn towards her son, and became a Sanyasini. She passed away in 1922, and the present Ashram has grown round the place where her body was enshrined. Sri Ramana Maharshi had been residing in this Ashram for the last 28 years. Devotees from all over India and abroad, including Paul Brunton, have been visiting the Ashram for his Darshan and spiritual guidance.

Cancer on the left hand

Those who had Darshan of the Maharshi during the last few days were impressed by his calmness and by his indifference to the severe pain caused by the malignant tumour on his left hand which defied treatment. His face was surrounded with a halo while he lay mute, never complaining of pain.

The cancer on the left hand was diagnosed about a couple of years ago, and some medical experts who were of the opinion that the disease would ordinarily kill a patient in a period of weeks, expressed surprise that the Maharshi survived it for so long a period. It is said in some quarters that the cancer must have had its origin in his early life of penance in the Patalalinga cave.

Ritualism

Renunciation, self-sacrifice, service to humanity, surrender to the Divine will, discrimination of the real from the unreal, have been the main themes of Indian philosophy.

It is a misnomer to call the Indian religion ritualistic, though there is an element of truth in it.

Rituals are ordained only for the man in the lower rungs of the ladder. As one goes up higher and higher, rituals cease to have any importance, and in the Vedanta, they are described even as hindrances to true progress in spirituality. In one of his elementary textbooks on Indian Philosophy, Sri Sankara points out that the observance of forms, the need for external worship and symbology are intended only as a means for the purification of the mind; True realisation comes out of Vichara or discrimination, and not by reason of the practice of ceremonials.

A *Gyana* Yogi

Sri Ramana Maharshi was essentially a Gyana Yogi. He left his parental roof when he was a boy of 17, feeling the urge for the search of the Infinite, and wended his way to Tiruvannamalai, the abode of Arunachala, of which he had heard as a great spiritual centre. Since then, till his end yesterday, he remained in the same place practising in the early part of his stay austerities and penances of a very severe nature, and living the life of an obscure recluse on hill-tops, in mountain caves, and in temple Mantaps.

As is the case with most men of his kind, he was scorned, ridiculed, and even physically illtreated by a multitude of vagabonds in the early stages of his career.

But the scintillations of his saintliness and spirituality could not remain in the dark for long.

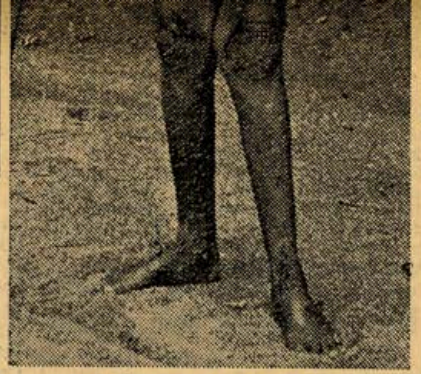
Gradually people began to realise that in him they had a remarkable man, one who had begun in this life what he had still to achieve by way of spiritual fulfilment.

Devotees and disciples began to flock to him, and during the last ten years in particular he had hundreds of followers not only in India, but also from the Western world.

When the Golden Jubilee of his 50 years stay at Tiruvannamalai was celebrated on Sept. 1, 1946, he was in good health, and remained so till about a year ago when the beginning of the end became slightly perceptible by the increasing feebleness of body, but the mind remaining clear and bright as ever. For some months past he was suffering from cancer of the left hand but he bore it not only with stoic fortitude, but with a cheerfulness of spirit which is possible only for those who are capable of detaching their minds from their bodies.

Sought his Darshan

During his last illness several persons fro all parts of the country went to the Ashram to have his Darshan and receive his blessings. They included H.E.



Ramana Maharshi

the self in man was no other than the Absolute.

Sri Ramana Maharshi will be remembered for hundreds of years in this land which is noted for its preponderant reverence for saintly souls, beggars from the worldly point of view, but kings from the spiritual standpoint. Men of such religious illumination are scarce. But when they appear in this world now and then help humanity forward in its march towards the spiritual goal; the very time of their existence is blessed; those who come within the sphere of their influence are still more blessed; and those who have had the privilege of sitting at their feet are the most blessed of all.

Inspiration to men

An ardent devotee who recently had Darshan of the great sage told a Mail reporter that "the lives of such Godmen inspire us with hope and assurance that we are not the weak, miserable creatures of the flesh, aspiring after perfection which is ever eluding our grasp. These who have raised themselves to the stature of God even while living bring "Intimations of Immortality", and hearken us to our legitimate mission in life which is to raise ourselves to the stature which they reached before our very eyes. They proclaim the supremacy of the spirit over the body, and hold aloft to our admiring

(Continued in next col.)

Last night the residents of Tiruvannamalai and the vicinity saw a meteor like flash in the sky moving from south to north.

An eye-witness said he saw the meteor passing slowly and running on the top of the hill near the Ashram. A Madras resident said he also saw the meteor last night in Gandhinagar.

WORLD SITUATION 'DETERIORATING'

Gen. Romulo's opinion

MANILA, Apr. 14: Brig. Gen. Carlos Romulo, President of the United Nations General Assembly, today said he did not consider the world situation so favourable as when he assumed the Presidency of the fourth session of the UNO Assembly last September. But he did not consider it critical, serious or alarming.

Gen. Romulo, permanent Philippines Delegate to the UNI is on a short visit here.

Grant of inams for Red Cross work

SIMLA, Apr. 14: The Punjab Government has decided to grant "inams" to people for services in connexion with Red Cross and recruitment work.

The inams will be of the value of Rs 100 per annum. Where the original recipient is not alive, Rs 50 per annum will be paid to his successor by the rule of primogeniture. Widows are debarred from inheriting the "inams"

The grant of inams is in keeping with a decision taken by the Government of the undivided Punjab in the pre-partition days. The exact number of grantees is not known, but 12 refugees from West Punjab are understood to be among the recipients.

(Concluded from previous col.)

gaze the beauty of a life rooted in renunciation and universal love, enjoying the Bliss that comes of the unbroken communion of the human soul with the all-pervading Paramatma.

indifference to the severe pain caused by the malignant tumour on his left hand which defied treatment. His face was surrounded with a halo while he lay mute, never complaining of pain.

The cancer on the left hand was diagnosed about a couple of years ago, and some medical experts who were of the opinion that the disease would ordinarily kill a patient in a period of weeks, expressed surprise that the Maharshi survived it for so long a period. It is said in some quarters that the cancer must have had its origin in his early life of penance in the Patalalinga cave.

Bright meteor seen in the City

MADRAS, Apr. 15: A bright meteor seen in the sky last night about the same time as the passing of the Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai is considered particularly significant.

The Chief Secretary to the Government, Mr K. Ramunni Menon, who, with his children, was seated in the garden of his bungalow in Nungambakkam, had his attention drawn to the meteor by one of them.

He noticed that the star was not only brighter, but instead of racing down, it flew straight across the south-east before fading out.

Several other members of the public who noticed the shooting star last night, felt that it boded the death of a great soul, and soon afterwards, the news of the passing away of the Maharshi was received in the city.

A PRE-EMINENT SAGE

Tribute to Maharshi

MR N. CHANDRASEKHARA AYYAR, former Judge of the Madras High Court, writes:

India has been famous for its succession of sages. In one of his most powerful speeches on "the sages of India", Swami Vivekananda expounded in eloquent words the enormous influence that the sages exerted on Indian life from time to time, and he pointed out that if Indian civilisation survived all these ages, without decadence, it was because it was built up largely on the bedrock of spirituality, and in accordance with the wisdom of its seers. In his speech he traced the long history of Indian spirituality from the age of Vedavyasa (the reputed author of the Mahabharatha) to the life of his own master Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

Had Swami Vivekananda been alive today he would have included the name of Sri Ramana Maharshi in the illustrious list.

Sri Ramana Maharshi was regarded by many who knew him as a pre-emi-

years stay at Tiruvannamalai was celebrated on Sept. 1, 1946, he was in good health, and remained so till about a year ago when the beginning of the end became slightly perceptible by the increasing feebleness of body, but the mind remaining clear and bright as ever. For some months past he was suffering from cancer of the left hand but he bore it not only with stoic fortitude, but with a cheerfulness of spirit which is possible only for those who are capable of detaching their minds from their bodies.

Sought his Darshan

During his last illness several persons fro all parts of the country went to the Ashram to have his Darshan and receive his blessings. They included H.E. the Governor of Madras, Sir C. P. Ramaswami Ayyar, Mr Justice P. Rajagopalan, Mr Justice P. Satyanarayana Rao, Mr Justice P. Chandra Reddi, Mr Omandur P. Ramaswami Reddiar, Mr S. Anantaramakrishnan, Mr N. Chandrasekhara Ayyar, Mr C. D. Venkataramanan, and Mr T. V. Viswanatha Ayyar.

The bhaktas were received by the sage with a benevolent smile and a distant look which made people around think that the great soul had ceased to take any interest in its outward environment except to the extent of wishing peace and happiness to everyone who came to him.

Sri Ramana Maharshi taught more by his silence than by his words. He was a spiritual dynamo, and attracted to him men and women of all classes, creeds, and races. They sought his guidance and he rarely failed them; his subtle but potent influence was exerted, even though they were not physically present with him. His philosophy of life is contained in a few published works, and they make him out to be an out and out Advaitin He was catholic in his religious outlook and fervently believed in and preached the harmony of all faiths, like his illustrious predecessor, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa.

Love of animals

His benevolence transcended the human creation and embraced even the animal kingdom. His love for cows peacocks, pigeons, and squirrels was touching, and he had many pets among them which he fondled as if they were his children.

Those who went to see him returned with the conviction that they were in the presence of one of the evolved beings of the earth.

His winsome smile, extreme simplicity, sparkling eyes that glowed with grace, and, above all the hidden and mystic power which he radiated—all these served to reveal the super-man in him, a man who had realised the Self and who had experienced tha.

Anti-Semitism in Germany

First demonstration since war

HAMBURG, Apr. 14: Fifty Police, ith two vans, escorted a half-Jewish oman home tonight after two hostile emonstrations, the first open flare-up anti-Semitism in Germany since the ar, who gave evidence against Viet arlan, leading Nazi film producer.

The woman, 29-year-old Tolino Niehoff, as booed and jeered from the public alleries, while giving evidence.

The German President cleared the ourt, but the demonstrators waited outde for her. Shaking their fists, they ien shouted "You Jewish swine, what you want here? We do not want you Germany."

German police dispersed the crowd.

No arrests were made, but the Police aid they were investigating "this hameful incident."

German novelist's warning

NEW YORK, Apr. 14: Mr Thomas ann, anti-Nazi German novelist and obel Prize-winner, today declared that tlerism was rising again in Germany cause the West thought the threat om the East could best be answered the forces of nationalism, Naziism id anti-Semitism.

He also said that there was growing ti-Semitism in America.

TRAINING IN COTTAGE INDUSTRIES

President Prasad visits centre in Delhi

NEW DELHI, Apr. 14: President Prad this morning paid a visit to the rab-ki-Sarai training centre where splaced persons are being taught the e of Japanese cottage industry machs by Japanese technicians.

The President spent about 45 minutgoing round the centre, and evinc particular intest in the section deal- with toys, braids, shoe-laces, and extraction.

The President was accompanied by e Rehabilitation Minister Mr Mohan Saksena, and the Rehabilitation dviser, Mr Mehr Chand Khanna.

TALKS ON CEYLON'S STERLING ASSETS

UNION BUDGET SESSION REVIEWED

Persons and Policies

CONGRESS ASSUMING PARLIAMENT'S POWERS

Why two Ministers resigned?

(By Our Special Correspondent)

NEW DELHI, Apr. 15.

THE Budget session of Parliament is slowing down to its terminus. It is scheduled to end on Wednesday, Apr. 19. The session was dominated by the Prime Minister and paradoxes. The Prime Minister stood like a rock against all attacks on his Foreign Policy, attacks on his selectees in India's Missions abroad, and attacks on the personnel of his portfolio.

His approach to the basic problems facing him and the country was logical. He told his Party candidly what his Foreign Policy was. "You may have someone else, if you do not like my policy." Fair enough. The ball was in the other court, and if his Party had little or no faith in his Foreign Policy, they had a choice The paradox was that the members talked in the Lobbies denouncing the "sit on the fence" policy, but had no choice to make. They neither liked the Foreign Policy nor did they like to change the Prime Minister.

Constitutionally, the Prime Minister has been in the right. But let me quote Cordell Hull who six years ago said:

The Congress Party is slowly assuming the powers of Parliament itself. All matters coming before the Parliament are first discussed by the Party, which reaches decisions on them. Theoretically it saves the time of the House In actual practice it does nothing of the sort. It does not even save the taxpayer's money on printing amendments and other motions, which are ruled out by the Party.

Looking back on the Session, its legislative output was poor and the regulation of business was worse. Days were spent on some unimportant measure, while vital Bills were rushed through. A large number of Bills was crowded out.

Fatal deficiency

There is yet another aspect of the problem. The Government's legislative programme has been growing every year, particularly in the domain transferred to the States. The issue is whether the Government has any machinery for the implementation of Laws it gets the Parliament to enact. Labour legislation will illustrate the point. About 30 Bills have been enacted during the past five years. Their implementation, however, is the responsibility of the States. The Government of India has no information as to how its own Acts are given effect to. The Ministry of Health proposes to enact comprehensive legislation against adulteration without making any provision for its enforcement. There is a question of public opinion also involved in

of earning Ministries which come into daily contact with the masses, often bore the blame for policies formulated by others. Their exit should provide the Prime Minister with much needed opportunity to reshuffle his Cabinet He has two schemes before him. One is the scheme of Gopalaswamy Ayyangar of 24 Ministers of whom seventeen Ministers will be of Cabinet rank. Th other plan has been evolved by Mr Rafi Ahmed Kidwai, who has reduced the strength of the Cabinet to ten, but will have a large number of Deputy Ministers. He does not want the Prime Minister to have a portfolio. The following would be the set up under his Plan:

1. Prime Minister.
2. Deputy Prime Minister with two Deputy Ministers in charge of Home and State Ministers.
3. Foreign Minister.
4. Finance Minister.
5. Communication Minister with four Deputy Ministers in charge of Railways, Transport, Post and Telegraphs and Civil Aviation.
6. Minister for Commerce and Industry with four Deputy Ministers in charge of Industry, Supply, Commerce and Shipping.
7. Minister for Food and Agriculture with Deputy Minister.
8. Minister for Defence.
9. Minister for Social Affairs with Deputy Ministers in charge of Education, Health, Labour and Broadcasting.
10. Minister for Works, Mines and

...e Rehabilitation Minister Mr Mohan-...l Saksena, and the Rehabilitation ...dviser, Mr Mehr Chand Khanna.

TALKS ON CEYLON'S STERLING ASSETS

British delegation may visit Colombo

COLOMBO, Apr. 14 Ceylon and the ...nited Kingdom are expected to begin ...iscussions shortly on Ceylon's Sterling ...ssets with the British Government. ...hey will also discuss the question of ...onetary cooperation between the two ...overnments after the expiry of their ...ast agreement on June 30 this year.

It is thought likely that a delegation ...rom the United Kingdom will come ...ere for the discussions. The last talks ...ere held in London. Unde... the last ...greement, Ceylon was permitted for ...e period covered by it, July 1, 1949 ...June 30, 1950, to retain from her cur...ent earnings a sum of $1,000,000 which ...mounted at that time, prior to deva...uation, to Rs 34,00,000.

TWO LORDS JOIN CONSERVATIVES

Quit Liberal Party

LONDON, Apr. 15: Two Liberal ...eers of the British Upper House resig...ed last night from the Party, the ...mallest political group represented in ...arliament, to join the Tories.

With only nine members in the ...ouse of Commons (Lower House) and ...handful in the House of Lords, the ...iberal Party has no effective voting ...ower, though they put up over 400 ...andidates at the last election.

Lord Reading, who is 61, and Lord Rennell, 54, announcing their resigna...tions said: "We have come reluctan...tly to the conclusion that it is now ...our duty before another election is ...upon us to transfer our support to the ...only Party capable of offering effec...tive resistance to Socialism."

A leading lawyer, the Marquis o... ...eading is the son of the late Rufus ...saacs, the first Marquis of Read...ng ...ho was a former Viceroy of India.

Lord Rennell who served in the Bri...ish Diplomatic Corps from 1919 to ...924, became a partner in the banking ...rm of Morgan, Grenfell Morgan,

had no choice to make. They nei...ther liked the Foreign Policy nor did they like to change the Prime Minister.

Constitutionally, the Prime Minister has been in the right. But let me quote Cordell Hull who six years ago said:

"It is obvious, of course, that no matter how brilliant and desirable any course may seem, it is wholly impracti...cable and impossible unless it is a course which finds basic acceptance by the people of this country and the legisla...tive branch of this Government, under which our Constitution shares with the Executive powers and responsibility for our final action."

A *status quo* foreign policy acts as a cancerous diseases on a nation's body.

Patel steals the show

And yet, it was Sardar Patel, who stole the show. Like a Roman Ceasar, he sat in his seat, week in week out, patiently watching the growth of Parlia...mentary democracy in India. He has earned the "guinea a word" Patel. He will go down in history as the Indian Bismarck, who consolidated India into one united country. Flattery or threats do not move him, as was evident from his decision on Delhi's future Constitu...tional set-up.

The Finance Minister, Dr John Matthai, earned fresh laurals during the Session. His is an extremely difficult job. Being a non-party man, he is not in a position to dictate. He has to find money for the plans and projects of his Congress Colleagues and has to excuse their squandering. He did both master...fully. After declaring in November, that this country had been living beyond its means for some years, he proved to the House that the scope for economy was negligible.

In the Second line, Mr K. Santanam kept his reputation and Lala Khurshid Lal added to his. Among the non-offi...cials, H V. Kamath stood out for courage and audacity, Mr R. K. Sidwa for his police court like cross examinations, Ajit Prasad Jain for his directness, and Pundit Kunzuru for his studiousness. The two Dases from Orissa were always listened to with attention, particularly Bhishwanath Das, when he spoke on matters financial, T. T. Krishnamacha...riar is an able member, but is too often inaudible. Shiva Rao is always refresh...ing. Mahabir Tyagi has a way of saying things well. Politely but firmly he told the Chair once that its ruling was un...

...bility of the States. The Government of India has no information as to how its own Acts are given effect to. The Ministry of Health proposes to enact comprehensive legislation against adul...teration without making any provision for its enforcement. There is a ques...tion of public opinion also involved in these issues. It is no secret that cholera inoculation certificates were sold for a low price of four annas each for the Hardwar Kumbha Mela. Will the anti-adulteration legislation create an addi...tional source of income for the super...visory staff, is the basic problem. What is needed is the creation of healthy public opinion, which will make anti-social activities an impossibility in this country. The Government apparently holds that its task is over with the pass...ing of legislation. It should think of its implementation before a measure is brought before the Parliament.

The Resignation

The resignations of the Industry Minister, Dr S. P. Mukarji and of the Commerce Minister, Mr K. C. Neogy were the other highlights of the Ses...sion. Constitutionally they were right. As I have already reported, there has been a gulf between them and the Prime Minister and the Nehru-Liaquat Pact has widened this gulf. Constitu...tionally they could stay in the Cabi...net, if they were prepared to accept the Pact and work loyally for its im...plementation. Dr Mukherji is not pre...pared to accept the Pact.

Constitutionally again their exit from the Cabinet is sound. Non-Con...gress Ministers in the Central Cabinet have been an anomaly. They have no backing in the House, yet having such backing is the essence of Parliamentary democracy. Their constituency is the Prime Minister, who nominated them. The Congress Party had made really hot for them And they being in charge

100 ARRESTED IN TURKEY

Sequel to incident at Chakmak's funeral

ISTANBUL, Apr. 14: The Turkish Police arrested 100 people after a group of students seized the coffin of former Chief of Staff, Marshal Fevzi Chak...mak, at his funeral on Wednesday, it ...as announced today.

The demonstration was said to have ...een a protest against "lack of official ...otice" of the death of the 78-year-old ...ero of Kemal Ataturk's 1823 revolu...ion.

The Cabinet yesterday held a special ...eeting to discuss it, the Independent ...ewspaper, Cunhuriyet, reported.

Seventy-five of those arrested were students. Of these, 29 were charged with breach of the peace and 29 with reciting Quoranic prayer in Arabic.

Turkish law embodying a fundamen...

7. Minister for Food and Agricul...ture with Deputy Minister.
8. Minister for Defence.
9. Minister for Social Affairs with Deputy Ministers in charge of Education, Health, Labour and Broadcasting.
10. Minister for Works, Mines and Power.

The next fortnight will see which o... the two schemes, the Prime Minister adopts for his Cabinet.

Commonwealt... for Pakistan

Liaquat Ali ma... with British C...

DISCUSSIONS have taken place between the Pakistan and t... ments for a joint Commonwealth ... present frontiers of Pakistan, it ... reliable quarters.

In a recent interview to an Ameri...can correspondent in Karachi, the Prime Minister, Mr Liaquat Ali Khan said he had proposed to the U.K. Government even last year for such a collective guarantee, but without any positive result.

Reliable sources told the Press Trust of India today that coupled with the recent 'no-war' declaration offered by Pundit Nehru, Prime Minister of India, such a collective declaration would go a long way to appease fears of terri...torial aggression against the new State of Pakistan, not so much from India herself as from other foreign Powers.

Recently Pakistan has again taken up this question through Diplomatic channels. It is understood that Mr Liaquat Ali Khan strongly feels that such a guarantee with the implied as...surance that any transgression of Pakis...tan frontiers from any side would automatically become an act of aggres...sion against the Commonwealth as a whole, would go a long way to help Pakistan to reduce military expendi...ture to more reasonable proportions for internal defence purposes.

Suggestions renewed

The suggestions have in recent weeks been again renewed in view of the fact that the Kashmir dispute is now show...ing signs of moving along smooth peaceful lines

Apart from Kashmir, Pakistan has also to cast an eye over the shoulder constantly at the Durand Line and the Frontier regions where Afghanistan has

mak, at his funeral on Wednesday, it was announced today.

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Seventy-five of those arrested were students. Of these, 29 were charged with breach of the peace and 29 with reciting Quoranic prayer in Arabic.

Turkish law, embodying a fundamental point of Ataturk's religious reforms, permits only the Turkish language for public prayers.

Search for missing U.S. bomber

Bad weather hampers operations

COPENHAGEN, Apr. 14: Fog and worsening whether today hampered the six-day Baltic sea search for the American bomber missing since Saturday with 10 men aboard. One aircraft in the search was forced back by fog, but at Wiesbaden, Germany, 12 American aircraft defied the fog to join the operations. U.S. Air Force Headquarters reported that visibility there was only a quarter of a mile. In the makeshift Copenhagen operations room, hope of finding any of the missing crew was dwindling, but there were no signs of a weakening of determination to carry on the search.

All Nations Club honours Indian High Commissioner

LONDON, Apr. 14: The All Nations Social Club, which was founded in London nearly three years ago, has just held its first reception, the guest of honour being the Indian High Commissioner in London, Mr V. K. Krishna Menon.

The Director and Secretary-General of the Club said that Mr Menon was chosen as the first guest of honour as we admire all those things that his presence in London stands for."

Of the Club's 2,000 members some 200 to 300 are students from India and Pakistan.

Seretse Khama allowed to visit his wife

LOBATSI (Bechuanaland) Apr. 15: Seretse Khama, exiled Chief-designate of the Bamangwato Tribe, has been granted permission to visit his White wife, former London typist, Ruth Williams, at their home in Serowe. Tribal capital, it was disclosed today.

whole, would go a long way to help Pakistan to reduce military expenditure to more reasonable proportions for internal defence purposes.

Suggestions renewed

The suggestions have in recent weeks been again renewed in view of the fact that the Kashmir dispute is now showing signs of moving along smooth peaceful lines

Apart from Kashmir, Pakistan has also to cast an eye over the shoulder constantly at the Durand Line and the Frontier regions where Afghanistan has staked a claim, renewing it by propaganda at frequent intervals.

A final quietus given to the Afghan claims by proclaiming the inviolability of the Durand Line, the Pakistan Government feels, would remove one serious problem of internal defence.

Diplomatic sources here saw in the resumption of these negotiations at the present time a strategic move on the part of the Pakistan Prime Minister to make the United Kingdom and the other Commonwealth countries interested in the stability of South Asia to come out with firmer ideas on mutual defence among the members before Pakistan commits herself further in any Commonwealth plans for "containing" Communism in that part of the world.

DELHI PACT

Strengthen Pakistan Premier in talks

These sources feel that the good understanding established between Pakistan and India has strengthened the hands of Mr Liaquat Ali Khan in his negotiations. Further, with the Moscow invitation to him to make a State visit to Russia still, open but undated, Mr Liaquat Ali Khan would like to know definitely how far the United Kingdom and ultimately the United States would be prepared to take firm responsibilities in asking the South Asian countries to take sides in "the cold war."

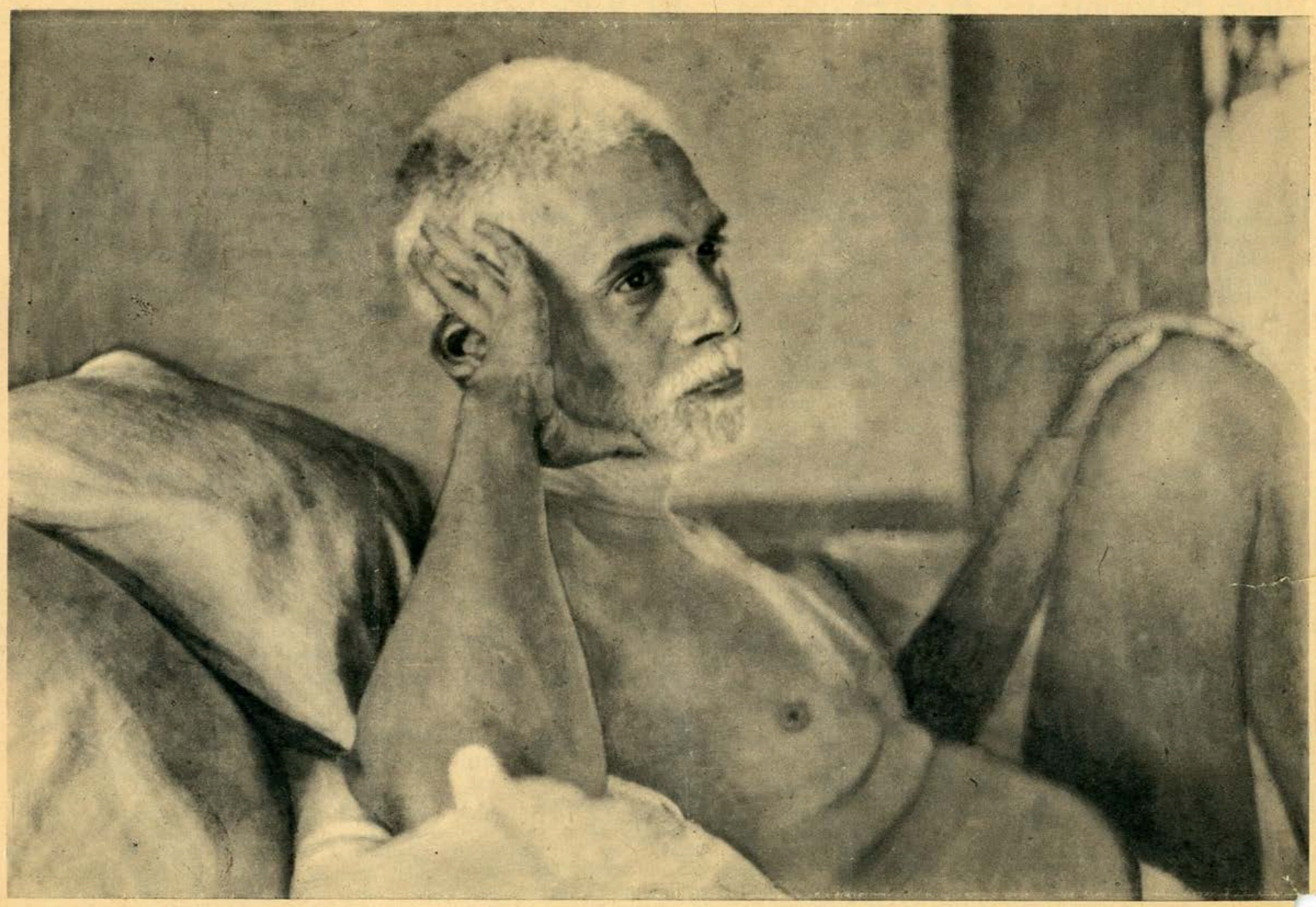
The Commonwealth Relations Department here declined today to comment on the progress of these negotiations. But reliable sources close to the British Government said the Government is giving the closest consideration to Mr Liaquat Ali Khan's views.

These sources, however, pointed out that the British Government would not hastily formulate a definite line of policy on this matter.

British attitude

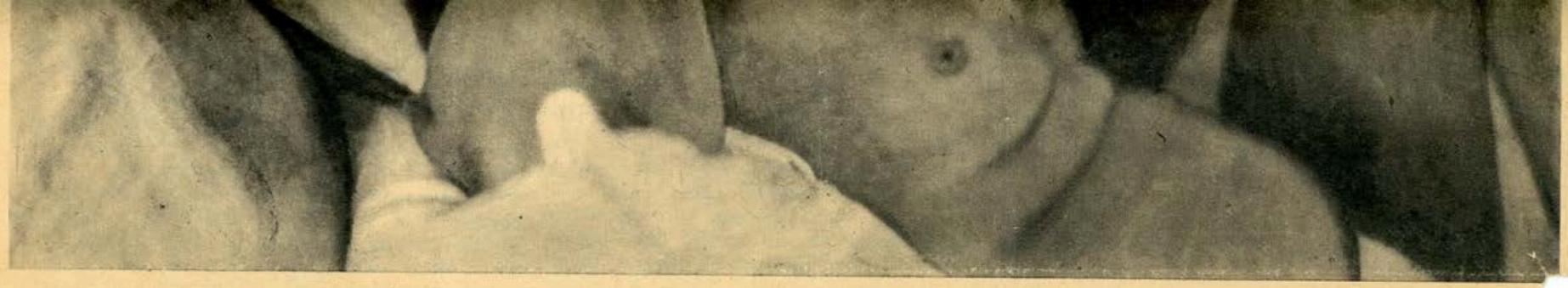
Firstly, they explained that the United Kingdom was only one member of the Commonwealth and the other members would have each an independent say in the matter of a collective guarantee of the kind suggested.

Secondly, so far as the British Gov-



RAMANA MAHARISHI. "His heart glowed with a merciful love for all things. He breathed peace of incorruptible purity and sweetened our life."

A Prophet Goes But The Truth Lives



RAMANA MAHARISHI. "His heart glowed with a merciful love for all things. He breathed peace of incorruptible purity and sweetened our life."

A Prophet Goes But The Truth Lives

By S. S. L. CHORDIA

THE Tree of Vision has been kept green on Bharat's soil by a succession of saints and sages who tended and nourished it with loving care down the ages so that it could bear the golden fruit of wisdom. Bhagwan Shri Ramana Maharishi was a true descendant of those Rishis and Munis to whom in the dawn of creation the Vedas were revealed and who added to the beauty and joy of life and saved its waters from stagnancy.

He was the adornment of our age and favoured it with his innate graciousness. Embodying the highest aspirations of man, he stood out as an unquestioned spiritual leader who did good to the world daily and continuously until his passing at the age of seventy-one, on the night of April 14 at Tiruvannamalai.

The way of devotion, the way of action and the way of knowledge are the three paths to God-realisation as indicated in the Gita.

THE WAY OF BHAKTI

Mira, Chaitanya and Ramkrishna Dev were devotees who approached God through love and discovered the Divine within themselves. In our own distracted times Mahatma Gandhi was the living symbol of the philosophy of *Karma*. He condemned selfishness and exalted altruism, thus linking the life of the individual with the well-being of society.

Shri Ramana was born in 1879 to awaken us from the dream of shadows and to make us aware of the existence of that Reality of which we are unconscious. He trod the path of renunciation. The compelling power of truth forced itself upon him when he was in his early youth. He thus describes his retreat from worldly pursuits:

"It was six weeks before I left Madura for good that the great change in my life took place. It was so sudden. One day I sat up alone on the first floor of my uncle's house. I was in my usual good health. But a sudden and unmistakable fear of death seized me. I felt I was going to die, and at once set about thinking what I should do.

"I did not care to consult anyone—doctor, elder or friend. I felt I had to solve the problem myself then and there. The shock of the fear of death made me at once introspective or 'introverted'. I said to myself mentally, without uttering the words, 'Now death is come, what does it mean? Who is it that is dying? This body dies.' I at once dramatised the situation. I extended my limbs and held them rigid, as though rigor-mortis had set in. I imitated a corpse to lend an air of reality to my further investigation. I held my breath and kept my mouth closed, pressing the lips tightly together, so that no sound could escape.

"'Well then,' said I to myself, 'This body is dead. It will be carried stiff to the crematory and then burnt and reduced to ashes. But with the death of my body am *I* dead? Is the body *I*? This body is silent and inert. But I am still aware of the full force of my personality and even of *I* within myself, of *I* as apart from the body. This material body dies, but the spirit transcending it cannot be touched by death. I am, therefore, the deathless spirit.' All this was not a feat of intellectual gymnastics, but came as a flash before me vividly as living Truth."

Shri Ramana lived like a Mritunjaya and even when stricken by the illness which put an end to his earthly life, he betrayed no fear of death.

He left his home on August 29, 1896, in quest of that mysterious power which rules the universe (whom he called his father) and never looked back. Destiny directed him to Tiruvannamalai and as though to a magnet he felt drawn to it. The inner voice whispered "Arunachala" in his ears and he moved forward to its music. He reached his destination early on the morning of September 1, went straight to the temple and prayed to his father:

O Lord, obedient to Thy call,
Here have I come, deserting all,
No boon I ask, no loss bemoan,
Take me in and make me Thine own.

He soon fell into a trance. His world-weariness disappeared. Inner peace came to him. From that day until the hour of Maha Nirvana, the Hill of the Holy Beacon became his constant abode.

He belonged to the category of *Nittya Siddhas* and after practising meditation with an all-absorbing devotion to God, he realised the identity of the Deity with the true Ego. Through penance and purification he rooted out the seed of desire from the innermost core of his being. All the *lakshanas* (marks) of a *jivan-mukta* portrayed in the Gita could be seen in him. He rose above the pairs of opposites as he had realised the shadowless, bodiless, colourless, pure, indestructible Self—divine and formless Purusha. He was the personification of the very essence of the scriptural Truth, and Shri Arunachal, his dwelling place, was regarded, even before his advent, as holier than the snow-capped Himalayas in Tamil legend and folklore, and became a haven of refuge for the doubt-tormented.

GUIDED BY INNER VISION

He received the impulse to be the One Eternal not from any study of holy books but from his inner vision. In the Vedic phrase he took the lid off the golden bowl which veiled the face of Truth and his heart glowed with a merciful love for all things. He breathed peace of incorruptible purity and sweetened our life. He taught in the simplest manner the profound lore of the Self.

Though he dwelt always in the realm of the spirit, yet the outstanding characteristic of the Maharishi was his normality. He performed no miracles. There was nothing in the least freakish about his appearance, ideas, words or deeds.

"Know thyself!" is the burden of Shri Ramana's teaching.

With his passing the Sun of Wisdom has set; he is among those immortals who have revealed perfection to erring mankind.

WARNING AGAINST UNWISE SPECULATION

Seth R. Dalmia On India's Economy

IN two recent statements from New Delhi Seth Ramkrishna Dalmia dwelt at some length on the economic condition of the country, warning the middle classes in particular against unwise speculative investment, and appealed for urgent relief for the refugees.

There being no employment for many, he said, the number of speculators had greatly increased and the markets were gradually becoming gambling dens and a centre of black market money.

He added, "Individuals in one day make and lose millions."

"When speculation on jute and hessian was stopped it was replaced by many Indian Iron and share markets in Calcutta alone. Genuine investors are always welcome and we invite them, but not those who have no capacity to purchase or make bear sales worth crores of rupees. And prices of Indian Iron rise and fall with political news. The country's condition is not going to deteriorate on account of Ministerial resignations; it will not, in fact, worsen so long as the Cabinet is working in harmony, enjoying the confidence of the people. Groundless apprehension brings avoidable crises.

Poor Man's Ruin

"In many parts of the country and in famine-stricken Rajasthan, where in some places wheat is not available even at Rs. 25 a maund, the wage earners and the poor, unable to maintain themselves, bet on American cotton and thousands of them are reduced to such distress that they sell the ornaments of their wives and take to burglary. This happens every day.

"Gold and silver speculation is also rife in [illegible]y towns. I understand that gold worth some [illegible]20 crores is being smuggled through Goa; we are hereby losing huge sterling and dollar currency. Men smuggling gold worth about a lakh of rupees make, in a few days, a profit of some Rs. 30,000. The Bombay Government are very vigilant and are doing their best, but we must

land and America, the problems of the Western countries like France and Germany which are becoming acute, and the relations between America and Russia—countries with totally different ideologies. These issues will affect the progress of the whole world.

"The problem of finding employment for the unemployed and for the millions of educated youths, the issue of Labour-Capital relations and the question of finding money for the import of capital goods, without which we cannot be self-sufficient in our requirements, will remain unsolved so long as there is no trade balance in our favour. Until we achieve this we have to depend upon the assistance of foreign countries. We should be deceiving ourselves if we thought that in the absence of a solution of all these difficulties our country's condition would continue sound and progressive.

"In August 1946, when speculators recklessly bought Indian Iron at Rs. 70 and Tata at about Rs. 3,600, I warned the public to be cautious. I warn them today again not to purchase speculative shares at unduly high prices merely on the strength of political news from Delhi. The undue rise and fall of prices without relation to vital factors is very harmful to the country's normal trade. These force crises on the market. Stable prices of shares, even at lower levels, are a healthy sign of a country's progress.

"I request Government to check this reckless gambling and ask the middle classes not to be misled by agents. Undue rises of speculative scrips are unreasonable and people gambling on them will repent as in the past. I suggest, therefore, that they should put their money in genuine and sound investment and not indulge in gambling."

"We Must Do Our Duty By The Refugees"

through newspapers, there will be three committees, one each for Bengal, the Punjab, Kashmir, the North-West Frontier and Sind, with headquarters at Calcutta, Delhi and Bombay respectively.

"To remove confusion, unless donors send their contributions specifically for a particular area—in which case the amount will be earmarked according to the wishes of the donor—all general donations otherwise received will be divided as follows: 50 per cent. for Bengal, 15 per cent. for Kashmir and the North-West Frontier and 20 per cent. for Punjab—with a total of 35 per cent. for all three combined, and 15 per cent. for Sind. For Bengal we have purposely reserved a high percentage as the calamity there calls for immediate relief measures.

Give What You Can

"Though this help will not be even a drop in the ocean, and only the Almighty can protect the sufferers in this calamity, yet we have to do our duty, and, therefore, I request my relatives, friends, sympathisers, all those who have some respect and affection for me—employees of the industry and other institutions for the starting of which I had been instrumental, or of those subsequently acquired and worked under my guidance, the general public, foreigners who are eating the salt of this sacred land, and particularly the citizens of Calcutta, Bombay, Ahmedabad and Kanpur who earned good money during war time—all to give whatever they can, for their own good, to this Godly cause.

"Such donation is not to be considered as a

THE PERFECT ARCHER

OUR cover this week illustrates "Arjuna's Archery". Arjuna, one of the five Pandava brothers, watches the Kauravas taking lessons in archery from Dronacharya. He was very attentive, though he was not allowed to take part in the tests himself. When the course was completed, the preceptor pointed to a sparrow on a tree and asked each of his pupils how, as an archer, he looked at the bird. None of them giving a satisfactory answer, Arjuna volunteered for an examination. He said he could see only the head of the sparrow. Dronacharya was much pleased, and called him "The Perfect Archer".

in harmony, enjoying the confidence of the people. Groundless apprehension brings avoidable crises.

Poor Man's Ruin

"In many parts of the country and in famine-stricken Rajasthan, where in some places wheat is not available even at Rs. 25 a maund, the wage earners and the poor, unable to maintain themselves, bet on American cotton and thousands of them are reduced to such distress that they sell the ornaments of their wives and take to burglary. This happens every day.

"Gold and silver speculation is also rife in many towns. I understand that gold worth some ... 20 crores is being smuggled through Goa; we are hereby losing huge sterling and dollar currency. Men smuggling gold worth about a lakh of rupees make, in a few days, a profit of some Rs. 30,000. The Bombay Government are very vigilant and are doing their best, but we must tighten up our control and save this colossal amount of foreign currency to import badly needed capital goods.

"In the share markets, there is enthusiasm on account of the Indo-Pakistan Agreement. No doubt the Agreement is a very important factor in our country's economy, and it will be a great help if all other pending matters—including trade relations, the Kashmir issue, and the evacuee property question—are speedily settled with freedom for the transfer of money at a fixed ratio of exchange, without which it will be difficult to keep any trade agreement for any length of time. Our country's economy is affected by many factors such as the permanent settlement of refugees from Bengal and other areas. Our resources have already been considerably strained by the influx of refugees and it is going to be very hard for us to fulfil the further responsibilities we owe them.

"Even if the Agreement is implemented in every detail and the Kashmir issue and the refugee property question are settled our economy will be affected by the economic condition of Eng-

tive shares at unduly high prices merely on the strength of political news from Delhi. The undue rise and fall of prices without relation to vital factors is very harmful to the country's normal trade. These force crises on the market. Stable prices of shares, even at lower levels, are a healthy sign of a country's progress.

"I request Government to check this reckless gambling and ask the middle classes not to be misled by agents. Undue rises of speculative scrips are unreasonable and people gambling on them will repent as in the past. I suggest, therefore, that they should put their money in genuine and sound investment and not indulge in gambling."

"We Must Do Our Duty By The Refugees"

APPEALING for help for the refugees, Seth Dalmia said:

"This is the first occasion in my life when I ask for public donations. I ask for them now for relieving the indescribable suffering of the refugees."

He added: "For administering the donations I announced, and those to be received

high percentage as the calamity there calls for immediate relief measures.

Give What You Can

"Though this help will not be even a drop in the ocean, and only the Almighty can protect the sufferers in this calamity, yet we have to do our duty, and, therefore, I request my relatives, friends, sympathisers, all those who have some respect and affection for me—employees of the industry and other institutions for the starting of which I had been instrumental, or of those subsequently acquired and worked under my guidance, the general public, foreigners who are eating the salt of this sacred land, and particularly the citizens of Calcutta, Bombay, Ahmedabad and Kanpur who earned good money during war time—all to give whatever they can, for their own good, to this Godly cause.

"Such donation is not to be considered as a philanthropic act, but as part of our bounden duty and debt towards those who have suffered by our action in having divided the country against their will. This is a great opportunity to wash oneself of some of one's sins.

"Donors may send their contributions to our newspapers or any of the many organisations (other than ours) working for refugee relief at various places and managed by different parties."

MONTHLY SNAPSHOTS COMPETITIONS

NIGHT PHOTOGRAPHY

Closing Date: May 15, 1950.

TABLE-TOP STUDIES

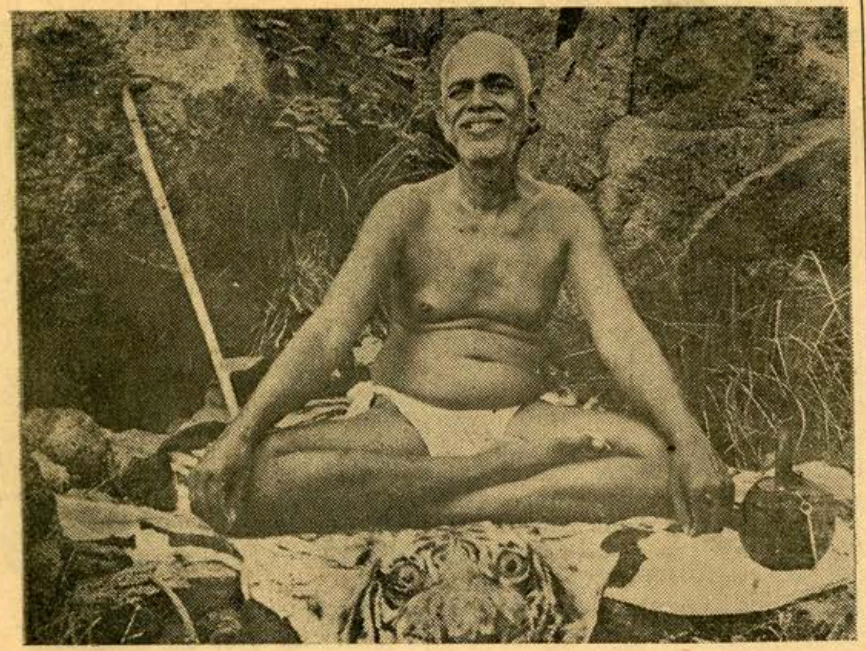
Closing Date: June 15, 1950.

OUR DISCUSSION COMPETITION

Rs. 500 Prize

THE judges of *The Illustrated Weekly of India* Discussion Competition have selected Smt. Sita Devi Yogendra's essay on "Can Yoga Pave The Way For World Unity?" as the winner of the Rs. 500 prize, from among our 12 monthly prize winners. Smt. Sita Devi Yogendra, whose essay appeared in our issue of January 29, 1950, is the Secretary of the Yoga Institute, Santa Cruz, Bombay.

SMT. SITA DEVI Y[illegible]A



Sri RAMANA

THE TEMPLE of Tiruvannamalai.

From page 9

nor to trace this out need money be spent."

Leaving Madura on 29th August 1896, he reached Tiruvannamalai, with some trouble, on the morning of 1st September. When he visited the temple he fell into a trance, and burst into a song which ran thus:

"O Lord, Obedient to thy call,
Here have I come, deserting all
No boon to ask, no loss bemoan
Take me in and make me Thine own."

★

HE then took off his clothes, tore off a small strip as loin-cloth, threw away the rest along with the sacred thread and the little money that still remained and became a "Balayogi."

For some days to come, he pursued his meditation in the thousand pillared mantapam. While the elderly visitors to the temple were much impressed by

IT is not known how many days he spent there. But when he was first noticed the people saw not the "Balayogi" but a big ant-hill.

The lower part of his thighs had been nibbled away by the insects and blood and pus had issued out discolouring the spot where he sat. Inspite of these Ramana appeared to have remained in meditation, unperturbed and quite oblivious to the havoc created on his body. Then people began to realise the intensity of the Swami's "tapasya," and his fame travelled far and wide.

★

HIS relatives in Madura who were surprised and rejoiced to hear the news, came to Tiruvannamalai to take him back.

With tears in her eyes his mother beseeched him to return and stay with them. But the sage remained obdurate. He wrote on a piece

it. This is certain. The best course therefore is for one to be silent."

After the departure of his mother the young Swami took up his abode in the Virupaksha Cave, where he was prevailed upon by earnest seekers to give spiritual instruction.

★

HIS message is simple, yet profound. "Know Thyself" declares the Sage. "Realise the 'I' which is the source of thought and of which none can have even the shadow of doubt. The divinity within, thus invoked by Self-Enquiry will lead you on the right path till the Peace that passeth understanding is realized."

His teachings possessing universal appeal have drawn votaries from all climes and countries and the Ashram has become a great spiritual centre.

★

TO quote Dr. Radhakrishnan "Sri Ramana Maharshi is not

sion of this wisdom yields the fruits of love and purity, courage and humility, courtesy and holiness."

Today when the Eastern nations are threatened by a quick disintegration of their spiritual goods, the life of Sri Ramana reminds us of the thousands of years old spiritual culture of India and what they embodied.—C. V.

SIGNIFICANT ANSWER

"Bhagwan Sri Ramana Maharshi is a significant answer to the world's cry for liberation. He is a strange figure — one of the strangest and yet one of the most fascinating and striking personalities of all times. As a matter of fact, he belongs not to any age, but to all ages, not to time but to eternity. He had renounced as valueless all that the modern world values most. He has no use for money, he is no respecter of rank and position, he reacts to men and women in exactly the same way.

ran thus:

"O Lord, Obedient to thy call,
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HE then took off his clothes, tore off a small strip as loin-cloth, threw away the rest along with the sacred thread and the little money that still remained and became a "Balayogi."

For some days to come, he pursued his meditation in the thousand pillared mantapam. While the elderly visitors to the temple were much impressed by the appearance of the young asectic, the urchins pelted stones and jeered at him. To escape their attentions he repaired to a dark and deep underground cave known as the Pathala Lingam, where the rays of the sun never fell.

discolouring the spot where he sat. Inspite of these Ramana appeared to have remained in meditation, unperturbed and quite oblivious to the havoc created on his body. Then people began to realise the intensity of the Swami's "tapasya," and his fame travelled far and wide.

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HIS relatives in Madura who were surprised and rejoiced to hear the news, came to Tiruvannamalai to take him back.

With tears in her eyes his mother beseeched him to return and stay with them. But the sage remained obdurate. He wrote on a piece of paper. "The Ordainer controls the fate of souls in accordance with their past deeds—their 'prarabdha karma.' Whatever is destined not to happen will not happen. Whatever is destined to happen will happen, do what you may to stop

★

HIS message is simple, yet profound. "Know Thyself" declares the Sage. "Realise the 'I' which is the source of thought and of which none can have even the shadow of doubt. The divinity within, thus invoked by Self-Enquiry will lead you on the right path till the Peace that passeth understanding is realized."

His teachings possessing universal appeal have drawn votaries from all climes and countries and the Ashram has become a great spiritual centre.

★

TO quote Dr. Radhakrishnan "Sri Ramana Maharshi is not a scholar, he has no erudition, but he has wisdom that comes from direct experience of Reality, the wisdom we acquire through the discipline, not of intellect but of one's nature, through chastity, poverty and obedience. The possessof the thousands of years old spiritual culture of India and what they embodied.—C. V.

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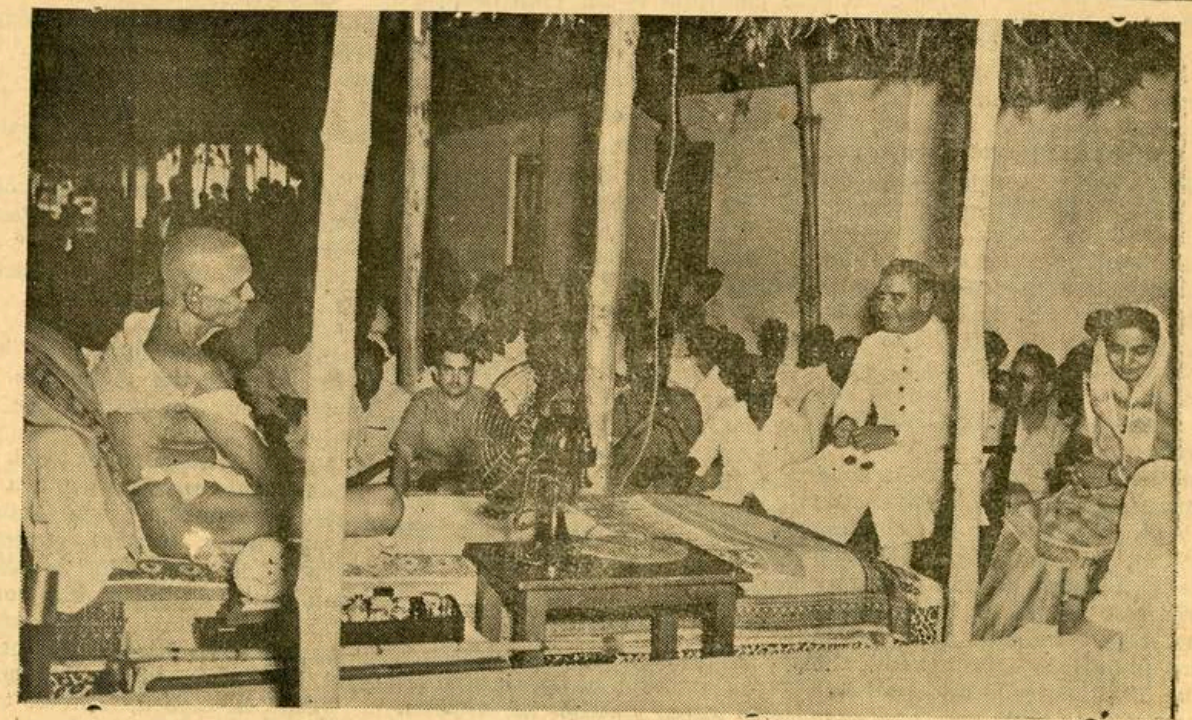
"Bhagwan Sri Ramana Maharshi is a significant answer to the world's cry for liberation. He is a strange figure — one of the strangest and yet one of the most fascinating and striking personalities of all times. As a matter of fact, he belongs not to any age, but to all ages, not to time but to eternity. He had renounced as valueless all that the modern world values most. He has no use for money, he is no respecter of rank and position, he reacts to men and women in exactly the same way. His detachment is as complete as it is perfect. Nothing seems to possess the power to disturb his superb poise, his marvellous tranquillity and peace. Tragedy does not move him in a personal way."—B. Sanjiva Rao.

LATE ANNADHANA SIVAN OF THEPPERUMALNALLUR

At a meeting of the admirers of the late Annadhana Sivan held on 18th March, the Annadhana Sivan Memorial Sangham was inaugurated to take suitable steps to honour his memory by starting a Poor Home, a free reading room and library, besides celebrating his anniversary day which comes off on the 18th May 1950. Membership of the Sangham is open to all and the annual subscription is Rs. 5 only.

It has also been planned to publish a commemoration volume about Sivan and articles are solicited from those who had the privilege of being acquainted with Sivan. Photographs, letters written by Sivan, etc., are particularly welcome.

For application forms for membership and other details, admirers of Sivan are requested to contact the central office of the Sangham at 30, Wallajah Road Mount Road, Madras - 2.



THE GOVERNOR OF MADRAS and the Maharani of Bhavanagar with the Maharshi.

SOCCER THRILLS FOR MADRAS FANS

Madras football fans went mad during the past fortnight. As the 14th M. U. C. Football tournament for the C. Hossein Challenge Cup reached the final stages, unprecedented crowds breaking all previous records in the annals of Madras football packed the galleries like sardines. For such madness there was good reason too. Some of the leading teams of the South—T. V. S. Sports Club, Madhurai, Hindusthan Aircraft, Bangalore, a Hyderabad Football Association XI and the Puducottah Greens, the local B. & C. Mills Athletic Association and the M. & S. M. Railway—battled for the beautiful trophy. And the enthusiasm of the spectators was rewarded by some excellent and thrilling football.

Feverish Excitement

The Hindusthan Aircraft, the Puducottah team and the two leading local teams all got eliminated in the quarter and semi-final stages, and twice, on Sunday last and Tuesday, the T.V.S., Madhurai, who were holders of the trophy for the second year in succession, and the Hyderabad XI gruelled in the final only to draw the games. And the struggle ended at last on Wednesday evening with the Hyderabad XI annexing the trophy with an one goal victory over the Madhurai team. On the first two days of the final, the arena was surrounded by a veritable sea of faces with excitement reaching feverish heights. Not even during the visit last year of the All-India Football team, which had in it many an Olympic star, did such a crowd collect at the Esplanade.

On Sunday, the Madhurai team swept everything before them with their forwards, ably led by Thangaraj, playing in admirable combination, and seemed to knock off the trophy for the third year. They, however, failed because they lacked

DILIP BOSE, India's No. 1. and Asian Champion who defeated Geoff Brown, Australian Davis Cup player, in an exhibition tennis match at Calcutta.

And with Mani playing much below his form, they looked a beaten side from the start.

Amongst the din and bustle of these encounters, there were quite a number who were conspicuous by their splendid work; and a few of these had all eyes glued on them by a brilliance and style peculiar to them.

Outstanding Players

The most consistent and magnificent performances were by Mani, the T. V. S. skipper and right back. Reminding one very much by his modesty, efficiency and poise of that other great sportsman, Vijay Hazare, who thrilled Madras crowds quite recently, Mani was the pivot round whom his side revolved. This player, whose skill is still to be exploited by the authorities, was not only magnificent in defence, but in the manner of a centre-half, he constantly fed the forwards with well judged and hefty clearances.

Aziz, right back of the Hyderabad, proved to be a tough guy and often reached the heights by splendid tackling and clearing. If only he could clothe his play in the dress of style, he is bound to be as popular as the T. V. S. skipper.

Tower of Strength

In contrast to these two, but as effective as any of them, was Sriramamurthy of the M. & S. M. Railway. This player is the antithesis of Mani in appearance; even off the field he proclaims his invincibility; and once the ball begins to roll, playing at right back, he tackles and clears with a robustness and fearlessness that brooks no opposition.

Then there was Basir of the Hindusthan Aircraft. This Olympic centre-half strode the field with majesty, feeding the forwards with a judicious yet splendid prodigality at the same time proving a tower of strength to the defence.

Crashing Shots

Among the forwards who captured the imagination of the public were Thangaraj of the T. V. S., Moin and Sussay (Jr.) of the Hyderabad team and Anthony Das of the local Railway XI. Of these, there is not much to choose between Thangaraj and Moin. Both were adepts at cutting capers bewildering the opposite defence; both showed capabilities of finding the net with crashing shots. Only there was a slight difference in style between the two, Thangaraj lacking the polish of Moin. Sussay (Jr.) possessed unbounded energy, flitting from one end to the other always trying to bamboozle the opponents by intelligent dribbling and passing. Like Moin he also possessed a powerful pair of legs; and in conjunction with

SUMANT MISRA, who triumphed over the Australian tennis star Brown, at an exhibition match held in the South Club Courts, Calcutta.

Moin and his brother Sussay (Sr.), inside right, set up a tune which repeatedly caught the opposing defenders napping.

Anthony Das, the Railway inside right, was artful and clever with his legs and anyone who tried to tackle him cut a sorry figure. But Anthony Das was not effective; he was so much consumed by his genius that he forget his colleagues and his objective.

Another local player who improved with every match and with the importance of the occasion was Pitchamuthu, the B. & C. Mills custodian. Time and again he saved his side from certain goals and one such effort off a grand shot by Moin was worthy of a Ditchburn.

Most of these toprankers will again delight the onlookers at the S. I. A. A. Grounds where the Presidency Football Tournament is in progress, and for soccer fans of the City rich and varied fare is in

final only to draw the games. And the struggle ended at last on Wednesday evening with the Hyderabad XI annexing the trophy with an one goal victory over the Madhurai team. On the first two days of the final, the arena was surrounded by a veritable sea of faces with excitement reaching feverish heights. Not even during the visit last year of the All-India Football team, which had in it many an Olympic star, did such a crowd collect at the Esplanade.

On Sunday, the Madhurai team swept everything before them with their forwards, ably led by Thangaraj, playing in admirable combination, and seemed to knock off the trophy for the third year. They, however, failed because they lacked the power of the kick as they neared the objective.

Magnificent Mani

In the second encounter, the T. V. S. forwards, with Thangaraj a passenger, on account of an injury sustained towards the closing stages on Sunday, played purposeless football, and only the magnificent work of Mani aided by the hefty Rajavelu in deep defence enabled them to draw the match. At one time, so hard was the pressure of the Hyderabad forwards that a T. V. S. defeat was the talk of the place; and if only Moin, the Hyderabad centre forward, when a penalty was awarded against T. V. S., had banged in the same style in which he scored the only goal for his side earlier the same day, and that too in extra time, T. V. S. would well have lost the match. But luck was with them.

In the second reply, Hyderabad outmanceuvred and outplayed the T. V. S., and but for the chances they missed they ought to have won by a bigger margin. The forwards with Moin in devastating form, kept storming the loser's area practically throughout the hour. Their defence and half-line functioned at their best and gave no quarter to the T. V. S. forwards, whose display was at best ordinary.

these encounters, there were quite a number who were conspicuous by their splendid work; and a few of these had all eyes glued on them by a brilliance and style peculiar to them.

Outstanding Players

The most consistent and magnificent performances were by Mani, the T. V. S. skipper and right back. Reminding one very much by his modesty, efficiency and poise of that other great sportsman, Vijay Hazare, who thrilled Madras crowds quite recently, Mani was the pivot round whom his side revolved. This player, whose skill is still to be exploited by the authorities, was not only magnificent in defence, but in the manner of a

tured the imagination of the public were Thangaraj of the T. V. S., Moin and Sussay (Jr.) of the Hyderabad team and Anthony Das of the local Railway XI. Of these, there is not much to choose between Thangaraj and Moin. Both were adepts at cutting capers bewildering the opposite defence; both showed capabilities of finding the net with crashing shots. Only there was a slight difference in style between the two, Thangaraj lacking the polish of Moin. Sussay (Jr.) possessed unbounded energy, flitting from one end to the other always trying to bamboozle the opponents by intelligent dribbling and passing. Like Moin he also possessed a powerful pair of legs; and in conjunction with his legs and anyone who tried to tackle him cut a sorry figure. But Anthony Das was not effective; he was so much consumed by his genius that he forget his colleagues and his objective.

Another local player who improved with every match and with the importance of the occasion was Pitchamuthu, the B. & C. Mills custodian. Time and again he saved his side from certain goals and one such effort off a grand shot by Moin was worthy of a Ditchburn.

Most of these toprankers will again delight the onlookers at the S. I. A. A. Grounds where the Presidency Football Tournament is in progress, and for soccer fans of the City rich and varied fare is in store for another month.

Major Upset

Close upon the thrills at the M. U. C. Grounds, a major upset in City soccer occurred at the S.I.A.A. on Tamil New Year's Day. B. & C. Mills Athletic Association, last year's runners-up in the Presidency Football Tournament went down to the Southern Dynamos, a third division side by the margin of three goals to nil. Southern Dynamos dealt a severe blow to the strong but over-confident Mills XI by getting the lead within ten minutes from the whistle and then so badly knocked out their opponents, that the Mills were never able to find their feet during the whole of the evening's play; in fact, the Dynamos felt no difficulty to score a couple of more goals in the second half.

But such upsets are always good for the game; it adds pep to what otherwise might be a dull season; it affords encouragement to lots of youngsters and focusses attention on fresh blood.—S.

Blind Umpire In Table Tennis!

Charles Medick is blind—but he is an ace table tennis umpire. Medick lost his sight in an accident in his infancy and the players have to lead him to the chair before a match begins. Once in the umpire's seat, however, he takes complete charge.

Turning his head slightly to the side and toying with a score card, he calls the shots as he "sees" them. And not a player disputes his decisions.

Medick is modest about his talent. "I merely lean slightly over the net and listen. It's as simple as that. Nothing to it."

"I can always tell by the sound whether the ball has hit the table or not," he says. "And detecting net balls is a snap. Of course, now and then I lose track of the score count. After working several matches in a row, I get a little tired and have more trouble concentrating."

Favourite Story

His favourite story concerns his "edge" on some of the sighted athletes whose matches he umpires.

"Occasionally, the players will be chopping and driving away with what they think is a good ball," he told me. "Suddenly, I'll notice that the ball just doesn't click with me.

"So I'll stop the game and tell the players that they're playing with a cracked ball. Often, they won't believe me at first. But after a quick rubbing test with their paddles, they ask for a new ball."

Life's Work

Medick, who earned a college degree in Spanish at Western Reserve, is a boy's councillor at a Cleveland Y. M. C. A. He hopes to make the job his life's work.

"It's wonderful—teaching boys games, sportsmanship and clean living. I like the youngsters and they haven't complained so far," he said.

Medick's hobby is his stint as a "ham" radio operator—with a code speed of about 25 words a minute.

"My most unusual experience occurred in June, 1946," he said. "I managed to establish voice contact with King Anand of Thailand in Bangkok. The King spoke beautiful English and was very friendly."

"But," he sighed, "I never talked to him again. The King was assassinated the very next day."

"MIND OF WOMAN."

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HERMIT OF THE HOLY HILL

In the galaxy of God-engrossed souls that have shone forth from time to time, in this ancient land of ours Bhagwan Ramana is the latest. His attaining Siddhi last week deprives this mundane world of the last spiritual link with the Vedic Past. Below is the life-story of this Great Soul whose lustre spread to the four corners of the Earth from atop the Holy Hill of Arunachala.

ON the auspicious day of Arudra Darsanam, the Maharshi was born on the 30th of December 1879, at Thiruchuzhi, a small village in the Madura district. The second of the three sons of Sri Sundaram Ayer, a pleader he was called Venkataraman.

The early years gave no inkling of his future greatness. Endowed with a stronger constitution than most of the boys, and with a spirit of independence that marked him from his fellows he found the school games and out-door life more congenial to his nature than rank in class or reading books.

★

WHEN he was sixteen he happened to go through the "Periapuranam." The selfless devotion of the Saivaite saints made a deep impression on his devout nature.

The change which took him away from worldly pursuits is described in his own words: "One day I sat up alone on the first floor of my uncle's house. I was in my usual good health. But a sudden and unmistakable fear of death seized me. I felt I was going to die, and at once set about thinking what I should do. I did not care to consult anyone, be he a doctor, elder or friend. I felt I had to solve the problem myself then and there. The shock of the fear of death made me at once introspective or introverted. I said to myself mentally, 'Now death is come, what does it mean? Who is it that is dying? This body dies. But with the death of my body am 'I' dead? Is the body "I? " This body is silent and inert. So "I" am a spirit transcending the body. The material body dies, but the spirit transcending it cannot be touched by death. I am therefore that deathless spirit "I" was something very real, the only real thing in that state..." Fear of death vanished at once and for ever. The absorption in the self has continued right upto now."

★

SOME days later while going to school, he met an elderly relation of his on the way. Venkataraman accosted him with the usual question: "Whence are you coming?" "From Arunachalam" was the laconic reply.

"What? from Arunachalam ? Where is it? "

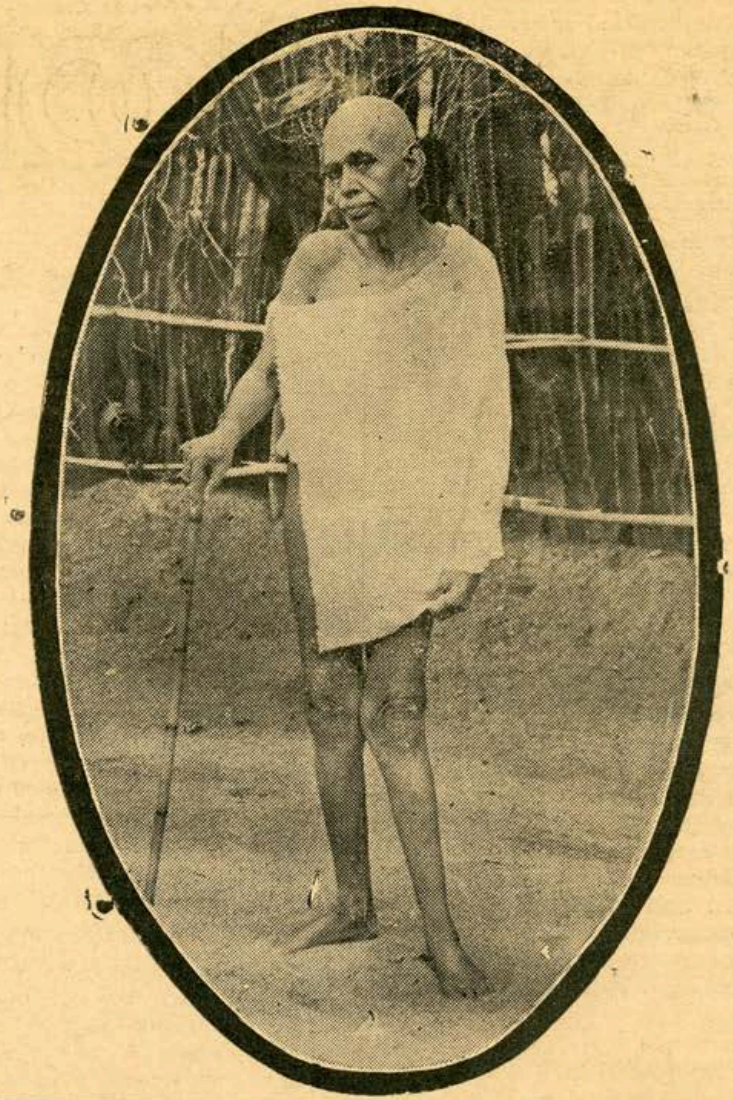
The relative though surprised replied: "Don't you know Tiruvannamalai? That is Arunachalam."

From then on he grew more and more preoccupied with spiritual matters. His relatives were unable to realise the state of his mind. Everybody began to scold him for his laziness and for his callous neglect of his studies.

★

WHEN his elder brother rebuked him he left home, leaving a note behind. "I have, in search of my Father, according to His command, started from this place. On a virtuous enterprise indeed has this embarked. Therefore, for this act none need grieve

(Please see page 22)



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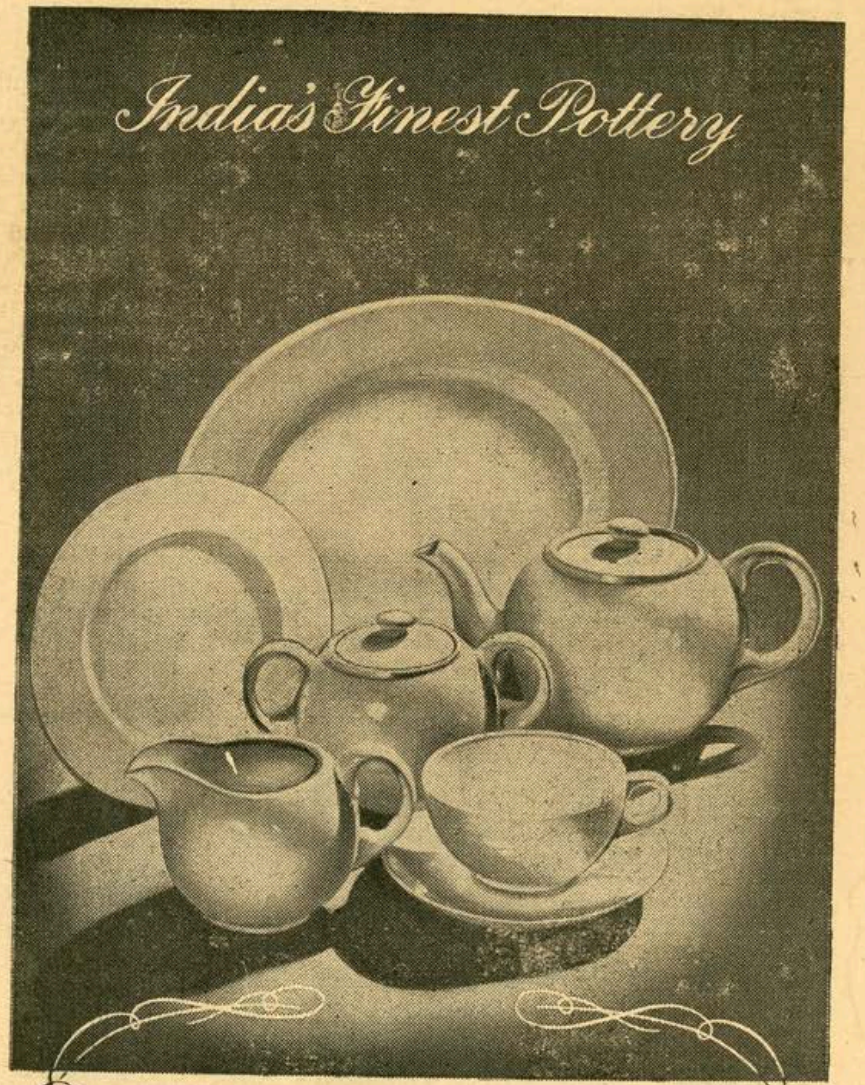

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DHYANA SADHANA

Concentration & Meditation: By Swamy Sivananda. Address: The Sivananda Publication League, Rikhikesh. Price Rs. 5.

Embodying all the main essentials of Dhyana Sadhan, Swamy Sivananda's "Concentration and Meditation" is an outstanding work on the most vital subject in Yoga Sadhan.

Dealing with the theory, practice and perfection of "Concentration" it should come in handy for all aspirants of Meditation, who for want of adequate work on the subject, do not take to it seriously. It contains a wealth of practical instructions and graduated exercises not to mention the chapter on "Obstacles to Meditation" which is particularly interesting.

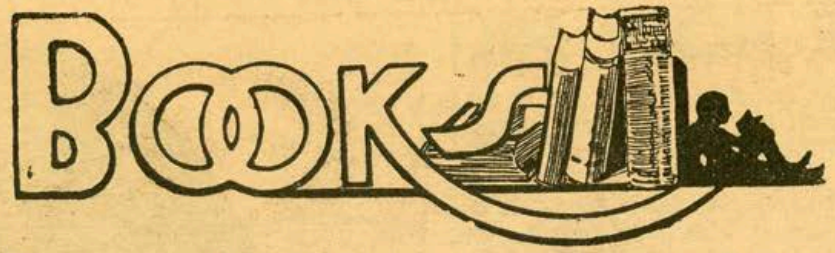
Road to Moksha

On the importance and significance of Meditation the author observes: "Meditation is the only road to the attainment of salvation or Moksha. It gives the vision of unity. It is an aeroplane that helps the aspirant to soar high in the realms of eternal bliss and everlasting peace. It is a mysterious ladder that connects earth and heaven and takes the aspirant to the immortal abode of Brahman."

Well got-up and running to over 400 pages, it is priced Rs. 5.

VASWANI ON "GITA"

Through this booklet (The Gita and the Modern World, by T. L. Vaswani. Price As. 12. Published by Gangaram Sajandas, Sri Gita Mission Office, Block No. 6, 1 Transport Line, Poona-2.) the author introduces Gita to the modern world and discusses in detail how Gita is not merely the essence of Hinduism but the heart and soul of spiritual life." The very word "Gita" is significant: it means not "philosophy" but "song," a Song of Life.



The Meaning of Art

"No one will deny the profound inter-relation of artist and community. The artist depends on the community—takes his tone, his tempo, his intensity from the society of which he is a member. But the individual character of the artist's work depends on more than these: it depends on a definite will-to-form which is a reflection of the artist's personality, and there is no significant art without this act of creative will." These words find a place in the last but one paragraph from this very understanding mind,* providing valuable matter to readers of both the informed as well as the uninformed kind. For, to people who already have initiation into the secrets of art there are passages packed with illuminating thought like "there is the essential difference between art and sentimentality: sentimentality is a release, but also a loosening, a relaxing of emotions; art is a release, but also a bracing. Art is the economy of feeling; it is emotion cultivating good form." To others who have not essayed into its realms there are also exemplary guides like: "It is true that the work of art arouses in us certain physical reactions: we are conscious of rhythm, harmony, unity, and these physical properties work upon our nerves. But they do not agitate them so much as soothe them, and if we must, psychologically speaking, call the resultant state of mind an emotion, it is an emotion totally different in kind from the tion. Our homage to an artist is our homage to a man who by his special gifts has solved our emotional problems for us."

Indian Art

A book on the content and meaning of art is sure to be of immense help to students of aesthetics in our times when, owing to our greater contacts with the outside world, we have slowly emerged from a state of mental torpor, as it were, to realise the special features of Oriental art and of Indian Art in particular. Starting with abstract speculations on the concept of beauty, the author has with remarkable alacrity dived deep into subjects akin and inevitable in a treatise on art in general. In all his method of dealing with the subject and his analysis of theory and practice pertaining to specific arts he shows more of inward knowledge than of a mere cataloguing of names and schools.

Primitive Art

In the second section of this succinct and satisfying process of unravelling penetrative thoughts, the historical account, which is an essential part of a book of this kind, has not been omitted, and hence we get our ideas clarified regarding primitive art, peasant art, Chinese art, Persian art, Gothic art, Celtic art, Christian art, Renaissance art and a host of great masters like Rubens, Constathing super-real, something spiritual.'

To close a book like this with admiration as to how in the West, writers are not only well-qualified to speak on art but serve the community by resorting to writing handy books and how well publishers there take to the task with earnestness of purpose as well as a desire to reach the ordinary man through cheap editions like the Pelican Series, is but normal. We have come into our own politically but not yet culturally so as to feel enthused about similar attempts at writing books on our glorious art or disseminating knowledge of it in as quick and easy a manner as possible.—K. C.

HINDU COSMOGONY

Cosmogony in Indian Thought: By Sampurnanand. Published by the Kashi Vidyapith, Banaras. Price Rs. 3.

From time immemorial the attention of man has been drawn to the theory of the creation of the Universe and the laws that govern its working. Man's curiosity has been roused as to "when and whence did this cosmos, such as we find it to-day, arise? when and how will it come to an end? and what will follow its dissolution?"

Between science and philosophy the author turns to the latter to help us in our quest. "Philosoph must offer a synthesis of the find ings of science and the experienc of religion and present it in a form acceptable or, rather not repugnant, to reason."

Basic Assumptions

Being only a commentary on a specific text, "this book," says the author, "is not an independent text-book of Philosophy. Hence, in explaining the purport of the original, I have had to make certain assumptions, chief among which are: first, that the Law of Karma

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Speaking of the modern India he emphasises the urgent need of the country viz reintegration, rejuvenation and renovation and concludes: "Let there be at the entrance to Delhi a fine statue of Arjuna, the Hero, with the flame of Freedom in his hands! The statue will be symbolical of the Heroic spirit which India must develop to become once again a Nation of the Strong, a Nation of the Free!"

ence between art and sentimentality: sentimentality is a release, but also a loosening, a relaxing of emotions; art is a release, but also a bracing. Art is the economy of feeling; it is emotion cultivating good form." To others who have not essayed into its realms there are also exemplary guides like: "It is true that the work of art arouses in us certain physical reactions: we are conscious of rhythm, harmony, unity, and these physical properties work upon our nerves. But they do not agitate them so much as soothe them, and if we must, psychologically speaking, call the resultant state of mind an emotion, it is an emotion totally different in kind from the emotion experienced and expressed by the artist in the act of creating a work of art. It is better described as a state of wonder or admiration, or more coldly but more exactly a state of recogni-

*By Herbert Read: The Meaning of Art. A Pelican Book. Published by Penguin Books Ltd., West Drayton, Middlesex, England.

all his method of dealing with the subject and his analysis of theory and practice pertaining to specific arts he shows more of inward knowledge than of a mere cataloguing of names and schools.

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In the second section of this succinct and satisfying process of unravelling penetrative thoughts, the historical account, which is an essential part of a book of this kind, has not been omitted, and hence we get our ideas clarified regarding primitive art, peasant art, Chinese art, Persian art, Gothic art, Celtic art, Christian art, Renaissance art and a host of great masters like Rubens, Constable, Turner, Delacroix, Van Gogh, Renoir, Picasso, not to speak of some of the later schools like Expressionism and Surrealism.

Cautious Approach

If the author has not adverted much to Indian Art, one can explain it without difficulty as having certainly been born of his desire not to confuse ideas in people without adequate grounding in the philosophy of the Indian Art. Nevertheless we have indications enough from this writer of how much capacity he is possesesd of even in deciding not to dwell upon the pecularities of the Indian Art. This one sentence, "In Chinese art, in Persian art, in Oriental art generally, motives are used, not realistically, but sensuously—that is to say, they merely contribute to the general rhythm and vitality of the artist's pattern" proves his cautious approach, no doubt. Yet we are not without a feeling of hearty readiness to appreciate in him soundness of views added to adequacy of expression when he utters, 'All these departures from exact imitation are purposive. They are dictated either by the artist's will to form, his desire for a balanced or unified pattern or mass; or they are dictated by his desire to make a symbol for some-

how will it come to an end? and what will follow its dissolution?"

Between science and philosophy, the author turns to the latter to help us in our quest. "Philosophy must offer a synthesis of the findings of science and the experience of religion and present it in a form acceptable or, rather not repugnant, to reason."

Basic Assumptions

Being only a commentary on a specific text, "this book," says the author, "is not an independent text-book of Philosophy. Hence, in explaining the purport of the original, I have had to make certain assumptions, chief among which are: first, that the Law of Karma exists, the second, that the experience which the practice of Yoga provides is real and, in fact, the only infallible source of knowledge... It may be asked what was the necessity of preparing this commentary. I feel that the great majority of western scholars cannot do justice to texts of this nature. They fail to enter into the spirit of the thing."

Completed in the Central Prison at Fategarh, this little book presents the Hindu view of cosmogony in the light of the doctrine of Vedanta. It is priced Rs. 3.

"BHAKTHAN"

"Bhakthan," the Tamil quarterly, edited by M. R. Sampathkumaran, contains biographical sketches of Vaishnavaite saints, articles on religions, and literary interests. Sri Karappangadu Venkatachariar, R. S. Desikan, and C. Rangaswami are some of the contributors. Priced 4 annas, it is published from 16, Sunkuvar St., Madras-5.

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I MEET THE MAHARSHI

In his "A Writer's Notebook" famous author W. Somerset Maugham writes as follows about Bhagwan Sri Ramana:

He was of average height for an Indian, of a dark honey colour, with close-cropped white hair and close-cropped white beard. He was not stout, but plump. Though he wore nothing but a white loincloth he looked neat, very clean and almost dapper. He walked slowly, leaning on a stick, and he had a slight limp. His mouth was somewhat large, with thickish lips, and his eyes were neither so big nor so lustrous as are the eyes of most Indians; the whites were bloodshot. He bore himself with simplicity and at the same time with dignity. He was cheerful, smiling, polite; he did not give me the impression of a scholar, but rather of a sweet-natured peasant. He came into the room in which I was lying down on a pallet bed, followed by two or three disciples, and after a few words of cordial greeting seated himself. I was not very well, having fainted a little time before, and he sat close to me. It was because he had been told that I was not well enough to go to the hall in which he ordinarily sat that he came to the little room into which I had been carried.

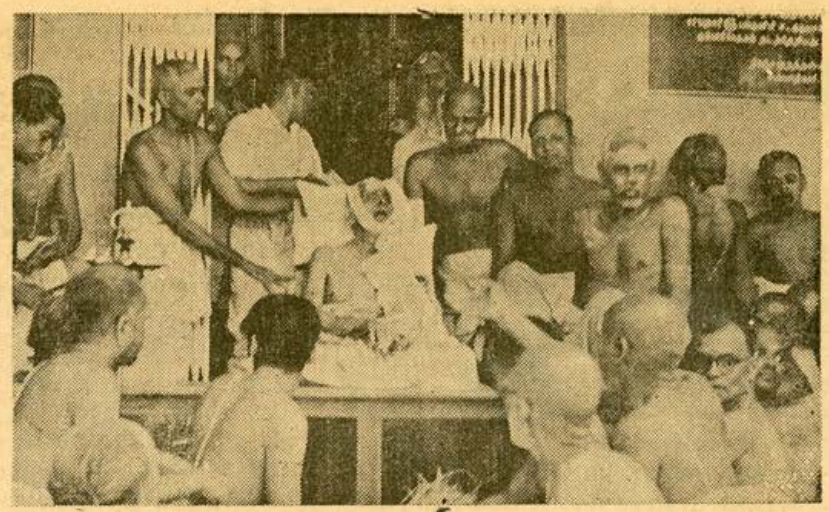
Peculiar Gaze

After the first few moments he ceased to look at me and with a sidelong stare of a peculiar fixity gazed as it were over my shoulder. His body was absolutely still, but one of his feet tapped now and then a little on the floor. He remained thus for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and they told me afterwards that he was concentrating in meditation on me. Then he

Some were reading; others meditated. Presently two strangers came in with a basket of fruit, prostrated themselves before the Yogi and presented their offering. He accepted it with a slight inclination of the head and motioned to a disciple to take it away; he spoke kindly for a little to the strangers and then with another little inclination of the head signified to them that they were to withdraw. They prostrated themselves again and went and sat among the rest of the faithful. Then the Yogi became abstracted in meditation, a little shiver seemed to pass through all who were there, and I tiptoed out of the hall.

Fantastic Rumours

I heard later that my fainting had given rise to fantastic rumours. The news of it was carried not only to various parts of India, but even reached America. It was ascribed by some to the awe that overcame me at the prospect of going into the presence of the holy man. Others said that his influence, acting on me before ever I saw him, had caused me to be rapt for several minutes into the infinite. When I was asked about it I was content to smile and shrug my shoulders. In point of fact that was neither the first nor the last time I have fainted. Doctors tell me it is due to an irritability of the solar plexus which presses my diaphragm against my heart and one day the pressure will continue a little too long. One feels unwell for a few minutes and then one knows nothing more till one regains conciousness-- if one does.



BHAGWAN'S BODY kept in view at Mathrubutheswarar temple, for the darshan of devotees.—P. P. B.

Sri Aurobindo On The Future

Sri Aurobindo in the course of a letter, dated April 4, 1950, to his disciple Sri Dilip Kumar Roy writes about the present situation as follows, according to the "H. Standard."

"You have expressed in one of your letters your sense of the present darkness in the world round us and this must have been one of the things that contributed to your being so badly upset and unable immediately to repel the attack. For myself, the dark conditions do not discourage me or convince me of the vanity of my will to 'help the world,' for I knew they had to come; they were there in the world nature and had to rise up so that they might be exhausted or expelled and a better world freed from them might be there.

Nehru's Efforts

"After all, something has been done in the outer field and that may help or prepare for getting something done in the inner field also. For instance, India is free and her freedom was necessary if the Divine work was to be done. inevitable. Afterwards the work for the Divine will become more possible and it may well be that the dream, if it is a dream, of leading the world towards the spiritual light, may even become a reality. So I am not disposed even now, in these dark conditions, to consider my will to help the world as condemned to failure."

S. I. JOURNALISTS' CONFERENCE

The annual conference of the S. I. Journalists' Federation begins on Saturday 22nd April at 6 p.m. at the Rajaji Hall. Sri Pothan Joseph, Editor, "Deccan Herald," Bangalore, inaugurates the session while Sri N. Raghunatha Iyer presides. The opening day's proceedings conclude with a music concert by Sri S. V. Parthasarathy and party. The annual general body meeting of the Federation for election of office-bearers takes place the next morning at 8-30 a.m. followed by the open session of the conference at 4-30 p.m. On Monday (24th

a little time before, and he sat close to me. It was because he had been told that I was not well enough to go to the hall in which he ordinarily sat that he came to the little room into which I had been carried.

Peculiar Gaze

After the first few moments he ceased to look at me and with a sidelong stare of a peculiar fixity gazed as it were over my shoulder. His body was absolutely still, but one of his feet tapped now and then a little on the floor. He remained thus for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and they told me afterwards that he was concentrating in meditation on me. Then he broke off and asked me whether I wished to say anything to him or to ask him any questions. I was feeling weak and ill and said so, whereupon he smiled and said: "Silence also is conversation." He turned his head away again slightly and resumed his concentrated meditation, looking as it were over my shoulder. He remained like this for perhaps another quarter of an hour, no one saying a word, the other persons in the room with their eyes riveted on him, and then got up, bowed, smiled a farewell, and slowly, leaning on his stick, followed by his disciples, limped out of the room.

Felt Better

I don't know whether it was the result of the rest or of the Yogi's meditation, but I felt very much better, and a little later I went into the hall where he sits by day and sleeps by night. It is a long bare room fifty feet long, I should think, and about half as broad. There are windows all round it, but the overhanging roof dims the light. The Yogi sat on a low dais on a tiger skin and in front of him was a small brazier in which incense was burning. Its scent was agreeable to the nostrils. Now and again a disciple came forward and lit another stick. The faithful sat on the floor.

man. Others said that his influence, acting on me before ever I saw him, had caused me to be rapt for several minutes into the infinite. When I was asked about it I was content to smile and shrug my shoulders. In point of fact that was neither the first nor the last time I have fainted. Doctors tell me it is due to an irritability of the solar plexus which presses my diaphragm against my heart and one day the pressure will continue a little too long. One feels unwell for a few minutes and then one knows nothing more till one regains conciousness-- if one does.

ENGLISH VEGETABLES

Mr. S. K. Ganapathi Iyer's booklet on English Gardening in Tamil (published by Grama Joti Noolagam, 4, Syed Ahamed Hussain St., Mylapore-4.) contains valuable instructions on the method of growing English vegetables which are in great demand as they are highly nutritious. The instructions, no doubt, are based upon the personal experience of the author. A valuable booklet priced annas 3 only.

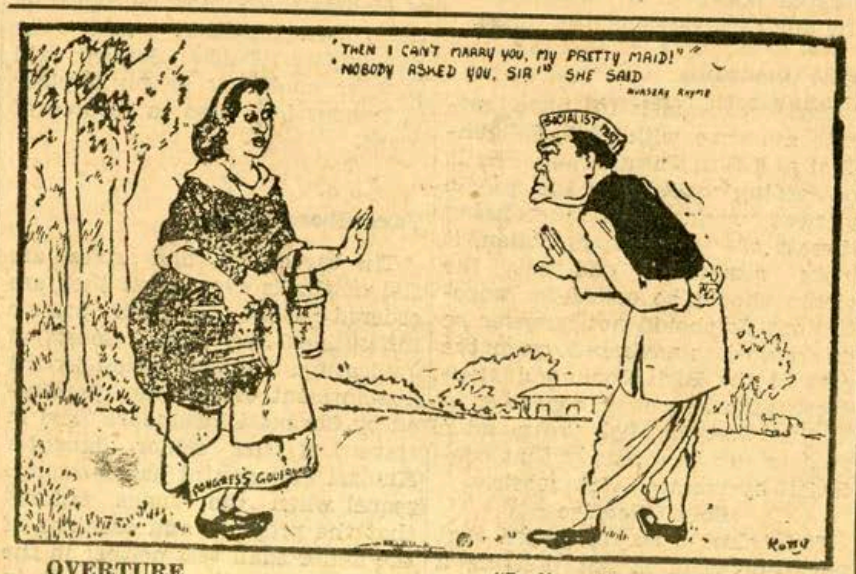
the things that contributed to your being so badly upset and unable immediately to repel the attack. For myself, the dark conditions do not discourage me or convince me of the vanity of my will to 'help the world,' for I knew they had to come; they were there in the world nature and had to rise up so that they might be exhausted or expelled and a better world freed from them might be there.

Nehru's Efforts

"After all, something has been done in the outer field and that may help or prepare for getting something done in the inner field also. For instance, India is free and her freedom was necessary if the Divine work was to be done. The difficulties that surround her now and increase for a time, especially with regard to the Pakistan imbroglio, were also things that had to come and to be cleared out. Nehru's efforts to prevent the inevitable clash are not likely to succeed for more than a short time.

Suffering Inevitable

"Here, too, there is sure to be a full clearance, though unfortunately, a considerable amount of human suffering in the process is



OVERTURE —"Indian News Chronicle"

S. I. JOURNALISTS' CONFERENCE

The annual conference of the S. I. Journalists' Federation begins on Saturday 22nd April at 6 p.m. at the Rajaji Hall. Sri Pothan Joseph, Editor, "Deccan Herald," Bangalore, inaugurates the session while Sri N. Raghunatha Iyer presides. The opening day's proceedings conclude with a music concert by Sri S. V. Parthasarathy and party. The annual general body meeting of the Federation for election of office-bearers takes place the next morning at 8-30 a.m. followed by the open session of the conference at 4-30 p.m. On Monday (24th April) the members of the Press Club put up an entertainment programme at 6 p.m.

LALITHA KALA MANDIRAM

The Saraswathy Gana Nilayam, Triplicane, celebrated the Grihapravesam of the above Kala Mandiram, a newly constructed hall on 13-4-50 (Tamil New Year's Day) at 9 a.m. at 14, Thope St., Triplicane. In the evening at 6 p.m. there was a Variety Entertainment also.

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The MAHATMA

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★

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On The Marina

Will Rajaji Act As Delhi's Guide?

To Help Implement Pact: The Resignations: Summons to Prakasam: Allowances For Corporators: Stars in Court

The report in the "Free Press Journal" that Shri Rajagopalachariar would be requested to guide the Government in the implementation of the Nehru-Liaquat Pact has not received confirmation. It would indeed be fortunate if Shri Rajagopalachariar's services could be made available to the nation on this delicate work at this critical juncture. He took up the governorship of West Bengal at an equally critical moment and his successful term of office added to his political stature. His intimate knowledge of the Province together with his high reputation for statesmanlike decisions should prove valuable on this occasion. It may be pointed out that fresh complications have risen in this Hindu-Muslim question and that Shri Rajagopalachariar has not the inestimable advantage of Gandhiji's support as he had on the former occasion.

Disturbing Element

The two Ministers who are resigning from the Central Government on the issue of the pact will constitute a new disturbing element in Bengal politics. The position could easily become unmanageable. Pakistan's capacity for creating false issues is nothing new and past experience should serve as a salutary warning. The suggestion however is valuable as revealing the working of Muslim mind in India. In their view India should never be allowed the right to order her internal affairs her own way. The Muslims should be treated as a distinct people with extra-territorial loyalties and trans-territorial protection. It is making skilful use of Parliamentary and democratic machinery for achieving his object. His opponents have furnished him with fresh ammunition every time. Shri Prakasam's letter to the Chief Minister makes public another of those small tricks by which the wielders of power seek to protect themselves. The interpretation put on the appointment of Shri Bapineedu as Government whip cannot be easily denied and to that extent Shri Prakasam secures new vantage ground in his fight. In this letter the Andhra Kesari breaks into bold offensive denying the right to use the Congress name by the present party. He cites the resignations of Shri Raghava Menon and Shri Sankara Reddi from the offices to which they were elected and says they are proof enough to brand the Party Executive as a faction. It is certainly strange that the Ministerialists should elect the dissentients to executive posts in the Party without obtaining their prior consent.

* * *

Contagious

The example of Bombay has proved contagious and there is a proposal that Corporation Councillors should be given monthly allowances. Under the leadership of the Congress Party the Bombay Corporation approved of the payment of Rs. 150 p.m. to each Councillor as honorarium. The excuse is that the duties of a Councillor entail conveyance expenses which the Councillors could not afford from their own resources.

Sri R. V. SWAMINATHAN, M. L. A., who is leaving for Sweden shortly to attend the Conference of International Federation of Agricultural Producers to be held there in the last week of May.

Shri M. Subramania Mudaliar, an advocate of the High Court.

The course of justice, like the course of true love, does not seem to be smooth and Kumari Vaijayanthi enters on her career as a judicially protected actress. It is a singular piece of good fortune—or misfortune—for a young daughter to be guided in her professional work neither by the father nor the mother but by a stranger. Shri Subramania Mudaliar's own qualifications to guide starlets on their way to stardom are not so well

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SUNDAY, APRIL 23, 1950

THE MAHARSHI

Just before the passing away of Sri Ramana Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai last week, a bright star was observed to be flashing across the sky. To the devout and the faithful, this had a divine significance. Sceptics may dismiss it as just another piece of superstitious legend. But the age of the atom bomb is also the age of flying saucers, whose mystery is yet to be cleared. There are more things in heaven and earth than could be dreamed of by the modern mind, and Sri Ramana was one of those shining lights, who diverted the mind of modern India from the glamour of meaningless quests and forced it back to gaze inwards. Simple and unostentatious, he preached by his very silence. He made no miracles, but his very sight was healing. He held no discourse, but his very presence was enlightening. To thousands, if not millions, he gave spiritual peace and solace. A living link with the ancient line of Rishis has gone, but long will its memory be cherished with reverence.

The two Ministers who are resigning from the Central Government on the issue of the pact will constitute a new disturbing element in Bengal politics. The position could easily become unmanageable. Pakistan's capacity for creating false issues is nothing new and past experience should serve as a salutary warning. The suggestion however is valuable as revealing the working of Muslim mind in India. In their view India should never be allowed the right to order her internal affairs her own way. The Muslims should be treated as a distinct people with extra-territorial loyalties and trans-territorial protection. It is like the Capitulations in Egypt under which foreigners claimed special rights and had them recognised and the position will not be easy even for a veteran of Shri Rajagopalachariar's experience.

While the pact has evoked either generous or cautious commendation from the public in India and elsewhere, it was left to Mr. Mohammed Ismail as the head of the Muslim League to suggest that a super-machinery should be created under U. N. auspices for the due observance of the terms.

* * *

No Climb-down

Shri Prakasam is to have private audience with Shri Vallabhbhai and Shri Jawaharlal. He is proceeding to Delhi in the middle of next week. After thundering threats of disciplinary action, it looks somewhat odd that the victim should be called for negotiations. It should not however be interpreted as a climb-down on the part of the High Command. Congress affairs are so confused in Andhra that the High Command is anxious not to intensify that confusion by creating new rebels.

Bold Offensive

It is also to be recognised that Shri Prakasam is not pressing a merely personal quarrel and is sentients to executive posts in the Party without obtaining their prior consent.

* * *

Contagious

The example of Bombay has proved contagious and there is a proposal that Corporation Councillors should be given monthly allowances. Under the leadership of the Congress Party the Bombay Corporation approved of the payment of Rs. 150 p.m. to each Councillor as honorarium. The excuse is that the duties of a Councillor entail conveyance expenses which the Councillors could not afford from their own resources. The Socialists as more vigilant guardians of public interests could have opposed the proposal. And even if the Council had passed it, they could have set a higher standard of public conduct by declining to draw the allowance. But in the prevailing atmosphere of greed and self-aggrandisement, such an example of self-denial is hardly to be expected. The city Fathers of Madras have now an example to copy and they are not slow-witted where such advantages are involved. The worthy example of Madras should now be copied by the Municipalities and the Panchayats. Public Service will thus be made not merely a place of honour but also a source of profit.

* * *

Vasundhara's Suit

The careers of film stars are full of thrills even when they are ordered about by such prosaic institutions like High Courts of Judicature. The application for the appointment of guardian presented by Shrimati Vasundara Devi in respect of her minor daughter Kumari Vaijayanthi had a strange sequel when the Judge ordered that the property and earnings of the minor shall vest neither in the father nor in the mother but in

Conference of International Federation of Agricultural Producers to be held there in the last week of May.

Shri M. Subramania Mudaliar, an advocate of the High Court.

The course of justice, like the course of true love, does not seem to be smooth and Kumari Vaijayanthi enters on her career as a judicially protected actress. It is a singular piece of good fortune—or misfortune—for a young daughter to be guided in her professional work neither by the father nor the mother but by a stranger. Shri Subramania Mudaliar's own qualifications to guide starlets on their way to stardom are not so well known but obviously the Judge knows best. The work of a professional dancer involves such a nice balancing of the swings and round-abouts that the decisions of a Court-Receiver will add much by way of comic relief. The whole affair was magnificent as a publicity stunt and might furnish a tidy little lesson to those who seek high judicial remedies for petty domestic disputes.—K. S.

Three British locomotive technicians are now on their way to India to join the Government locomotive factory at Chittaranjan in West Bengal as technical superintendents. They are W. E. Biggin, J. C. MacDonald and Andrew Stirling, who are expected to reach Bombay shortly en route to Chittaranjan.

ON THE COVER

Bhagwan Sri Ramana, one of the greatest spiritual teachers of the Modern Age, who attained Maha Nirvana at his Ashram nestling in the Holy Hill of Arunachala.

Filled With Peace In Presence Of the Master

—: o :—

FOREIGN HOMAGE TO THE MAHARSHI

The India of fakirs, rope tricks and tigers had appealed to me in childhood, but as I grew up it was mystic India that made an appeal. Through my mother I had come into touch with spiritualism of the finest type, and the teaching that I had received from spiritual Masters pointed eastwards, and specially towards India. Books like "Life and Teaching of the Masters of the Far East," by Baird T. Spalding, were recommended to me, and these developed in me the longing to sit at the feet of a great Indian sage. Therefore, when I read "A Search in Secret India" on the ship, I was ravished by Brunton's description of the Sage of Tiruvannamalai; and in spite of my orthodox Christian religion I determined to seek out this great teacher at the earliest possible date, writes Banning Richardson, paying his homage to the Maharshi.

Filled With Peace

The opportunity came in May 1937. I had been invited to attend an Inter-religious Students Conference at Alwaye, in Travancore and I had travelled south from Delhi during the Easter vacation, my head bursting with questions to ask Sri Maharshi. But the questions were never asked; though they have been answered, one by one, during the intervening years by "my' Real Self. The reason the questions were never asked was that when I was in the presence of the Master I was so filled with joy and peace that the desire to ask questions disappeared. This happened throughout the brief three days I stayed at Sri Ramanasra-

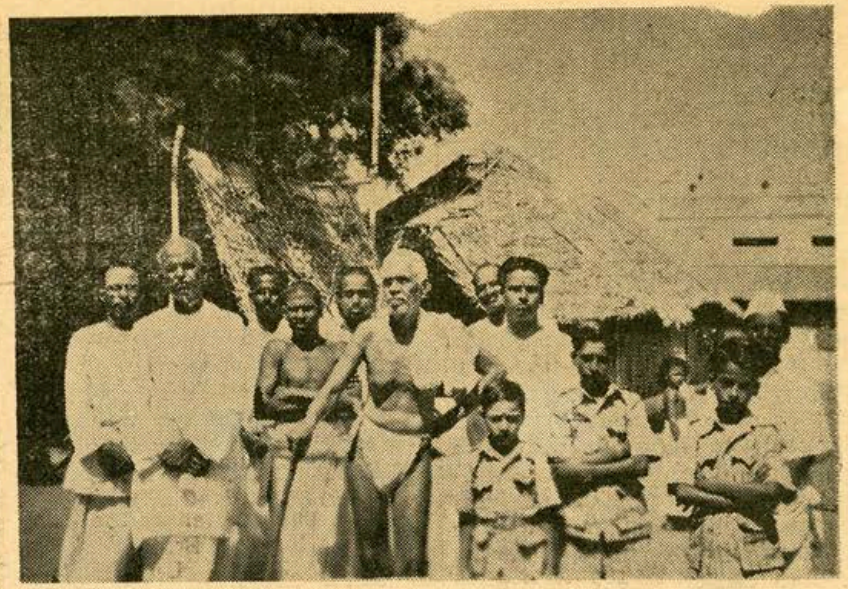
Toscanini, Chaliapin and Egon Petri, scientists like Fritz Haber and Lord Rutherford and many others. In such circumstances one undergoes a process of clarification of values and of realization of human failings. I have often been profoundly shocked by the pettiness and lack of spiritual understanding of some of these "great men."

Inward Joy

I have never been long enough with Gandhiji to say whether my impression of his spirit is equally exalted, but in the presence of Sri Bhagwan Maharshi I felt an inward joy which suffused my consciousness and made thinking seem superfluous. One communes with the Divine, thought is useful only later when one seeks to analyse and understand the communion, and even then its value is much over-rated. It is over-rated because, more often than not, it leads one way from one's superconscious apprehension of Being into a whirlpool of egoism disguised as reality.

Hallowed Spot

This message in the peculiarly beautiful metaphor of Indian mysticism sings out from a small town with a huge temple in the heart of southern India, which somehow has preserved Indian thought, and culture much more effectively than northern India. Not everyone can make a pilgrimage to this spot, hallowed for all time by the life of Sri Ramana Maharshi, but everyone can follow the Maharshi's precepts which are



BHAGWAN with his devotees.

Incarnation f Indian Spirit

Sri Ramana is a true son of the Indian earth. He is genuine and, in addition to that, something quite phenomenal. In India he is the whitest spot in a white space, writes Dr. C. G. Jung.

What we find in the life and teachings of Sri Ramana is the purest of India; with its breath of world-liberated and liberating humanity, it is a chant of millenniums. This melody is built up on a single, great motif, which, in a thousand colourful reflexes, rejuvenates itself within the Indian spirit, and the latest incarnation of which is Sri Ramana Maharshi himself.

For the World

The Wisdom and Mysticism of the East have a very great deal to tell us, provided they speak in their own inimitable speech. They should remind us of what we possess, in our own culture of similar things and have already been forgotten, and direct our ambition to that which we put aside as unimportant, namely the destiny of our inner man. The life and teachings of Sri Ramana are not only important for the Indian but also for the Westerner. Not only do they form a record of great human interest, but also a warning message to a humanity which threatens to lose itself in the chaos of its unconsciousness and lack of self-control.

"If the world is to be saved, it can only be by the intrusion of another world into it, a world of higher truth and greater reality than that which is now submerged by the overwhelming discords and suffering of the present time. Our failure to develop contact with this world of Reality is the cause of our malady. Men like Sri Ramana recall us to that larger dimension of Reality to which we really belong, though we are generally unaware of it." — Dr. Radhakrishnan

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The opportunity came in May 1937. I had been invited to attend an Inter-religious Students Conference at Alwaye, in Travancore and I had travelled south from Delhi during the Easter vacation, my head bursting with questions to ask Sri Maharshi. But the questions were never asked; though they have been answered, one by one, during the intervening years by "my' Real Self. The reason the questions were never asked was that when I was in the presence of the Master I was so filled with joy and peace that the desire to ask questions disappeared. This happened throughout the brief three days I stayed at Sri Ramanasramam, though admittedly a violent reaction took place immediately after I left.

Shocked By Pettiness

It has been my fate that I should meet and know great and famous men and women from all parts of the world, including saints like Sri Bhagwan Maharshi and Mahatma Gandhi, religious leaders like the late Archbishop Temple of Canterbury, Presidents of the U. S., Ministers and Prime Ministers of Great Britain, France and other countries, great musicians like

leads one way from one's superconscious apprehension of Being into a whirlpool of egoism disguised as reality.

Hallowed Spot

This message in the peculiarly beautiful metaphor of Indian mysticism sings out from a small town with a huge temple in the heart of southern India, which somehow has preserved Indian thought, and culture much more effectively than northern India. Not everyone can make a pilgrimage to this spot, hallowed for all time by the life of Sri Ramana Maharshi, but everyone can follow the Maharshi's precepts which are in a strange way, ultra-modern in form. Even the Maharshi cannot convey permanent blessedness; that we alone through our own strivings can do. But he is a guide to be trusted absolutely, whether our background be Hindu, Muslim, Jain, Christian, Sikh, Parsi, Jewish, Buddhist, Confucian, agnostic or rank materialist. Each will find what he needs; all essential questions are answered, if we have ears to hear. It is the path of the Razor's Edge we are called on to tread, but in fact, "my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."

teachings of Sri Ramana is the purest of India; with its breath of world-liberated and liberating humanity, it is a chant of millenniums. This melody is built up on a single, great motif, which, in a thousand colourful reflexes, rejuvenates itself within the Indian spirit, and the latest incarnation of which is Sri Ramana Maharshi himself.

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The Spirit of Peace

(HUMBLY OFFERED TO SRI RAMANA)

O living God, O Spirit Blest,
Father of all, in Thee I rest.
Thou art my tender, gentle calm,
Thou art my sorrow's healing balm.

Spirit of Peace, Supernal Source,
Wisdom divine that guides my course,
Light of the World, that lightens me,
Thou dost redeem and set me free !

Over my heart Thy hand is laid,
And Revelation comes to me;
Discord dissolves, and unafraid
I realize my Self in Thee !

—VERONICA EYTON (California)

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PLAN WITH THE PLANETS

(By Astronomer)

For the Week 23rd to 29th April, 1950

The planetary changes of this week appear in the main to favour you. Collection of arrears, success in litigation or dispute, enjoyment, success through speech, advantage over rival interests, benefit to brothers and sisters, gain through journey, and gain of jewels and clothes are envisaged. The luckiest among you stand to gain an unexpected wealth. The first two days will bring about gainful journey or news. Some of you may be flying. The next two days too will prove to be profitable. The items benefited are properties, personal liberty and finance. The following two days are adverse in their influence. Better avoid speculative activities on these days. Health of children too may be affected. The week-end promises to restore normalcy.

Aswini
Bharani
Krittikai ¼

★

You seem to be adversely affected by the planets this week. Students appearing for examinations are advised to pay greater attention to their studies. Domestic harmony would appear to come in for trouble. Proper adjustment is necessary. Financially too great ups and down are seen and hence large-scale transactions had better be stayed. The first two days will destroy domestic peace. Finance and education are the other vulnerable spots. The next two days appear to effect some benefits to your brothers and sisters and fetch you powerful help in your activities. The following two days are inimical to your possessions and personal liberty. The last day is bad for speculation and the health of children.

Krittikai ¾
Rohini
Mrigashirsha ½

★

I am afraid that your lot too would appear to slow down. You will be reminiscent of the immediate past. That should not put you out. If you try to cut short expenses, you will succeed. During the next two days you will be the recipient of the good effects enumerated in the beginning, should the prevailing dasa and bhukthi also be helpful. The following two days will not be so helpful. Trouble in the domestic sphere and financial inconvenience will be experienced. Students appearing for examination appear to suffer from over-confidence which is dangerous. The week-end is favourable for export-import business. Some of you may have to go on voyage.

★

You will experience conflicting tendencies in your life. Domestic life will meet with hot reception. But in your professional or outward life I see nothing but roaring success. If the horoscope be intrinsically strong and the dasa and bhukthi be helpful, there is no limit to the benefit that may accrue. Businessmen are advised to take advantage of this opportunity and launch a sales offensive. Others must take steps to improve their conditions of employment in the usual channels. Students appearing for examinations are assured of roaring success. The first two days will bring about gain of different kinds. Some may have to travel by air. The next two days will be lukewarm. If anything, expenses will come under your control. The following two days will witness the conflict of two opposing ideals of yours and hence

Makha
Purva Phalguni
Uttara Phalguni ¼

You will be glad to hear that commencing from this week you will turn a new chapter in your life. You may therefore forget your troubles and look forward to a bright future. Domestic happiness, recovery from illness, and success in undertakings will be the keynotes. Generally speaking all that happen to you these days will contribute either to your riches or fame. To some luck may turn up through the post or through journey. Businessman may have to undertake an air journey on the first two days, of course causing great benefits. Picture producers, publicity firms and newspaper proprietors should particularly do well. The next two days will augment revenue to all in their respective walks of life. The two days that follow appear to be better still. Promotion, bagging new business, successful completion of work will be the features. The last day is bad for speculation.

Chitra ½
Swati
Visakha ¾

★

Your case will be the direct opposite. You will find things deteriorating as from this week. Separation, mental unbalance, quarrelsomeness, indifferent health, are the main indications. Financially the period may be trying. Businessmen will find their profits dwindling. Losses should be anticipated. The first two days will be the venue of some of the evil influences mentioned above. Conditions will improve on the following two days and favourdays also will be more or less of the same tenor. As far as possible avoid transport. Saturday is bad for speculation; professionally too you will find things disappointing. But wait for the next week for the fulfilment of the prognastications made in the beginning.

Visakha ¾
Anuradha
Jeshtha

★

I am afraid I have to warn you against certain developments this week: uncomfortable journey, unfavourable news, litigation, misunderstanding failure in financial transactions, ill-health of children, mental unbalance, sorrow, etc. The intensity of incidence will depend upon the nature of the dasa and bhukthi operating. The events of the first two days may be startling; you must regulate them by deliberation. On the following two days a certain amount of peace, financial betterment, and domestic happiness should be anticipated. The next two days will make things terribly uneasy for you. Ill-health, financial loss and obstacles to undertakings will result. The last day too appears inimical.

Uttara Ashadha ¾
Shravana
Dhanistha ½

★

People who have a favourable dasa and bhukthi running at the moment will not feel the pinch of events as others. The following are some defects that may be encountered: set-back in health, difficult financial conditions, trying situation in properties and personal liberty. It is better to avoid vehicular traffic as far as possible. Students appearing for examinations should redouble their efforts to score over others. The happenings of the first two days will be such as to destroy peace of mind. The health of kids will become unsatisfactory. Speculation will

Dhanistha ½
Satha Bhishag
Purva Bhadrapada ¾

come in for trouble. Proper adjustment is necessary. Financially too great ups and down are seen and hence large-scale transactions had better be stayed. The first two days will destroy domestic peace. Finance and education are the other vulnerable spots. The next two days appear to effect some benefits to your brothers and sisters and fetch you powerful help in your activities. The following two days are inimical to your possessions and personal liberty. The last day is bad for speculation and the health of children.

★

I am afraid that your lot too would appear to slow down. You have little reason to complain if others fail to treat you with the usual courtesy. Even so will be your financial and health aspects. As far as possible avoid selling or otherwise disposing of your properties if such a contingency occurs. There will be a storm in your life literally on the first two days. It all depends on how deep is your root in the field. The next two days will witness the subsequent calmness and a little financial improvement also. If you consolidate your faculties on these days you can do wonders on the next two days which appear to be excellent from all points of view—so far as could be had under the present environment. Success in litigation and profit through journey should be anticipated. Saturday will be adverse.

Mrigashirsha ½
Arudra
Punarvasu ¼

★

The planets are favourably disposed towards you during the current week. Curtailment of expenses, failure of opposition, well-being of brothers and sisters, favourable news, profitable journey, gain of jewels and vehicles are some indications for the week. The first two days will be but roaring success. If the horoscope be intrinsically strong and the dasa and bhukthi be helpful, there is no limit to the benefit that may accrue. Businessmen are advised to take advantage of this opportunity and launch a sales offensive. Others must take steps to improve their conditions of employment in the usual channels. Students appearing for examinations are assured of roaring success. The first two days will bring about gain of different kinds. Some may have to travel by air. The next two days will be lukewarm. If anything, expenses will come under your control. The following two days will witness the conflict of two opposing ideals of yours and hence rob you of your mental peace. It is essential under the circumstances not to lose your head. You should not succumb to provocations of anykind. The last day is inimical to financial matters.

Punarvasu ¼
Pushya
Ashlesha

★

Unless your lagna too happens to be Kanya, I do not think that the current week will bring about any substantial good to you. Others should look forward to conditions of stagnation in business, or anxiety. Personal ill-health and misunderstanding with relatives are other chances. Favourable dasa and bhukthi will ameliorate conditions to a certain extent. On the first two days you will witness very disturbing conditions in your professional life. I may however assure you that it will pass off like a cloud, provided you behave tactfully or take precautionery measures. The following two days promise to be lucrative. Arrival of maternal relatives, belonging to the other sex should be anticipated. The next two days will be adverse; ill-health and obstacles to undertaking will be experienced. The week-end also will be more or less of the same tenor. Hence speculation is tabooed.

Uttara
Phalguni ¾
Hastha
Chitra ¼

Your case will be the direct opposite. You will find things deteriorating as from this week. Separation, mental unbalance, quarrelsomeness, indifferent health, are the main indications. Financially the period may be trying. Businessmen will find their profits dwindling. Losses should be anticipated. The first two days will be the venue of some of the evil influences mentioned above. Conditions will improve on the following two days and favourable news or journey will be seen. The next two days are bad professionally. Displeasure of superiors should be feared. Businessmen should be prepared against stormy conditions. The week-end appears to smoothen matters.

Visakha ¾
Anuradha
Jeshtha

★

This week will be the turning point in your affairs and a definite break in your deteriorating conditions should be anticipated wherefrom progress is indicated. Yet I do not think that the present week itself will witness the phenomenon, it may be a few days hence. The cloud appears to lift from your professional horizon; new job or reinstatement in former job, or promotion is indicated. Businessmen should look forward to brisk turnover in their respective lines. Meeting of the separated, happy talks like marriage and birth of children, financial improvement should be anticipated. On the first two days you may find your domestic life rather uncomfortable. That should not put you out of humour. Joint enterprises may find themselves in hot waters. The following two days will show outward improvement although inwardly things will be far from satisfactory. The subsequent two

Mula
Purva Ashadha
Uttara Ashadha ¼

★

People who have a favourable dasa and bhukthi running at the moment will not feel the pinch of events as others. The following are some defects that may be encountered: set-back in health, difficult financial conditions, trying situation in properties and personal liberty. It is better to avoid vehicular traffic as far as possible. Students appearing for examinations should redouble their efforts to score over others. The happenings of the first two days will be such as to destroy peace of mind. The health of kids will become unsatisfactory. Speculation will bring about loss. Sorrowful news may be received. The next two days will be favourable. Success in litigation, recovery from illness and improvement of credit position will result. The following two days will be adverse for domestic and financial matters. Joint enterprises will face trouble. Some of you may be going on a voyage on Saturday.

Dhanistha ½
Satha Bhishag
Purva Bhadrapada ¼

★

In your case mixed conditions will prevail during the week. Separation from dear and near ones, or misunderstanding, anxiety over properties, set-back in health, loss of vehicles, are some ill-effects that may be encountered. It is better to avoid vehicular traffic as far as possible on the first two days. The following two days are good. Gain through speculation should be expected. Great mental alacrity, creative activity, and imagination will give dividends to writers and artists. The next two days will be better still: success in disputes, collection of arrears and recovery from illness should be anticipated. The last day is inimicable to financial and domestic matters and hence it is better to go slow in these matters.

Purva Bhadrapada ¾
Uttara Bhadrapada
Revati

offered by 42 State universities and colleges.

Special classes for immigrants are held in many of the large city schools, and newcomers to the country are encouraged to learn the English language quickly in order to gain the privileges and assume the responsibilities of citizenship.

Problems and progress

There is still a shortage of trained teachers in some parts of the country, and a great need for more modern schools in many areas. It is estimated that at least 300,000 new classrooms will be required in the United States within 5 years, and that more than 7,000 million dollars should be expended on new buildings.

There are still many inadequate one-teacher schools in the rural areas and, admittedly, considerable discrepancy exists between the educational opportunities afforded by the various States. The amount spent per pupil by States each year ranges from a low of $60 to a high of $267.

Those States with large Negro populations have the problem of providing equal public-school facilities for all. In a large part of the United States, Negro children share the same educational facilities and the same schools as white children. But in some of the States with large Negro populations there are separate schools and colleges for Negro youth where the advantages are not always equal to those provided in the other schools.

Although the percentage of Negroes attending schools and universities still lags behind that of the general population, considerable progress has been noted in the last several decades. In 1915 only 58 percent of the Negro children attended elementary school. Today the number is approximately 90 percent. In the

maintenance of the free public schools. In addition, the State governments levy taxes for the upkeep of the free state universities and other State-wide education, but since the early days of the Republic the Federal budget has contributed substantial sums for higher education.

All of the 48 States have established minimum standards of attendance, courses of study, and teaching qualifications. Each State has its own laws under which its school system operates, and each decides how much to spend on education.

Private schools also must adhere to reasonable health, safety, and educational standards fixed by the State governments, but choose their own teachers and courses of study. A few of the States grant financial aid to the sectarian schools, but more than 40 of the States prohibit such aid.

The average American citizen feels very close to the public school and keeps well informed about school needs and problems. The public schools are operated on a democratic basis with boards of education in many instances elected by the people

THE TEACHING OF SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

WHO is Sri Ramana Maharshi?

This question can be answered in two ways, depending upon the individual. And these two ways really sum up a great deal of his teaching. For the one way will be the way of the many, of the non-advaitin, while the other way will be that of the advaitin pure and simple. One is of a particular view, the other is a way of looking, not from outside as regarding an object, but a vision that is objectless—and not even an interior vision, not in introspective, psychic vision, but a vision which is transcendent of both outward sense-world and inward mental world.

To begin with, the more usual view of Sri Ramana may be given, summing up what most people are interested in and what they are inclined to see.

Early in January he reached his seventieth year.

His history is simple. When he was nearly seventeen he turned away from his studies and his home, leaving his widowed mother, his brother and uncle. With much difficulty he made his way to the hill-shrine of Tiruvannamalai, which is about 80 miles south-west from Madras, a pilgrimage centre of great renown and venerable age, also known as Arunachala (Mountain of Light). On his arrival, he stayed for six months in the temple there. Here he pursued the ancient course of sannyasa, living in the very simplest way; later, in various caves and quiet places, depending upon alms for the bare necessities of life.

He was soon recognized not only as a devout genuine sannyasin, but as a jnani, that is, one who knows, one who has attained the end of all seeking for the One Truth, one who has freed himself from ignorance and delusion and what is known as karma, one who has not only conquered the sense-world, but has risen out of it, though, as body, apparently still in it while the body lasts. It is for this reason, and because in his life there is nothing to contradict this, and every evidence to support it, that he is variously called Sri meaning Holy, Maharshi meaning Great Sage, and also by those who surround him and endeavour to follow him, as Bhagavan, meaning Lord.

Except for supporting some current theory of psychology, as another "case" for popular re-

may be due to, whether to the relaxing climate, the closeness of death, whether it is because men here have had thousands of years in which to dream, to think, to thrash out the profoundest problems of life and death and the mystery of existence, the fact is that it exists here, not yet wiped out by the mechanized forces of a know-all, know-how world, so capable and efficient when dealing with mechanics, so immature and at sea in dealing with the mind, let alone what transcends the mind.

This South Indian world, although it may be ignorant of the latest theory or "advance" in "progress" in a world of mechanisms, is by no means ignorant of human problems that are equally present west or east; and furthermore, this southern world has an applied science for dealing with these living problems—hence there is nothing to surprise the South Indian who remembers the long legacy of traditional and written instruction, in Sri Ramana's early renunciation of social life.

There is even an historical coincidence in this early avowal of sannyasa with the similar early breakaway by the bold Sri Sankaracharya. But there is a further fact about Sri Ramana in that he was blessed by nature (or prarabhda karma—heredity in the general sense) with a body and temperament which enabled him more easily to find release from body-world and sense-world. And also, at the same time, that South Indian background, with the religious conditioning of his family environment, no doubt fostered an inward purity which, as the professors of the teaching would say, "enabled him to rise quickly in yoga."

The born philosopher

It is at least clear that in the instance of Sri Ramana, as also

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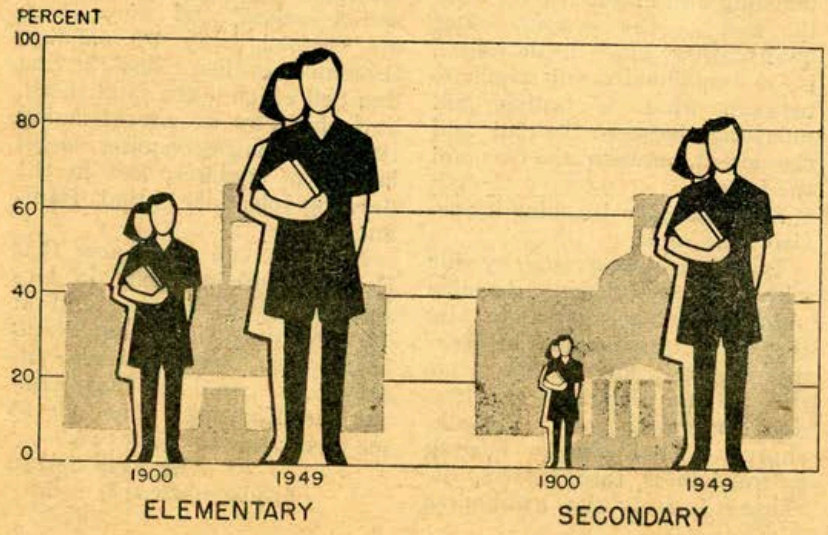
Although the percentage of Negroes attending schools and universities still lags behind that of the general population, considerable progress has been noted in the last several decades. In 1915 only 58 percent of the Negro children attended elementary school. Today the number is approximately 90 percent. In the general 14- to 17- year age group, five out of every six young people attend secondary schools. Among the Negroes in the same age group the percentage is now four out of six.

More than $5,200,000,000 is expended each year in the United States on education. Of this sum approximately 80 percent is devoted to the upkeep of the public schools and payment of teachers' salaries.

Special taxes are levied in the 100,000 school districts throughout the country to pay for the here to reasonable health, safety, and educational standards fixed by the State governments, but choose their own teachers and courses of study. A few of the States grant financial aid to the sectarian schools, but more than 40 of the States prohibit such aid.

The average American citizen feels very close to the public school and keeps well informed about school needs and problems. The public schools are operated on a democratic basis with boards of education in many instances elected by the people and accountable to them for maintaining high standards. Frequently referendums are taken in the local communities on important questions such as raising additional taxes for building new schools.

A noteworthy development in the supervision of education in the United States has been the growth of parent-teacher associations, which work with the school officials in determining educational goals and in providing recreational facilities for the children.—USIS.



what is known as karma, one who has not only conquered the sense-world, but has risen out of it, though, as body, apparently still in it while the body lasts. It is for this reason, and because in his life there is nothing to contradict this, and every evidence to support it, that he is variously called Sri meaning Holy, Maharshi meaning Great Sage, and also by those who surround him and endeavour to follow him, as Bhagavan, meaning Lord.

Except for supporting some current theory of psychology, as another "case" for popular reference, the general "modern" public may have little interest in the deeply revolutionary aspect of the temporal history of Sri Ramana, but for the record it is necessary to put the main points of that history here: even at the risk of drawing attention to ready-made quasi-scientific remarks about introversion, escapism, sublimation, frustration-complex, death-wish-fulfilment and all the rest of the smart psycho-analytic vocabulary.

A world of tradition

But it is another world, hardly known to the western psychologist, to which we must attune ourselves if we are to follow even what is, after all, another aspect only of the world-view that individuals have.

It is the world of devotion and of the search for enlightenment regarding—not a world of phenomena but—the nature of man himself, a world which for ages has possessed and accepts the old but perennial traditional teaching about psychology, of a kind that goes down beyond the depths so far plumbed by the empiric studies of modern psychologists.

It is particularly a South Indian world, and, whatever it (or prarabdha karma—heredity in the general sense) with a body and temperament which enabled him more easily to find release from body-world and sense-world. And also, at the same time, that South Indian background, with the religious conditioning of his family environment, no doubt fostered an inward purity which, as the professors of the teaching would say, "enabled him to rise quickly in yoga."

The born philosopher

It is at least clear that in the instance of Sri Ramana, as also to a great extent too in the case of Sri Ramakrishna, very little aid from an outward guru was really necessary to bring him to self-realisation (or moksha). He may be said to be that rarest flower of humanity, the natural advaitin, the born philosopher, using the term in its pure Platonic sense. For, as Plotinus remarks, of the three types who are best suited to reach Unitive Understanding, the Philosopher, the Artist and the Lover, the first needs hardly any guidance. Sri Ramana was a philosopher in the true sense, which is not the qualificatory book-sense or pundit-sense, for the essential questions at the basis of philosophy arose in his young mind even when a boy—questions which, in others, only arise, if at all, after a painful lifetime of experimental study.

Sri Sankaracharya has some beautiful verses, *Hastamalaka Stotra*, about the son of a Brahmin, also born in a South Indian village like Sri Ramana, who was also psychologically indifferent to the affairs of society. His father thought the child Hastamalaka was intellectually dull, but when Sankara questioned the boy he found, to his delight and surprise, that the lad was in effect a

see overleaf

child-jnani who refused to acknowledge himself as somebody's son with name and form, and declared himself as none other than That nameless and formless Brahman.

So with Sri Ramana. When a child, the Maharshi felt too frail and helpless as a body-mind and suddenly cast away his school-books, lay down in fear of death, and closed his eyes.

To come so quickly to the fact of death, a fact which a vitalist world continually seeks to suppress, but which all the same remains the Hamlet question at the back of life for all human beings all the time, as a phantom dread that stalks into the centre of home and palace, to come thus to seek an answer from death at so young an age is for most people so remarkable as to be abnormal at least in a child.

But in the history of Indian thought it is not so abnormal. For one of the grandest philosophical treatises in the world, the noble *Katha upanishad*, provides us with the example of young Nachiketas.

Story of Nachiketas

In the story, Vajasravasa, the father of Nachiketas, being a selfish person and desiring heavenly rewards, gives away all his possessions to the priests. With the faith of innocence, Nachiketas asks: "Dear Father, to whom wilt thou give me?" Thrice he has to ask, until, enraged, his father says: "I shall give thee unto Death!"

Speaking to himself, Nachiketas says, "I go as the first... at the head of many who have yet to die. What will Yama (the ruler of the departed) give me to do?" and with these thoughts we may suppose he enters into the abode of Death (a self-meditative dream or vision if you like, as in the Vishvarupa-darshan of Arjuna in the 11th Chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*

Devil or here as Death. "Ask me anything you like," Death says, "but don't ask me about dying!"

"But all these things that you offer wear out," persists the brave young questioner. "Keep your pleasures and women and gold and all the enjoyments of dances and songs. As long as you are the ruler of the world, what hope is there in all these? No, Yama, I must have the truth about what is beyond all this, beyond Death!"

And then commences the wonderful Upadesha or Teacher-Pupil dialogue between the pure young seeker of Wisdom, and Truth in its most awful form. For what is said, the interested reader can turn to the text of the *Katha Upanisad* itself. But here, in Sri Ramana, we have the voice of a modern, living Nachiketas. It is what Sri Ramana has said about his own initial self-questioning—his Atma-jnana-vichara, the internal interrogation.

Sri Ramana's initial enquiry

"'Now death has come, what does it mean? What is it that has died? The material body dies.' I at once dramatized the scene of death. I extended my limbs and held them rigid. I held my breath.

"'Very well,' I told myself, 'this body is dead. They will come and take it to the cremation-ground and reduce it to ashes. But when the body is dead am I dead, I? This body, is it I? It is inert, and moreover I feel of myself independent of it. I am then the deathless spirit transcending the body which alone lives and dies.'

"All this rose before me intensely, without having to be expressed, as living truth perceived immediately, and almost without argument. The fear of death disappeared entirely and definitely. This conscious and immediate presence of the 'I' or Atman Self altogether independent

really of dull intelligence, without an iota of self-questioning, who go on repeating without sense, parrot-wise, the name of God, or the passages from the scripture, until they make themselves mad or psychically ill. Or they may even be carried away by fancy and the imagination—a happening which would not occur if they were serious enquirers, and if they had that reverence which is also intelligent, for the sacred writings.

Worship but with reason

Sri Ramana tells a disciple: "One should not use the name of God (nama-japa) mechanically and superficially without the feeling of devotion. To use the name of God one must call upon Him with yearning and unreservedly surrender oneself to Him ...Surrender can take effect only when it is done *with full knowledge* as to what real surrender means. Such knowledge comes *after enquiry and reflection* and ends invariably in self-surrender ..." (Note please the words italicized!)

Therefore the genuine bhakta is rare. That is why there are very few men (or women) who have attained that Self-knowledge in India today, although India is full of worship, full of both puja and japa. Most of it is worship without the true knowledge or without even the desire for enquiry and reflection which, as the Master of Tiruvannamalai says, makes worship successful—that is, culminating in Self-illumination.

As Arjun's Guru, Sri Krishna, has expressed it:—

Ye 'py anyadevatabhakta
Yajante shraddhaya 'nvitah
Te 'pi mam eva kaunteya
Yajanty avidhipurvakam
Aham hi sarvayajnanam
Bhokta cha prabhur eva cha
Na tu mam abhijananti
Tattvena 'tash chyavanti te.

"Even those who are devotees of other gods, who worship full

of the Self from its state of avidya or ignorance. The Bhagavad Gita, in a famous verse (VIII, 3) has it thus:—

Manushyanam sahasresu
Kaschid yatati siddhaye
Yatatam api siddhanam
Kashchin mam vetti tatvatah.

"Among thousands of men scarcely one strives for perfection, and of those that do strive and succeed, scarcely one knows Me in truth as That."

I have dwelt on this problem of bhakti because it is a spiritual phenomenon much commoner in India than in other countries, with the exception of those under the presence of the Roman Catholic Church. Intellect—unfortunately diverted into systematic theology, instead of leading to pure reason—plays a much larger part in the religious life of both Islam and other forms of Christianity, while in China ethics very largely dominates the scene, and ritual also to some extent.

The goal of Unitive knowledge

From the ordinary view, then, Sri Ramana is often seen as *nothing but* an ordinary bhakta. To see him thus only would be a grave mistake. Side by side with his poems on devotion one must also recognize his dialectic power and force as a jnani, as an expert in the mystical logic of Vedanta.

The accepted textbooks of Vedanta, both the most widely-read Bhagavad Gita and the less familiar Viveka Chudamani, confirm the view here presented of Sri Ramana as a Vedantin, in destroying the erroneous view that there are so many *fixed* ways of realizing the truth, of destroying ignorance. All ways turn to Knowledge, all ways lead to Atma-vichara or Self-enquiry. It is Knowledge which is the goal and object of worship. In that Knowledge which is unitive, all distinctions fade out, the One

his possessions to the priests. With the faith of innocence, Nachiketas asks: "Dear Father, to whom wilt thou give me?" Thrice he has to ask, until, enraged, his father says: "I shall give thee unto Death!"

Speaking to himself, Nachiketas says, "I go as the first... at the head of many who have yet to die. What will Yama (the ruler of the departed) give me to do?" and with these thoughts we may suppose he enters into the abode of Death (a self-meditative dream or vision if you like, as in the Vishvarupa-darshan of Arjuna in the 11th Chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, which is also, one may say, the result of intense pondering over the same question).

In dream, or vision, Nachiketas finds himself prematurely in the realm of Death, and hence there is no one to receive him. After three days, however, Yama returns, and in order to make up for his inhospitable welcome, grants the lad three boons.

For the first of his wishes, Nachiketas requests that his father should be freed from anger and kind towards him when Death has done with him. This wish is granted. As a second request, Nachiketas is also granted the teaching concerning the ritual of the fire-sacrifice which brings happiness in the heaven-world. However, when it comes to the third boon, when Nachiketas pointedly asks Death to tell him the truth about immortality, whether, when a man is dead, he is or is not, then Death is indeed distressed. Yama hedges and offers wealth, longevity, sons and grandsons, the satisfaction of all desires, the whole earth, women and wine and beautiful music—it is the old temptation of Faust or Jesus by the spirit of acquisitiveness, idealised as Mephistopheles or 'this body is dead. They will come and take it to the cremation-ground and reduce it to ashes. But when the body is dead am I dead, I? This body, is it I? It is inert, and moreover I feel of myself independent of it. I am then the deathless spirit transcending the body which alone lives and dies.'

"All this rose before me intensely, without having to be expressed, as living truth perceived immediately, and almost without argument. The fear of death disappeared entirely and definitely. This conscious and immediate presence of the 'I' or Atman-Self altogether independent of the physical body, has continued ever since."

This self-questioning, carried through to the end—which end is self-illumination or moksha,—is the great open secret of Vedanta.

It is essential for deliverance from ignorance, in other words for the attainment of that Knowledge which is Self-certainty or Jnanam. Even bhakti, or self-surrendering devotion, ends in unitive Knowledge of undivided identity with The One. Surrender of the part-self in the Whole-Self is really the same as the awakening of the knowledge of that Whole True Self, and this cannot be "done" without this discriminative self-enquiry.

A disciple asked Sri Ramana "What is the relation between jnana and bhakti?" and the Maharshi's reply was "The eternal unbroken natural state of abiding in the Self is Jnana. To abide in the Self you must love the Self. Since God is verily the Self, love of the Self is love of God: and that is Bhakti. Jnana and Bhakti are thus one and the same." But Sri Ramana in another place gives a warning against those who might be called the drug addicts of religion, those so-called bhaktas who are is worship without the true knowledge or without even the desire for enquiry and reflection which, as the Master of Tiruvannamalai says, makes worship successful—that is, culminating in Self-illumination.

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"Even those who are devotees of other gods, who worship full of faith, they also sacrifice to Me alone, O son of Kunti, though not according to the ancient rules.

"For I am the enjoyer and lord of all sacrifices. But these men do not know Me in My true nature, and so they fall."

Hence the shraddha or faith of a bhakta or devotee, without true knowledge, without the enquiry, leads to failure.

Sri Shankaracharya's great little brochure on the Way to Knowledge of the Self, the *Viveka Chudamani*, defines shraddha or faith as confidence or trust in the teaching and in the teacher, and the first of the essential four qualifications which he describes, is to continually discriminate between what is lasting and unlasting, between the real and the unreal, between the true and the false.

Sri Ramana's teaching is precisely the same.

But bhakti going side by side with Atma-vichara, devotion united to Self-enquiry, is in fact the chief qualification for success in yoga, since it represents the intense longing for freedom known as mumukshutva. That sincere longing for freedom is rare indeed, because it is truly the awakening power and force as a jnani, as an expert in the mystical logic of Vedanta.

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No one can approach that Radiance without being in love with it, as a bhakta, and at the same time since that Radiance is also pure Knowledge itself, no one can love That without the Knowing. The one IS the other; there are *not* two.

★ JOHN SPIERS

(To be continued)

THE TEACHING OF SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI II*

AT the outset I referred to the two ways of regarding the Maharshi—as a man and as a Model of That Nameless Truth. One is to regard the individual as the senses inform us about him. We see an old man, rather whimsical in his behaviour. sometimes humorous, half-sad, afflicted by a worn-out body, now needing medical care, yet withal apparently dominated by a curious carelessness and carefree mind—a venerated human being, living in an ashram, surrounded by crowds of people, many visitors arriving, some out of devotion and tradition to have a *darshan* or view, others there out of curiosity; some seeing through their mind's eyes wonders and the answers to their longings (and who can deny the effect of faith ?), others seeing nothing and going out as they came in, with a prejudice against all ashrams and the like...and it is undeniable that all these apparently conflicting views have each something real to the beholders and individuals.

But discrimination must come to the rescue, and we have to ask ourselves whether such views do not cancel each other out, and how to solve the enigma of this man.

The answer must be in taking his words seriously, in putting away prejudice, in giving him the ear and the attention that he surely deserves.

Beyond the body-appearance

This is an old body, full of suffering. What of that ? Part of the teaching is that the body *must* suffer, but that, since the Real is not the suffering body which passes away, a suffering body has to be endured while it lasts and the mind completely detached from the pain that the body suffers. As Nagasena told King Milinda, who had asked latter was seriously ill, and said: "What, you, who should be able to do miracles, can't stop your body from suffering like this ?" and that Guru replied: "What, you, who are a pundit in Sanskrit, come to ask me about this *sharira*, the word for body which is also synonymous with suffering ! Why shouldn't a thing *called* suffering suffer ?"

Sri Ramana as a guru

So, to look at the body of a sage like Sri Ramana, and to look no further, is to be unready for the precious teaching which Sri Ramana has drawn forth. No matter who the Guru may be—whether one of the ancient rishis like Vyasa, Yajnavalkya, Gaudapada or Shankara, a Buddha, or a Christ, or a Socrates—there are always those who will say: What ! you listen to that "foolish," "ugly," "revolutionary," "old-fashioned," (or whatever the current adjective of contempt may be) person ? Why, he looks just like anybody else ! And of course, and why not ? A guru is not a strange animal to be examined, and an asnram is not a special kind of zoo—except that in all truth sometimes those who come to peer are strange animals...and so, except for that one in a million mentioned in the *Gita*, all see only the man.

Although even this "seeing" is not perhaps the worst that happens...for duality of sight invades other realms than its general phenomenal sphere of physical bodies; it invades still more the invisible realm of the mind, and so the psychic legends develop and grow, and some see no man at all, it is true, but some production of faith, some incarnation of divinity, perhaps, a daimon, a mysterious "soul". But all such seeing is that of a divided "I-self" and "you-self," a this-and-that view. Personal worship, worship of persons, of bodies, can lead only to exploitation, particularly when the body of the worshipped one no longer lives. Such worship fixes or solidifies or crystallizes the error of division or vikalpa, the one thing which in all truth does stand between the real and the unreal like that razor's edge of the *Katha Upanishad*.

It is the other "view" contrary to all separate "views" that Sri Ramana represents—the age-old position taken by the Advaita Vedantin. This advaitic "view" (one has to use some word and "view" here must not be considered in any specialized sense, but rather in an aspectless sense, consolidatory rather than partial; universal and non-particular) being neutral and adaptive to all circumstances, is what makes the utterances of Sri Ramana seem at once naive and enigmatic, provocative, puzzling and baffling and almost without apparent direct significance. His words are meant to draw out rather than push in.

Reincarnation and wrong thinking

For instance, when somebody asks him: "Is reincarnation true ?" his answer seems no answer. "Reincarnation," he replies, "exists only so long as there is ignorance. There is really no incarnation at all, either now or before. Nor will there be any hereafter. This is the truth." The average Indian mind refuses to accept the simplicity of this statement. People believe in the necessity of life and hence identify themselves with a world of division, of body and soul in waking and dream; and in identifying themselves with this they accept unquestioningly what comes through the senses. It is a world of error, and conceptions that fit in with error cannot be true concepts.

As the Maharshi declares, the error arises because of the mind which holds to this error, and mind is the focal point of egotism, of the "I am different, I am separate" illusion. This mind, or bundle of desires, like a knotted ball of habits and conditionings and complexes, alone stands as a veil between the witness or the thinker, and the realization of this truth which dissolves differences and which is ever-present.

see page 20

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"No, he has not, O King. ...There are these ten qualities inherent in the body, which run after it, as it were, and accompany it from existence to existence. And what are these ten? Cold and heat, hunger and thirst, the necessity of voiding excreta, fatigue and sleepiness, old age, disease and death...But the Attained does not suffer mental pain. For the mind of the Attained, O King, is trained, well practised, tamed, brought into subjection, and obedient, and it hearkens to his word. When affected with feelings of pain, he grasps firmly the idea of the impermanence of all things, so ties his mind, as it were, to the post of contemplation, and his mind, bound to the post of contemplation, remains unmoved, unshaken, becomes steadfast, wanders not—though his body the while may bend this way and that and roll in agony by the disturbing influence of the pain." (*The Questions of Milinda*, IV, 6, 40-43)

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*See MYSINDIA, April 9.

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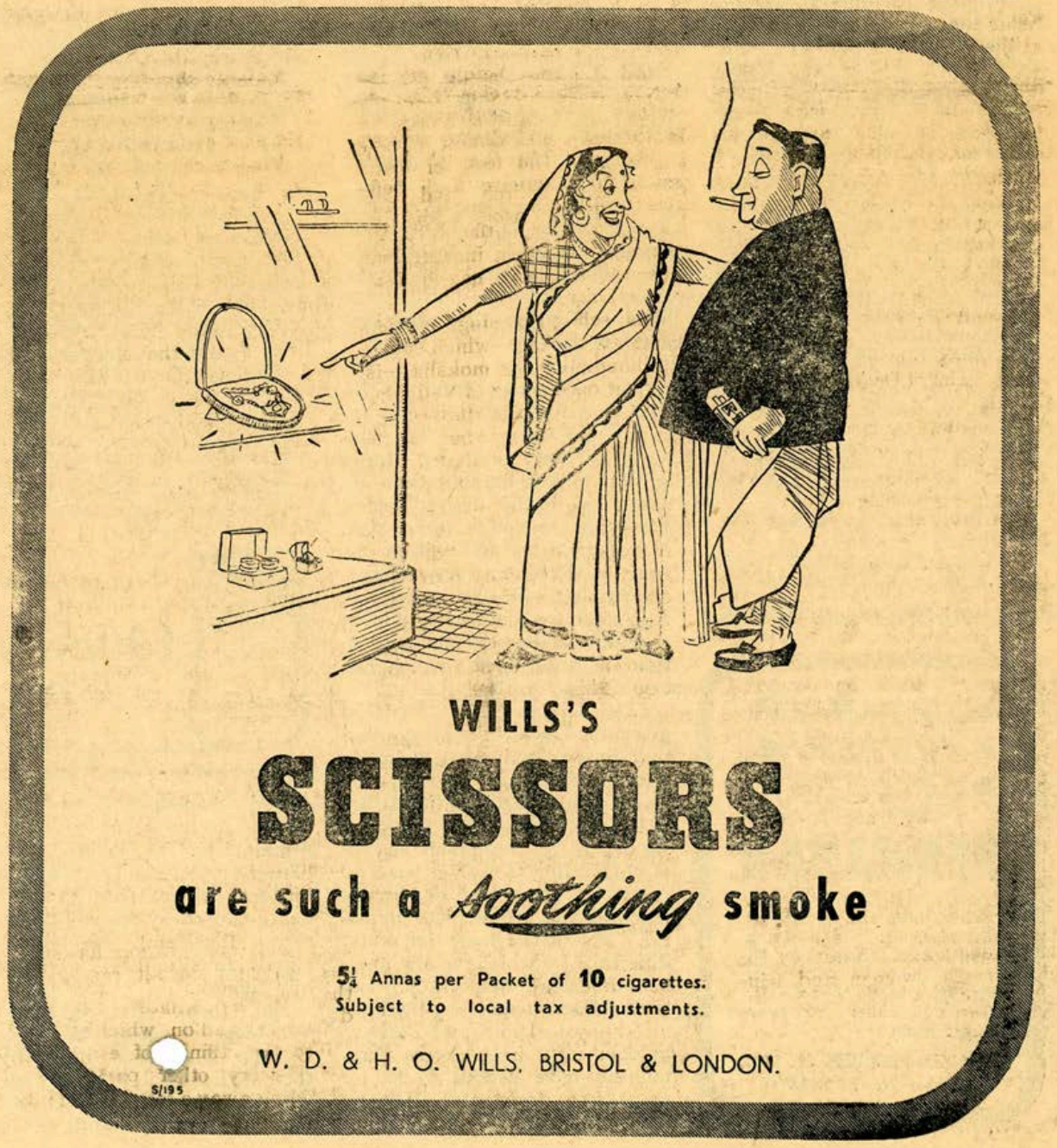
see page 20



OUR FOREIGN POLICY

P. S.'s plea for taking sides is almost convincing. But not wholly.

Let us re-examine the case for neutrality. If it be found about equally convincing, we shall be left with a real choice between neutrality and taking sides. And then, if we decide in favour of the latter, we shall have to choose between America and Russia.

So, the first choice is between neutrality and taking sides, in a war. In other words, between war and peace. But, because the communists, one of the parties in war, have turned "peace-mongers," some of us may reject peace outright and pass on to the second choice. But we should not make a hurried decision in such an important matter. The communist's pacifism is a matter of expediency or policy: it is peace-mongering. It involves no moral decision. So, the moral case of neutrality stands unaffected by the communist brand of pacifism.

Yet, let us first test neutrality as a policy, knowing fully well that policy is not morality and that by being neutral we may serve communist pacifism.

There are six cases to be considered: (i) We remain neutral and Russia wins; (ii) we remain neutral and America wins; (iii) we side with Russia and Russia wins; (iv) we side with America and America wins; (v) we side with Russia and Russia loses; and (vi) we side with America and America loses.

The respective situations will affect us more or less thus: (i) Russia interferes in our home affairs; (ii) America leaves us alone as she is doing now; (iii) Russia interferes in our home affairs; (iv) America leaves us alone; (v) America may dominate India (cf Japan) or may not (cf Italy); (vi) Russia dominates India. That is, whichever side we take, by taking sides we are faced with two situations: (i) America wins and leaves us alone (best view of American politics) and (ii) Russia wins and interferes with our so called process of self-determination (worst view of Russian politics). These are precisely the same situations facing our neutrality.

But neutrality has this extra merit: it may save us enormous cost of life and property. May. For neutrality may not ward off Russian attack. Supposing Russia attacks neutral India, the

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nate India (cf Japan) or may not (cf Italy); (vi) Russia dominates India. That is, whichever side we take, by taking sides we are faced with two situations: (i) America wins and leaves us alone (best view of American politics) and (ii) Russia wins and interferes with our so called process of self-determination (worst view of Russian politics). These are precisely the same situations facing our neutrality.

But neutrality has this extra merit: it may save us enormous cost of life and property. May. For neutrality may not ward off Russian attack. Supposing Russia attacks neutral India, the probability of Russian attack will be all the greater if India sides with America.

The real merit of taking sides with America is that it may increase the chances of her winning. I don't think so. India will be more a liability than an asset, even in the military sense. Even conscription is full of risk, of communist revolt within the forces. Moreover, war or no war, communists will turn saboteurs. A neutral government will be in a better position to tackle them than a government which has taken sides.

Now let us shift to moral grounds. Let us take for granted that democracy is more valuable than communism. In what does its superiority precisely lie? It lies in the refusal to apply force when we differ. The communist makes use of forcible as well as peaceful means. That is why democracy is moral and communism immoral. This is the most important difference for which we are anxious to defend democracy. But if we defend democracy by organised physical force, we cease to be democrats in the sense communists have ceased to be (or never been) democrats. If to be true democrats, we don't thus defend democracy, we shall all be tortured or killed by communists. So, it is a choice between probable-lifesaved-by-an immoral-act (war) and probable-death-caused-by-our-moral-astuteness (pacifism). A typically Gandhian situation! Theoretically though.

But then, what is moral? Whatever is conducive to life? Or the categorical imperative, thou shall not kill? In any case, why should we be afraid of death and torture at the hands of Russian police, if we are not afraid of death in the battlefields? Is it because police torture is more refined and unbearable and to die in battle less agonising? In that case, morality reduces to sensation and ceases to be morality. Even psychologically, why should we prefer mass hysteria and mass-massacre to individual martyrdom and masochism? I think war is a greater evil than police-torture, if the total moral effect is taken into account.

★ KALAPAHAR

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From page 9:

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

Again, when pressed about past lives, the answer of Guru Sri Ramana is to the point: "Do you know the present," he asks, "that you wish to know the past ? Even now you suffer so much : why should you burden yourself with more knowledge ? Is it to suffer more ? "

Think about this. How can That which is whole, birthless and eternal, which alone is lasting, alone is perfection and completeness, ever have been changing, or ever have been " born " or " lived" or " died " ? The notion is inconsistent and illogical, and the falseness of such a notion is due entirely to the error of making it so, of forgetting our unborn " I " which is not our separate " I " but That " I " which is the One " I " of all. Evolution, progress, development, is part of what changes, part of all this appearance-world of flux, and with it the idea-making mental power which deals with all the forms of dualism, producing the myriads of pairs of opposites, dvindva, and the triple process of what we think is knowledge, the knower, the object of knowledge and the process of knowing, triputi ; all this has ignorance as its basis. On examination, on inner reflection, all this passes away. In other words, it perishes, it dies as the body dies. Therefore, we again return to the importance of the Atma-vichara, or Self-enquiry. For that remains where it has always been, unmoving and still and blissful, good and beautiful as a witness, when we die to this ignorance, by removing the veil of the passing, which is known as maya. That which remains is pure undifferentiated Knowledge-Bliss Itself, That which always is.

want to know this Vedanta truth must turn towards the Light and away from the shadows, from all shadows, whether called physical, dream, psychic, or any other name—the names and the worlds are endless in number, and may be learned and counted for ever and ever in time. As Sri Ramana puts it: " Illiteracy is ignorance, and education is learned ignorance." Vedanta and the vedanta-enquiry is the putting an end to all veda—a Self-knowledge which ends all non-self knowledge.

Who am I?

You will find from a reading of the verses of Sri Ramana, such as *Ullalu Narpalu* (Forty verses about That which is) and in the several reported dialogues between him and enquirers, that he has a remarkably simple formula. It is to enquire inwardly " Who am I ?" Take for example, the following piece of Guru-sishya dialectic :-

Disciple: How is one to realize the Self ?

Maharshi: Whose Self ? Find out.

D. Mine, but who am I ?

M. Find out yourself.

D. I don't know how.

M. Just think over the question. Who is it that says " I don't know " ? Who is the " I " in your statement ? What is not known ?

D. Somebody or something in me.

M. Who is that somebody ? In whom ?

D. Perhaps some power.

M. Find out.

D. Why was I born ?

M. Who was born ? The answer is the same to all your questions...whatever form your enquiry may take, you must finally come to the one " I ", the Self.

People who have never troubled

mystical analogical sense will be given a place. And Sri Ramana continues :

" Truly speaking, pure Consciousness is indivisible. It is without parts. It has no form and shape, no 'within' and 'without'. There is no 'right' or ' left' for it. Pure Consciousness, which is the Hrdaya or Heart, includes all ; and nothing is outside or apart from it. That is the ultimate Truth.

"From this absolute standpoint, the Heart, Self or Consciousness can have no particular place assigned to it in the physical body. What is the reason ? The body is itself a mere projection of the mind, and the mind is but a poor reflection of the radiant Heart. How can That, in which everything is contained, be itself confined to a tiny part within the physical body which is but an infinitesimal, phenomenal manifestation of the one Reality ?

"But people do not understand this. They cannot help thinking in terms of the physical body and the world."

Again, people dislike to be confronted with the idea of emptiness, a nothingness, a Nirvana, which they consider to be annihilation. The Maharshi likens it to the empty screen of the cinema, and we can think of That if we use images, as the pure Sun of Being, a glorious Sun so full of nothing but Light that no shadows appear. In That empty Turiya state doubts and questionings, discussions and speech and thought find no entrance. It can be called Mouna or silence. It is not the dullness of deep sleep, although it can be likened to that by analogy. In the rishi such as Sri Ramana there is this constant awareness of pure, shining, still, eternal, neutral, wordless Consciousness.

to the Self) Sri Narayana Guru the great jnani of Malabar (who, by the way, was several times in contact with Sri Ramana Guru), has a verse in which he describes two persons sitting together in the dark.

One asks the other " Who is sitting there in the dark ? Tell me." The other asks " You, who are *you* there ?" And for both the answer is the same. Simultaneously they say " I-I". This is the great truth of *I AM*, the same which is expressed in the Mahavakyas—the Vedanta axioms such as " Aham Brahmasmi" (I am Brahman), " Tattwam-asi" (Thou art That), and " Sarvam kalvidam Brahman" (All is Brahman).

No miracles

Like all jnanis Sri Ramana scorns the idea of siddhis, i. e. psychic feats, wonder-working, miracles, and so-called spiritual powers. He says, " In order to display siddhis, there must be others to recognize them. That means there is no jnana in the one who displays them. Therefore siddhis are not worth a thought: Jnana alone is to be aimed at and gained." You will note how he always returns, as Shankaracharya returns, to the grand reference of indivisible unity. Displaying knowledge, power, miracle-working, and all the so-called feats of what passes for yoga, imply a dualism which is contrary to the Advaita One Without a Second. And similarly, when he is asked about helping "others" he simply says: " There are no 'others' to mix with. The Self is the only Reality." Then what about helping the world ? He says: "The Power that created you has created the world as well. If it can take care of you. It can similarly take care of the world also.....If God has created the world, it is His business to

knowing, triputi ; all this has ignorance as its basis. On examination, on inner reflection, all this passes away. In other words, it perishes, it dies as the body dies. Therefore, we again return to the importance of the Atma-vichara, or Self-enquiry. For that remains where it has always been, unmoving and still and blissful, good and beautiful as a witness, when we die to this ignorance, by removing the veil of the passing, which is known as maya. That which remains is pure undifferentiated Knowledge-Bliss Itself, That which always is.

"Learned ignorance"

And unless we identify ourselves with this faith-reasoning, and see the Guru as none other than our own self and seek that Self by the Self's own aid, by turning inwards (antar-mukha-drshti), or away from the troubling mind by whatever method of destroying our particular error or mind-illusion may be set up, as disclosed by the truth-discerning Principle of the Guru and aided by our own intense longing for deliverance ; unless we do so we shall continue to struggle with all the opinions, views, beliefs, arguments, doubts, sufferings and obstacles—all of which are entirely of our own creation, or sankalpa.

When someone asks the Maharshi : " How can I control the mind ?" his plain answer is : " There is no mind to control if the Self is realized." For separate minds must be known as the self-created phantoms or dreams which our self-imposed ignorance has produced. As the *Lankavatara Sutra* has described it, the mind is a double-headed monster. The one face looks towards the Real, towards the Light, the other face looks towards the shadows which are all unreal. Those who know" ? Who is the " I " in your statement ? What is not known ?

D. Somebody or something in me.

M. Who is that somebody ? In whom ?

D. Perhaps some power.

M. Find out.

D. Why was I born ?

M. Who was born ? The answer is the same to all your questions...whatever form your enquiry may take, you must finally come to the one " I ", the Self.

People who have never troubled to be still and think of the nature of their true being will dismiss this kind of answering as childish, or playing with words, mere quibbling or as being too simple. They want compendious knowledge, they want grand intellectual systems of elaborate information, they want truth to be given to them in some way. The pity is that the more they search outwards (whether in the realms of the woking, the dreaming, or the psychic worlds) the further they are departing from the one Source, which is in the *empty* cave of their own hearts (hrdaya-guha).

The heart-centre or cave is another figure of speech often used by the Maharshi. With that naive longing for something to cling to, many enquirers, forgetting the teaching and their own direct experience, or aparoksha, like to think that this heart means some kind of physical or subtle organ. As if the One could be localised. " The Heart," the sage tells us, " means the very core of one's being, the Centre, without which there is nothing whatever." And again he tells the questioner that as long as the person identifies himself with the body, or as being in the body, the Heart in the it to the empty screen of the cinema, and we can think of That if we use images, as the pure Sun of Being, a glorious Sun so full of nothing but Light that no shadows appear. In That empty Turiya state doubts and questionings, discussions and speech and thought find no entrance. It can be called Mouna or silence. It is not the dullness of deep sleep, although it can be likened to that by analogy. In the rishi such as Sri Ramana there is this constant awareness of pure, shining, still, eternal, neutral, wordless Consciousness.

False and true dharma

To the man of action, the karmi, Sri Ramana has a ready answer. When asked whether it is not our duty to be patriots he replied : "Your duty is *to be*, and not to be this or that. *I Am That I Am* sums up the whole truth : the method is summarized in *Be Still.*"

The idea of stillness is repugnant to the mind, because the mind is nothing but karma or doing. But stillness is the key to the whole of existence. It is the foundation which enables the universe to have its course. In the Upanishads many ways are indicated to show this. The empty sky which, because it is empty, enables the clouds to pass is a ready example. If music was all sound it would be noise merely. But the silences give us the pause which makes music possible. If rooms and houses had no empty windows and doors cut out of them, what use would they be ? If the grand wheel of existence had no empty axle-centre it could not revolve. These are mere images to suggest the importance of emptiness.

In his *Atma-Upadesa-Satakam* (one hundred verses addressed unity. Displaying knowledge, power, miracle-working, and all the so-called feats of what passes for yoga, imply a dualism which is contrary to the Advaita One Without a Second. And similarly, when he is asked about helping "others" he simply says : " There are no 'others' to mix with. The Self is the only Reality." Then what about helping the world ? He says : "The Power that created you has created the world as well. If it can take care of you. It can similarly take care of the world also.....If God has created the world, it is His business to look after it, not yours."

But again, people imagine that they, as individuals, can do better than That Power which being no individual, is supremely neutral, and discoverable as soon as they rid themselves of the individual self or soul or life or personality ; and so thinking to improve on what needs no improvement, they set up interference with the work of That Power or Principle. They make the artificial world of personal and national duties, they invent division, such as family and caste and other personal and national loves, and thus depart from the neutral beneficent universal duty or pure dharma, and thereby destroy the universal love which protects and supports, without distinctions and partiality, all the beings of nature, and even men in spite of their perversity, as the sun shines without egotism on all alike, on bird and tree and on all peoples without the idea of separate country, class or caste. This is The Goodness of that pure supporting Principle, compared with which the laws and dharma of social man are but an image of an image, a dim shadow.

★ JOHN SPIERS

(To be concluded)

Comets

COMETS are conspicuous as being the most lawless members of the solar system. While all the planets and also all the known minor planets or asteroids—about two thousand in number—gyrate round the sun in the same direction, comets appear to be very indifferent about observing the rule of the road.

Many of the known comets revolve around the sun in the same direction as the planets. An almost equal number of well known comets are found to go around in the opposite direction. There is, however, one fact which must be constantly kept in mind when we discuss comets. Their orbits have little or no resemblance to ordinary planetary paths. While the planet moves in a path which may for most purposes be regarded as a circle, and if greater accuracy is need we may consider it as an ellipse, the comet in general has an orbit which is properly described as a much elongated ellipse. It thus comes sometimes very close to the sun, when it develops a tail which points away from the sun. Later, as it moves to the diametrically opposite point in its orbit when it is most remote from the sun, its tail disappears.

It is very seldom that a comet's trajectory coincides with the plane of the ecliptic, i.e. the plane of our earth's orbit. There are, however, many instances outermost limits. In this sense they are strangers here, merely paying a brief visit and then going off again into the remote depths of space, from which they may never return. Indeed, some comets do escape from the solar system; the sun's grip in the form of gravitational pull weakening steadily. In such instances the orbits are either parabolic or hyperbolic. Even though some comets are thus lost to the solar system, it is not correct to conclude that they walked into it from remote depths of space. Some of the reasons why those which were once members of the solar system become lost may now be considered.

According to Newton's law of universal gravitation, the attractive pull between any two bodies depends directly on their masses and decreases with increasing separation in accordance with the inverse square law. The planet Mercury is attracted by Venus and the Earth, and by the other planets which are more remote. Without serious error we may thus confine ourselves to the influence of Venus and the Earth on Mercury. It so happens that Mercury comes very much closer to Venus than it ever does to the Earth, and in consequence is pulled more intensely by Venus. Venus, however, is not so massive as our Earth, and if mass were the only consideration the Earth would be exerting a more powerful attraction on

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It is very seldom that a comet's trajectory coincides with the plane of the ecliptic, i.e. the plane of our earth's orbit. There are, however, many instances when comets' paths are quite close to the ecliptic plane. Unlike the planets cometary orbital planes have all inclinations to the ecliptic, from 0° to 90°, the great majority of them being at considerably steep inclinations compared with the planetary paths. It may also be noted that many minor planets also move at steep inclinations to the ecliptic, but none of them moves in a direction opposite to that of the planets.

Writing on the subject of Comets in a recent number of *Penguin Science News* Dr Martin Davidson remarks that no comet has ever been discovered the orbit of which is circular. On the other hand there are comets having orbits which may be elliptic, parabolic or hyperbolic. The hyperbolic orbits are almost indistinguishable from the parabolic. It so happens that in the neighbourhood of the sun the shapes of all three forms are almost similar, so observation over a fairly long arc will be necessary before deducing the characteristics of the path.

Very often it is assumed that many comets have come into our solar system from beyond its and decreases with increasing separation in accordance with the inverse square law. The planet Mercury is attracted by Venus and the Earth, and by the other planets which are more remote. Without serious error we may thus confine ourselves to the influence of Venus and the Earth on Mercury. It so happens that Mercury comes very much closer to Venus than it ever does to the Earth, and in consequence is pulled more intensely by Venus. Venus, however, is not so massive as our Earth, and if mass were the only consideration the Earth would be exerting a more powerful attraction on Mercury. But the relatively large distance of the Earth from Mercury more than offsets the greater mass of the Earth. As a result, in the end the influence of Venus on Mercury is the more prominent. In consequence Mercury is disturbed and pulled out of the path that it would otherwise describe, and so it does not always follow exactly the same path in its revolutions. Identical considerations apply to all the planets, their mutual gravitational pulls giving rise to 'perturbations', that is, minute displacements from their normal positions.

Many comets make comparatively close approaches to different planets, and in such instances they are perturbed by the planets. Such perturbations are specially prominent in the case of the larger planets such as Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune. It is thus quite possible for a comet initially moving in an elliptic orbit around the sun, if it should come very close to one or more of these large planets, to be so affected that in consequence of the resulting perturbation its orbit is modified from an ellipse into a hyperbola. When this happens the comet moves away —because the curve does not close on itself—from the solar system into the remote depths of space. Perhaps at some later day it will be captured by some star and made to move in an orbit round it as it once did round the sun. In almost every instance where a comet has had its orbit changed, owing to perturbation, into a hyperbolic trajectory, it has been proved that before the event it was a member of the solar system, pursuing an elliptic orbit round the sun. Its expulsion from the solar system happened because it ventured too close to a major planet.

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From time immemorial, comets have always had a profound influence and made a strong appeal to the public, and the same would apply even today if only we got one or two really spectacular ones in the heavens. It is unfortunate that such spectacular specimens are quite rare. They, however, do occur from time to time, and in many cases cause a scare, especially among the superstitious. They have always been looked upon as omens of evil, and their foreboding of evil, especially of imminent death to mighty personages, increased in its grimness with the length of the tail displayed. In medieval times they were regarded as luminous appearances in our atmosphere. It is no surprise then that people invariably thought they were responsible for pestilences and several other like evils inflicted on us.

★ P. Srinivasa Row

(To be continued)

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THE TEACHING OF SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI III*

WHEN by the assurance of the Guru the seeker begins to understand rationally the necessity of destroying egotism by a combination of *shraddha* (faith) and *Atma-vichara* he has reached what may be called a state of grace (*kripa*). For by reasoned enquiry, to have left off attachment to the dualistic knowledge, either of the senses or of the inner subjective mind, he may be said to be really meditating, to be an intelligent *dhyani*. This grace seems like a miracle which works both without, as in the appearance of a physical Guru, and from within in the dawning of knowledge of the Self. There is then no master and no pupil. As the Maharshi explains: "The Master is within: meditation is meant to remove the ignorant idea that He is only outside. If He is a stranger whom you await, He is bound to disappear also. Where is the use for a transient being like that? But as long as you think you are separate or that you are the body, so long is the Master 'without' also necessary, and He will appear as if with a body. When the wrong identification of oneself with the body ceases, the Master will be found as none other than the Self."

You may say: "This is far too deep for me. I can never understand this"; and to illustrate this point of supposed ignorance, for in truth everyone has never really anything to learn, but only ignorance to get rid of, Sri Ramana tells the story of the ten foolish men who were grieved at the "loss" of the tenth man who was never lost.

The ten fools

"The ten foolish men forded a stream and on reaching the other shore wanted to make sure that all of them had in fact safely ten, that all of them had come safe from the crossing, he told them: 'Let each of you count for himself, but one after the other, serially, one, two, three and so on, while I shall give you each a blow so that all of you may be sure of having been included in the count, and included only once. The tenth 'missing' man will then be found.' Hearing this they rejoiced at the prospect of finding their 'lost' comrade and accepted the method suggested by the wayfarer.

"While the kind wayfarer gave a blow to each of the ten in turn, he that got the blow counted himself aloud. 'Ten' said the last man, as he got the last blow in his turn. Bewildered they looked at one another. 'We *are* ten' they said with one voice, and thanked the wayfarer for having removed their grief."

And so it is with the unenlightened, as Ramana Maharshi says. There is no cause for anyone to be miserable or unhappy. Men weep because they think they are finite. "Your ignorance," he declares, "is merely a formal ignorance, like the ignorance of the ten fools about the 'lost' tenth man...Know then that true Knowledge does not create a new Being for you, it only removes your 'ignorant ignorance'. Bliss is not added to your nature, it is merely revealed as your true and natural State, Eternal and imperishable. The only way to be rid of your grief is to Know and *BE* the Self. How can this be unattainable?"

The problem of suffering

When people ask the Maharshi about the cause of cruelty and suffering, of Belsen camps and suicides, of disease and disasters, his answer is clear and strong. "Everyone is committing suicide. The eternal, blissful natural State has been smothered by this ignorant life. In this way the present life is due to the killing of the eternal, positive Existence."

Similarly his answers are direct and simple when he is asked about getting, retaining and extending what the questioner calls supernormal experience.

There is nothing to get. "The Self is always there. You have only to remove the veil obstructing the revelation of the Self."

As for retaining: "Once you realize the Self, it becomes your direct and immediate experience. It is never lost."

"There is no extending of the Self, for it is as ever, without contraction or expansion." There is no expansion or contraction of pure consciousness.

If you remember, there is the verse in the *Bhagavad Gita* (VII, 16) which describes the four kinds of seekers of truth:

Chatur vidha bhajan temam
janah sukrt ino'rjuna
arto jijna surarth arthi
jnani chabharat arshabha.

"The virtuous ones who worship Me are of four kinds: the man in distress, the seeker for knowledge, the seeker for wealth, and the man of wisdom, O Lord of the Bharatas."

And in the next verse the jnani who is ekabhaktir (the wise one who dwells constantly in the One) is praised as the best of the four.

Expansion of consciousness, the getting of spiritual powers, etc., is nothing more than the exciting and developing of separateness, the strengthening of egotism or ahamkara. Whether it is called knowledge or anything else such as yoga or occultism or other names, it is a doing and therefore karma and therefore duality itself and not unity, and therefore can by no means destroy the root of ignorance which is this very dualism —mind-produced.

In the same *Gita* (VI. 5) earlier it was stated:

Uddharedatmana'tmanam
na'tmananavasadayet
atmai'vahyatmanobandhur
atmai'varipuratmanah.

"Let a man lift himself by himself; let him not degrade himself; for the Self alone is the friend of the self, and the self alone is the enemy of the Self."

Secret of "letting go"

Our ignorance is self-produced. We believe we are ignorant, and because this belief, or false-faith firmly held, becomes our nature in the field of maya, we are caught in the net of our own enemy-self. "Shraddha mayo 'pampuruso yo yach chhraddhah sa eva sah." "Man is of the nature of his faith; what his faith is, that, verily, he is." (*Gita, XVII, 3*)

To tear aside the veil of ignorance or maya, to undo the knots of dualistic habits in the core of one's being (hrdaya-granthi), to get rid of the idea of mind (manas) and surrender the idea of a separate soul (jiva) by the simple way of retiring from the separate ego by vairagya or letting go, and by entering the stillness in which the Self always abides, is too simple for those who want a mystery and create a mystery.

There are many who have written about Sri Ramana, and almost all concern themselves about mysteries and wonders. There is really nothing mysterious but the twisted workings of their own minds. That is a trickery in which everyone but the jnani is bewitched, bewitched because they hold on to the notion of themselves as identical with separate body and mind and "soul" and so create the notion of "others." Where there is "wanting" there will be endless pain and strife. The false

see page 17

found as none other than the Self."

You may say: "This is far too deep for me. I can never understand this"; and to illustrate this point of supposed ignorance, for in truth everyone has never really anything to learn, but only ignorance to get rid of, Sri Ramana tells the story of the ten foolish men who were grieved at the "loss" of the tenth man who was never lost.

The ten fools

"The ten foolish men forded a stream and on reaching the other shore wanted to make sure that all of them had in fact safely crossed the stream. One of the ten began to count, but while counting others, left himself out. 'I see only nine; sure enough, we have lost one. Who can it be?' he said. 'Did you count correctly?' asked another, and did the counting himself. But he too counted only nine. One after the other each of the ten counted only nine, missing himself. 'We are only nine,' they all agreed, 'but who is the missing one?' they asked themselves. Every effort they made to discover the 'missing' individual failed. 'Whoever he be that is drowned,' said the most sentimental of the ten fools. So saying he burst into tears, and the rest of the nine followed suit.

"Seeing them weeping on the river bank, a sympathetic wayfarer enquired for the cause. They related what had happened and said that even after counting themselves several times they could find no more than nine. On hearing the story, but seeing all the ten before him, the wayfarer guessed what had happened. In order to make them know for themselves that they were really

*See MYSINDIA, 9 and 16 April

then that true Knowledge does not create a new Being for you, it only removes your 'ignorant ignorance'. Bliss is not added to your nature, it is merely revealed as your true and natural State, Eternal and imperishable. The only way to be rid of your grief is to Know and *BE* the Self. How can this be unattainable?"

The problem of suffering

When people ask the Maharshi about the cause of cruelty and suffering, of Belsen camps and suicides, of disease and disasters, his answer is clear and strong. "Everyone is committing

of the Bharatas."

And in the next verse the jnani who is ekabhaktir (the wise one who dwells constantly in the One) is praised as the best of the four.

Expansion of consciousness, the getting of spiritual powers, etc., is nothing more than the exciting and developing of separateness, the strengthening of egotism or ahamkara. Whether it is called knowledge or anything else such as yoga or occultism or other names, it is a doing and therefore karma and therefore duality itself and not unity, and therefore can by no means destroy the root of igno-

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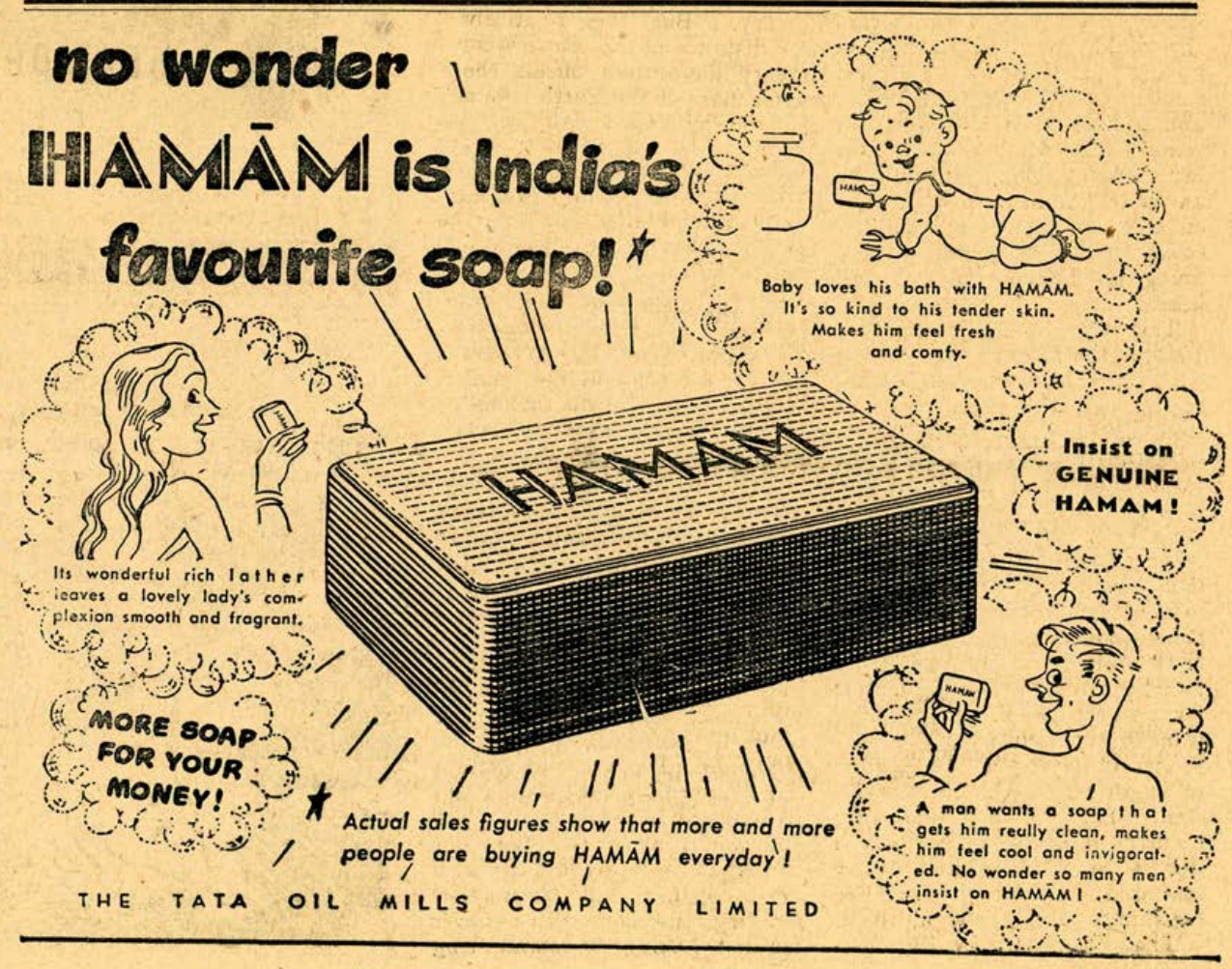
see page 17



HER LAST QUEUE

Such is the power of the imponderables. Miss Ruth Benedict could perhaps have explained it

"DANNA SAN (Master), I have got something nice for you today. Guess what?"

"Really? It's hard to guess. I never seem to hit it right. What is it?"

"Something that you like. I got a pound of 'Snow Brand' butter, and for only 3 yen 40 sen, the official price."

"That's wonderful, Michiko san. But I bet you had to stand a long time in the queue."

"Oh, no. Just about two hours."

Or, another day, she would come rushing home with a radiant smile on her face, the smile of success.

"You know, danna san, today, I was walking on the Ginza on my way to fetch the bread, and you know what I have brought for you in addition?"

And, as usual, my guess would be wrong. Then she would announce: "I bought a whole box of pastry. I saw a queue in front of Fujiya Restaurant and I joined up, half without hope of buying, but I did get it. I was one of the last few to have got it. And it's made of real sugar, too."

That was Michiko, my young and energetic maidservant. She was what you may call queue-crazy. But mind you, this is not casting any reflection on her. On the contrary, I was ever grateful to her. She seemed to have an inexhaustible source of energy. Almost every day of the week, she would go out in the hope of

thing like 50,000 items of all kinds were on the rationed list, from nails to raw materials for airplanes, from pickles to rice. Life had become one long search for food to subsist on, for cloth to wear, for medicines for the sick.

With your very life rationed out, as it were, it meant you had to queue up before so many stores so many times a week. You had to queue up for the tiny quantity that was called your rice ration once or twice a month—just enough rice for 4 or 5 days, plus a lot of substitute staples like oats, wheat, wheat flour, sweet potatoes, and rarely Irish potatoes. You had to line up for your fish ration of four ounces for two a week; a two-ounce slice of radish or cabbage that went for your vegetable ration every other day or so; for a few ounces of pickled radish about once a month, maybe. Sometimes it would be for a reel of staple-fibre stitching thread. Occasionally, a notice would go round the households about a cloth ration distribution. You queued up before some shop in some corner and, if you were lucky, you got a whole 2 or 3 yards of coarse cotton cloth. More often, after you had stood in a long line and got it, you had to draw lots with a few other households for it.

Occasionally, some store would sell a small quantity of some commodity not on the rationed

dreary hours in queues. Unbelievable woman.

* * *

And then the day came. This day many things happened. Why, everything seemed to happen that day. This particular morning, I was awakened by the screeching wail of the air raid alarm. Almost simultaneously other alarms, far and near, caught on, and for a full minute, as I sat crouched in bed, I could hear nothing but the alarms going. Even as this wailing stopped it went on again, this time short hoots going five times. God Almighty! An air raid. What a time to pick to unleash death and destruction from the skies! The middle of the night. Or so it seemed to me. I hastily threw some warm clothing over me and ran down the stairs and out of the house to the shelter. It was not the dead of night as I had imagined. The late winter daybreak was heralded by streaks of greying dawn in the still star-littered sky.

We were all puzzled, I and my neighbours who had gathered in the freezing cold of the shelter. This kind of thing had never happened before. What could the American planes be planning to attack at this hour? Soon we knew. Enemy carrier-borne planes had begun an attack. This was the first attack of the kind, and the radio said the planes had chosen as their first targets the airfields and other military installations of Ibaragi.

Ibaragi! Well, that put a good 100 miles between us and the planes. My hands and feet were beginning to go numb. I decided to go back into the house. I could run back to the shelter if the planes came Tokyo way. In the house, I cursed Michiko. She would pick just the previous day to visit some of her folks. And now the subway wouldn't be running, probably not for hours, and there was no other way for her to get back. If she had been home, she would at least have had some tea ready for me. She was an early bird, Michiko was. Winter or summer, she was up before 6. If she were home now, she would have had some hot tea ready before this air raid had started. How welcome that would have been, even if it were only tea without milk and sweetened only with saccharine.

I was still contemplating warming the inside of my system with some tea when, hello! the air raid alarm was lifted and the precautionary green-light alarm replaced it. Lucky break. I could start the gas and have some charcoal burning in the brazier also. In half an hour, I was sitting over the small charcoal fire in the brazier and having my tea. From the frequent radio reports, it was clear the raiders were concentrating on airfields and shore establishments, and the chances of Tokyo being hit heavily appeared remote.

A little after 10 the air raid position was unchanged, but it had started snowing lightly. The skies were heavily overcast, and the cold simply bit into you. I

brought for you in addition?"

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That was Michiko, my young and energetic maidservant. She was what you may call queue-crazy. But mind you, this is not casting any reflection on her. On the contrary, I was ever grateful to her. She seemed to have an inexhaustible source of energy. Almost every day of the week, she would go out in the hope of buying something for the house, sometimes far, sometimes near, and almost always she would come back with something in her shopping bag. It would be an understatement to say that on the average she spent between 10 and 20 hours a week lining up before stores of all kinds.

This was in Tokyo early in 1945, at the height of the Pacific war, when the country was passing through the worst period of food shortage. Satisfying one's normal, balanced food needs was absolutely out of the question. You were lucky if you could have your belly full, no matter with what you filled it up. The question was to keep the stomach from being gnawingly half-empty. If you managed to buy one or two 'kin' (8 to 16 pounds) of sweet potatoes, it was a matter for congratulation. If through some great influence, you succeeded in buying a few pounds of sugar on the black market, well, what are you squawking about? It didn't matter if you got it black or white. What mattered was you got it. For the things simply weren't there.

That was the time when sometable ration every other day or so; for a few ounces of pickled radish about once a month, maybe. Sometimes it would be for a reel of staple-fibre stitching thread. Occasionally, a notice would go round the households about a cloth ration distribution. You queued up before some shop in some corner and, if you were lucky, you got a whole 2 or 3 yards of coarse cotton cloth. More often, after you had stood in a long line and got it, you had to draw lots with a few other households for it.

Occasionally, some store would sell a small quantity of some commodity not on the rationed list, like, maybe, margarine or marmalade or jam. These, only the more hardy sought to purchase. For it usually meant lining up about 7 in the morning, when the sales would start at 10. And then only the first lucky 50 or 100 would get it. To do this, one needed a lot of patience, plus vitality. And, on a half-starvation diet, not many had either. One had to be sturdy. Michiko, thank goodness, was of the sturdy type, though goodness knows where all her energy came from.

Michiko had an extra-big, generous heart, and it sometimes would pain me to see the trouble she went to to get things for the house. For me, to make me as comfortable as was possible under the circumstances. She very easily made friends wherever she went. It was natural with her, came without effort. She was that kind of a person. And she had a knack of finding out where and what goods would be sold and on what day. Off she would march to the four corners of the sprawling city with her shopping bag on another foraging mission. She never minded having to stand long

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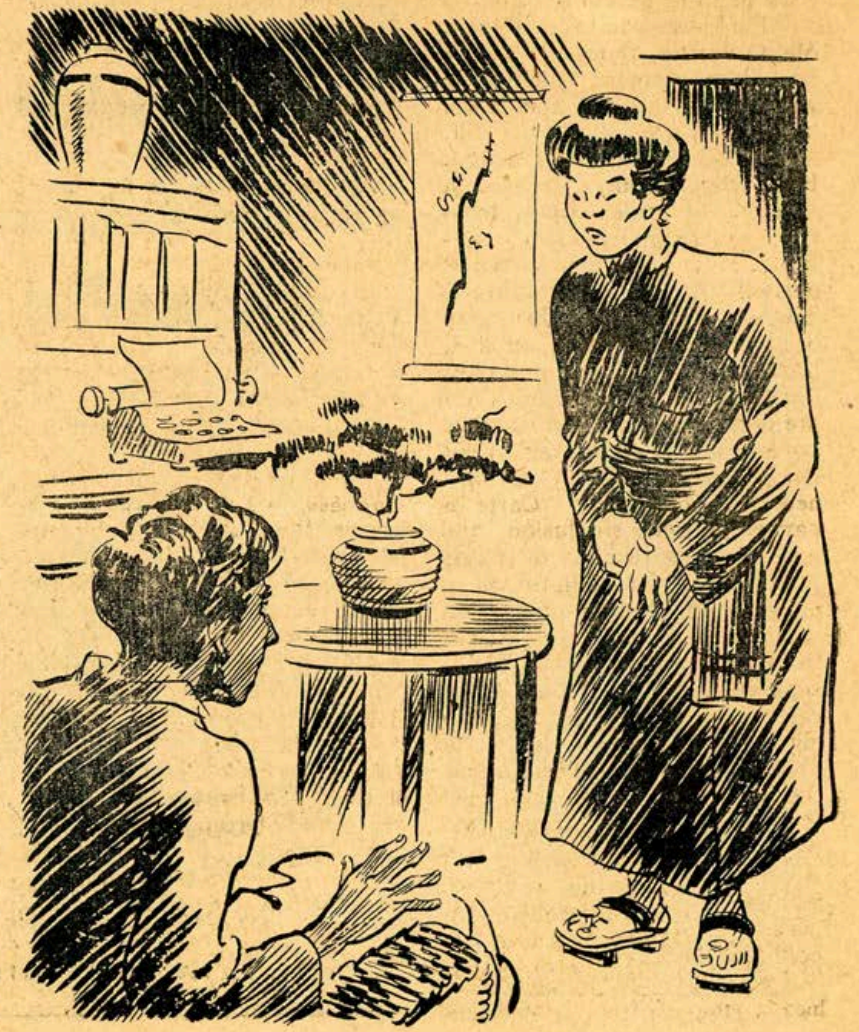

From page 11:

RAMANA MAHARSHI

nature of the ego is a state of wanting, a feeling of negation. The true nature of the Real is as it always has been, neither wanting nor not-wanting, without self-thought, complete and whole, One and holy.

The ego is hard to give up only because people cling to it in fear of what will happen. They lack confidence in the gods they worship and therefore are unready for a Guru's grace.

" People do not understand this simple, bare truth," Sri Ramana exclaims, "the truth of their everyday, ever-present, eternal experience. This truth is that of the Self. Is there anyone unaware of the Self? But they do not like even to hear of this truth, whereas they are eager to know what lies beyond, about heaven, hell and reincarnation... Because they love mystery and not the truth, religions cater to them so as eventually to bring them round to the Self. Whatever the means adopted, you must at last return to the Self: so why not abide in the Self here and now? To be a spectator of, or to speculate about the other world, the Self is necessary; therefore they are not different from the Self. Even the ignorant man when he sees the objects, sees only the Self."

To Sri Ramana, as to all the rishis, caste differences are delusions which he cannot accept. In one of his verses he has said that all, men, women, students householders, or anyone else who is fit for the teaching, may enquire into the Atman. And the *Gita* also (*Ch. IX. 32*) says the same thing:

Mam hi partha vyapashritya
ye' pi syuh papayonayah
striyo vaishyas tatha shudras,
te' pi yanti param gatim.'

" For those who take refuge in Me, O Partha, though they are four ashramas, Brahmachari, Grihastha, Vanaprastha and Sannyasa, i.e. the student, the householder, the forest recluse and the one who turns away from all these with complete renunciation. The usual conception is that sannyasa is only for those who have first gone through the other three stages. Sri Ramana declares that this view is not binding on the mature aspirant. In his own case he stepped right into the sannyasa ashraman while he was a youth, and so did most of the well known sat-gurus, the world teachers. As soon as aspiration is intense enough there will be sannyasa. Further Sri Ramana is clear in his dissociation of true sannyasa from the outward appearances of special orange robes, shaven head, tuft of hair and all these signs. These may protect the aspirant as a notice warns passers-by from meddling with a high-voltage electric pylon, but they are no indication of spirituality, much less of realization of the Self. Similarly with tapas. As all the Upanishads, including the *Gita*, declare, the genuine tapas or purification by asceticism is not the torturing of the body, but the thinning of the mind and the undoing of all the wrong notions which cover up the face of Truth. Tapas, like sannyasa, is within. Real tapas is the constantly abiding in the Self, without effort, undistracted.

Is Sri Ramana lazy?

Many consider the Maharshi to be just a lazy sort of good-for-nothing, sitting at Tiruvannamallai in idleness. The truth is that doing produces one's undoing, that nobody really does anything. People think they do this and that. They imagine they grow as the body appears to grow. They imagine they are born and come into consciousness with body, and depart from consciousness with death. It is of the nature of a dream, blotting out of the mind and senses. But in the deepest sleep the awareness of the true Self persists, for we know that that "I" of pure awareness has been asleep. That awareness, emptied out of the fantasies of the waking and dreaming world, is the difference between the Real and the Unreal. For the unreal changes in waking and dream and vanishes entirely, the whole world rolls up and disappears, in deep sleep. The *knowing* core of pure Being, the impersonal "I" persists through all these states. It is there, easily discoverable when enquired into by the still attentive wisdom-reflecting and purified mind.

What is peace?

The truth is that by keeping still one may be doing more for freeing people from fear than by rushing about like a whirlwind. People say they want peace, and yet their energies and minds are restless and refuse to *BE* at peace. They therefore contradict themselves by their violent self-assertion.

Such an *assertive* peace and a talking about peace is no peace at all. Peace is not in things, but in the mind. The world of nature is neutral, reflecting the Source which is neutral peace. That Neutral Centre of bliss and abiding peace has no home, no place, and yet contains all. Hence when someone asks the Maharshi why he doesn't go here and there to meet people or address gatherings, he says "How do you know I am not doing it?"

Those in whom the Reality is covered up by action (by karma) believe that they act. But in this appearance world or maya, it is really only karma that produces karma. Everybody has experienced deep sleep in which there is no action, no karma, and this takes up at least a third of this phenomenal existence in time. Also a large part of the radio to annoy the ears outside and the newspapers to annoy the mind's ears inside. And it is true the process is likely to continue. Our age of outer enlightenment is an age also of inner spiritual darkness. Not only are human beings all over the world disturbed by this incessant rushing about at fantastic speeds, and by all the mental storms produced by sensationalism in news flashed breathlessly across the ether, penetrating even the remotest human habitation, but the world of nature, the non-human, is also disturbed by atomic forces which are poisoning the great oceans and the world's atmosphere.

People think they can find happiness and true lasting certainty beyond time and change *in a world of time and change*, in what is external and superficial, in what lies beyond their own heart's core. Hence they practise modern forms of hatha yoga such as beauty treatments, and resort to doctors as gurus to prolong their bodily existence, or go and build strongholds of luxury and thereby hope to escape time, change and decay. But they do not escape by this modern escapism. They do not escape by building dream-palaces and art-worlds and Shangri Las. Natural karma and their own desires overtake them. The body ages, the senses fall away, desires become bitter and boring, the earthly paradise fails to please and the restless ego struggles and strives to find new means of self-assertion—and nothing is so sad as to see the aged fools of the world still gripped by restless wilfulness pottering around, their minds swirling with new schemes and in a delirium of unquiet.

For all these slaves of the mind or ahamkara, outward-turned, the teaching of the Maharshi will be as poison to be dismissed as not worth a thought. His silent grandeur will be too much of a

therefore they are not different from the Self. Even the ignorant man when he sees the objects, sees only the Self."

To Sri Ramana, as to all the rishis, caste differences are delusions which he cannot accept. In one of his verses he has said that all, men, women, students householders, or anyone else who is fit for the teaching, may enquire into the Atman. And the *Gita* also (*Ch. IX. 32*) says the same thing:

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ye' pi syuh papayonayah
striyo vaishyas tatha shudras,
te' pi yanti param gatim.'

" For those who take refuge in Me, O Partha, though they are lowly born, women, Vaishyas, as well as Shudras, they also attain the highest goal."

The truth is that caste is made by thinking about it. *Refuse to think about caste.* Don't-think this is a Brahmin, this a non-Brahmin, and caste will vanish of itself. Or remember there is only *one* caste among men, only one species, one kind. But to think of differences is to create differences. You may think you are destroying caste by standing up for depressed or out-castes, but that will really only rear up a new superior caste. Caste is part of the world's delusion, and goes by many names. It is only dissolved by refusing to let it enter, even subtly, into your minds. In truth everyone who thinks in terms of I and You as separate persons, is thinking of caste, because caste is nothing but this assertion of individual separateness. There is only the one Supreme Reality, not that One *and* innumerable real parts. What changes and passes is unreal. This is the Truth of all the teachers. Caste is a madness unfit for wise men to hold in their minds.

A great deal of misconception had arisen in India about the face of Truth. Tapas, like sannyasa, is within. Real tapas is the constantly abiding in the Self, without effort, undistracted.

Is Sri Ramana lazy?

Many consider the Maharshi to be just a lazy sort of good-for-nothing, sitting at Tiruvannamallai in idleness. The truth is that doing produces one's undoing, that nobody really does anything. People think they do this and that. They imagine they grow as the body appears to grow. They imagine they are born and come into consciousness with body, and depart from consciousness with death. It is of the nature of a dream. When the dream state is seen through, as most people see through it, it is just as easy, by proper reflective self-enquiry, to see through the transiency and ultimate unreality of the waking state. In fact this constantly occurs in deep sleep. This is where the psychology of the Vedanta goes so far beyond what the learned psychologists of Europe know as psychology. As long as the dream-power remains, so will people be deluded by thinking all this to be important. It is a kind of waking madness. To the sage who knows the Reality which does not pass away as all this passes away, all this, and all dream, are the same, mere shadow-substance of the dividing mind.

All the things that most men think of as important, their lives, their wealth, their families, their possessions, their pleasures, and all that they fear, the destruction of their self-respect, the loss of fame and fortune, death and time (which are in Vedanta synonymous terms—kala and yama) are in truth not the abiding Reality, for they come and go, change and pass away, and disappear entirely in sound sleep or during accidental or anaesthetic

That Neutral Centre of bliss and abiding peace has no home, no place, and yet contains all. Hence when someone asks the Maharshi why he doesn't go here and there to meet people or address gatherings, he says "How do you know I am not doing it?"

Those in whom the Reality is covered up by action (by karma) believe that they act. But in this appearance world or maya, it is really only karma that produces karma. Everybody has experienced deep sleep in which there is no action, no karma, and this takes up at least a third of this phenomenal existence in time. Also a large part of the time of the unrealized person is taken up with either day-dreaming or night-dreaming, in which again there is no waking-karma, but only desire-karma.

So all this talk about doing something is largely erroneous. The fulfilling of the necessities of caring for the body and for those by nature dependent upon the individual are far more easily accomplished than most people think. Indeed, in the case of the great majority of civilized people, it is not the primary needs they bother about at all, but accessory, auxiliary needs, which are not really essential at all—luxuries and extras which fill the mind with increased desires, likings and dislikings, most of which, far from being in harmony with the body's own nature, are generally opposed to its own good health.

Slavery and freedom

In South India life has been fairly simple so far, but with more wealth, with the spread of education—that "learned ignorance"—and the spread of fashions for all the fancy foods, electrical devices, elaborate furniture, life is becoming more burdensome. It is also noisier, with the Shangri Las. Natural karma and their own desires overtake them. The body ages, the senses fall away, desires become bitter and boring, the earthly paradise fails to please and the restless ego struggles and strives to find new means of self-assertion—and nothing is so sad as to see the aged fools of the world still gripped by restless wilfulness pottering around, their minds swirling with new schemes and in a delirium of unquiet.

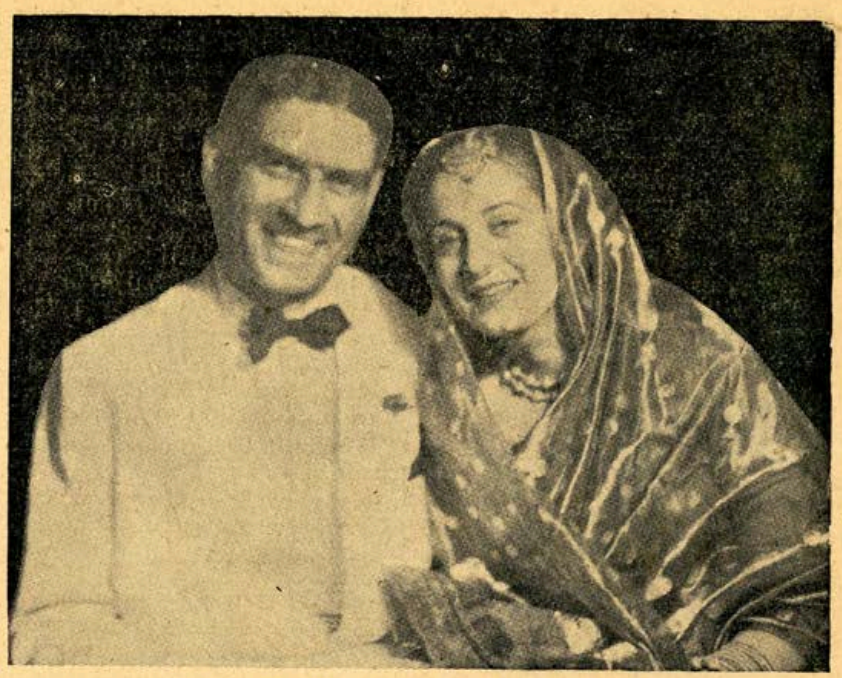
For all these slaves of the mind or ahamkara, outward-turned, the teaching of the Maharshi will be as poison to be dismissed as not worth a thought. His silent grandeur will be too much of a rebuke to their vanity of personalised mind.

But for the few simple bhaktas, people of humility and faith, the Maharshi as a person will have at least a refreshing virtue, and druglike though this may be to many of them, still it is better than the worse evil of faithlessness which abounds in the world of the clever.

And for the still rarer types, who turn to the teaching of the Maharshi, some will awaken to that investigation of Self-knowledge. They are the blessed among men, those who have been vouchsafed the grace of the Guru and whose faces thereafter will turn steadily away from the world of disgrace towards the shining Reality within themselves, and for them the Guru will be waiting—if not Sri Ramana Guru, then another—always present when the pupil is ready, to give that inspiration, that confidence and that jerk to the mind of the pupil. As Sri Ramana says: "He pulls the mind towards the Self and helps in the quieting of the mind. That is the Grace of the Guru (Guru-kripa). There is no difference between God, Guru and the Self."

★ JOHN SPIERS

Feminine Fancies



Brig. Kochhar and his beautiful bride

AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER

WE all like to hear the ringing of wedding bells, and when the bride happens to be extremely beautiful, and the bridegroom is himself "tall, dark and handsome," the peal of the bells is all the more attractive.

When Brigadier Kochhar of the Sappers and Miners was in Bangalore, he was exceedingly popular and well liked on account of his great personal charm, and he made a host of friends. Not so long ago he was posted to Poona as Commandant of the O.T.S., and his friends here were very interested to hear of his marriage last month to Col. and Mrs. Dhawan's daughter Pamela, the belle of Poona.

Kumar Kochhar has a soft spot in his heart for Bangalore, where he spent so many happy years, and which, he feels, he knows better than his own hometown, so it was not surprising that he brought his young bride down south for the honeymoon. Two weeks were spent in Ooty, and the last week in Bangalore, and the number of parties given for the young couple went to testify to Kumar's popularity when he was here as a bachelor.

Everybody was charmed by the bride; she is beautiful, with a rose petal skin, eyes like translucent aquamarines, golden brown hair, and a face like a finely chiselled cameo. Although she comes from the Punjab, Pamela does not really look like a Punrather more Grecian than Oriental about the cast of her delicate classical features.

On the first evening after their arrival, the young couple were the guests of honour at a dinner party given at the Bangalore Club by Brig. Hill, the veteran Sapper. Later in the evening, Pamela was seen dancing at the Club. She was wearing her wedding sari, a lovely thing of rose and gold tissue (the traditional marriage colours) with wide panel and palav of gossamer red gauze artistically woven with red and gold flowers.

Col. and Mrs. Loomba and the Officers of the Sappers and Miners had a big party at their Mess in honour of Brig. and Mrs. Kochhar. All the officers and their wives were eager to congratulate the bridegroom and meet the bride, so the host and hostess were kept busy with introductions.

This grand old Mess with its magnificent collection of silver and war trophies is without doubt one of the finest in India, and every loyal Sapper is justly proud of it, so it was natural that Brig. Kochhar should have been extremely anxious that his bride should see it. She was looking like a Grecian statue that evening. Her gracefully draped sari of pure white chiffon was flecked with silver, giving the effect of elusive dewdrops. Round her neck gleamed two rows of pearls (a wedding gift from her mother), on her ears were silver ear clasps, and a white rose nestled against

Eddie David, one of our best liked Sappers, was wearing a pleasing printed dress in red, black and white.

The dinner party given by the Guptas for the Kochhars was very good fun, The Guptas are a delightful trio; Dev, with his good looks and quiet sense of humour, is as well liked as his sweet and charming little wife Toshi, whose dainty and delicate prettiness always reminds me of a miniature painting. Dev's young sister Kanta is an exceedingly intelligent, refined and attractive girl, and fits perfectly into the family picture.

The Guptas' parties are most enjoyable, for each one of the guests receives very special attention, and is made to feel like the guest of honour! Toshi knows everything there is to know in the culinary world, and her guests are always treated to excellent Punjabi food.

There were a number of very pretty young women at the party, of the same colour, and ornaments were of carved gold.

Kumar Kochhar's stay in Bangalore seemed all too short to his many friends who were delighted to see him again and meet his bride.

A Distinguished Visitor

Being a great lover of Persian prose and poetry, having read and re-read translations of Firdausi's thrilling *Shah Nameh*, and learnt by heart the incomparable *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, I will always think of Persia as a far-off land of beauty and romance; a land of ancient culture, of enchanting queens and gallant kings, and of wondrous flowers and fruit.

The Persian Ambassador to India, H. E. Noury Effendi, visited Bangalore recently, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Hidayeth, an interesting Persian couple who are on a visit to India.

Sir Mirza and Lady Ismail gave a lovely party in honour of

where he spent so many happy years, and which, he feels, he knows better than his own home-town, so it was not surprising that he brought his young bride down south for the honeymoon. Two weeks were spent in Ooty, and the last week in Bangalore, and the number of parties given for the young couple went to testify to Kumar's popularity when he was here as a bachelor.

Everybody was charmed by the bride; she is beautiful, with a rose petal skin, eyes like translucent aquamarines, golden brown hair, and a face like a finely chiselled cameo. Although she comes from the Punjab, Pamela does not really look like a Punjabi girl; there is something

hostess were kept busy with introductions.

This grand old Mess with its magnificent collection of silver and war trophies is without doubt one of the finest in India, and every loyal Sapper is justly proud of it, so it was natural that Brig. Kochhar should have been extremely anxious that his bride should see it. She was looking like a Grecian statue that evening. Her gracefully draped sari of pure white chiffon was flecked with silver, giving the effect of elusive dewdrops. Round her neck gleamed two rows of pearls (a wedding gift from her mother), on her ears were silver ear clasps, and a white rose nestled against her hair.

Contrasting delightfully with the bride's white sari was Sheila Loomba's black one. It was of georgette adorned with great sprays of glittering red sequins, and was allied to a choli of red brocade. This combination of black and red was most becoming to the fair skin and dark hair and eyes of the charming wearer.

Mrs. Pinto, wife of Col. Pinto, also wore a very attractive sari. Of Benarese gauze in a deep shade of beige, it was scattered with tiny posies of multi-coloured flowers.

Eve, the sweet young wife of sweet and charming little wife Toshi, whose dainty and delicate prettiness always reminds me of a miniature painting. Dev's young sister Kanta is an exceedingly intelligent, refined and attractive girl, and fits perfectly into the family picture.

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There were a number of very pretty young women at the party, one of the prettiest being the hostess herself. Her simple borderless sari of rust-coloured chiffon had a contrasting choli of dark blue and gold, and she wore a necklet of fine filigree work. Kanta had swathed her sylph-like form in folds of emerald green silk. Her green choli was woven with tiny gold flowers, and set off by a throat-high necklace composed of three rows of gold beads.

Pamela Kochhar was in pink that evening, looking just like a rose. The panel and palav of her chiffon sari were worked in silver in a delicate design of circlets, and she wore pearls and garnets round her neck.

Brig. and Mrs. Kochhar were entertained to lunch parties, cocktail parties and dinner parties, every day of their stay here. On their last evening I saw Pamela at a cocktail party. She was looking lovely, her eyes very blue beneath their dark lashes, her delicate brows sweeping downwards gracefully. She was wearing a striking sari of flame coloured chiffon with panel and palav embroidered in gold and silver in an unusual design of tiny leaves forming graceful vertical stripes. The choli was

prose and poetry, having read and re-read translations of Firdausi's thrilling *Shah Nameh*, and learnt by heart the incomparable *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, I will always think of Persia as a far-off land of beauty and romance; a land of ancient culture, of enchanting queens and gallant kings, and of wondrous flowers and fruit.

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Sir Mirza and Lady Ismail gave a lovely party in honour of these distinguished visitors, and it was a pleasure meeting them and hearing them talk the lovely and musical language of their country. They also conversed in fluent French with several of the guests.

Mrs. Hidayeth, like all the ladies of modern Persia, wears European dress. Although Persia has become westernized in recent years only, Persian women have developed a real flair for clothes, and dress with all the chic of the Parisienne. There are many Frenchwomen in Persia, and a number of Indians who have visited the country recently say that it is difficult to tell a Persian lady from a Parisienne. Mrs. Hidayeth was very smartly attired at the party; her dress of wine coloured taffeta finely striped with gold had a long, decorative diamond spray linking the deep V of the decolletage to the centre of the waistline—a very new fashion feature.

Lady Mirza, the gracious hostess of the evening, was an elegant and dignified figure in white, and her sister Mrs. Cassim looked charming in a chiffon sari in a delectable shade of soft bluey green with a dainty lace blouse to match.

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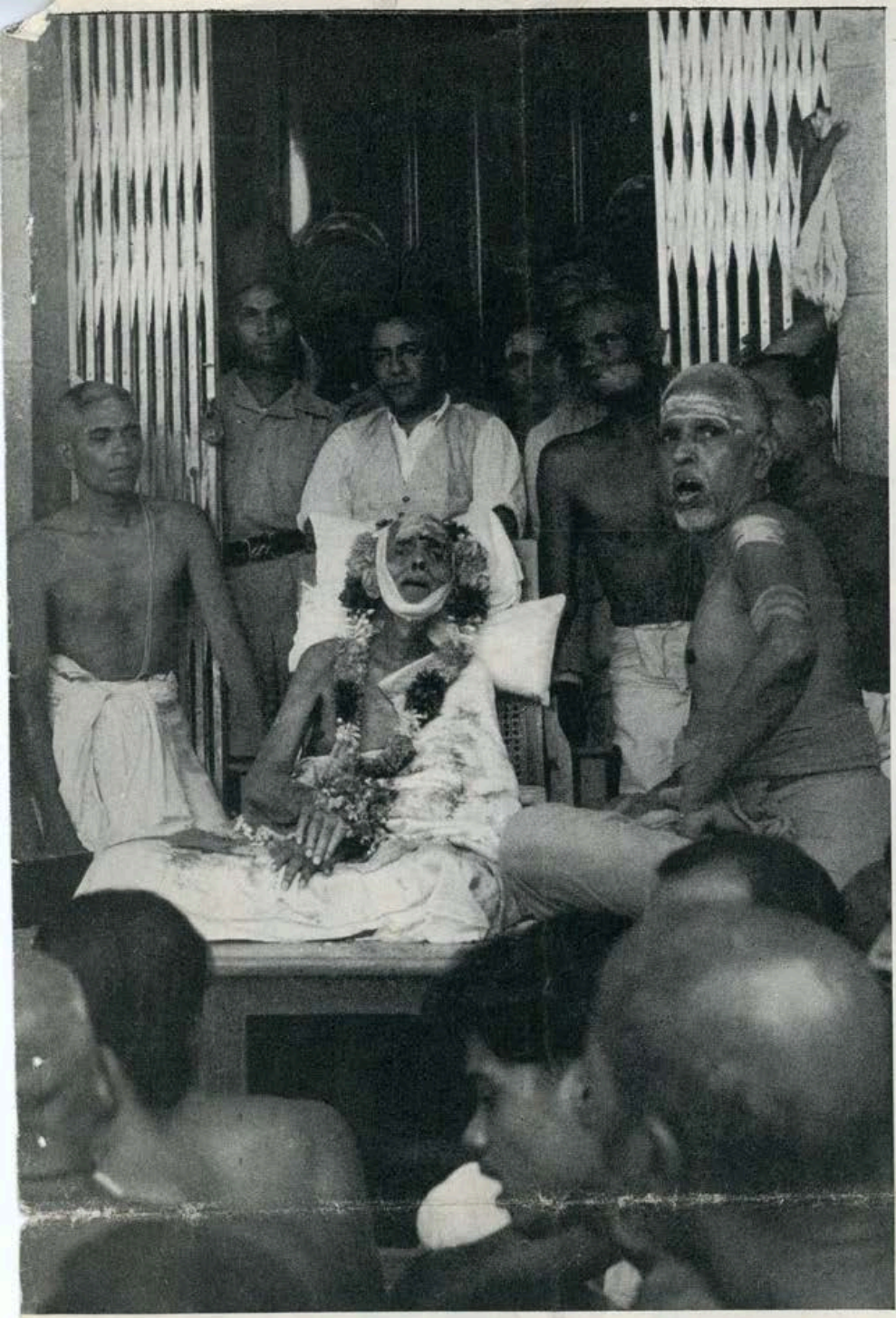

Attendants carry out the body of Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi into the midst of the jostling mourners, who are screaming hysterically.

The living god's shrewd brother ran the community's material affairs—at a handsome profit. He permitted about twenty suitable beggars to be fed daily.

Dear Ma
Perhaps

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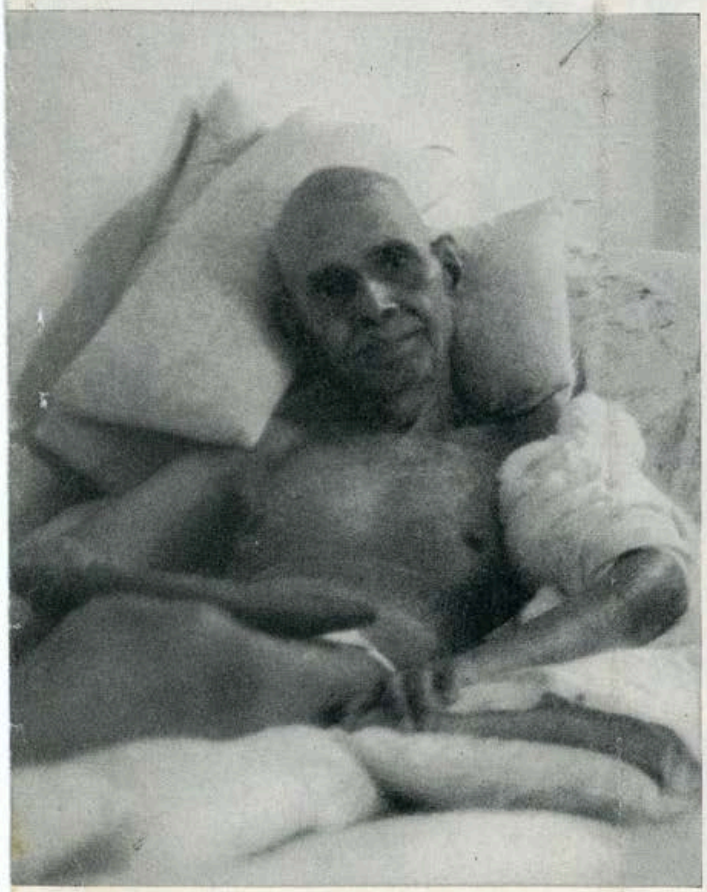

The holy man shortly before death, when he was staying alive by pure stubbornness and will power.

I Saw a God Die

By DARRELL BERRIGAN

The holiest man in India, a living god, lay dying. A Post correspondent stood by and watched him leave the mortal world. Here is his eyewitness account of a supreme moment for millions of devout believers.

TIRUVANNAMALAI, MADRAS, SOUTH INDIA

THE South Indian sun lay like a branding iron on the dusty yellow land. Ancient stone reservoirs opened parched mouths to a faded blue sky. The fields lay under siege to drought. Listless peasants dozed out the burning noon in the thin shadow of great tamarind trees. Little conical currents of wind writhed across dry grain fields, kicking up dust like aimless schoolboys on a dull summer day.

We passed an occasional oxcart hogging the road, the driver asleep under his thin shoulder cloth. The way led through the town of Tiruvannamalai, past its thousand-year-old temple, to the base of Sri Arunachala, the sacred mountain whose gaunt, rocky sides caught the sun's rays and hurled them back on the dry fields, the crumbling mud huts, the colorless tile roofs of the town. We swung around the mountain and into a scattered community of simple but comparatively rich houses set under tamarind and mango trees. Half-naked laborers squatted, smoking, in a roadside shrine on whose wall some village revolutionary had scrawled a big red hammer and sickle and a motto attacking the "Anglo-American Imperialists."

Then we left the road, guided by a crowd of dirty beggars, and passed under an arch on which was written, "Ramanashramam." Except for a few persistent beggars who followed us hopefully into the retreat, we had left the sad, desiccated, bitter world of India behind us.

Here was cool shade under the banyans and tamarinds. Mango trees crowded rows of plantains, their heavy green leaves contrasting with the bright green

We're Learning How to Lick Rheumatic Fever

By STEVEN M. SPENCER

The grim crippler of young hearts is still a leading child killer, but daring surgery and new drugs now give your baby a far better chance to escape it than you ever had.

MOST seven-year-olds have no trouble getting up in the morning. They greet each new day with a display of energy and eagerness which is the envy—or the despair—of their sleepy-eyed elders. Sally, a curly-haired little Bostonian, was no exception. But on a May morning in 1949, as she started to kick off the covers, she cried out in pain. "Mom-me-e-e," she wailed, "my legs hurt. Both legs."

Her mother, puzzled and worried, kept her in bed, hoping it was only a temporary effect of too much rope skipping the evening before. Two days later,

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By this time the youngster also had a temperature of 103.5 and the doctor was called in. He found her ankles still tender, hot and swollen, and when he listened to her chest with his stethoscope, he could detect a swishing sound over the heart—a slight murmur.

"I think," he said to the mother, "we'd better see if we can't get this little girl into the hospital. You may have to let her stay for several months. I can't be sure yet, but it's my guess that Sally has rheumatic fever."

Now many grim words, some of them unnecessarily grim, have been written about the thousands of Sallys and Jimmys hit each year by rheumatic fever. It is, to be sure, a serious illness, attacking about 20,000 new victims in this country each year. It lasts a long time and has a habit of flaring up again a few months or years after the first attack. About half of those who get rheumatic fever suffer some degree of heart damage, immediately or later. The disease underlies 90 per cent of the heart trouble in children and much of that in older people. Rheumatic fever and rheumatic heart disease top all other ailments as a cause of death among persons ten to nineteen years of age. In some areas of the country—New York City, for example—they kill five times as many children as do six of the other common causes put together—whooping cough, meningitis, measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever and infantile paralysis.

(Continued on Page 129)

JACK MANNING

Little Linda Jean Keenan, a rheumatic-fever patient at the Boston hospital called the House of the Good Samaritan, is visited by her parents. Recent medical advances may give her a complete recovery.

of rice and vegetables growing against a high mud wall. Flowering bushes sparked cool fire beside neat whitewashed adobe buildings. Deep pools of emerald water softened in reflecting the prison-gray stones of a Hindu temple and its superstructure of god-crowned domes painted in circus colors. Under an awning of plantain leaves, on the cool stones of a wide porch in front of the temple, a crowd of well-dressed Indians and a few foreigners in Indian dress sat cross-legged, facing a couch set on a little causeway leading to a small room built out from the porch.

We left our shoes with the hundreds scattered at the steps of the temple and, guided by a smiling man with a fat brown belly adorned only with the holy thread of the Brahman, found a place among the squatting people. A thin-faced gentleman next to me leaned over in a neighborly fashion to ask where I was from. I told him that I was an American and that I had come several thousand miles to see the living god, Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi, because I had been told he was the greatest of India's holy men.

"You will see." He smiled with the air of one who knows. "He is a rishi of rishis, a holy man among holy men. He will come in a few minutes." He lowered his voice, "How long are you going to stay?"

"Here? Oh, a couple of days."

"No," he whispered mysteriously. "You must not leave until I tell you."

"But ——" I protested.

"Sh!" he hissed. "Bhagavan!"

A young man with the bored face of a stagehand came out of the little room in front of us and placed an alarm clock at the foot of the couch. The crowd seemed almost to suck in its breath, waiting. Then an old man appeared in the doorway. He was naked except for a loincloth and a cotton cloth thrown over a bulging growth on his left arm. His body was the color of faded leather. His cheeks were sunken and his lower lip was thrust out in a pout. His eyes were bright with a strange light as he stood there looking at us. Then, with his head falling slightly to the side, he tottered unsteadily to the couch, eased himself aboard and settled back among the pillows. One by one, the men and women rose and walked to the little gateway in front of the couch and prostrated themselves before the living god. The man beside me relaxed.

"See his arm?" he whispered. "Cancer."

"Very bad?" I whispered back.

He gave me a long, knowing look. "He will leave his body soon."

"But he is a god," I protested.

"He is," the man said, "but he has to fulfill his karma like the rest of us."

"Karma?"

"A man has to answer for all the actions of his past incarnations," the thin-faced man explained. "Of course, Bhagavan didn't have to be born this time. He came back only to help the rest of us free ourselves of attachment to the body. He is going through this assault on the body only to teach us that the body is nothing."

"He seems to feel no pain," I said.

"There is no pain for him," my instructor smiled. "He lives on another plane. He is really not here at all. He is one with God."

"M'm'm'm," I whispered, turning back to the old man. Having no real conception of what a god was supposed to look like or how he was supposed to act, I didn't know what to look for in the Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi which would indicate his divinity. Except for the fact that he seemed to ignore the fact that he was far gone with cancer, he looked like any other kindly old man not particularly interested in the antics of the younger generation. He reclined on his couch with his strange eyes on us, but apparently not seeing us, his head wagging slightly from palsy. He paid no attention to those who prostrated themselves before him, only occasionally smiling when a mother raised her child for him to bless. At times he would doze off with his head to one side, then he would come awake without any transition, pluck at an ear, rub his hand over the stubble that frosted his chin and head or pick absently at the cloth that covered the bloodstained bandage on his left arm.

I could not see what it was that had drawn thousands upon thousands of men and women from all over India to prostrate themselves at his feet. I had come myself because a great Indian politician, a great scholar and an exceedingly wealthy industrialist had each told me *(Continued on Page 108)*

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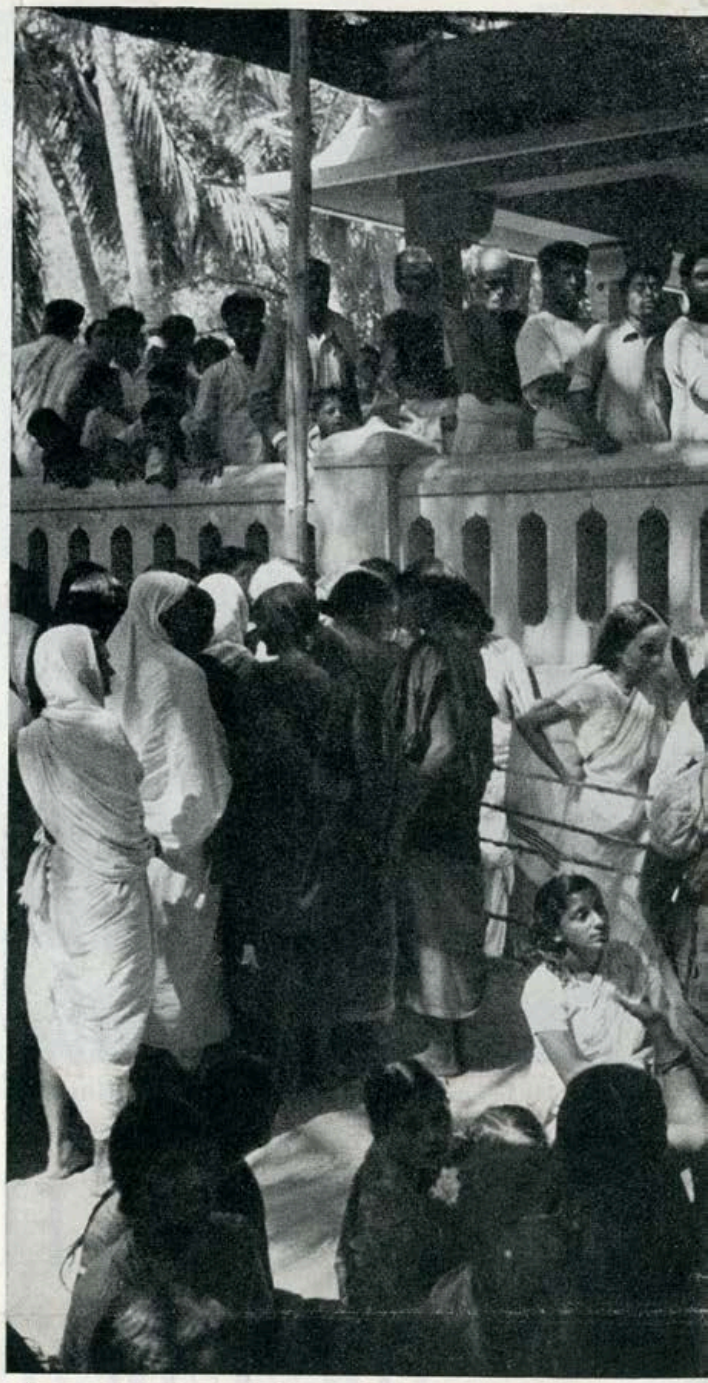

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(Continued on Page 108)

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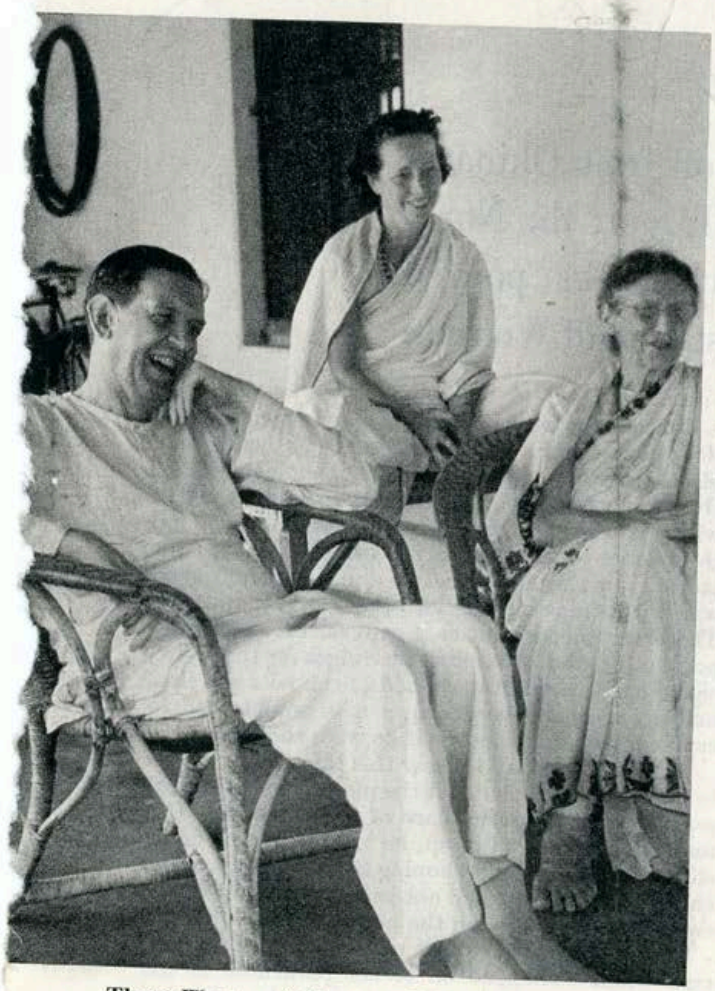

Three Western followers of the Bhagavan: Major Chadwick, Miss Thelma Bean and Miss Murston.

The grief-stricken disciples threw coins, drums of cow-dung ash, camphor and other offerings into the enormous gaping pit beside the temple, which held the Bhagavan's body, until the grave was filled.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE

All day before the raid and through the night to predawn take-off the ground crew works—arming 500-pound bombs, loading them in the belly of the B-29.

How We Blasted the Enemy's Life Line to Russia

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Before dawn the silver B-29's took off from Okinawa

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How We Blasted the Enemy's Life Line to Russia

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Before dawn the silver B-29's took off from Okinawa with a Post correspondent aboard. Target: the North Korean bottleneck through which tanks poured against our troops. Result: the devastation of Wonsan.

KADENA AIRFIELD, OKINAWA.

WE went down to the plane in the dark and the rain, stumbling on the rough coral path that led from the tent camp to the hardstand. It was three o'clock in the morning, when the tides of the spirit ebb, and there is little heart in a man for hard and dangerous work.

"It's afternoon back home," the aircraft commander said. "He's playing in his sand pile now."

"Who?" I said, though I thought I knew.

"Stanley Junior Tucker," he said. "My son. Six years old and a helluva little guy, and it tore my heart out to leave him."

Under the wings of the silver bomber, as we walked out of the drizzling dark, the crew stood in the light of a stand of work lamps they called a Christmas tree. Beneath grimy baseball caps, they looked tired and haggard. In the eight days past, they had flown some 8000 miles from Riverside, California, to set up a full-blown war operation beside this airstrip on Okinawa. All day the day before, and until the midnight that was only three hours past, they had worked to load the bombs, inserting the nose and tail fuses, threading in the safety wires, and then slowly cranking each 500-pounder up to its rack in the bomb bay with a hand-turned windlass. There had been no rest for the combat crews that week, and little sleep, and it showed in the slump of their shoulders, and in the blue shadows under their eyes.

In the dark cavern of the bomb bay, the bombardier, a lieutenant named Bates, was checking the bomb load, playing his flashlight upon the shiny fuses that poked from nose and tail. The plane commander ducked beneath the open bomb-bay doors and stood up inside. Above him in their racks hung the rows of rusty, mud-stained bombs.

"Trouble?" he said.

The bombardier shook his head. "I guess they are all right," he said. "They are World War II stuff, though, and they've been lying out in the weather since 1945. Some will blow, and some probably won't. But, out of 16,000 pounds of 'em, we ought to get a pretty good blast. We'll drop 'em and hope."

Far up the flight line, an engine coughed and began to roar. The aircraft commander looked at his watch. "The Old Man's warming up," he said. "Let's go."

Beneath the wing, the crew began to struggle into their gear. First a pistol, wrapped in a waterproof plastic covering and stuffed into a shoulder holster. Over the holster went the rubbery yellow life jacket with the packet of shark repellent on one side, and the packet of sea dye on the other; and over the jacket, the parachute, heavy and bulky and awkward, its straps cutting into the shoulder muscles. There was another jacket, a canvas vest with many pockets, stuffed with extra cartridges for the pistol, signal flares, concentrated foods, fishhooks and line, and a compass—everything a man would need to survive in enemy country if he were shot down.

There was no way to wear this thing while rigged in flight harness, though if the plane should ditch at sea, it would take the place of the parachute. If a man should have to jump, he would carry it down slung over his shoulder, hoping that in the jolt of the chute's opening it would not jerk from his grasp, nor swing and bang him on the head.

There was a heavy flat pack the size of a sofa cushion that snapped on to the parachute in the back and swung bumping against the legs. It contained a one-man rubber

(Continued on Page 105)

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GLO POINT *

I SAW A GOD DIE

(Continued from Page 29)

that the Bhagavan was probably the last of an ancient line of *maha rishis*, or "great realized souls," who were living gods. Maharajas, politicians, scholars, businessmen, high government officials and many others had come from all over India to absorb the "grace" this man was supposed to pour out at all times. Today there was a provincial minister of finance squatting, as he had squatted for a week, under a palm away from the crowd, and around me were many rich businessmen, a famous poet, a famous author, a rich movie producer, and a provincial commissioner of police, all looking for some answer to the riddle of life and death.

It was not the Bhagavan's teachings that drew men, certainly, for few followed his way. He taught the simple lesson that man reached an understanding of the universe through studying himself. To reach "oneness with God" one had simply to "be still and seek the inner self." The "inner, or true, self" was God and was inside every man. Once a man realized that the I which we call our personality was nothing, that the world around him had no substance, he would merge with God and slough off his body to live forever free from the endless chain of births. In a sense, the Bhagavan had gone back to the essence of Hindu philosophy, had reworded it and shorn it of the adornments of ceremony and social custom. Man found his own salvation and was not helped by even an army of priests or an unending series of rituals. Like many human gods before him, the Bhagavan was a rebel against the priesthood and an oppressive set of customs supporting them. But his attack was negative. He taught that you didn't try to change things, you merely retired from them. Thus he became a rebel against life itself.

It was probably this negative rebellion which brought so many followers to the Bhagavan. In a country where the institutions and beliefs have long outlived their usefulness and where new ideas are threatening them with imminent collapse, the Bhagavan's assurance that the whole structure was illusion was a welcome relief. Why bother to change anything? Why bother to do anything? Why bother to be anything? Why bother to live?

Ganesa, the God of Wisdom. But only the laziness was evident to his fellow citizens in the village of Tiruchuzhi, in South India, and even before his parents had had the benefit of recognizing this godly quality they had given him the unspectacular name of Venkatraman.

Venkatraman was strong and energetic on the playing field, but not the least interested in school or temple. In fact, he showed no signs of divinity until his seventeenth year, when, one day, he felt an overwhelming fear of dying. He lay on his bed forthwith and simulated death, taking himself, in his imagination, through rigor mortis to the burning ghat. He found that even after the imagined burning he was still conscious of an I, or soul, which refused to die. He checked off all the parts of the body and mind which this soul was not, and concluded that the indestructible I was the "inner reality," that essence of life which merges with God—which, in fact, is God, but which can be "realized" only when the mind is cast aside and the senses destroyed.

The young man lost his head completely over his discovery. He continued to go through the motions of attending school, eating and drinking, but he spent all his free time squatting on his bed, his books tossed aside, contemplating with closed eyes the newly discovered "self"—which supramental attitude is described as "blissful," but indescribable. The young man's parents, teachers and friends didn't think much of his discovery at the time. In fact, they tried to shake him out of the trance he chose in preference to his studies. His older brother, who emerges from the family history as a practical bread-winning type, even went so far as to gibe the budding god and ask him why he didn't renounce the world and become a sadhu, or mendicant holy man. This suggestion the brother probably regretted the rest of his short life, for Venkatraman promptly took his advice. He swiped three rupees from the elder brother and caught a train for Sri Arunachala, the holy mountain whose name had mysteriously drawn him for years.

According to a rather silly and unimaginative legend still repeated here in

seem more a manifestation of the impersonal cruelty of God than any expression of the God of love and compassion sung of so often by the Bhagavan. History, however, records that many men have reached oneness with God in the caves that dot its face. Even today it carries a heavy burden of sadhus practicing austerities among the hungry cheetahs, monkeys, cobras and rabbits which are the mountain's only other inhabitants.

At the foot of this venerable elevation, in the courtyard of the ancient temple, young Venkatraman cast off his clothing, his name and the world, and sat cross-legged for eighteen months, lost in that blissful state called samadhi, in which men say the self is absorbed in the "pure consciousness underlying the reality of everything." Venkatraman was so lost in his trance that for years he had to be spoon-fed. He didn't notice the bugs that ate great sores in his buttocks and scarred him for life, or the appearance of his brothers who came to take him home. When his weeping mother appeared before him, he revived just long enough to scribble a cutting note telling her to go home and stop trying to change the unchangeable, and promptly withdrew again.

For years, first in the temple and then in the caves on the sides of Arunachala, he did not speak. His hair grew long and matted, his fingernails curved out, black and useless, and his unwashed body accumulated a coat of filth. Lesser sadhus who, after years of austerities, were unable to reach such heights of holiness, recognized the greatness in the young man and cared for him. It was about this time that a famous Sanskrit scholar discovered him and proclaimed him in verse "Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi," which, as nearly as I can understand it, implies, "God, Lord Ramana, Great Realized Soul." That ended the seclusion of the young saint. He had attained nationwide renown.

It is said that there are "realized souls" in America, but we don't recognize them. Not so in India. The "realized soul" pours out a force that is extremely helpful to those who wish to attain that state of spiritual perfection themselves, but haven't the time to ac-

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we call our personality was nothing, that the world around him had no substance, he would merge with God and slough off his body to live forever free from the endless chain of births. In a sense, the Bhagavan had gone back to the essence of Hindu philosophy, had reworded it and shorn it of the adornments of ceremony and social custom. Man found his own salvation and was not helped by even an army of priests or an unending series of rituals. Like many human gods before him, the Bhagavan was a rebel against the priesthood and an oppressive set of customs supporting them. But his attack was negative. He taught that you didn't try to change things, you merely retired from them. Thus he became a rebel against life itself.

It was probably this negative rebellion which brought so many followers to the Bhagavan. In a country where the institutions and beliefs have long outlived their usefulness and where new ideas are threatening them with imminent collapse, the Bhagavan's assurance that the whole tottering structure and the people about to be crushed under it were mere shadows was readily accepted by those too old to change and those among the young too weak to face an uncertain future or to help build it. The same might be said to a lesser extent of the West, where escapism is bound to develop during this period of change, instability and fear. Proof of this may be found in the popularity of Somerset Maugham's Razor's Edge, which the Bhagavan is said to have inspired, and the success of the various groups in America and England and France dedicated to the practice of the teachings of the Bhagavan and other Hindu holy men.

The Bhagavan himself, if my reading is correct, was afraid of life in his youth. The morbid preoccupation with death and the meaning of life itself that comes to most sensitive young people in their teens seems to have been intensified in him. Certainly until he reached his teens there was nothing that set him off from his contemporaries. He was born in a perfectly normal way and without any heavenly fanfare, on the morning of December 30, 1879, to a family headed by a village pleader, or lawyer. It is said now that he was a manifestation of one of the God Siva's sons, a particularly fat and lazy one depicted with the head of an elephant and called

tending school, eating and drinking, but he spent all his free time squatting on his bed, his books tossed aside, contemplating with closed eyes the newly discovered "self"—which supramental attitude is described as "blissful," but indescribable. The young man's parents, teachers and friends didn't think much of his discovery at the time. In fact, they tried to shake him out of the trance he chose in preference to his studies. His older brother, who emerges from the family history as a practical bread-winning type, even went so far as to gibe the budding god and ask him why he didn't renounce the world and become a sadhu, or mendicant holy man. This suggestion the brother probably regretted the rest of his short life, for Venkatraman promptly took his advice. He swiped three rupees from the elder brother and caught a train for Sri Arunachala, the holy mountain whose name had mysteriously drawn him for years.

According to a rather silly and unimaginative legend still repeated here in Tiruvannamalai, Sri Arunachala is itself a manifestation of the greatest Hindu god, Siva, who appears in this rugged form as the Supreme Consciousness. To the unbelieving eye, its harsh stone cliffs reflecting the brazen sun

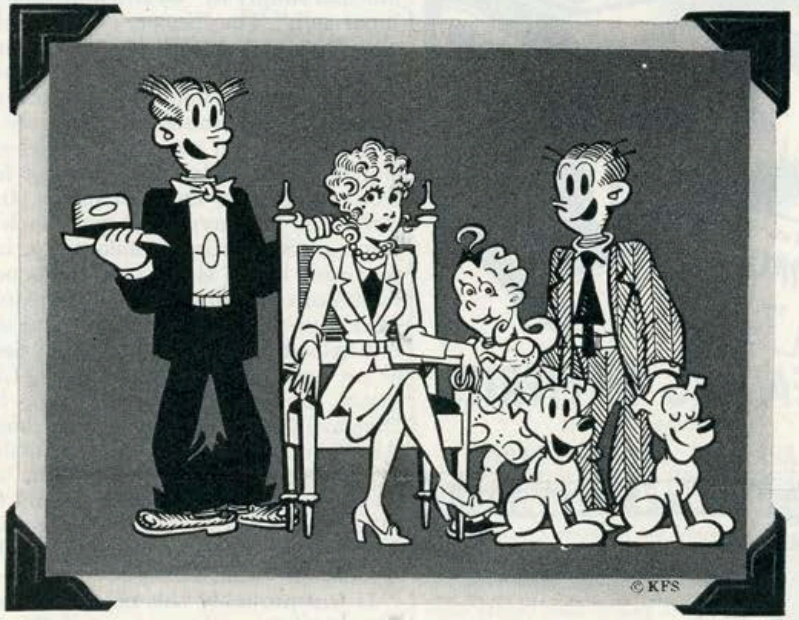
promptly withdrew again.

For years, first in the temple and then in the caves on the sides of Arunachala, he did not speak. His hair grew long and matted, his fingernails curved out, black and useless, and his unwashed body accumulated a coat of filth. Lesser sadhus who, after years of austerities, were unable to reach such heights of holiness, recognized the greatness in the young man and cared for him. It was about this time that a famous Sanskrit scholar discovered him and proclaimed him in verse "Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi," which, as nearly as I can understand it, implies, "God, Lord Ramana, Great Realized Soul." That ended the seclusion of the young saint. He had attained nationwide renown.

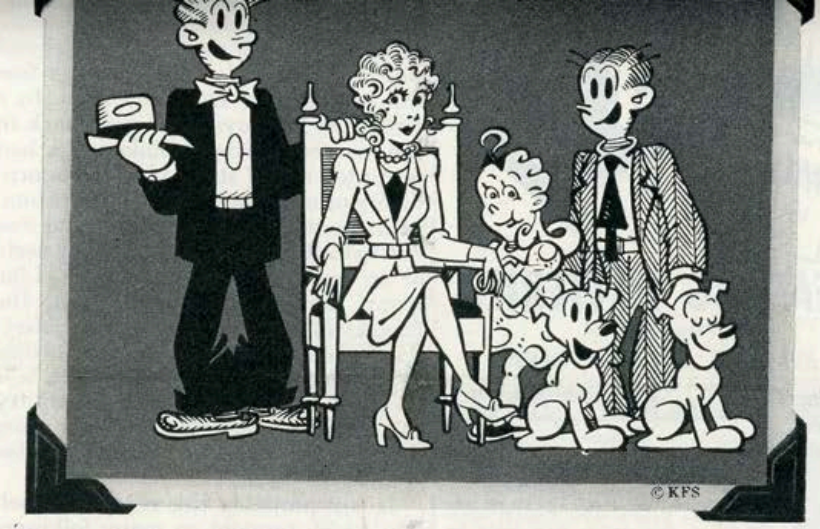
It is said that there are "realized souls" in America, but we don't recognize them. Not so in India. The "realized soul" pours out a force that is extremely helpful to those who wish to attain that state of spiritual perfection themselves, but haven't the time to accumulate the necessary grace. Therefore, as soon as it was thought that the young sadhu had reached a divine state, crowds flocked to partake of his grace. To escape them, he moved up the side of Sri Arunachala, moving from cave to

"I've noticed one thing. Each time we've had a whack on the head it's been just after someone shouted 'fore.'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



Can you name any of these Famous Families?



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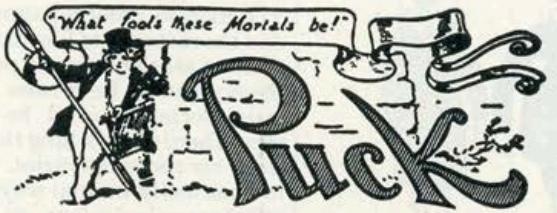

THE COMIC WEEKLY

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cave as the crowds followed him. Each time he sat down to his silent contemplation of the self the salvation-hungry thousands swarmed around him, some even building permanent huts and imprisoning him in the religious community known as an ashram. At last two spiritually inclined Englishmen found him and, in books and articles, spread the word of his greatness around the world. The young sadhu gave up and began to talk.

The Bhagavan's family also gave up. His mother came to live in the ashram that had grown around him, and his younger brother followed her. According to his biographers, the Bhagavan was cruel to his mother, baiting her for her orthodoxy and humiliating her in front of his devotees. He did this, of course, to strengthen her in her determination to follow the true path, and when she lay down to die, he placed one hand on her hand and another on her heart and, holding her thus for several hours, "poured out a tremendous force" which permitted her to live through all her remaining reincarnations in rapid dreams. Thus, she died a "realized soul," a god like her son. To celebrate this feat, the Bhagavan and his brother sat up all night singing gaily of the glories of God.

Despite his belated interest in the old lady's soul, the Bhagavan showed no interest at all in the disposition of her body. The brother, who was devoted to her, carried her body down the mountain and buried it in a clump of tamarinds at its foot. And later he talked his brother into establishing himself beside the mother's grave. Naturally, the devotees abandoned the community they had built on the side of the hill around the Bhagavan's last cave residence and flocked down to the wasteland to be with their master. Within a few months the desert wilderness was littered with adobe houses and huts of plantain leaves, and a new ashram was formed.

For thousands of years religious communities have grown up around holy men in India. These ashrams, as they are called, were run on monastic lines, the women living outside the walls of the encampment, for sex is perhaps the greatest snare on earth. Theoretically the ashram is supposed to possess no

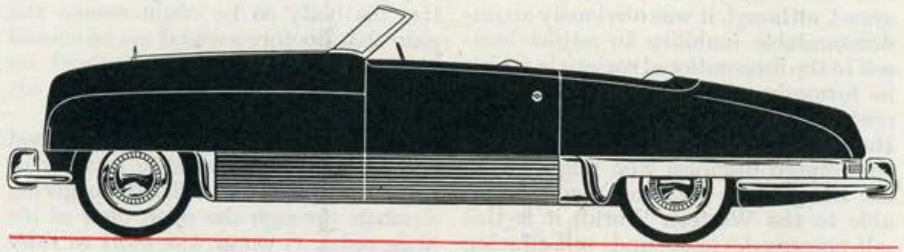
these activities, although considerable, probably did not compare with the free-handed donations of wealthy devotees.

The Bhagavan himself became a puppet, a prisoner of his brother, exploited for the benefit of the ashram organization. He was free to run away whenever he wished, of course, but he had already found out that that course was hopeless.

"If I move from here," he told one of his disciples, "someone will find me and build a hut south of me. Another will come and build a hut east of me and another will build one to the west. At last one will come and build a hut north of me and I will be a prisoner again."

And as the Bhagavan did not run away, the devotees and disciples continued to sit at his feet, trying to learn the secret of his detachment while grumbling about the rules laid down by the Savardhikari. They were still grumbling when I decided to take the advice of the gentleman and spend a few weeks at the ashram. There is a neighborly atmosphere there, and I had hardly finished spreading my blankets on a section of the bare floor of the long dormitory before I was acquainted with most of the devotees in the room. I spent two weeks talking with them, wandering up the rocky hill at sunset, sitting in the shade of the tamarinds in the heat of the day or walking out among the crumbling temples beyond the settlement at night. I soon found that this world revolved around the Bhagavan, and that his power spread out over the outside world and moved men as he willed. A Swedish sadhu dressed only in ocher dhoti and a beautifully wavy beard of silky brown, for instance, had come from his retreat in the Himalayas because the Bhagavan had appeared to him in a dream and called him to Tiruvannamalai. A similar message had been received by another sadhu, an Indian from Malabar, in the south. Even I, they said, had been impelled to visit the ashram by some unknown power of the Bhagavan.

I wandered out of this atmosphere to the little hutments scattered among the trees outside the whitewashed walls of the ashram and visited the foreigners who had spent years trying to realize themselves. There was a young



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sat up all night singing gaily of the glories of God.

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For thousands of years religious communities have grown up around holy men in India. These ashrams, as they are called, were run on monastic lines, the women living outside the walls of the encampment, for sex is perhaps the greatest snare on earth. Theoretically the ashram is supposed to possess no wealth, existing only on the alms of the people. But under the tightfisted management of the Bhagavan's younger brother, who became the "Savardhikari," or "Lord of All," the material side of the ashram prospered right along with the spiritual. The donations of maharajas and maharanis, businessmen and industrialists, doctors and lawyers, Indians and foreigners, poured into the ashram office. Following the ancient rules of ashram life, the Savardhikari fed and housed all comers whose clothing indicated they were not just looking for free board, but he promptly ousted them if their alms fell short of expectations. He did permit a few sadhus to stay for short periods, but only if they were of the cleaner sort. He even fed about twenty beggars with congee once a day, and permitted a few of them, once they were fed, to prostrate themselves briefly before the Bhagavan by way of thanks.

But the ashram budget could well afford this extravagance. Visitors were expected to buy cheap editions of the Bhagavan's writings and commentaries on them by his devotees from the ashram bookstall. Pictures of the Bhagavan were also sold, no one being permitted to photograph the holy man without first promising the negatives to the Savardhikari. But the income from of the devotees in the room. I spent two weeks talking with them, wandering up the rocky hill at sunset, sitting in the shade of the tamarinds in the heat of the day or walking out among the crumbling temples beyond the settlement at night. I soon found that this world revolved around the Bhagavan, and that his power spread out over the outside world and moved men as he willed. A Swedish sadhu dressed only in ocher dhoti and a beautifully wavy beard of silky brown, for instance, had come from his retreat in the Himalayas because the Bhagavan had appeared to him in a dream and called him to Tiruvannamalai. A similar message had been received by another sadhu, an Indian from Malabar, in the south. Even I, they said, had been impelled to visit the ashram by some unknown power of the Bhagavan.

I wandered out of this atmosphere to the little hutments scattered among the trees outside the whitewashed walls of the ashram and visited the foreigners who had spent years trying to realize themselves. There was a young American lady who was looking for a way to adjust herself "to the things that shock us so at home"; a young American boy who didn't know exactly what he wanted, but had lived for two years in a bare undecorated room, doing his own cooking and washing and seeking the inner self, diverted only by his contempt for India and the Indians; and there was a timid American lady who was there because the Bhagavan reminded her so much of what she had read of Christ. Two gentle little English ladies in pale saris were there for a while, gathering inspiration for a script they were writing for a cartoon feature with "spiritual implications" which they were certain Walt Disney would be delighted to produce if they only knew his Hollywood address. And there was a tall self-possessed English lady who looked like a busy Ladies' Aid executive and who had been following holy men from Paris to Benares for years.

All these lived in desolate little huts reminiscent of laborers' shacks in New Mexico or Arizona, practicing austerities to discipline themselves for the search for the inner self. None seemed to have gone as far along the road, however, as Maj. Allan Chadwick, a former gentleman of fortune from England, who, for the past fourteen years, had lived in a one-room shack at the back

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of the ashram, studying mysticism, practicing austerities and trying to follow the path pointed out by the Bhagavan.

Of all the holy man's foreign disciples, this tall homely man is the most balanced, although it was obviously an understandable inability to adjust himself to the international society in which he formerly moved that drove him to renounce the world and retreat to Ramanashramam. If there is any one of the foreign disciples who might make the Bhagavan's teachings understandable to the Western World, it is this self-possessed, mild and self-effacing sadhu from England. He has already translated the Bhagavan's mystic poems into English, but he has always told himself that he would do no original writing on the subject of self-realization until he himself is a "realized soul." But Major Chadwick believes too strongly in karma and the inexorability of star-born destiny to rely too much on even his own promises to himself. I expect that one day this gentle humorous Englishman will raise his voice in the crowded cacophonous market places of the world, crying, "Be still!"

Time passed quickly at the ashram. There were no ceremonies, unless that period when the Bhagavan showed himself to his devotees, the "darshan," could be called a ceremony, although the Brahmans and other orthodox Hindus carried on their ritualistic bathing, bell ringing, prayer chanting and incense burning. The rest of us put away mountains of rice splashed with curry, served on plantain leaves on the floor of the dining hall and eaten with the hands, slept it off in the desiccating heat of the afternoon and gossiped or read the rest of the time.

We had little time for contemplating the inner realities, there being too many things to argue about. For instance, there was a strong difference of opinion over whether the Bhagavan was going to die. The Savardhikari led a group who believed the predictions of the astrologers, who said that the Bhagavan was to live a full eighty years. But he also believed the cancer could be cured by an Ayur-Vedic treatment, which is the ancient Indian way of using mud

stepped out of a calamitously ignorant world into the extraworldly atmosphere of the ashram, I was a little impatient for that "inner force" to make itself felt. But, at the same time, I was impressed with his ability to anesthetize his body so he could escape the pain that doctors assured me he should be feeling as the cancer spread its poison into his shoulder and down his spine.

Presently, when his body weakened and he was no longer able to walk to the cot outside, he insisted on giving darshan through the open door of his little room. A ramp was built to raise the people high enough to look in on him and take darshan. At night, those of us who hung around his room for news of his condition could hear him groaning and calling, "Father! Father!" as he struggled against the pain. But during the darshan period the next morning he would lie with eyes open, fiercely glaring at the hundreds who filed past his door, as if denying that he had ever had a moment of weakness.

Those who believed the astrologers still insisted that he would not die. But a few dozen of us who had less respect for the stars slept nights on the stone porch outside the sickroom as the holy man grew weaker. Every darshan period we searched his face for signs of the end. They were there on the evening of the fourteenth of April.

The sun was just beginning to gild the harsh face of Sri Arunachala and soften the dust haze that hung over the valley as the long line of believers walked up the ramp and took darshan. He lay stretched out as before, but his jaw was slack, his mouth hung open and his remarkable eyes were firmly closed. Death was so strongly written on his face that hundreds of men and a few bold women who defied the ashram's rule against their presence after dark sat on the porch or clung to its railing, waiting tensely for news. A group of Brahman priests from the old temple arranged themselves in a circle around a bundle of incense and began chanting a hymn to the sacred mountain. It was a song written by the Bhagavan himself years ago. A few police from the town below took up positions at the gate leading to the causeway.

The young American woman came on bare feet and silently sat on her crossed legs against a pillar and closed her eyes in meditation. The American boy sat in the darkness against the wall and stared straight ahead. An industrialist climbed the ramp and peeked under the bamboo screen into the sickroom. Major Chadwick came up unnoticed and sat on a pillow under a tree just off the porch. Everyone kept his eyes on the little window through which we could see the heads of the attendants around the Bhagavan's bed and the fan which one of them moved back and forth over the holy man. We watched the fan, the only sign we had that the Bhagavan was alive.

The priests sang verse after verse of the hymn to the sacred mountain, whose southern shoulder rose into the blue-black, star-dotted sky above the ashram:

"*Arunachala Siva! Arunachala Siva! Arunachala Siva! Arunachala!*"

The devotees stirred uneasily under the whip of the voices. A few stood and pressed against the railing under the little window. The Savardhikari and his sister pushed through the crowd and entered the sickroom. The police pushed forward and ordered the people back. The crowd waited tensely.

Suddenly someone cried, "The fan has stopped!"

The crowd moaned and pushed forward. "My God!" someone said. Then the fan was seen to move again. The crowd's voice grew louder, following the lead of the chanting priests. The brother reappeared on the causeway and stood over the devotees, tall, lordly, chewing betel ruminatively.

"Don't crowd there!" he yelled hoarsely, waving a limp hand at a group standing under the porch. "Get back!"

The people fell back resentfully but obediently. The lean, grotesque man stalked back and forth with his dull eyes fixed on the crowd. Occasionally he would scratch his bare torso absently or adjust the ocher dhoti that covered his loins. An attendant walked rapidly past him and disappeared into the crowd. Word went round that the Bhagavan's closest disciples had been called for a last darshan. The crowd began to push against the gate again, milling around the sweating, ineffectual police. A young Indian rushed up to Chadwick.

"You can see him now!" he yelled excitedly.

"I don't want to see!" Chadwick burst out irritably. He let his head fall into his hands.

The excitement of the crowd milling around the gate increased. There was no longer any attempt to keep silence. Prayers and shouts and excited questioning boiled up into a hysterical bedlam. The police bawled angrily, helplessly, pushed here and there by the oblivious crowd. Devotees fought through the crowd to the little room. The chant of the priests strained above the confusion, swelling in fierce, unbearable crescendo:

"*Arunachala Siva! Arunachala Siva! Arunachala Siva! Arunachala!*"

And just as the madness reached its peak the fan stopped moving in the little room and a meteor cut a golden path across the sky and faded out over Sri Arunachala at the moment that Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi breathed his last. As I fought my way toward the little room I heard Chadwick groan, "He is gone!"

An American woman fainted and was carried out. A group of Indian women staggered from the room, clinging to one another, their faces drawn with grief. Behind them came the attendants, carrying the body on its couch, pushing through the hysterical crowd into the hall of the temple. There, banked with pillows and drowned in garlands of jasmine, the body that once housed a god sat all night, giving mock darshan to the devotees who sat around it singing hymns.

All night braziers of camphor and incense burned at the foot of the couch and hundreds of townspeople filed past

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Meanwhile, darshan went on as usual, the wasting god struggling, proudly and unaided, to recline before the hundreds who flocked from all over India to "take darshan" before it was too late. Dragging his swollen arm after him, he would totter from his room like a wounded lion and recline on his couch twice daily for an hour, turning his strange eyes on the hundreds of devotees prostrated before him. Utterly detached, serenely unconscious of the multitude, he lay as always, reading his mail, stroking his chin, plucking his ear and adjusting the thin cloth over his diseased arm. I thought often of a statement he had made to a devotee who had asked him what he saw when he looked at ordinary man.

"You are like shadows," he had said. Nevertheless, for the sake of us shadows, he had intimated, he spent most of his time on earth sitting quietly, sending out "inner force." Having just for the stars slept nights on the stone porch outside the sickroom as the holy man grew weaker. Every darshan period we searched his face for signs of the end. They were there on the evening of the fourteenth of April.

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"Next year I'm gonna plant weeds . . . and see if the flowers won't choke 'em out!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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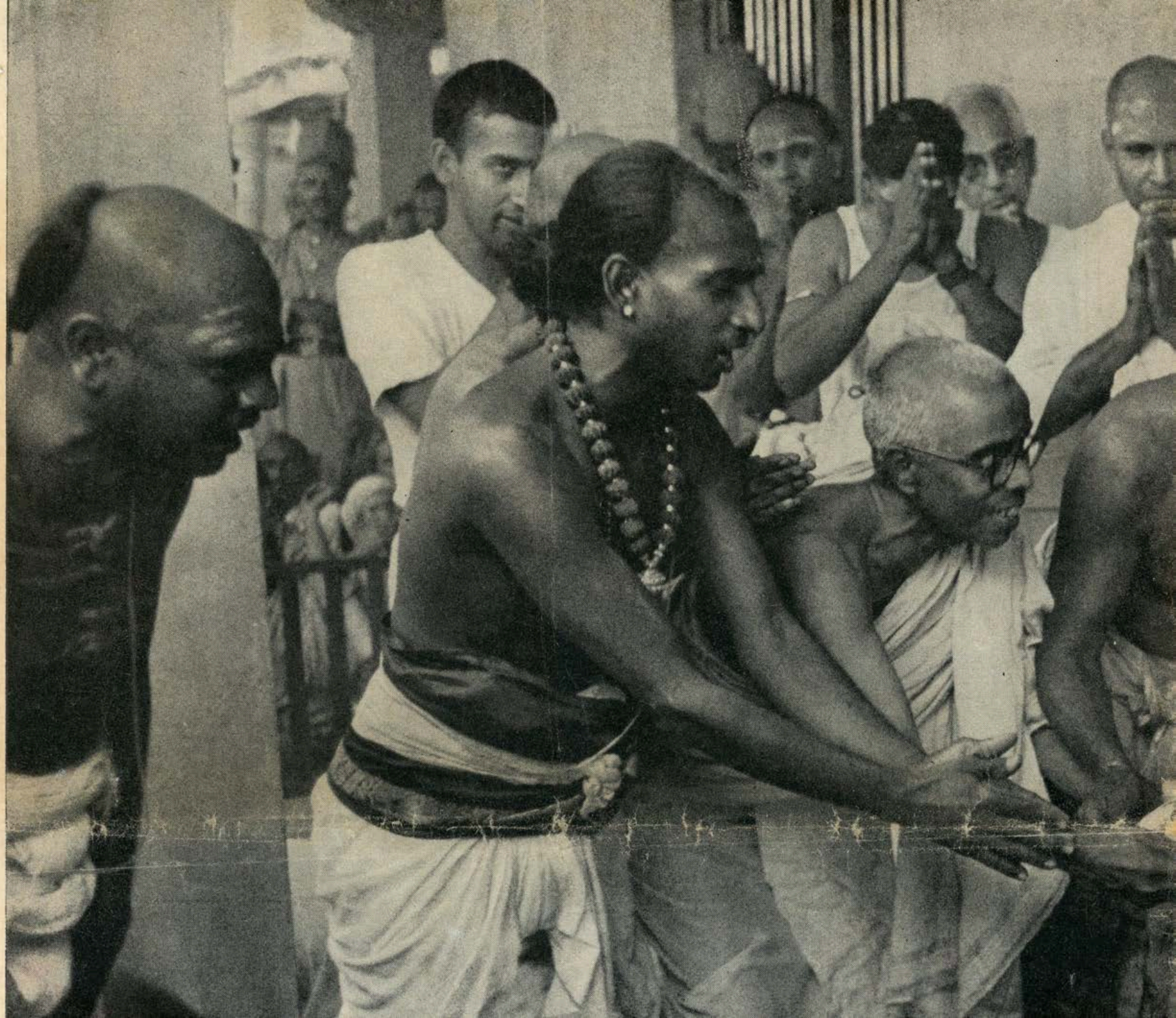
All night braziers of camphor and incense burned at the foot of the couch and hundreds of townspeople filed past while the Brahmans and devotees chanted. And throughout all the next day the body sat in a lacquered chair in front of the temple, giving darshan to thousands.

At last, as the heat began to die down, the body was carried, still in its chair, to the great pit that had been dug beside the temple to receive it. The thousands who had stayed for the ceremony pushed forward, punching, yelling, pulling at one another to get nearer. An attendant lifted the body from its chair and dropped it into the arms of another, waiting in the pit. Immediately the grave was showered with coins, and devotees dumped drums of cow-dung ash, camphor, flowers and other offerings onto the body until the grave was filled. Clouds of gray ash rose over the struggling crowd. The police were helpless. Some men locked hands to form a corridor through which a group of fainting women escaped.

Over the screaming confusion I heard Chadwick moan, "Poor Bhagavan, to go like this!"

"Well," someone said comfortingly, "Bhagavan taught that the body was nothing."

"Then," said the shocked young American woman, "this is much ado about nothing." THE END



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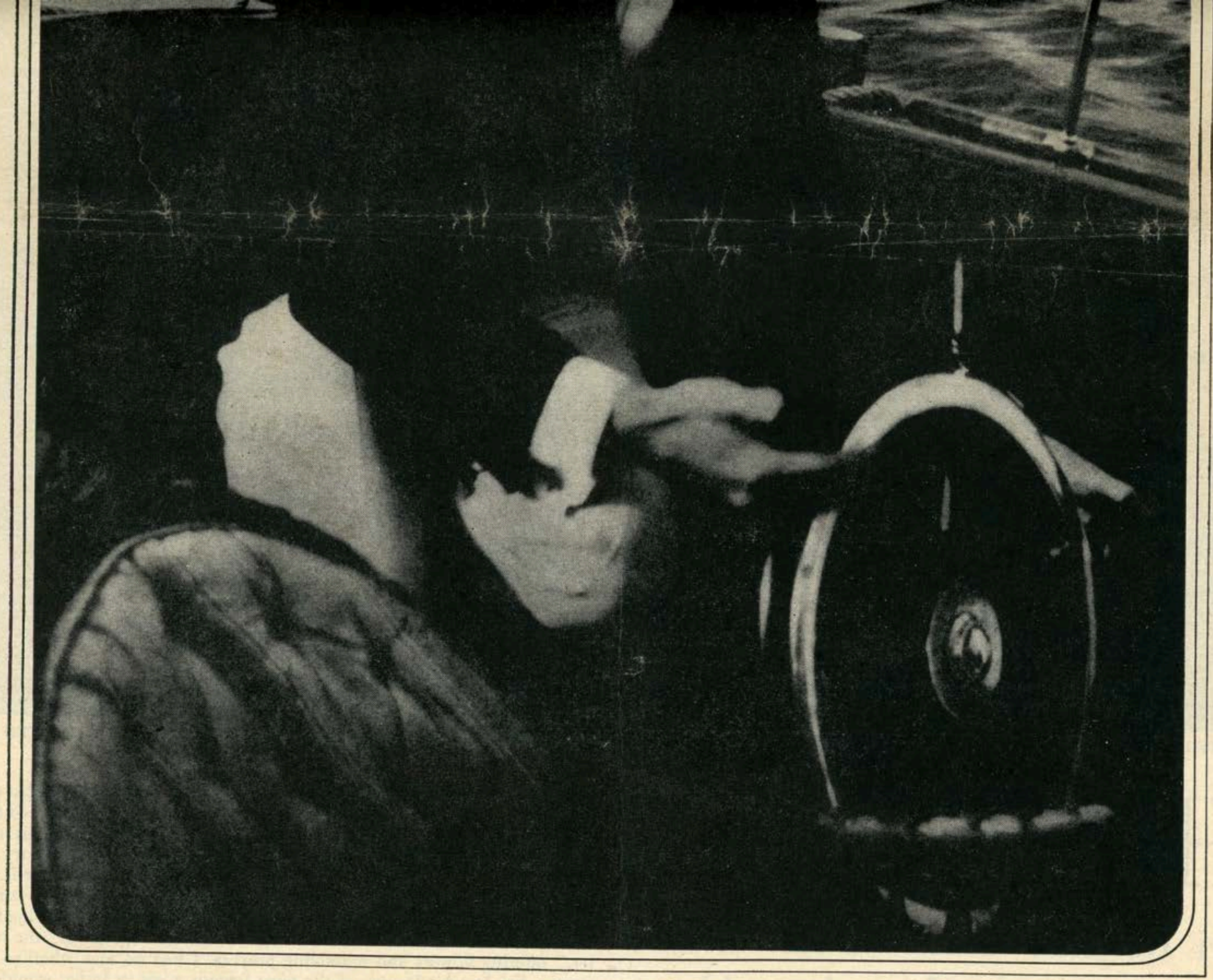
HOLY MAN

Sri Ramana Maharshi has India's answer to most of man's problems

by WINTHROP SARGEANT

"OH yes," the aged Hindu explained. "The defeat of Adolf Hitler was one of the master's greatest achievements. It was accomplished to a large extent by thought transference. In fact you might say that Adolf Hitler was an undivine force sent into the world especially to try the master. The master works for the realization of the divine on earth. Of course Hitler was doomed," he added with quiet finality. No breeze stirred the banana trees in the sun-baked courtyard outside. In the adjoining foyer a woman in a sari knelt before a large framed photograph of "the master," offering flowers and mumbling prayers. I had no idea whether the master, Sri Aurobindo, one of the most famous yogis in India, would endorse this somewhat sweeping account of the issues involved in World War II. I suspected that his explanation, at any rate, would be more complex. Sri Aurobindo is regarded in India as a formidable thinker as well as a sage. His ashram (which means the establishment built to house his spiritual



THE MAN AT THE WHEEL

He was a good seaman and navigator and passed some of the happiest hours of his young manhood guiding the *Half Moon* along the Maine coast.

A VISITING DELEGATION OF HINDU PRIESTS FROM THE HUGE, ANCIENT TEMPLE IN THE NEARBY TOWN OF TIRUVANNAMALAI (PAGE 102)

disciples) includes dozens of impressive modern buildings and covers a large part of the French-administered town of Pondichéry near the southern tip of India. It is no exaggeration to say that Sri Aurobindo's ashram is Pondichéry's leading industry, attracting thousands of pilgrims annually from all over the nation.

I was not to see Sri Aurobindo. I knew that beforehand. Though he is reported to have a radio and to read all the newspapers, Sri Aurobindo lives in complete seclusion. This seclusion is broken only four times a year, when the faithful are permitted to glimpse the master for a few moments. Otherwise Sri Aurobindo is a hermit. His next public appearance was months away. I decided to move on and visit Sri Ramana Maharshi, an equally famous holy man who lives at Tiruvannamalai, about 100 miles inland. Sri Ramana was reported to be more sociable.

There is no place to eat at Tiruvannamalai, so I had the cook at Pondichéry's Grand Hotel de l'Europe fix me some provisions which my bearer, Francis Xavier, loaded into the back seat of the rattletrap car I had hired for the journey. Francis Xavier was an Indian, but he was no Hindu. He was one of India's two million devout Roman Catholics, and he had taken a dim view of the whole expedition. "Why you like all this devil mischief, sir?" he inquired gloomily, shaking his white-topped head (he looked like an Indian Uncle Tom). "When we go back to Madras way, we go to Mass. Very nice, sir, very beauty." Then he pulled himself together with an air of military stoicism. He had formerly been the proud servant of a long line of British officers, most of whom had died impressively from a variety of diseases including pneumonia and plague. He talked interminably and reverently about their deaths, assuring me that he prayed for their souls every day, and had started to pray for mine too. Francis Xavier prayed for all his employers.

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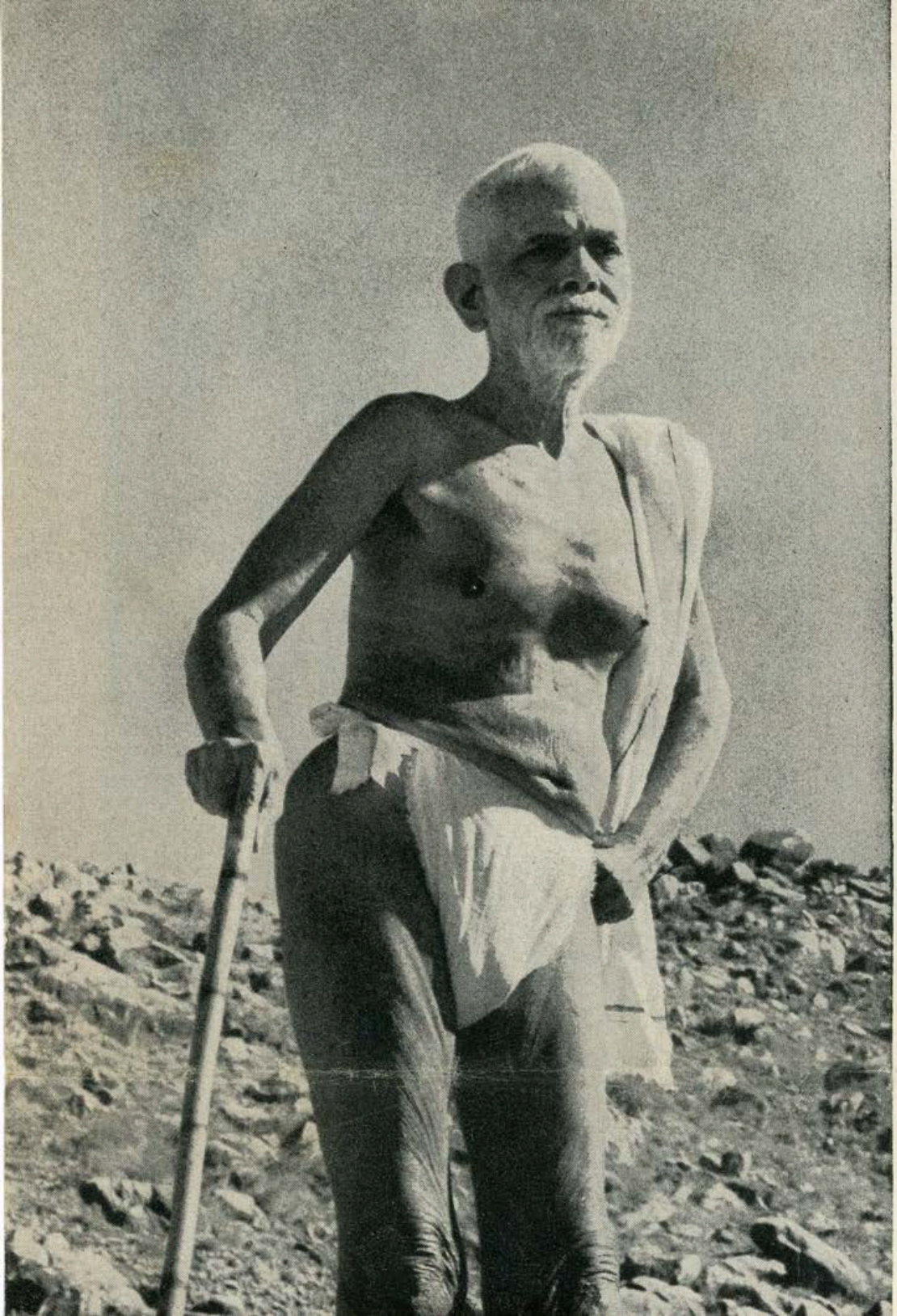
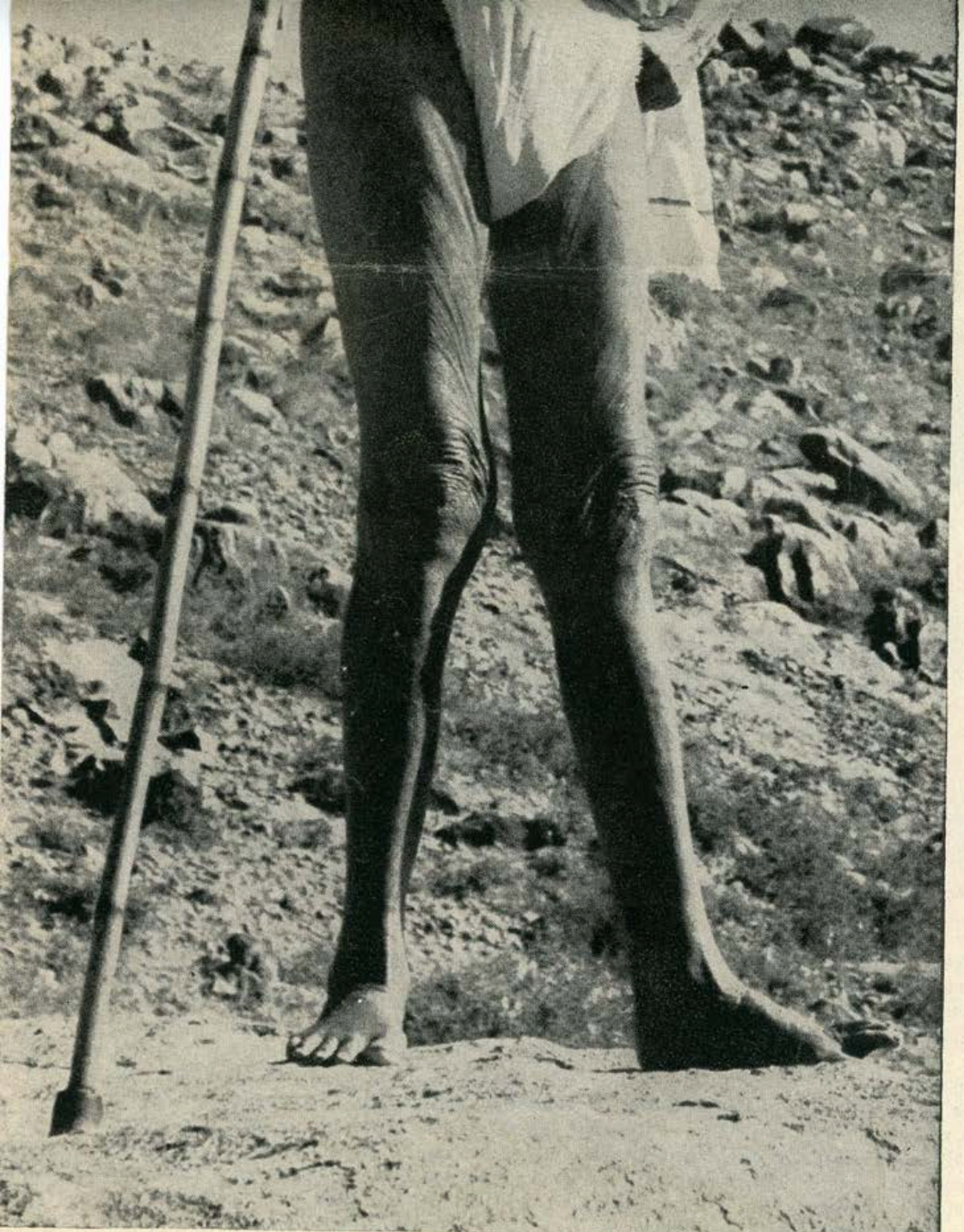


ATTENDING DARSHAN, Sri Ramana's disciples sit cross-legged and silent, listening to his comments on life and Hindu theology. They include many

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

We drove in silence until presently he turned to me. "Map, sir?" he inquired with an efficient look. This was the signal for one of our most constant ceremonies. I had gotten into it by an innocent deception when I had once expressed a desire for a map of Bombay, and I had been forced to continue this deception all over South India. The map which he always drew proudly from his pocket was a map of Ireland. I had studied it repeatedly and gravely at crucial junctures everywhere between Bombay and Pondichéry. It had long since become far too late to disillusion him. I studied the map again with concentration and handed it solemnly back to him. "We will go to Tiruvannamalai," I announced.

Tiruvannamalai (the word means "sacred, unscalable mountain") is a ramshackle town with a very holy reputation. It was



WITH HELP OF A CANE, Sri Ramana takes a walk at the foot of sacred mountain. Though slightly lame, Sri Ramana has a vigorous constitution, lives with a yogi's typical abstemiousness.

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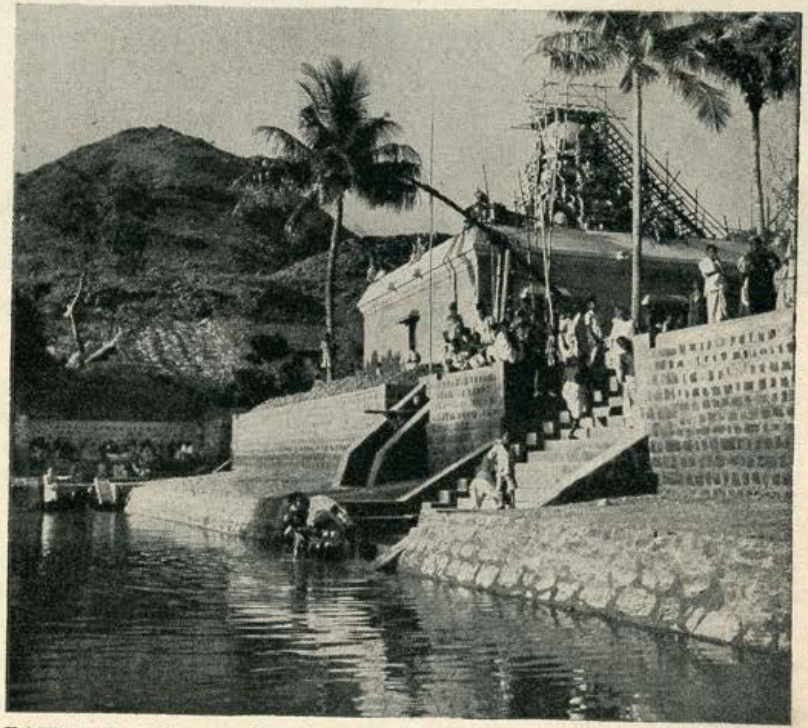
Tiruvannamalai (the word means "sacred, unscalable mountain") is a ramshackle town with a very holy reputation. It was built long ago at the base of a conical mountain which is widely regarded in south India as a symbol of the god Siva. It is approached



BATHING POOL on the ashram is for Hindu religious ritual of washing. In background at left is sacred mountain on which Sri Ramana formerly lived.

Europeans and Americans as well as throngs of Hindu pilgrims. In the foreground at right is Thelma Benn, an American disciple born in San Francisco.

through a dry, boulder-strewn biblical-looking landscape where huge terra-cotta images of gods and horses stare quietly at travelers from nooks by the roadside. The main image at many of these shrines is a fearful-looking mythological figure whose name, Francis Xavier explained, is Bhima. Every time Francis Xavier caught sight of Bhima he crossed himself. "Devil mischief," he muttered defiantly. Even for a devout Indian Catholic, south India is too full of ancestral deities to be an entirely comfortable place, and the sheer exuberance and fantasy with which the Hindu imagination has ornamented the landscape is enough to unhinge even a Westerner's sense of realism.

The power of religion in India is something unimaginable elsewhere in the contemporary world. It operates on hundreds of levels, from folk-deities like Bhima to the most abstruse and elaborate structures of Hindu theology, each level appropriate to a particular

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The power of religion in India is something unimaginable elsewhere in the contemporary world. It operates on hundreds of levels, from folk-deities like Bhima to the most abstruse and elaborate structures of Hindu theology, each level appropriate to a particular social rank or caste. Progressive intellectuals—scientists, industrialists, politicians—in big cities like Bombay and Calcutta rail

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

ON FESTIVAL DAYS thousands of devout pilgrims from all over India pass through the ashram's entrance to pay homage to Sri Ramana Maharshi.

"EVERYBODY'S PULLING, WHITEY!"

"YES, BLACKIE, ESPECIALLY FOR 'BLACK & WHITE' BECAUSE IT PLEASES EVERYBODY IN EVERY WAY"

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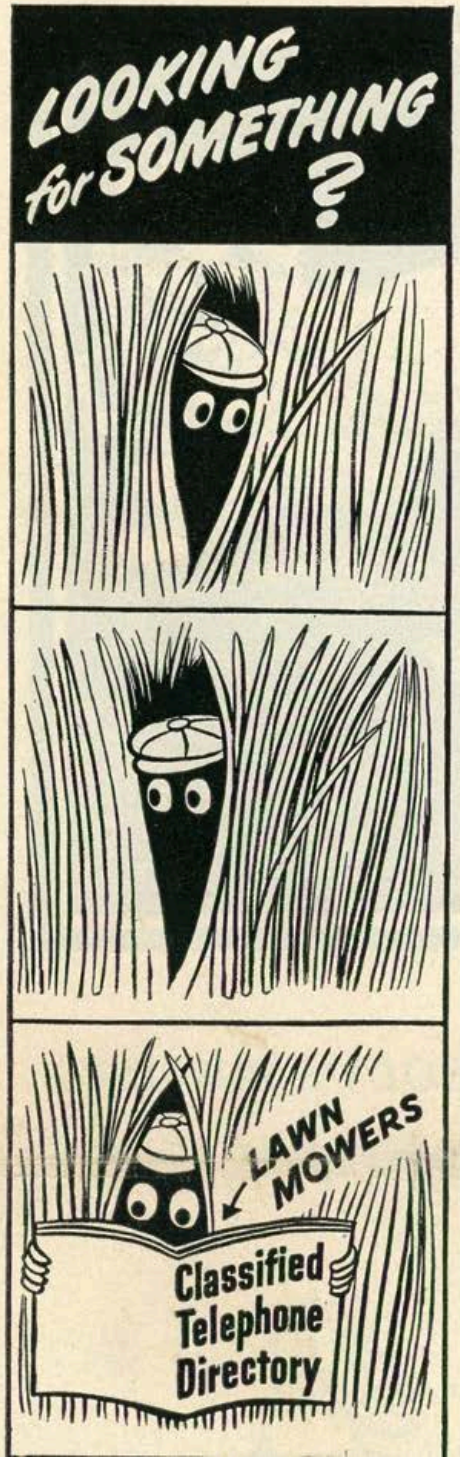

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

against it, blaming it for India's material backwardness, but its waves lap at their very doors. It prescribes the begetting, eating, marrying, dying, business and recreation habits of the pious Hindu to a point where every hour of his waking life is a ritual of some sort, and it makes India seem to some Westerners a curious nation composed almost entirely of priests.

Even India's political life, with all its forms borrowed from Western democracy, is a series of religious ceremonies to the Indian man in the street. The vast crowds that assembled to see and hear Mahatma Gandhi and that assemble today to pay homage to his brilliant and progressive successor, Pandit Nehru, are following one of the oldest Hindu rituals, the ritual of darshan, in which throngs have gathered for thousands of years to witness the presence of holy men. India has thousands of holy men who range from naked, ash-strewn roadside ascetics to highly educated Cambridge graduates. It has a corresponding hierarchy of gods ranging from sticks, stones and trees up through idols like Bhima to the abstract conceptions of Hindu metaphysics. At the top of the hierarchy of holy men are the proprietors of this metaphysical world, the great yogis of which the most famous in all India are Sri Aurobindo and Sri Ramana Maharshi of Tiruvannamalai.

Sri Ramana's ashram lies at the foot of the sacred mountain a little way beyond the town. Unlike the town itself, the ashram is neat and carefully swept. It consists of several dozen simple stone buildings, a number of bare courtyards and a brand-new Hindu temple sprouting gods like candles on a birthday cake, all of them luridly painted and almost indecently shiny. The rest of the ashram is almost as up-to-date. Enameled labels, exactly like American traffic or subway signs, indicate directions, rules of the ashram ("It is forbidden to touch the person of the Maharshi") and various buildings. There is a bookshop where the Maharshi's publications are sold. There is an administrative office presided over by the Maharshi's brother, a dour-looking Brahmin who is responsible for the ashram's business and promotion. There are the Maharshi's own living quarters, his open-air darshan hall complete with a carved stone couch to lie on, and the cottages and dining halls in which his disciples sleep and eat.

The place has 20 or 30 permanent residents, and thousands more troop in and out on visits, especially on holidays or occasions of pilgrimage. When a yogi gets to be as famous as Sri Ramana Maharshi, his establishment represents a considerable investment in real estate and construction. At the rear of the main courtyard there is an animal cemetery where carved gravestones commemorate Sri Ramana's former pets. They include a bird, a dog, a monkey and a cow named Lakshmi (after the goddess of wealth) who died at the advanced age of 22. The present pet is a white peacock which struts importantly around the courtyard. It is a gift from the wealthy Maharani of Baroda.

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LOVE can be lost...romance ruined if you offend with perspiration odor. So stop it *before* it starts!

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APPROVED by leading skin specialists. Harmless to clothes.

SMOOTH as face cream as long as it lasts. 10¢, 29¢, 59¢.

Dryad

stops perspiration odor

before it starts

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Calendars and clocks

I AM an American journalist," I explained to the priestlike man in a crew cut, robes and sandals. "Are you interested merely in something to write for your paper?" he inquired. "Or have you a deeper purpose?" I replied quite shamelessly that I was in search of salvation. He nodded with grave satisfaction and began showing me about the establishment. I inspected the temple; I was shown a miraculous well which had appeared fully dug after the removal of three handfuls of sand. I bought some books in the bookshop. Then I was shown Sri Ramana's quarters, a long, bare room with a flagstone floor, sparsely furnished with several bookcases and another large couch. A number of life insurance calendars and several alarm clocks showed that the Maharshi had a particular interest in the passage of time. There were no chairs. I was then led to the men's dining hall where, seated on the floor, I drank tea with several of the faithful. They included a former professor of English literature from the University of Madura, one of the most famous authors in India, several Europeans and even an American or two.

There were obvious questions I had to ask about the Maharshi. "Did he work miracles, cure the sick, bury himself alive or do the other spectacular things most Americans associate with yogis?" Oh dear no. The Maharshi had once passed through such a period and could no doubt do these things if he pleased. But he was way beyond all that. "Was the Maharshi anything like the late Mahatma Gandhi?" Oh no. The Maharshi was on a "different plane altogether" from Gandhi. Gandhi had been a political figure. The Maharshi was above and beyond politics. "What did the Maharshi's followers

CONTINUED ON PAGE 99

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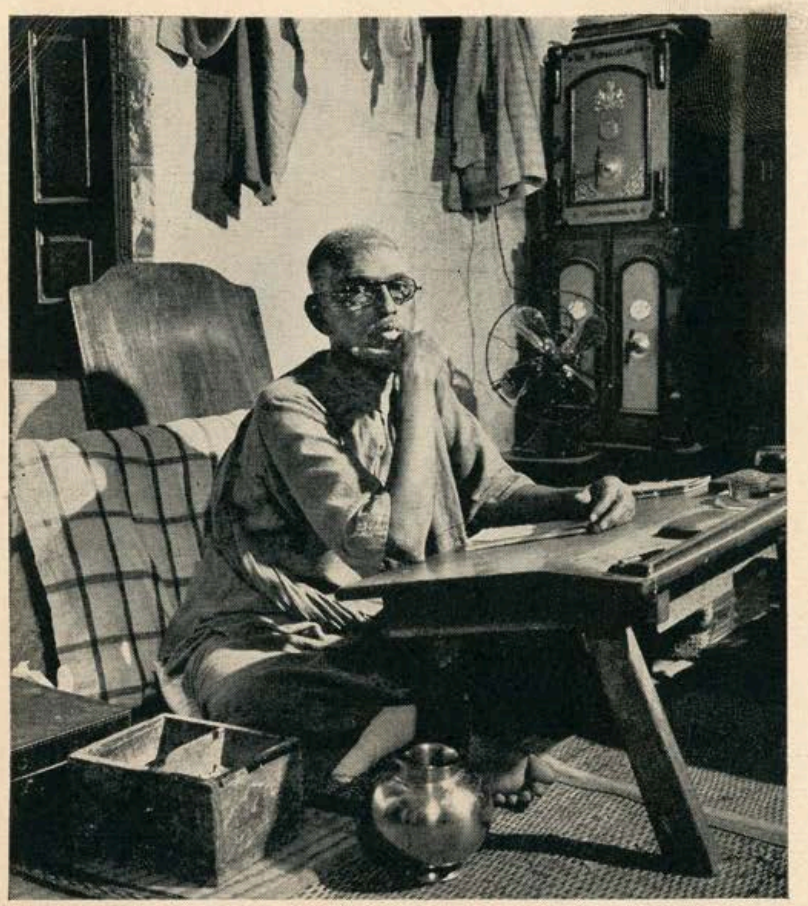

BESIDE THE OFFICE SAFE Sri Ramana's brother keeps strict accounts and controls the ashram's organization with a shrewd and wary eye for business.

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

think of their neighbor Sri Aurobindo?" Here there appeared to be a certain sense of rivalry. Sri Aurobindo was a holy man all right. But he had been reported to perform miracles, like curing the sick, with considerable publicity. The Maharshi would never do things as publicly as that. He had done plenty of curing in his time. But when he had any curing to do, he did it in private. "Had the Maharshi and Sri Aurobindo ever met?" No. The Maharshi hadn't left Tiruvannamalai in 50 years, and since Sri Aurobindo never left Pondichéry there was no likelihood of their ever meeting. I gathered that the Maharshi was the center of a self-contained universe which hardly recognized the universe of Sri Aurobindo. To the Maharshi's disciples, the Maharshi piloted the whole world from his ashram. "The world follows him," they assured me. "Even those who don't know they are following, follow him." I was back again at the stage of argument which held Sri Aurobindo responsible for

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Darshan for the faithful

AFTER some conversation and tea drinking I was led into the presence of Sri Ramana himself. He was a small, thin man of about 70 with close-cropped white hair and a stubby beard and mustache, an extremely kindly and intelligent face and a deeply tanned body, clad in a loincloth. He reclined on a massive stone couch propped up with pillows. An American alarm clock ticked on a shelf behind him and a calendar hung from one of the posts that propped a canopy over his couch. An electric floor lamp stood beside his head, a brazier full of hot coals burned in front of him and there was a stand full of burning incense to keep the flies away. He was holding darshan. His couch was flanked by a couple of privileged disciples in the yellow robes of the Hindu priesthood, and sitting cross-legged on the floor about him were two or three dozen people, all gazing rapturously at the master. From time to time a particularly fervent disciple would prostrate himself on the floor before the couch, methodically touching forehead, right ear and left ear to the flagstones. Occasionally one of the faithful would come forward with an offering of a banana or an orange, which Sri Ramana accepted with a benign smile. It was forbidden to wear shoes and everyone was barefoot.

Sri Ramana would have looked like a superior human being in any surroundings. He had the quietly assured look of a man who has experienced a great deal and thought everything through to a final, unshakable conclusion. Even an unbeliever could see that he

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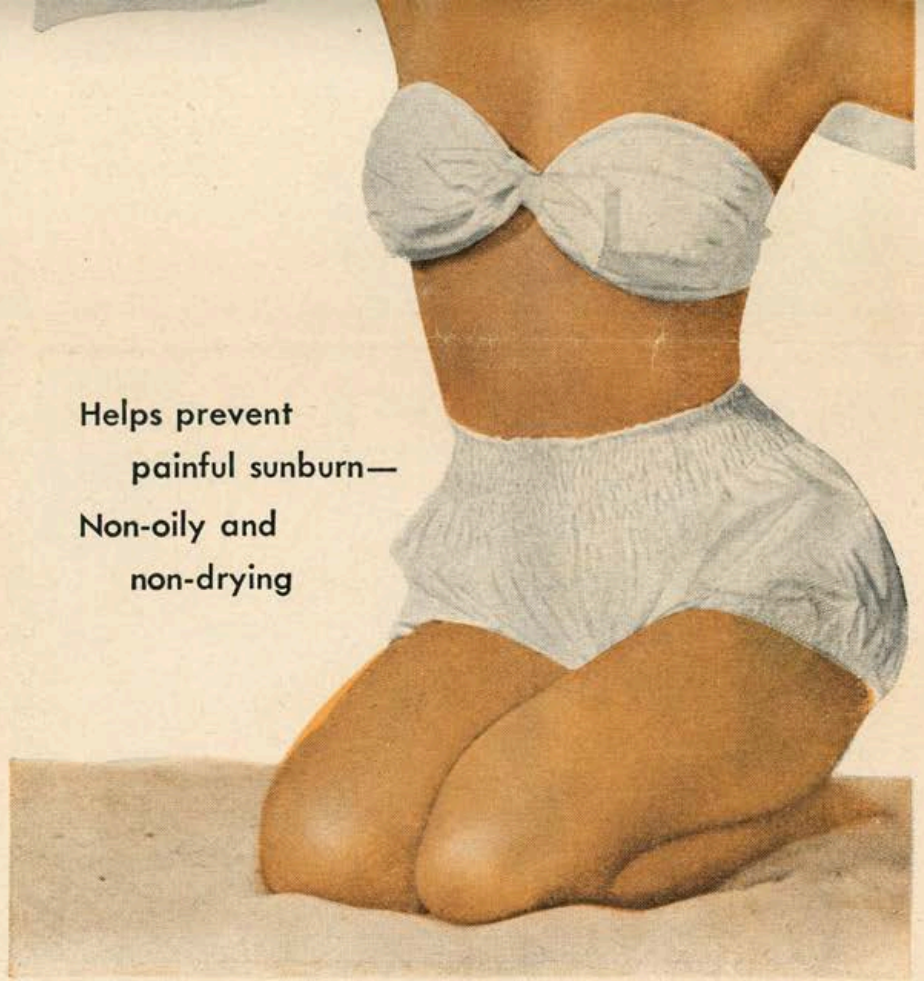

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New and Wonderful! ... by BENEX Brushless

PLASTER STATUE of Sri Ramana as a young man ornaments the dome of the private temple belonging to the ashram (shown in picture below). The figures on either side of Sri Ramana are statues of local Hindu mythological deities.

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

possessed a sort of personal serenity that is rare even in the contemplative Orient. I mumbled a few words of greeting which I hoped were appropriate and was smilingly waved to a place on the floor. The Maharshi spoke very little, sometimes in English, sometimes in the Tamil language which a considerable part of his audience didn't understand. But that didn't seem to matter. "You can attain peace merely by being near him," the professor of English literature explained later.

The Maharshi was presented with an old book of Tamil scriptures from which he read odd passages aloud, commenting on them in a leisurely tone of voice while his listeners gazed raptly. Finally he stopped talking altogether and simply smiled an endless warmhearted smile. After an hour or so he rose from his couch and, supporting himself with a long cane, was led by a disciple back to his living quarters. The whole scene had a biblical quality about it, like something that might have happened thousands of years ago. It was a reenactment of the typical scene between master and disciples that has been going on since long before the time of Buddha and that continues in India today as if time stood still and history did not exist.

The fact (to them) that the Maharshi was the center and leader of

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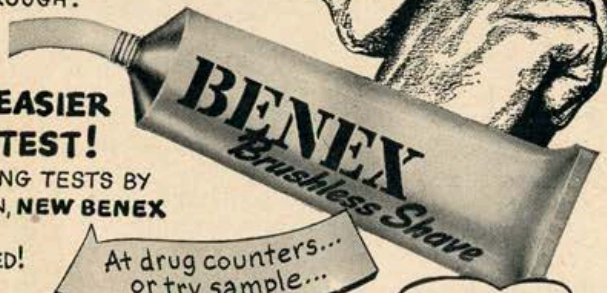

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TEMPLE DOME swarms with brightly painted statuary. Arrow shows the seated figure of the youthful Sri Ramana.

The fact (to them) that the Maharshi was the center and leader of the world did not particularly conflict in his disciples' minds with the fact that Sri Aurobindo, a hundred miles away, claimed to lead the same world. The devious complexities of Hindu thinking, in which symbols and realities are inextricably confused from the Western point of view, made both hypotheses perfectly tenable. To the yogi the world of appearances—including its wars, dictators, bombs and skyscrapers—is merely an illusory figment produced by the action of the senses. The real world (which is not the world one sees) is to be found only when the avenues of sense perception have been methodically closed off, and the inner soul is brought into harmony with the eternal essence known as Brahman, a Sanskrit term that conveys something analogous to the Christian mystic's idea of God. Yoga, the technique of the yogi, is a method of attaining this state of harmony.

There are numerous kinds of yoga, all of which involve the shutting out of the material world and the concentration of the faculties on the inner self. Some of them require more or less spectacular bodily techniques—control of breathing, special austerities of diet, peculiar ways of sitting to invite contemplation, and so on—and result in trance-like states and peculiar powers that have often baffled Western psychologists and amazed Western laymen. India is full of exhibitionistic yogis, pseudo-yogis, outright tricksters, fortunetellers and magicians, who claim all sorts of supernatural powers and perform amazing stunts. Indians, who have an unquench-

able love of anything fantastic, magical, or supernatural, follow them in droves and most Westerners, quite rightly, regard them as circus freaks.

But great yogis like Sri Ramana regard all this magic and trickery as child's play. Their disciplines are aimed at a purely religious goal. Yoga in its higher aspects is part and parcel of the religion of Hinduism. And Hinduism is not only one of the world's oldest and most durable civilized religions, it is also one of the world's largest, counting some 230 million orthodox followers in India alone. Through its vast protestant branch, Buddhism, it has spread throughout the Orient, influencing the thinking and ways of life of nearly 380,330,000 human beings. With the East awakening from its subject status and playing an increasingly independent role in international affairs, these figures indicate something of political as well as philosophical portent.

Hinduism is not only old, durable and extensive; it is unquestionably the most complicated religion in the world. It owes some of this complexity to the mental attitudes of a people who have always loved intellectual elaboration for its own sake. What the West calls theology has expanded in India to the proportions of a universal science which includes nearly every aspect of Indian culture. Indian art, music, literature, psychology, even Indian sociology and economics (except where they have been influenced by the West) are all theological pursuits. This theology, which Westerners often refer to as Hindu philosophy, is by no means primitive. Its literature would already have filled vast libraries before the Christian Era, and it has been growing ever since. It includes enormous mythological epics, moral treatises, dramas, technical studies and commentaries. It encompasses a huge amount of what even Western scholars concede to be great literature and a mass of obscure metaphysical speculation that has, in its time, touched on most of the major problems of Western thought. The West often forgets that it was the Hindus who invented the concept of zero in mathematics and who evolved the science of algebra. They also, in their peculiarly vague, dreamy way, anticipated countless Western scientific hypotheses, from the theory of atoms to modern psychiatry's concept of the unconscious mind. Of course they failed to match the progress of Western thought in the field of experimental science.

Experiment vs. contemplation

BUT to the orthodox Hindu mind, which considers the material world an illusion of the senses, experiment has never seemed important. While the Westerner busied himself with test tubes in an effort to subdue and comprehend his material environment, the Hindu simply sat and thought. That, as India's progressive politicians know, is one of the main reasons for India's material backwardness today. It is also one of the reasons why Westerners find it difficult to understand India and why they often underestimate

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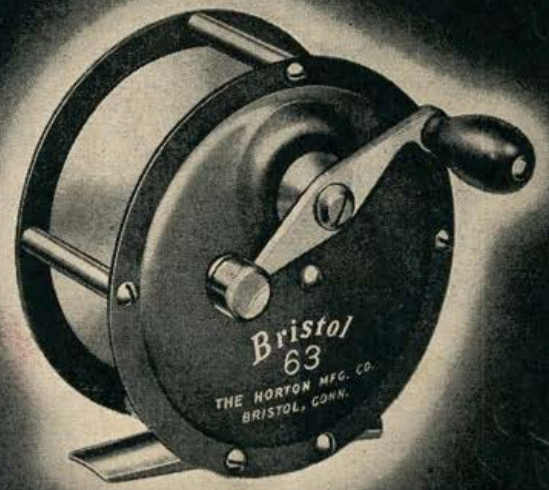

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The most obvious feature of Hinduism is the overwhelming array of gods, demigods and mythological figures to whom the average Hindu pays homage. They exist by the thousand in the form of animal-faced, eight-armed and otherwise fantastic statues that adorn the walls and roofs of Hindu temples. To the simple-minded Hindu they are idols to be propitiated and fostered according to the rules of primitive ritual. To the more intelligent and educated Hindu they are symbols of abstract ideas—fertility, wealth, wisdom and so on. They are led by a trinity of superior gods who represent forces of nature: Brahma, the four-faced creator of the universe; Vishnu, the preserver, and Siva, the multiple-limbed god of dissolution. These three are survivals of ancient deities who have existed in various forms since the earliest records of Oriental civilization. Behind this complex facade of polytheism lies a structure of abstract thinking that is more comprehensible to the Western mind. Its outstanding tenet is the doctrine called "reincarnation" —the idea that the human soul never dies but is reborn again and again like the vital force that causes plants to sprout, seed, die and resprout. Ultimately, by a process of purification, the soul becomes free of the necessity of repeated rebirths and is permanently united with the vital force itself. This final state is the goal of all human life, and the surest method of attaining it is the discipline of the yogi.

The ramifications of this doctrine form the subject of what is perhaps the greatest work of literature ever produced in the Orient, the *Bhagavad-Gita* or *Song of God*. The *Gita*, which is to Hinduism what the Sermon on the Mount is to Christianity, dates in word

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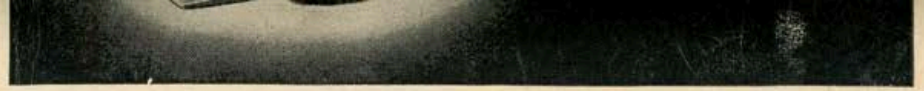

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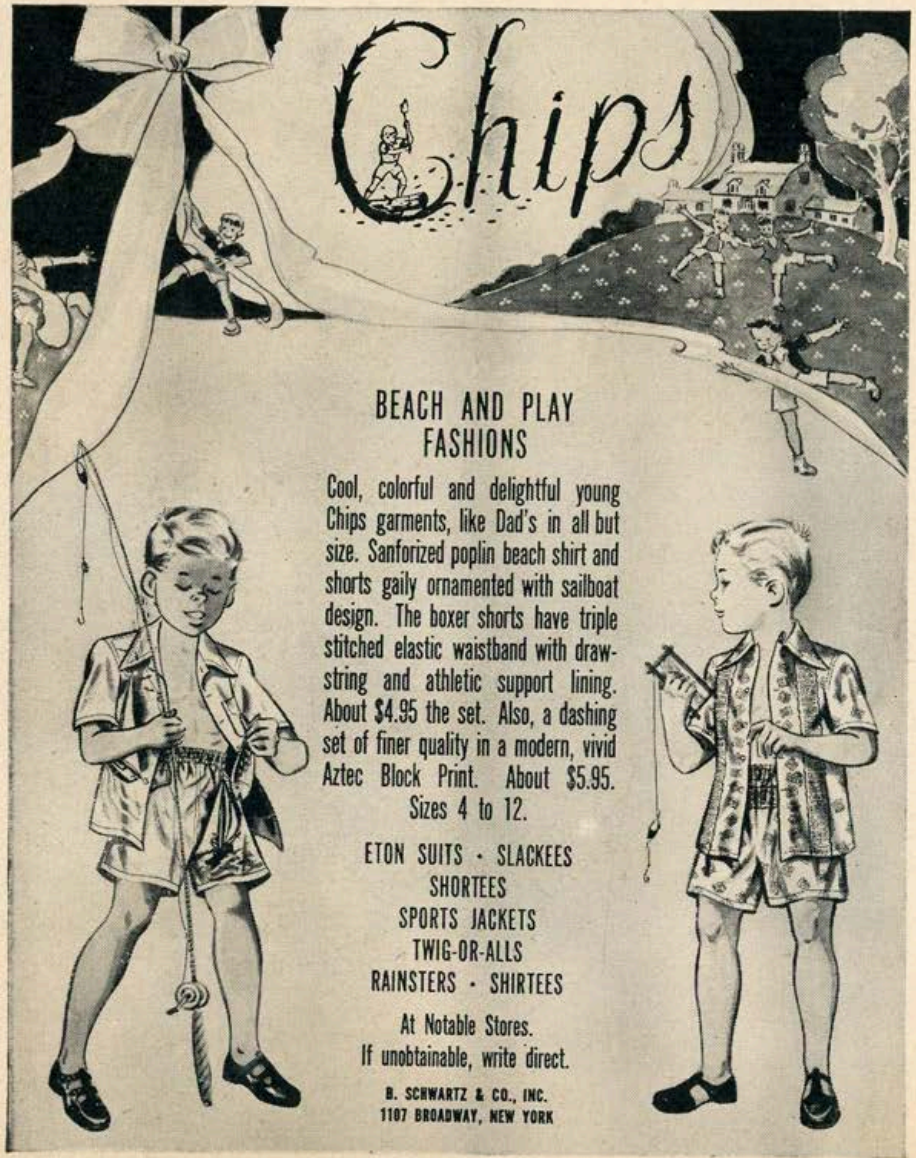


POSITIVE PROOF OF BETTER LUBRICATION AND THAT THERE IS A MARKED DIFFERENCE IN MOTOR OILS:

On cars picked at random that had been using 26 other quality oils...by changing to Macmillan Oil the horsepower was increased on an average of over 8%.

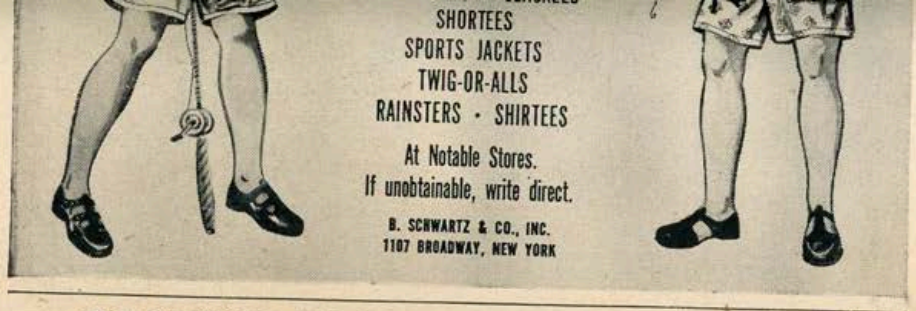
THIS MEANS AN 8% SAVING ON GASOLINE

LARGE ANCIENT TEMPLE stands in nearby Tiruvannamalai, seen here from slopes of holy mountain. Tree in foreground is a banyan, sacred to Hindus.

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

of mouth form from long before the time of Buddha (500 B.C.) and was written down in Sanskrit during the early centuries of the Christian Era. It has been repeatedly translated into English, most recently and lucidly by the British novelist Christopher Isherwood. It is an amazingly compact document of perhaps 20,000 words and, like many great religious books, takes the form of a narrative. This narrative begins at a moment of emotional crisis when its hero, a young warrior named Arjuna, is about to plunge into battle. Suddenly Arjuna is overcome with an enormous sense of futility. He asks why he should lift up his sword and go about butchering the enemy which, after all, consists of men very much like himself. He is answered by his charioteer, Krishna, a semi-divine mythological figure who has been sent into the world to guide him. Krishna's explanation, involving the nature of life and death, the relation of the individual human soul to the rest of the universe, the true distinctions between good and evil and the Hindu path of righteousness through yoga, forms the rest of the narrative.

Seldom in the history of religious and philosophical writing has so much profundity been encompassed in a few pages, and the result is a compendium of the essentials of Hindu religion. As Krishna describes it, life is an impermanent dreamlike state in which the soul is beset by illusions and desires. The path of the wise man lies in detecting these illusions for what they are and in renouncing all worldly desire. Once independent of his desires and unattached to glory, ambition, pride or any other fruit of worldly achievement, he can go through life in complete serenity and pass from it into an eternal union with Brahman, the omnipresent spirit of all created



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Make your next drain Macmillan. In the meantime if you need a quart, request Macmillan at the sign of the big red "M".

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Now what has all this ancient doctrine got to do with Sri Ramana Maharshi, the sun-tanned old gentleman who lives at the foot of the mountain near Tiruvannamalai? Everything. Sri Ramana's views are extremely orthodox and correspond exactly with those propounded in the *Gita*. His life of austerity, his renunciation of all worldly desires, his contemplative serenity, his unshakable peace of mind are all part of the traditional equipment of the Hindu sage. To millions of Hindus he is a living saint and an example. Sri Ramana, they believe, is about to break his cycle of rebirths. When he dies he will be absorbed into eternal union with Brahman. In fact Sri Ramana's soul is already united with Brahman. Only the presence of his physical body, an outer husk connected with the world of appearances, still sustains the illusion that he is a man like other men.

The education of a yogi

HOW did Sri Ramana attain this remarkable state? This question is answered with great enthusiasm by almost any of the devout followers who live at his ashram. Many Hindu yogis reach the state only after years of austere disciplines. Not so Sri Ramana. Sri Ramana was able to dispense with nearly all the elaborate techniques of contemplation. He was practically born a yogi.

Sri Ramana was the son of a reasonably prosperous lawyer who lived near the city of Madura in South India. He was 12 years old when his father died, and his mother and uncles undertook the problem of giving him a good, conventional education. He was a boy of

MYTHOLOGICAL STATUARY lines the roads of the countryside near Sri Ramana's ashram. These terra-cotta horses are figures from old Hindu epics.

more than average intelligence. But Sri Ramana seemed to have no interest whatever in getting on in the world. He pursued his studies in a desultory way. He had a habit of falling into deep sleep from which nobody could awaken him. He was obsessed by a peculiar dream of a holy mountain which he had never seen or heard of but which ultimately turned out to be the conical mountain of Tiruvannamalai where he settled later in life. At 16, when he was about to enter the University of Madras, Sri Ramana passed through a curious emotional experience which in the West would be considered somewhat morbid. He began seriously thinking about the idea of death. "Who or what is it that dies?" he asked himself. "It is this visible body that dies. But when this body dies, shall I also die? That depends on what I really am. If I be this body then when it dies, I also would die; but if I be not this [body], then I would survive." These reflections on the immortality of the soul, or the true "self" as Hindu theologians call it, led Sri Ramana to undertake an experiment. Lying rigid on the floor, he tried to reproduce in his own body a state resembling death, closing off all the sensations, feelings and thoughts that attend the experience of living. When he arose from this state he had apparently discovered by a process of elimination, which reminds one of the Hindu invention of algebra, the unknown quantity he was seeking. He knew the nature of the immortal, indestructible X which remained after all the physical and mental phenomena of life had been eliminated. The equation $X =$ *the real Sri Ramana* came as a revelation, and Sri Ramana was instantly transformed into a sage.

"Who am I?"

Does your face say, "I love life"?

If *you're* this type, you'll be enthusiastic over this *"Double-Rich"* Kentucky whiskey. Taste

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"Who am I?"

TO the Hindu mind, nurtured on millenniums of metaphysics, this revelation contained nothing fantastic or incredible. It was simply the standard discovery made repeatedly and through various methods by generations of yogis since the dawn of Hindu thought. The remainder of Sri Ramana's long life is described by his followers as a mere chain of outward events which had no further effect on his nature. He grew even more oblivious to his studies and when the family rebuked him for laziness, he ran away from home with three rupees (about one dollar) in his pocket. He made his way, as a mendicant, to the town of Tiruvannamalai where he recognized the holy mountain as his predestined home. He shaved his head, threw all his clothes except a loincloth into the bathing pool of Tiruvannamalai's ancient Hindu temple and sat for days in meditation. At first he meditated in odd corners of the temple. Later he took to meditating in various caves on the sides of the mountain itself. At the age of 21, in 1900, he wrote a small book entitled *Who am I?* which contained the gist of his discovery. He subsisted on chance offerings of food from passers-by, though he was reported to be able to do without food entirely for long periods. Gradually his reputation spread, and pious Hindus from all over India came to sit in his presence and listen to his teaching.

The teaching has since been elaborated by various disciples and now fills numerous volumes and pamphlets. Several Europeans have written books about it. But it contains nothing sensational and little that is new. Sri Ramana is not the founder of a new religion. He seeks no converts. Hinduism has never been a proselytizing religion, and it lacks entirely the organization of the Western churches. Sri Ramana has simply "found his soul," as Westerners put it, and is willing, by example and precept, to help others find theirs. The method is merely a variation on a theme that is at least 3,000

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If *you're* this type, you'll be enthusiastic over this *"Double-Rich"* Kentucky whiskey. Taste it once and you'll always say, *"Make mine Cream"!*

DOUBLE-RICH

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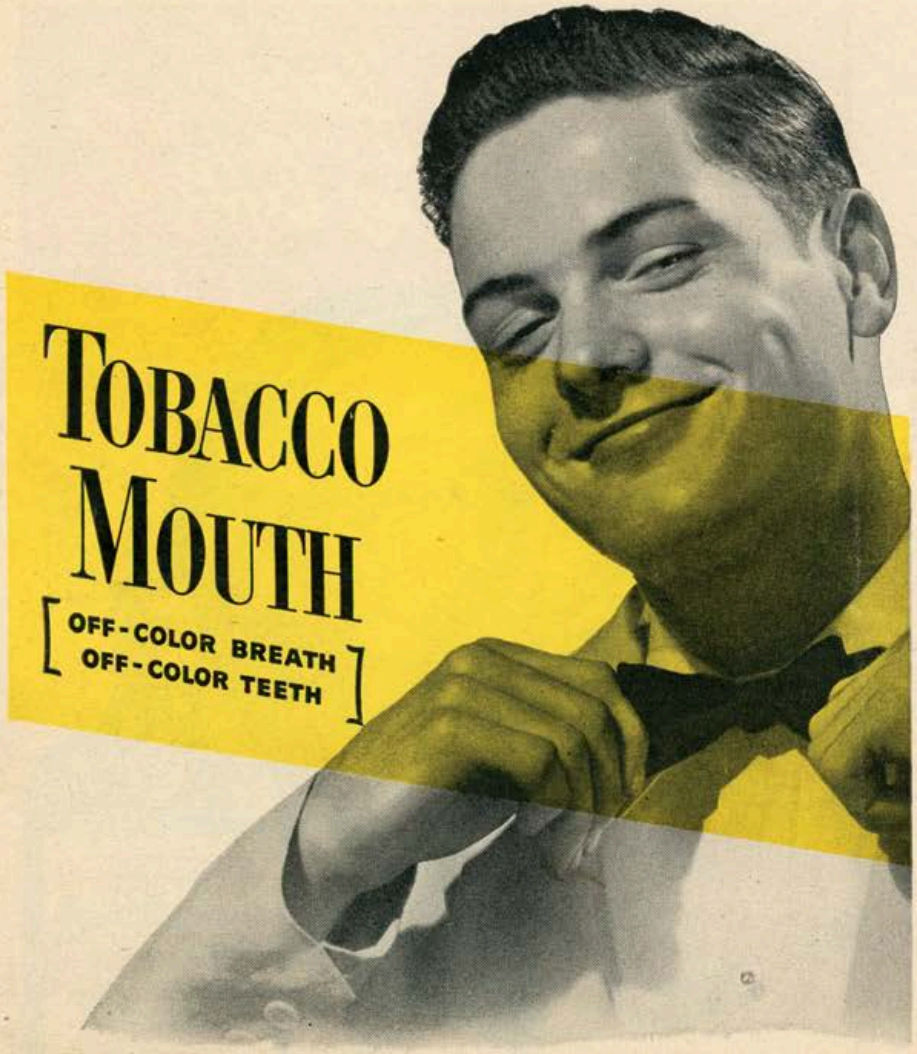
KENTUCKY WHISKEY-A BLEND

86 Proof, 70% Grain Neutral Spirits. Copr. 1949, Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

A Schenley Mark of Merit Whiskey



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Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath!

HOLY MAN CONTINUED

years old. Sri Ramana's favorite point of departure, the question "Who am I?," was stated long ago by Socrates as "Know thyself," and has been echoed by thousands of great moral teachers everywhere. "If only the mind is kept under control," says Sri Ramana, "what matters it where one may happen to be? The mind of the ignorant one, entering into the phenomenal world, suffers pain and anguish. When the world recedes from one's view, that is when, free from thought, the mind enjoys the bliss of the self. There is no such thing as the physical world apart from and independent of thought. Just as the spider draws out the thread of the cobweb from within itself and withdraws it again into itself, even so out of itself the mind projects the world and absorbs it again into itself. The self alone is the world."

There is, of course, no point in logical dispute about religions. A man believes or he does not believe, and that is all there is to it. A Christian, who has a more dynamic view of human destiny, might find the extreme subjectiveness of Sri Ramana's philosophy a practical weakness. The average Hindu, whose closest relationships are between himself and the infinite, has failed to evolve the sense of social responsibility that grows from the Judaeo-Christian dictum, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." The average worldly Western man might point out that Sri Ramana's way of life is all right for sages but offers very little help to the fellow who is trying to pay the rent and keep his children clothed and fed. These are some of the differences that have always divided East and West. And India's progressive political and industrial leaders are very anxious today to teach India the secrets of the West's material advance and to wipe out the poverty, disease and social inequality of her "phenomenal world" by other methods than pure contemplation. Probably they are right and even Sri Ramana would not deny the temporary validity of their aims. But the yogi takes a longer view. According to his philosophy, the world has seen countless cycles of creation and dissolution. Man's material conquests rise and subside. The world is not really going anywhere in particular. The only thing that is certain is the indestructibility of the human soul, which strives eternally toward ultimate union with the all-pervading essence known as Brahman. Had Sri Ramana, like Sri Aurobindo, defeated Adolf Hitler? Not in the physical sense certainly. But in the yogi's contemplative universe, the "physical sense" is a more or less irrelevant illusion. Sri Ramana's universe is ruled by a power that has long guaranteed the futility of all earthly ambition. According to Hindu theology, Sri Ramana himself is identified with this power. Accepting these premises, anybody can work out the equation. It may not be what the Western mind calls "realistic." But it is certainly not illogical.

Why take it with you?

GOOD NEWS FOR SMOKERS!—A new, pure-white tooth paste with Lusterfoam that attacks tobacco stain and off-color breath.

Don't kid yourself about "tobacco mouth"—it's as real as the stain on a chain smoker's fingers!

But your tongue can tell! (You can "taste" an odor.) And your dentist knows when he cleans your teeth. And your friends *might* notice . . . *you* know.

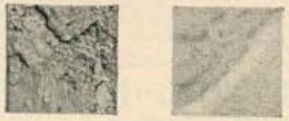
But they won't point the finger at you (after you've left the room of course) if you're a regular user of Listerine Tooth Paste. Here's why—

It contains *Lusterfoam*—a special ingredient that actually *foams* cleaning and polishing agents over your teeth . . . into the crevices—removes fresh stain before it gets a chance to "set" . . . whisks away that odor-making tobacco debris!

See for yourself how Listerine Tooth Paste with *Lusterfoam* freshens your mouth and your breath! Get a tube and make sure that wherever you go—you won't take "tobacco mouth" with you!

Electron-Microscope shows difference!

Tooth surfaces, magnified 6,300 times, illustrate how new, scientifically perfected cleaning and polishing agents enable Listerine Tooth Paste to heighten tooth brilliance and surface smoothness . . . attacking a major cause of Tobacco Mouth.

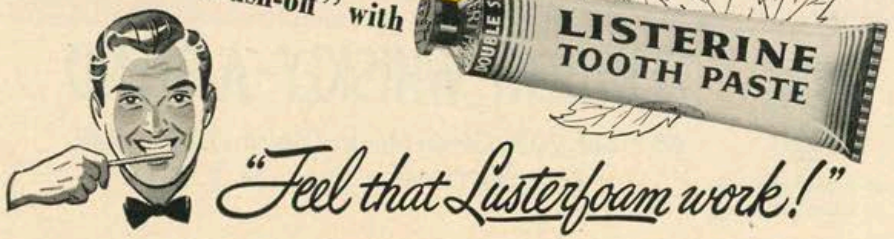


LEFT: Tooth surface polished with ordinary polishing ingredient.
RIGHT: Surface of same tooth polished with new Listerine Tooth Paste.

TOBACCO MOUTH

...give it the "brush-off" with

TASTE THAT WINTER-MINT FLAVOR!



"Feel that Lusterfoam work!"

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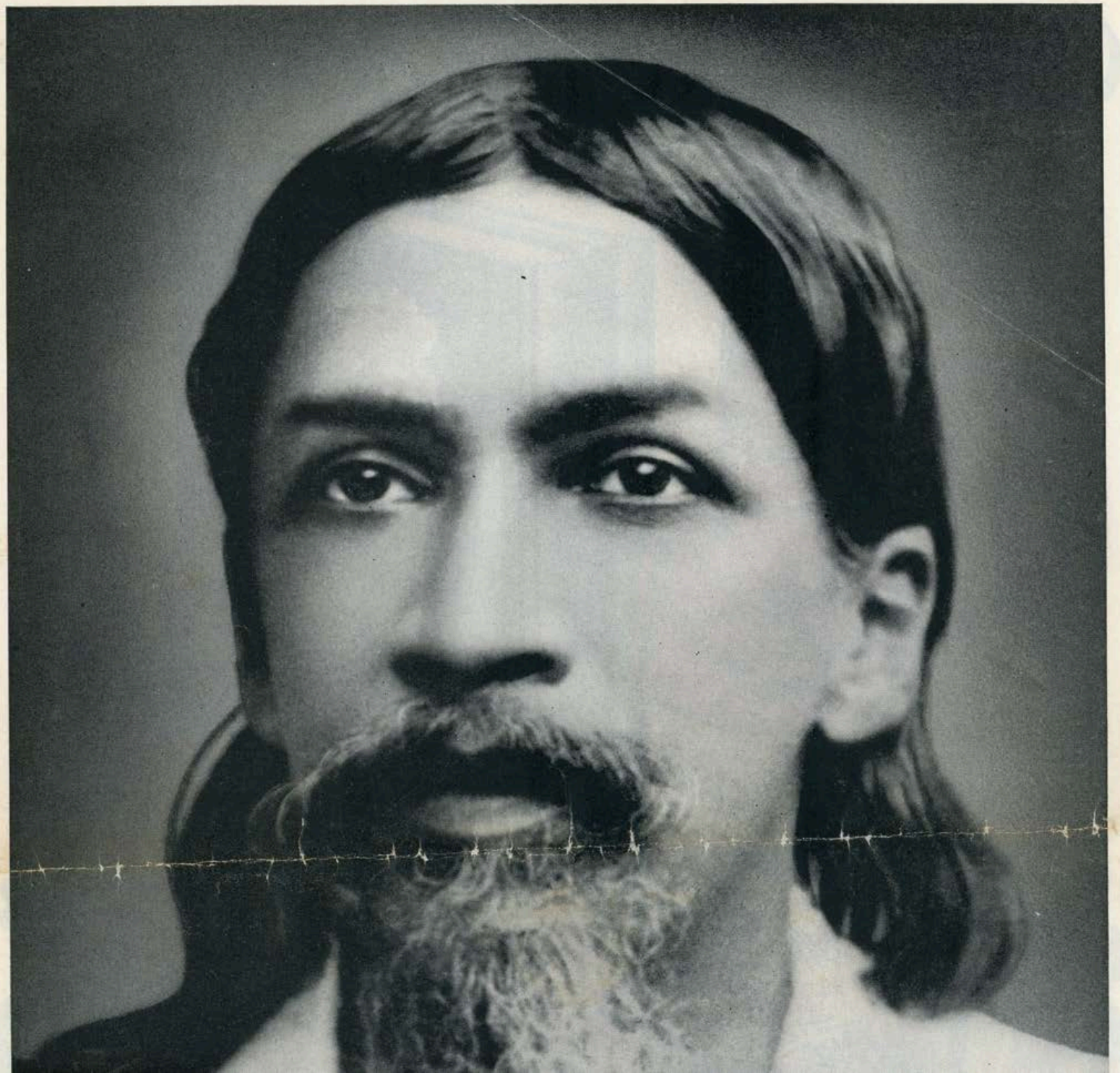
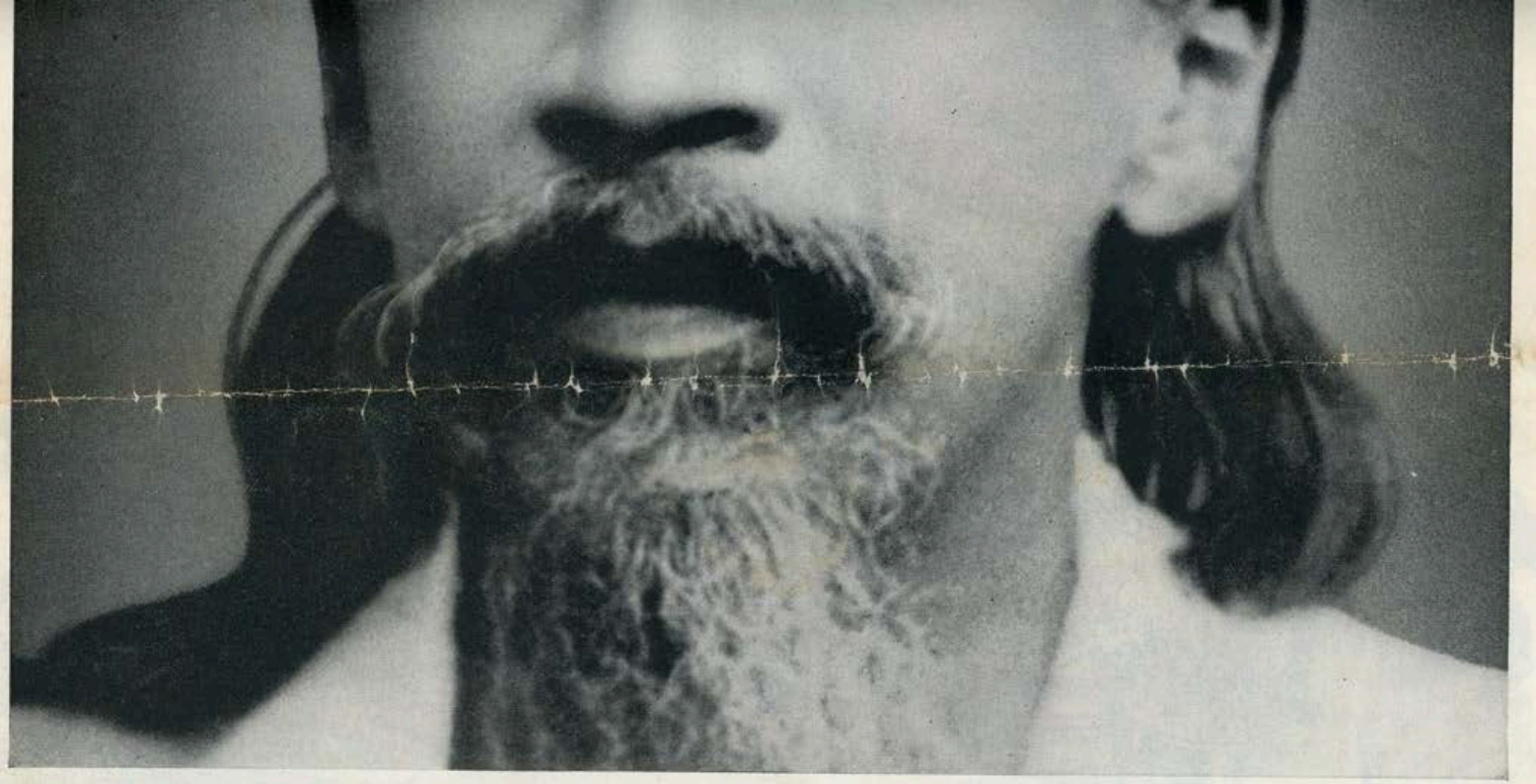
RIVAL HOLY MAN Sri Aurobindo's ashram is in neighboring Pondichéry. A woman dressed in a sari kneels in prayer before photograph of "the master."





PORTRAIT OF A MAN-GOD. Aurobindo moves with convinced superiority in a world he honors with his presence.

KINGS OF THE YOGIS

Two of India's living gods, Shri Aurobindo and Maharshi, are divine to thousands of devoted followers

by VINCENT SHEEAN

ONE ASPECT of Indian life and culture has fascinated and repelled the western mind ever since it first made the acquaintance of Hinduism. That is the propensity to deification, under which there can be "three hundred and thirty million gods," or as many gods as there are men. Westerners feel relatively familiar with simple idolatry, the worship of gods made of stone or wood. But when gods are made of living human creatures, the mind of the west generally revolts. This is too much, it says firmly: here we draw the line.

Unfortunately, the moment we draw the line we shut out all possibility of comprehending what lies beyond it. And in this case, what lies beyond the line is one of the most profound and rewarding excursions to be made in the whole forest of philosophy. What the living gods of India are, and how they became what they are, is an inquiry which, if honestly pursued, is likely to shed as much light on the nature of consciousness as we can get anywhere.

There have been some pretty funny examples of yogi and in general the vocabulary of half-baked Oriental *(Continued on Page 75)*

Good taste for generations

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THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS

PHYSICAL CULTURE is important. While Divine Mother plays tennis in the afternoon, activities such as this children's rally take place nearby.

(Continued from Page 73)

mysticism, as it has reached us through retired British army officers, elderly millionaire ladies and the like, has been enough to make us view the subject with suspicion.

We all know the story of the celebrated Bengal lancer who, in his retirement in the English countryside, pursued the meditations and realizations to which he had been brought by his Indian guru; and of how his loyal soldier-servant, who had learned the yogi patter as a matter of propriety, once told a casual visitor, "Oh, no, sir, you can't see the major now. The major is in the fourth dimension."

Well, I have not been precisely in the fourth dimension, but I have been gazing at it. I have recently beheld two of the living gods of India—the two principal ones—and I have found that the legends are true. Unfortunately for our proof-thirsty minds, the mystical literature also unanimously asserts that the experience is "ineffable," incommunicable, and can never be explained to one who has not felt it himself. So we are left with a phenomenon which we can either believe or disbelieve, but which is not capable of being proved. These are matters which lie beyond the bounds of logic, reason or intellect, and if we cannot admit that such things may be, then we must believe that these men, their followers, and, in a general way, all Hindus who believe in spiritual realization are insane.

Aurobindo himself, whose claims to power are very exceptional even among gods, has ably explained the fundamental difference between the Western and Eastern minds in this matter. He mind, associating itself with ideas of an unseen but very specific deity. I tried to reason out the causes, and could come to nothing much more than this; but whatever caused it, certainly I found the constant burning of incense before these men conducive to disgust. The second thing is the abject prostration of the devotee before the carcass of the living god; no mere kneeling or bowing, but complete prostration, with the forehead flat on the floor. Even the American and European devotees do this.

At first, one thinks that one has wandered into a lunatic asylum. The thing that redeems the situation, in both cases which I observed, is the face of the guru himself. Whatever others may think or say, neither Shri Ramana Maharshi nor Shri Aurobindo seemed to me to be deceived or befuddled by these extravagant manifestations.

The two great gurus of modern India live within seventy miles of each other, and foreign dabblers in Hinduism have found it quite convenient to take in both gods on the same tour. Sometimes in novels or plays the two have been combined (although they are philosophically different) to give a composite picture of the Hindu guru. This is falsehood itself; nothing in life could be more opposed than the simple and very ancient self-search of Shri Maharshi, based upon the plain question "Who am I?" and the immensely complicated, heaven-storming arrogance of Shri Aurobindo. Maharshi teaches that God is everywhere, in all things and beings, and that if a man really arrives at an answer to the question "Who am I?" he will (by peeling off the layers of the human ego) find God. Aurobindo, on the other hand, has constructed a tremendous metaphysical guidebook

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(Continued from Page 73)

mysticism, as it has reached us through retired British army officers, elderly millionaire ladies and the like, has been enough to make us view the subject with suspicion.

We all know the story of the celebrated Bengal lancer who, in his retirement in the English countryside, pursued the meditations and realizations to which he had been brought by his Indian guru; and of how his loyal soldier-servant, who had learned the yogi patter as a matter of propriety, once told a casual visitor, "Oh, no, sir, you can't see the major now. The major is in the fourth dimension."

Well, I have not been precisely in the fourth dimension, but I have been gazing at it. I have recently beheld two of the living gods of India—the two principal ones, I believe, now in existence. One is Shri Ramana Maharshi, whose earthly manifestation is at Tiruvannamalai, in the Province of Madras. The other is Shri Aurobindo Ghose, the Bengali philosopher and prince of yogis who retired from the world in 1910, and has since conducted all his traffic with the infinite from a small French town on the south coast of India, the minute but historically celebrated enclave of Pondicherry.

THE MYSTIC UNION

These two men are considered by their followers to be divine personalities, in the sense that both have reached a form of union with God. They have, in the Hindu phrase, "realized" God—that is, not simply realized the existence of God, as you or I might do, but fully entered into the essence of that being, become one with it, in the mystic union which is called *yoga*. This is a practical experience, not a theoretical condition, and the whole of mystical literature in all ages and countries asserts that it is true. Unfortunately for our proof-thirsty minds, the mystical literature also unanimously asserts that the experience is "ineffable," incommunicable, and can never be explained to one who has not felt it himself. So we are left with a phenomenon which we can either believe or disbelieve, but which is not capable of being proved. These are matters which lie beyond the bounds of logic, reason or intellect, and if we cannot admit that such things may be, then we must believe that these men, their followers, and, in a general way, all Hindus who believe in spiritual realization are insane.

Aurobindo himself, whose claims to power are very exceptional even among gods, has ably explained the fundamental difference between the Western and Eastern minds in this matter. He does not teach; even with his five or six closest disciples he seldom breaks silence, but he does answer letters. From time to time the faithful gather up these letters and publish them in small volumes, from which the most practical clues to Aurobindo's yoga (as distinct from his philosophy) can be obtained. In one such work, entitled *The Bases of Yoga*, he says that in the East, if a fact of spiritual experience contradicts reason or logic, then reason and logic must yield. In the West the opposite has been increasingly true since the time of the Greeks.

But let us look, for a moment, at the external existence of these two living gods, and let us begin by saying in all frankness that for us—for any westerner—the first glimpse is a shock of sledge-hammer quality, to see human beings worshiped in this way.

To me, one of the most shocking things was the incense. Psychologically this may be due to a Roman Catholic childhood, in which incense powerfully conditioned the memory and the whole live within seventy miles of each other, and foreign dabblers in Hinduism have found it quite convenient to take in both gods on the same tour. Sometimes in novels or plays the two have been combined (although they are philosophically different) to give a composite picture of the Hindu guru. This is falsehood itself; nothing in life could be more opposed than the simple and very ancient self-search of Shri Maharshi, based upon the plain question "Who am I?" and the immensely complicated, heaven-storming arrogance of Shri Aurobindo. Maharshi teaches that God is everywhere, in all things and beings, and that if a man really arrives at an answer to the question "Who am I?" he will (by peeling off the layers of the human ego) find God. Aurobindo, on the other hand, has constructed a tremendous metaphysical guidebook understood (in my opinion) by nobody but himself, according to which "the Supreme" can be brought down into human life and is now about to be brought down, thus achieving an immense forward step in evolution.

One of these two men is, as can be seen at a glance, a humble sufferer who has reached his goal through torture; the other is one of the most arrogant spirits ever born on earth. Aurobindo actually believes he won the battle of Stalingrad and the world war; he is now deeply engaged in producing a world peace (using, of course, such crude instruments as Truman, Stalin, Attlee and so forth); the effort he makes, in his excursions through the Supreme realms which he usually inhabits, is toward no less than a physical evolutionary change in mankind. He thinks he is going to make men into gods.

So here, within seventy miles of each other in South India, we have classically opposing types of the heavenly teacher, the man-god and guru. It is quite easy to say that both are insane and that all

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CHILDREN WORKING together in the fields typify spirit of an ashram, a co-operative colony made up of the disciples and followers of a yogi.

those who go to them for light are equally crazy. This, however, does not really apply in either case. Maharshi's system is so simple, coherent and persuasive that it has commanded the respect of western scientists and skeptical visitors. After all, a self-analysis based upon the question "Who am I?" is not bad therapy in any time or country, providing it is sensibly conducted. What is more, I doubt if anybody could look at the Maharshi—the poor old palsied man with the suffering face—without realizing there is not a trace of deception or self-deception in him.

WRITING FROM HEAVEN

Aurobindo is a totally different phenomenon—a Bengali exquisite, very elegant in his white silk robe at the age

Pondicherry is a sleepy little town. The French have held it since the days of Clive and Dupleix, and apparently feel that they owe it to their Glory or some other obsolete abstraction to hang on to it. One of the distinctive aspects of the genius of the French is the way in which they succeed in making all places (even, sometimes, France) look African. One gets into Pondicherry from Madras on an Indian train run by Indians, and then, suddenly, you are in Africa, surrounded by African faces talking an African dialect of French. The little town is of no size or consequence, and aside from cholera I could learn of nothing that it produced. Some 60 per cent of all its real property, land and houses, belongs to the ashram of Shri Aurobindo. In this ashram there

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WRITING FROM HEAVEN

Aurobindo is a totally different phenomenon—a Bengali exquisite, very elegant in his white silk robe at the age of seventy-seven; a friend of Tagore; an Englishman in many ways, like innumerable modern Indian leaders (public school and Cambridge); a jaunty, quizzical eye, an air of convinced superiority to the world he honors with his presence. Aurobindo has written a great many books in an English so florid, hifalutin and unnatural that it has done his thought much disservice; he is also engaged upon one of the longest and worst epic poems of all time, called *Savitri*, which is being published by the faithful in successive globules. He has also written plays, stories and all sorts of other literary work, the merit of which is highly appreciated by those who accept his divinity. It is not possible to say anything critical to Aurobindo's disciples, because it is their firm belief that everything he has said or written since 1908 has been dictated from on high. It was in 1908 that he "silenced his mind"; since then it is God who speaks through him. Literary criticism cannot flourish under such conditions.

Pondicherry is a sleepy little town. The French have held it since the days of Clive and Dupleix, and apparently feel that they owe it to their Glory or some other obsolete abstraction to hang on to it. One of the distinctive aspects of the genius of the French is the way in which they succeed in making all places (even, sometimes, France) look African. One gets into Pondicherry from Madras on an Indian train run by Indians, and then, suddenly, you are in Africa, surrounded by African faces talking an African dialect of French. The little town is of no size or consequence, and aside from cholera I could learn of nothing that it produced. Some 60 per cent of all its real property, land and houses, belongs to the ashram of Shri Aurobindo. In this ashram there are now seven hundred people—disciples and the familics of disciples—with schools for the children and a complete set of granaries, dairies, bakeries, print shops, and so forth.

An ashram is a voluntary association of teacher and pupils, master and disciples. There have been ashrams formed around Hindu teachers since time immemorial; the idea is so familiar in India that nobody ever bothers to explain what it is. It is a very loose form of association in some ways; the teacher makes his own rules, and sometimes, as in the case of Aurobindo, there are very few. Until recent years nobody ever dreamed of trying to incorporate an ashram or give it any kind of legal status. In the case of Aurobindo's ashram at Pondicherry, all the property is held either in his name or in the name of The Divine Mother, a lady who was known in the world as Mira Alfassa, and who still signs checks that way. The Divine Mother first came to Pondicherry in 1914, settled there in 1920, and became divine simultane-

ously with Aurobindo on November 24, 1926.

The French really do not know what to make of the ashram, and one must sympathize with their bewilderment. It is hard on the most logical of all Western peoples to have a double manifestation of divinity thrust upon them. When Aurobindo took refuge in Pondicherry in 1910 he was a Bengali nationalist and the French were happy to do a little disservice to their English friends. They did not realize what this was going to get them into. In the first place, Aurobindo devoted himself more and more to yoga, achieving successive spiritual experiences of the kind which are, to him and his followers, incontrovertible. His divinity was bruited about all over India; it is not a thing that can be long concealed in that country. Then there arrived Mme. Paul Richard, wife of the French mystical writer of that name; she and M. Richard reached Pondicherry in 1914. In 1920 Madame Richard returned there to stay. She resumed, for business purposes, her maiden name of Mira Alfassa, a piece of romanticism in itself; it was actually the name bestowed upon her by her parents, but they probably had never heard that Mira was the name of an Indian princess who gave up the world to follow the Lord Shri Krishna.

DIVINE DRAMA

Under Aurobindo's metaphysical system for many years a Divine Mother has been absolutely necessary. There exist three letters from him to his wife, written in 1907 and 1908, and seized by the British police in Calcutta, which invite that lady, since deceased, to take up the role. In those letters he revealed to his wife that a divine destiny was in store for him, and that he required a "Shakti"—a name (meaning the feminine principle, energy) given to all the various wives of Shiva—to play out the drama with him. She apparently felt unable to rise to this height.

Not so Mme. Paul Richard. She perceived at once that she had been born for no other purpose—her meditations and prayers, which have been intrepidly published, prove this. She had to undergo a series of religious disciplines and exercises leading to an ascending scale of mystical experiences, until, on November 24, 1926, the Divine Consciousness descended upon her and upon Aurobindo at the same time in the presence of twenty-two of their followers. Since that event, Shri Aurobindo and his Shakti are playing out a divine drama as two aspects or embodiments of the same supreme will. The God withdraws but is ever present behind the manifestations which the Divine Mother incessantly produces for the faithful.

This concept is ancient in Hinduism; it remained for Aurobindo and Madame Richard to enact it literally. On one plane the whole affair is small: that is, the world directly governed by this God and his Feminine Principle contains seven hundred people, a number of dwellings and enterprises of limited value, and some money in the bank. But this small world is governed precisely as if it were not only the planet earth but all the universes. Each concept of Aurobindo's metaphysics receives enactment, in so far as it is possible, in the ashram itself. The Divine Mother bestows her darshan (purification of the devotee by a glimpse of the divine) four times a day; she hands out flowers of various occult significances to the devotees, who file reverently before her to receive them; she listens to their requests or complaints, gives her

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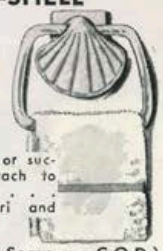

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returned there to stay. She resumed, for business purposes, her maiden name of Mira Alfassa, a piece of romanticism in itself; it was actually the name bestowed upon her by her parents, but they probably had never heard that Mira was the name of an Indian princess who gave up the world to follow the Lord Shri Krishna.

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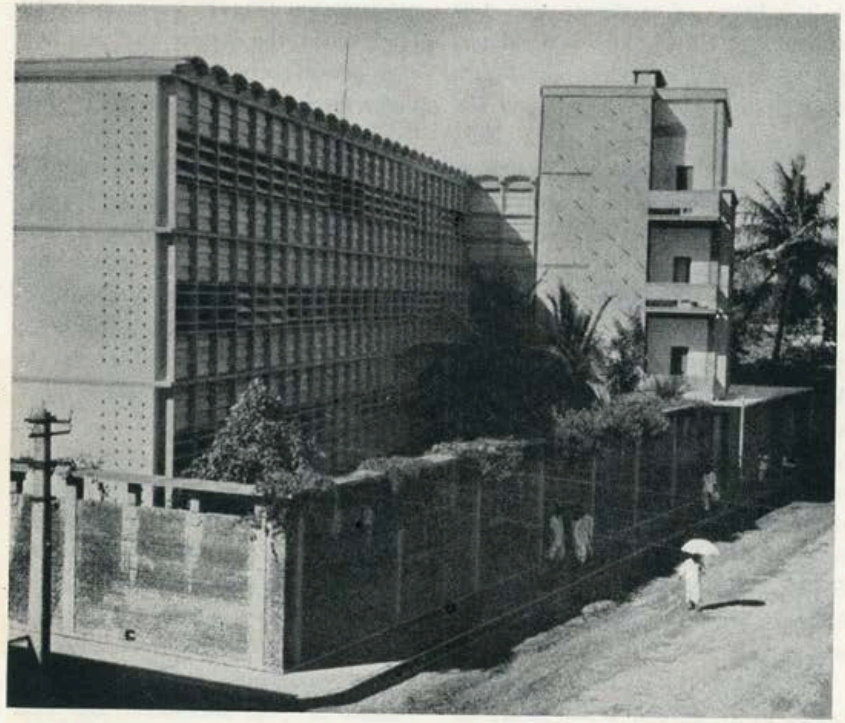

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were the mistress and mother of the world; nothing is done or not done in the existence of these seven hundred people unless she wills it. Aurobindo's religion, his philosophy and even his politics are all contained in this visible enactment. It was long ago (1907) that he defined political nationalism as being "surrender to the Mother."

PONDICHERRY PRESENCE

In those days "the Mother" referred more precisely to Mother India than to the Divine Mother, but it is obvious that in the end it comes to the same thing. Worship of God as Mother is explicit in Bengal, and Aurobindo is—in spite of his English training—profoundly Bengali in character. There are a few old friends and followers of Aurobindo, one hears, who have been unable to accept Madame Richard's dominion, but these are few. To most of the faithful it is now beyond question that the Feminine Principle of the world-consciousness, the Divine Mother, is incarnated at Pondicherry by a French-Jewish lady, who acts not only for God as Aurobindo, but for God as Absolute.

I did not go to Pondicherry unprepared for something startling; I had read a good deal of Aurobindo's work and had heard that The Mother was dictator of the settlement. Nobody had prepared me, however, for the specific facts of the case.

"We go over to the ashram at ten-thirty," my next-door neighbor in the guesthouse informed me. "Mother comes down then." I realized from the intonation that "Mother comes down" meant something more than a mere physical descent of a staircase.

The ashram is scattered all over Pondicherry, but the house where

tation Room, which was filled with people silently moving forward or seated on the ground waiting to take their turns in the line. I stationed myself in the far corner where I could see what was going on.

It was then, with a start of amazement, that I first saw The Mother. Nothing I had heard had prepared me for the spectacle. She was simply Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who died in 1923. I had to wipe my eyes and stare hard to see that the impression, although strong, came not from a real resemblance, physically speaking, so much as from associations in my own memory. Madame Bernhardt had the same physical scrawniness and extremely heavy stage make-up, and there was something very similar in the expression of mouth and eyes. Her fixed and mechanical smile was also of the same character, and the style of dress—a gauzy veil pulled tight over the brow, and a vaguely theatrical robe glittering here and there—was the same. But what made me think so irresistibly of Madame Bernhardt was not these similarities, but something much deeper—the feeling that this woman and Madame Bernhardt both were acting at all moments, internally and externally, with full consciousness of playing a part.

MOTHER OF THE FAITHFUL

The routine of the true believers at Pondicherry begins at a few minutes after sunrise, when The Mother comes out on the balcony and looks down at the faithful in the street below. There are possibly two hundred persons assembled in the little street. The Mother is, at this hour, just as elaborately painted, coiffed and dressed as if she were about to take her place on a Hollywood set. She looks silently from the balcony

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The ashram is scattered all over Pondicherry, but the house where Aurobindo and The Mother live is usually referred to as the ashram too. It is a house of moderate size, two stories high, built around a small garden space with a wall on the fourth side. In the garden there are a few trees, planted by The Mother. Near the entrance are the library, bookshop and other offices; the secretary and other managers of the organization work here; in one corner is the staircase leading to the room in which Aurobindo has been secluded for so many years. At stated intervals during the day The Mother descends this staircase to sit on a throne and bestow her blessings on her children. The space where this occurs is directly under Aurobindo's room and is a zone of silence at all times. It is called the Meditation Room, although no meditation in the ordinary sense occurs there, and it is not a room.

My neighbor took me through the crowd in the garden to the shady entrance to this space. We discarded our shoes here and went on into the Medi-

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Now, I have not the faintest doubt that these supernal attributes are wholly realized by The Divine Mother at Pondicherry. You can actually look up at that balcony and see her being Power, for instance.

After this benediction has suffused the universe the group has breakfast. I sampled one meal in the ashram. Then I reverted to type and ate three times a day at the local French hotel, where carnivorous animals are not so rare.

SHELLEY'S FLOWER

Between breakfast and morning darshan at 10:30 there occurs a pause, or on some planes possibly even a hiatus, during which the more practical elements in Shri Aurobindo's triple universe go about their business—milking cows, separating wheat from chaff, printing epic poems and other suitable activities. Some people do nothing during this interval. (In India this is called meditation.) Others read the works of Shri Aurobindo, which, if you can plow through them, take up a lot of time. Then, whatever disposal you have made of the intervening hours, you must in common decency go back to the ashram to receive another blessing. The Divine Mother is, as you can see, lavish in that respect.

One day I was standing in line, awaiting my turn to go forward, when I saw a wonderful flower composition placed on a table. It reminded me of the incomparable Buddhist carvings I had recently seen in the Government Museum at Madras, the lotus medallions in marble from the ruins of Amaravati. It was about the size of a wedding cake and must have taken somebody hours to put together. The flowers in it were, I thought, tuberoses, intricately and lovingly intertwined in concentric circles. I remarked upon this composition

"I mean that that is what it is," he said kindly.

"Wait a minute," I said. "According to what system does it mean that? Who says that is what it means? Does Aurobindo say so?"

"The Mother *sees* it," he said. "It isn't any particular system. It may have some origin or parallel in ancient scriptures, but that doesn't matter. The Mother simply sees the reality. That is what it *is*."

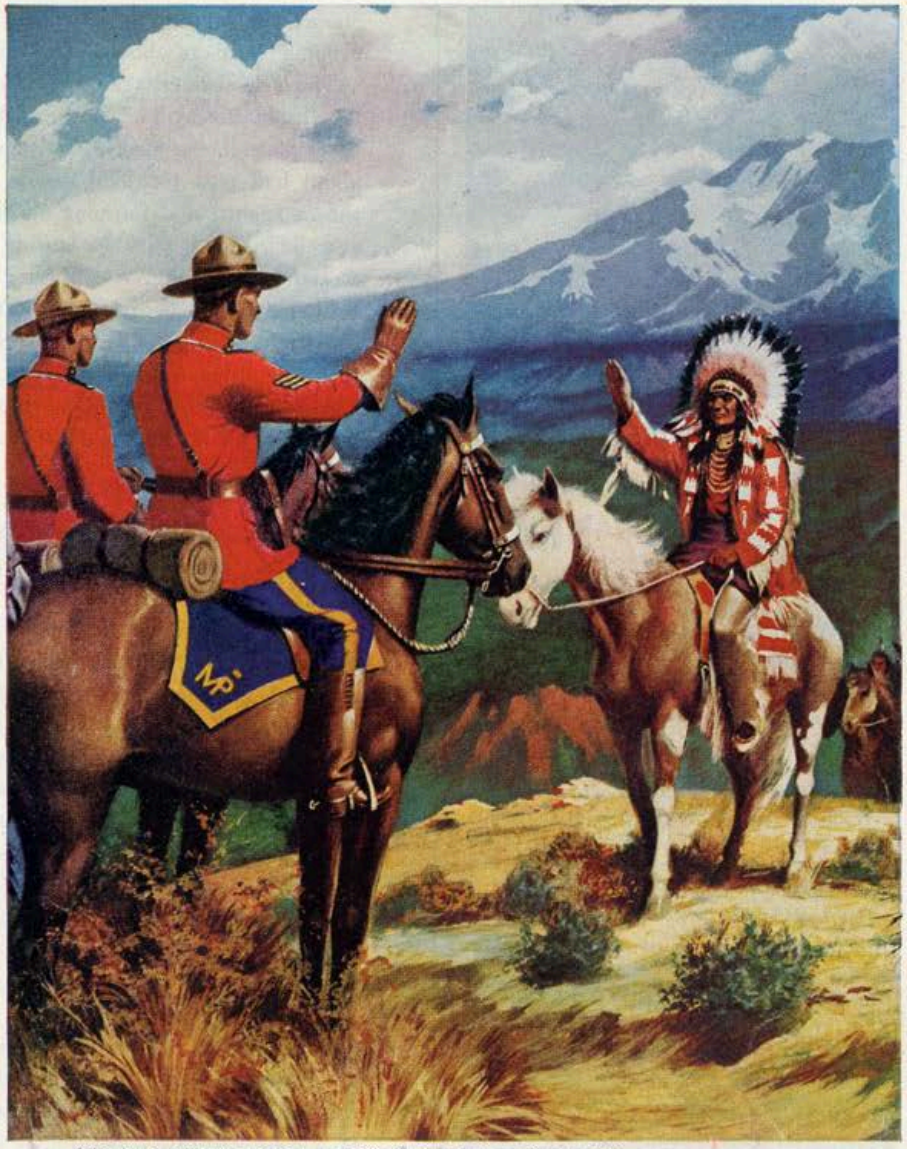
"Oh," I said.

"Psychological perfection," he added gently, as if to protect me from the danger of forgetting.

I moved along in line until I was directly in front of The Divine Mother. I saluted her in Hindu fashion and she handed me a champak flower.

"*Bon jour, chéri,*" she said under her breath, with her eyes fixed on some incredible luminary several million miles to the northwest of my cortex.

I stumbled out in a state of bewilderment which threatens to become permanent. What on earth did all this mean, if anything? For one simple fact was dominant, and that is that all these people were sincere. They believe it all; they live it all; they are what they say they are. The Divine Mother, when she said "*Bon jour, chéri,*" to me, was no more conscious of my specific personal existence than she was of her own. I know this just as positively as I know I have ten toes. She was off in some kind of state or condition which had hardly anything to do with this physical existence; she was barely aware of the persons who passed before her. A woman of seventy-one, incessantly preoccupied with the enactment of Divine Energy, can hardly be expected to keep an average view of life, and yet her "psychological perfection" (if that is



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CANADA'S FINEST

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He said: "No, it is not the tuberose. It is the champak."

This delighted me. I had never really known there was such a thing as a champak flower before; I think I have always assumed that Shelley simply made it up. "I arise from dreams of thee"—*the Indian Serenade*, one of the most exquisite lyrics we have in English.

"The champak," the English mystic added, "is yellower than the tuberose and sweeter. You realize that Shelley was greatly influenced by Hindu ideas. As a matter of fact," he went on, "the champak Mother is giving out today is psychological perfection."

"I beg your pardon?" I said. (Things of this sort often have to be repeated to me.)

"The champak flower," he said patiently, "is psychological perfection."

"You mean that it has that significance, in some occult system?"

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THE FLESH AND THE SPIRIT

The day goes on like this, with a solemn regularity. The Divine Mother of the Universe plays tennis at four in the afternoon; simultaneously, there are physical-culture exercises in the adjoining field by those of the faithful who are not in the fourth dimension; at six o'clock every evening everybody in the entire universe (Pondicherry aspect) assembles at the floodlit playground, to go through elementary physical drills, jumps and marching. The Divine Mother leads the marching, all round and round the rather exiguous terrain. When the exercising ends, at about fifteen minutes past seven, the Divine Mother passes around a sort of hollow square in which the faithful stand at attention; at this time they receive not only the purification and enhancement which are to be derived from a glimpse of her but also a small bag of peanuts.

When this process has reached its

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climax the aspirants go to eat their evening meal of boiled vegetables.

The last solemn act of the day is the fourth blessing by The Mother, which takes place in the meditation room at about half past ten. She sits on the throne again (as at morning darshan) and all file silently past her, bowing and receiving a flower. Some, if they are bold enough, ask her questions. These usually have to do with their work or their conditions—questions such as, "Mother, the printing press has broken down. May I go to Madras to buy a spare part?"

The Divine Energy ponders and gives judgment, but is more inclined to say no than yes, particularly if an expenditure is involved.

During the day's activities The Withdrawn Spirit Himself, which is to say Shri Aurobindo, takes very little part. He has been so busy with political activities in recent months that he has had no time even to write. The Americans and the Russians, in particular, have been giving him trouble. He has not been downstairs since 1926, I believe, and even before then his descents were extremely rare.

A BOW TO AUROBINDO

Four times a year ordinary people are allowed to file past him, too, and receive darshan. These four occasions are of a commemorative nature, as suits the grandiose style Aurobindo has given his life. One is his birthday (August fifteenth, also the day when India became independent, which is taken as clear proof that his spiritual activities caused the independence of India). Another is the birthday, February twenty-first, of The Divine Mother in her human aspect. Another is November twenty-fourth, the anniversary of the day in 1926 when he withdrew from the world. The fourth is April fifteenth, the day in 1920 when he first met The Mother.

Aurobindo is now seventy-seven years old and is obviously so withdrawn from this world that he scarcely notices it. He was born at Muttra in northern India and ran away from home at the age of sixteen to devote himself to the worship of Shiva on the sacred mountain of Arunachala. His renunciation of the world and his realization of God were simultaneous. His *sadhana* (his system of religious discipline or exploration) was based entirely on the question "Who am I?" He lived as an ascetic on the mountain for many years, alone with God, until he eventually became God.

The Maharshi, as he is called—the word means Great Seer—gives essentially the answer which all the great mystics of the past have given. It is almost word for word the answer William Blake gave his friend Carpenter. ("Of course I am God," he said, "and

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and solitude into a hundred; and he would still be a man of the world. The Maharshi most obviously is not even in the world and has not been for a very long time.

He sits on a divan in the meditation room, a paved and roofed open space, from eight to eleven each morning and from three to seven-thirty each afternoon. Occasionally somebody speaks to him. When this occurs, he replies. Otherwise he keeps silent, scratches his legs, or looks at a large colored calendar which hangs beside him. On it there is a crude representation of Mahatma Gandhi. The faithful sit on the pavement around him and meditate. When they come in and when they go out they prostrate themselves flat before him; he does not appear to notice.

THROUGH WESTERN EYES

At the morning service a choir of men sing chants to the Maharshi and to his colleagues, the other gods. Incense is kept constantly burning beside the divan on which he reposes. It may do some good in keeping off insects, but otherwise serves no purpose since he no longer notices either incense or bugs. The only spontaneous act which came under my notice during the day I spent there was the feeding of some chipmunks. At one point the Maharshi summoned an attendant young man and told him to feed these small beasts which lived in an adjacent tree.

There are even more beggars in front of this ashram than there are in front of Aurobindo's, and they look, if anything, hungrier.

What is any rational mind to make out of all this? Are these people simply preposterous lunatics imposing upon credulous idiots? I think not. It is at

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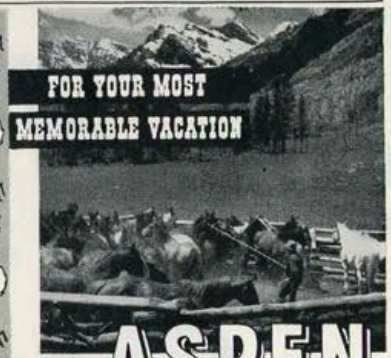

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I received the darshan of Shri Aurobindo at approximately twenty-seven minutes past three on the afternoon of February 21, 1949. He was sitting on the divan or throne with The Divine Mother beside him. One was permitted to make offerings but this was not obligatory.

Owing to a slight obstruction in the system of monetary exchanges I was not able to make an offering. I did, however, bow before him with clasped hands, and he looked at me with almost a human expression. The Divine Mother, who had just emerged from a deep trance, raised her head haughtily, and I got a faint whiff of the anger of Mahakali (Feminine Energy in the Aspect of Power).

The other god, seventy miles away, I found a little more to my taste. Shri Ramana Maharshi is a mere sixty-nine

NATION FAMOUS?

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liam Blake gave his friend Carpenter. ("Of course I am God," he said, "and so are you.") The Maharshi wears no clothing except a very elementary loincloth, but he seems to enjoy his food, and his ordinary talk with his disciples is said to be quite lively. A considerable number of people are employed in the business of running his ashram, receiving the donations of the faithful, and otherwise carrying out the business of keeping the enterprise afloat. The place is neither clean nor well-run, in my opinion, and is quite devoid of plumbing, but half a million rupees (about $180,000) are now being spent on a temple to the Maharshi's Mother. (In this case the word Mother refers to his real mother, in the human sense, the woman who gave him birth, although no doubt all the other meanings are added to it.)

I had the feeling that this manifestation—Shri Ramana, the Maharshi—was withdrawn more than any other yogi or mystic I have seen or heard about. Aurobindo might retire even more completely than he has done now; he could stretch his forty years of silence

colleagues, the other gods. Incense is kept constantly burning beside the divan on which he reposes. It may do some good in keeping off insects, but otherwise serves no purpose since he no longer notices either incense or bugs. The only spontaneous act which came under my notice during the day I spent there was the feeding of some chipmunks. At one point the Maharshi summoned an attendant young man and told him to feed these small beasts which lived in an adjacent tree.

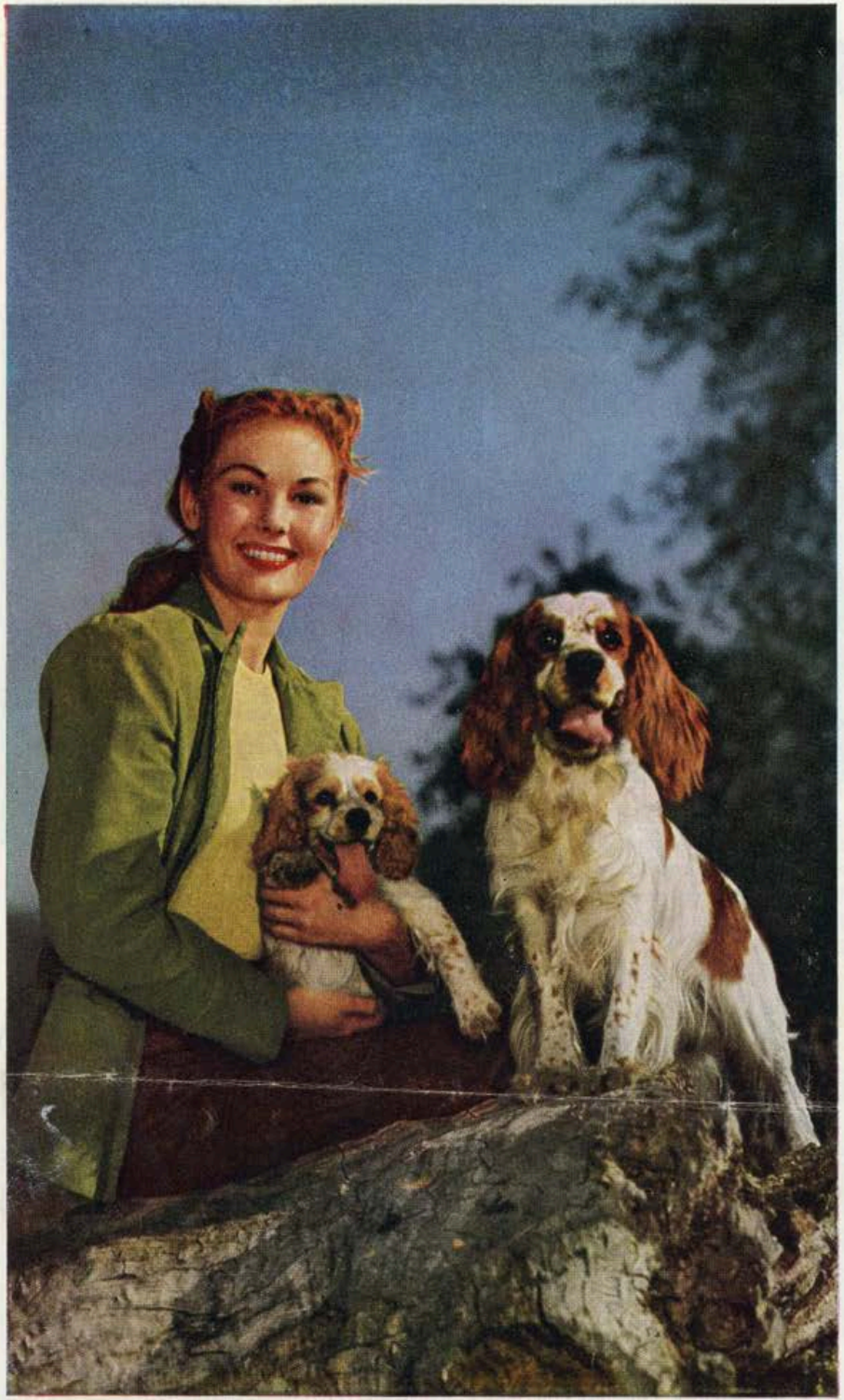
There are even more beggars in front of this ashram than there are in front of Aurobindo's, and they look, if anything, hungrier.

What is any rational mind to make out of all this? Are these people simply preposterous lunatics imposing upon credulous idiots? I think not. It is at times difficult to keep a straight face before manifestations so extreme, and yet can anybody who has reflected on the matter deny that there is such a thing as spiritual experience? I think not; the evidence is too overwhelming. The thing exists, has always existed and appears to be an indispensable, common element in the character of our species.

If this is so—then the forms taken by the phenomenon begin to matter less. Very few westerners will feel comfortable in the attitude of abjection towards a human being, but on the other hand it is ancient Hindu practice towards any great or good man; they say it helps to discipline the personal ego.

My conclusion is that we cannot lightly dismiss or rudely condemn the worship of living gods when they have, as in the cases I observed, actually had something to offer poor struggling humans in their search for truth. Aurobindo in his youth had much to offer. His early philosophical work remains a permanent part of Hinduism. If in later

(Continued on Page 82)



(Continued from Page 80)

years, through unremitting spiritualization of his consciousness (almost forty years of mainly solitude and silence) he has become a little indefinite about the arrangements of his own particular throne room—a little insecure about distinctions—we may see how this could be. He has inhabited another world for a long time.

But, for my part, the more I see and read about these men-gods, yogis and gurus, the more I appreciate the great, humble, simple man who died at Delhi on January 30, 1948. I refer to Mahatma Gandhi. He was neither god nor yogi nor guru. He was what they call at Pondicherry "an ethical idealist," apparently a terrible thing from the really high-toned point of view. He believed in goodness and hoped to increase its quantitive distribution. At Pondicherry they are beyond good and evil, philosophically speaking, for in their ascending scales of being, once you ascend high enough, good and evil do not even exist. Their self-worship is not even externalized, as was, for example, the self-worship of Hitler. Supposing Aurobindo does bring about permanent peace, just as he won the war and liberated India, who is ever going to know it except himself and his five most intimate disciples? Another item worth mentioning is that the man-gods I have beheld (and Hitler was just as certainly one as Aurobindo) do not appear to have faced and acknowledged the plain fact of their own mortality in the present body. Tremendous claims, tremendous ambitions, tremendous delusions often end just with a slip on a banana peel, a broken neck, or a cessation of the breath caused by a cold in the head. Aurobindo's disciples think he—or that supreme consciousness which descended on November 24, 1926—will stay in that body for an indefinite period.

Mahatma Gandhi's superiority to these others, from this observer's point of view, was that he knew at every moment and fully "realized" something far more difficult than the realization of God: the realization, that is, that he was a human being. The divine spark to which he sometimes referred was no more in him than in any other creature. It is true that people did kneel and even prostrate themselves before him, but he always tried to prevent it and, when this was impossible, to ignore it.

I should like to conclude these observations and reports by quoting an example of the prose style of Shri Aurobindo, the sage of Pondicherry.

"Imperial Maheshwari," he says, "is seated in the wideness above the thinking mind and will and sublimates and greatens them into wisdom and largeness or floods with a splendor beyond them. For she is the mighty and wise One who opens us to the supramental infinities and the cosmic vastness, to the grandeur of the supreme Light, to a treasure house of miraculous knowledge, to the measureless movement of the Mother's eternal forces."

Up there in that region just described, far above the mind, we may now leave the subject, in all its psychological perfection, beyond the beyond, above the above, behind the behind.

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lared Greek temple and of the Italian villa further prove our ancestors' reverence for the past. More original are

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THE HUDSON

(Continued from Page 41)

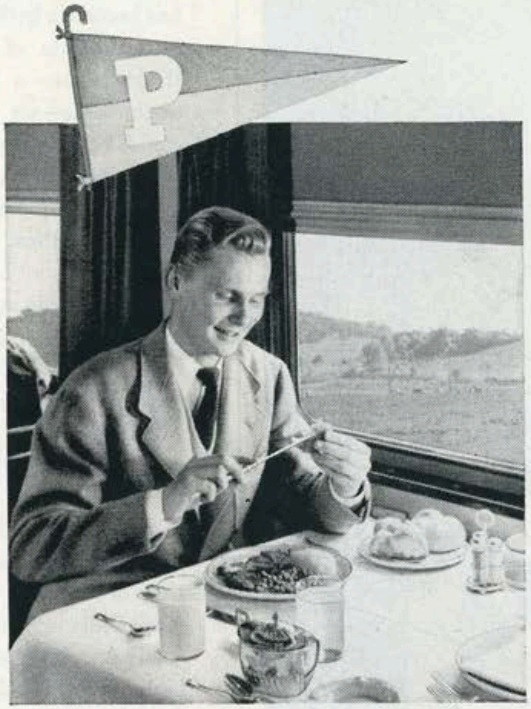
visiting Swedish writer of the 19th Century, looked upon their stone faces in the moonlight, sighed, and later wrote in her journal, "The ruin and its ornaments in the midst of a wild, romantic rocky and wooded promontory was a design in the best of taste." To her, as to the Crugers, it symbolized life's transitory quality, a subject on which the valley families then loved to dwell.

Between the medieval towers that lift into the valley skies lie many other evidences of the history of American architecture. Adaptations of the pilared Greek temple and of the Italian villa further prove our ancestors' reverence for the past. More original are the highly decorated "Rural Cottages" and "Country Residences" designed in the "Hudson River Bracketed" style. This architectural fashion, whose odd name became the title of one of Edith Wharton's period-piece novels, was characterized by extremes of decorations supplied by valley carpenters who gave expression to their wildest fancies in the cutting of vergeboard with scroll saw, and by wide-angled roofs supported in part by wall brackets which were visible both on the exterior and interior of the house.

The valley also bears the mark of the most radical architect of the middle 19th Century. He was Orson Fowler, a celebrity who first rose to fame as a reader of character through the conformations of the human head. When he turned to designing the ideal residence, the phrenologist produced a huge octagonal structure at Fishkill-on-Hudson, arguing that it presented more surfaces to the sun and eliminated the dark square corners of

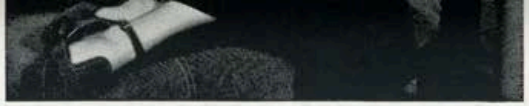
How to send 'em back to school... honored students!

She adds relaxation to the 3 R's when she goes Pullman! While she curls up in the big, comfortable Pullman seat with her favorite magazine, a helpful porter looks after her luggage, makes sure she's completely comfortable, anticipates her needs.



He's tempted to cram when he sees the really delicious meals served in the railroad dining car. The courses here are as easy to take as graduation with honors. And, afterwards, he can stretch his legs, get up and walk around, enjoy himself.

His roomy Pullman bed passes any examination with straight "Ah's!" Its crisp, clean linens, its soft, comfortable mattress almost make him forget he ever left home. Instead of counting sheep, he sleeps like a lamb—builds up plenty of pep for busy registration days.



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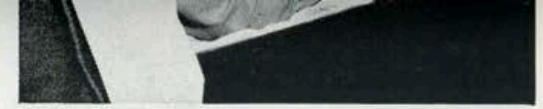

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They all rate "A" for punctuality as they arrive on time on dependable railroad schedules—relaxed, rested, well-groomed, ready to begin another successful school year. Honestly, to send 'em back to school *honored* students, let 'em go Pullman! And, say, there's an idea for you! Next time *you* travel—

Go Pullman

THE SAFEST, MOST COMFORTABLE WAY TO GET THERE!

Visit the Chicago Railroad Fair in '49, open through October 2nd. Don't miss the Pullman Exhibit!

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The Sunday HINDUSTHAN STANDARD Ma

APRIL 23, 1950.

Tips for the Farmer

FISH FARMING IS EASY

By B. L. CHOUDHRI

FISH forms the most important item of a balanced diet. It is a very valuable addition to the diet. Despite its such a great importance, the inland fisheries except perhaps in Bengal is in the most deplorable condition all over the country. The public does not as yet seem to realise the value of pisciculture, because of

may, however, be noted that in no case acquatic plants should be allowed to overgrow and cover the whole water surface thus completely cutting off air and sun from reaching the fish and hinder proper performance of fishing and other operations. Thinning of tank vegetation should, therefore, be done from time to time

AMONG NEW BOOKS

English

HINDUSTAN YEAR BOOK :—Compiled by S. C. Sarkar. Published by M. C. Sarkar & Sons Ltd., 14, Bankim Chatterjee Street, Calcutta. Price Rs 3-8.

With this 1950 edition, Hindustan Year Book & Who's Who reaches its eighteenth year of issue. It has proved for these years a very useful information and reference book in trade, commerce, industry, agriculture and general world affairs. Its figures and statistics are up-to-date and reliable. 92|50.

THE BACKGROUND OF ASSAMESE

Mongolians or the Bodos. The unbiassed observer will find that the parts of a growing system of Buddhist and Hindu culture over many centuries had both reference to each other—notwithstanding Asura and other kindred or tribal influences : the same mixed strand was apparent during Bhaskar-Varma's rule when Hieun-Tsang was invited by him to Assam. Tezpur in Kamarupa (Assam) as a meeting-ground of Brahmanical and non-Vedic traits played probably a worthwhile part, being a capital of the unorthodox Mlechha ruling family; as Brahma-Tezpur, later, it became prominent under the Varahis, the evidence of whose religious tradition is found in the extant sculptures. Brisk narratives can be woven round the subject of the relative importance of areas as Gauhati,

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NDARD Magazine

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI —A Liberated Soul

By K. S. VENKATARAMAN

[The Maharshi attained Parinirvana on Friday, the 14th inst.]

A light has gone behind the veil, a light that for more than fifty years blazed from Arunachala, lighting the life of thousands of men. Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharshi has returned to his Father, having fulfilled his mission on earth. Sri Maharshi became Jeevan-mukta while yet a boy but his body kept functioning, by force of the unspent Prarabdha and that being spent now, it falls away. To weep or bewail would be repudiation of his teachings, but frail human nature which has not given up attachment to the body cannot help shedding a tear over the disappearance from the physical world of the beloved form of the Master. Reason and faith say that he is eternally one with the imperishable self and that for the world there is the undying message of his teachings and the shining example of his life. It may be, and we fain would hope, that as in the case of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahamsa, Shri Ramana Maharshi's message would spread even more rapidly after his departure, and the faithful will still feel in their lives his living presence and grace. But still, we who have been privileged to know him for the last over 40 years cannot but feel a pang of sorrow at the thought that we cannot again behold his benign form and receive his gracious smile. To see him was a blessing and to be seen by him was a benediction.

The events of his life are very briefly told here. Born in 1879 in a middle class family in the village of Tiruchuzhi in Madhurai District, Venkataraman did not distinguish himself very much as a boy. Intelligent and independent, he was not

pain and discomfort, did not touch him, and in a short time he attained illumination, and *Sahaja Nirvikalpa Samadhi*. Ever since, for 50 years, he has remained in Arunachala, shedding the light of his wisdom and the sweetness of his grace on all who went to him. An Ashram has grown round him, but

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

there is nothing like an order of ascetics or an organisation of lay disciples. Shri Maharshi gave no formal initiation, accepted no disciples, and built up no order. In fact, Shri Maharshi was the Ashrama. He was the light and the refuge and every one who came to see him made a direct approach to him and received his blessings direct and departed with doubts dispelled, faith strengthened, peace absorbed and perhaps some light received. Thus it happens that at his departure, there is no order, no institution, no Sangha, to continue the work. He lives in his teachings and in the hearts of his disciples.

In his 16th year the great Shankara composed his Vashya on the Brahma Sutras, established Advyata as the teaching of the Vedanta and was hailed as Jagadguru. In his 16th year, that marvel child of Tamilnad, Sivajnana Sambandar after having spread

Educational Forum

Degrees For Sale: Bargain Price £8!

By RALPH HARRIS

A DRIVE is going on in the educational field in the United States to eliminate twin evils which, the authorities say, are robbing students and tax-payers of millions of dollars a year.

Both evils have grown out of the activities of two distinct types of bogus schools and colleges.

One type sells theoretical academic courses and then issues fake degrees. Bachelor of Arts degrees in many of these schools can be bought across the counter or by post for as little as 25 dollars (£8).

The other type finds its encouragement in the Government's vocation and education programme—the G. I. Bill of Rights—supplied free, with monthly living allowances, to ex-servicemen of the last war.

A common complaint here is that many schools in this latter category are "fly by night" establishments which charge the Government exhorbitant fees for courses of doubtful quality sold to ex-servicemen. The difficulty is that the Veteran's Administration, the Federal Government agency responsible for the programme, has to accept any school which is approved, often without investigation, by the authorities of individual States.

In the first category, officials of the United States Office of Education have estimated that at least 100,000 students, including many from abroad, are victims of fraudulent schools and colleges where one can buy a "Bhachelor's degree" for as little as 25 dollars and a "Doctorate" for an average of 50 dollars (£16).

An all-out attack against what is described as "these wretched diploma and degree mills" has been launched by the National Education Association which has set up a National Committee on Fraudulent Schools and Colleges to deal with the problem.

The Association's campaign is made extremely difficult, however, because many of the schools operate under State charter and cannot be banned by the federal authorities.

According to Dr. James McCaskill, Associate Secretary of the Association's Department of Higher Education, there are at least 1,000 of these bogus schools and colleges in existence at the moment.

Many are correspondence schools. Specific complaints have accused them of engaging in false and misleading advertising to attract students. An extra bait is a promise of highly-paid positions in Government service or in industry.

Other schools do not pretend to offer even superficial courses. B.A. (Bachelor of Arts), D.D. (Doctor of Divinity) and other degrees are sold at "bargain rates."

"These schools prey on the innocent and the ignorant," Dr. McCaskill says. "Frequently the heads of schools cloak themselves under the mantle of religious devotion, making it difficult to put them out of business."

According to officials of the Federal Trade Commission, many of the schools possess nothing more than a desk, a chair and a telephone, in a rented office.

One of them offers 56 degrees, from medicine to civil engineering. According to officials it is run by one man with the help of a few teen-age girls who put degrees and diplomas through the post for 600 dollars (£200) apiece.

One "college" was described during proceedings in a federal court in the following terms: "It has no entrance requirements, no resident students, no library, no laboratory and no faculty. It has no one teaching anything. The staff consists of a day labourer, a messenger and eight girl translators."

The Federal Trade Commission has been trying for a long time to close down some of the worst offenders, but it is hampered by laws which give individual States wide and sovereign powers in granting charters.

A new approach is now being made by the National Education Association. It is preparing draft

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI

Cotinued from page I

held to be Amansushyavak (Shri Kavyakanta Ganapathi Muni calls them Amanusha Sri Ramaniya Vani) and hence of the nature of Upanishads, direct and inspired utterances of a seer.

Shri Maharshi's teachings are the same as those of the Upanishads, the non-duality of the individual self and the universal self. But his manner of approach to the central problem of philosophy and his presentation of his central truth are strikingly original and simple. People who expect philosophic thought to be subtle, abstruse and tortuous, find here no logical hair-splitting, no spinning of philosophic cob-webs, but a simple, straight and convincing answer, which disappoints the sophisticated by its very simplicity. Likewise, the Sadhana that he prescribes, Aham Vichara or Atma Vichara, takes one straight to the core of one's being and the heart of reality. But above and beyond these gifts to the world for all time, for over 50 years he shed over an increasing circle of disciples, the sweetness and light of his grace. Even here his way was unique. In most cases he dispelled doubts and instilled peace, strengthened faith and quickened aspiration not by the spoken word, but by his cool piercing look and the dynamic peace that ever radiated from him. The sceptic and the scoffer too were touched by a power and peace that changed them for ever. Superficial observers comparing him with other sages might say that his help to the devotee was like that of the mother-monkey (Markatakishoranyaya) to which

Tips for

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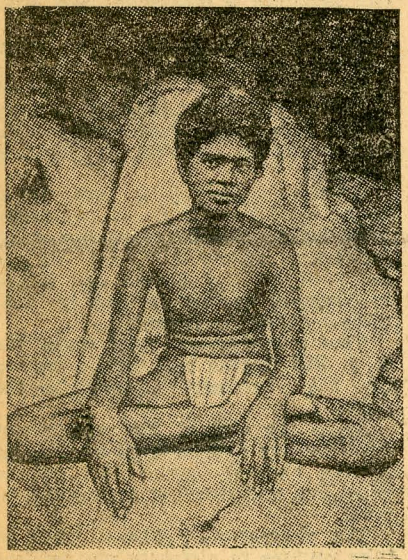

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI
about the age of 21

much interested in his studies. He did not show any marked religious bent or devotional fervour. When he was 16 and studying in the Matriculation Class, he had a strange experience which proved a turning point in his life. One day he was suddenly seized by the fear of death. He felt he was going to die. But he dealt with the problem in a very novel way. It made him at once introspective. He asked himself what death was and what it meant to him. He even dramatised the situation, lay like a corpse, and tried to feel in every way a dead man. But still he was conscious and he was aware of something within the body, the awareness "I am". "I am". He realised as in a flash. that man is not the body that is born and perishes, but the in-dweller in the body, the spirit i.e., "Aja" and "Avyaya". This is a trite truth which everyone professes to know but on which none acts. But it burnt itself into the personality of Venkataraman and from that moment he was completely changed. Thus at one stroke he covered the initial stages of Viveka, Vyragya, and Mumukshutva, stages which other earnest souls take years to cross. He was ripe for Jnana and was only waiting for the hour to leave home and family. That came within a few months.

Leaves Home

A few casual words of his elder brother chiding him for his inattention to his studies brought home to his mind the conviction that his true place was elsewhere and his real mission in life was something different. So, leaving a note for his brother saying that at his Father's command he was going in search of Him and asking his brother not to search for him, he left home taking three rupees with him intending to go to Arunachala (the famous place of pilgrimage—Tiruvannamalai). He had heard this name Tiruvannamalai once casually but it cast a spell over him and drew him to it as a mother throws out her arms to receive her home-coming child. After a journey during which he felt as in the presence and guidance of his Father he reached Arunachala on 1st September, 1896 and at once plunged into religious meditation. He received no initiation from any teacher, he was not versed in religious lore, but the hand that had beckoned to him and brought him to Arunachala led him to the Holy of Holies, into the very presence of the Divine. He did not consciously follow any system of Yoga or spiritual exercises, did not practise any austerities but in the quest of

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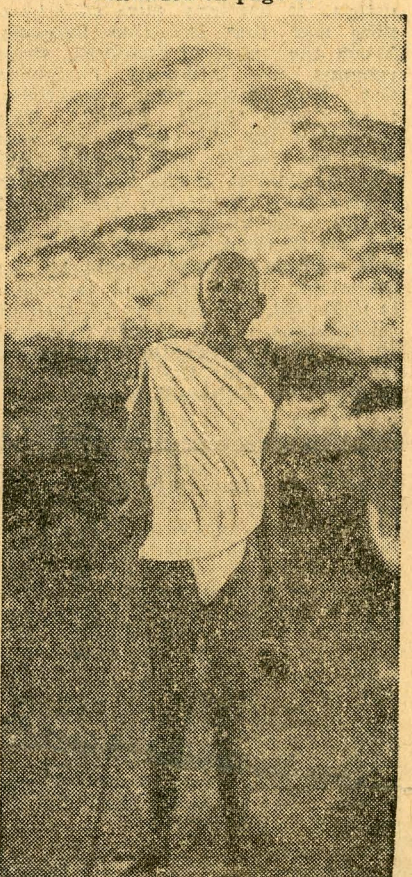
Liberated Soul

Shri Ramana Maharshi was in the authentic line of the Rishis of India, the seers who had a direct perception of the Truth and who presented their original and first-hand experience to the world. He was not a mere sadhu or saint, not a mere sage, not certainly a scholar expounding the scriptures, or a philosopher building up an intellectual system, not the maker of a system but one who saw and revealed. He was a *Jeevan Muktha,* one liberated in his very life. He became that, not by following step by step the process prescribed in Shastras—Sravana, Manana, Nidhidhyasana etc., but by adopting a short and direct way discovered by himself or revealed to him. Hence he is a Drashta, a seer and not a mere Pravaktha. Again, unlike the other great seer-sage of this age, Shri Ramakrishna whom Ramana resembles in so many respects, but like Shri Aurobindo he has given an abiding expression to his darsana in inspired words in his two poems *"Ullad Warpadu"* and *"Upadesa Saram"*, the first a clear exposition of his philosophy about Reality, and the second. as the very name implies, the essence of all spiritual teachings, the way to attain reality. The first is a *Siddhantha Sastra* and the second a *Sadhana Sastra* and the two together form a complete guide to spiritual path and life. They are

Continued on page II



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This is not the place or the occasion for a full exposition of his philosophy—"Sat Darsana", of his sadhana—"Sad Vidya" but a free rendering of a few verses from his "Upadesa Saram" the quintessence of his Upadesa or message will serve to indicate his central teaching. The Maharshi teaches that "Atma Vichara" is the supreme sadhana for the highest realisation, for by a swift means it merges the ego (Aham) in the self (the true Aham). This Atma Vichara is not a mental enquiry into the nature of the self but a firm fixing of the mind in the pure awareness of the Self. The mind is merely the stream of thoughts, feelings and volitions. Its activities spring from (are variations on) Aham Vritti. If without being carried along in its out-going activities we steadily observe the source whence it flows, it falls inactive. But Manolaya (absorption of the mind in the heart) is not enough, for what is merely lina (Layagatham) comes out again. So the mind, the locus of ignorance, has to be destroyed and that is done by Ekachintanam or Aikyanusandham. When the mind is turned back from the drisya, it becomes pure consciousness and that is Atma Darsana. When the mind is dissolved, there remains the Akhanda Paripurna Sat. It is always there proclaiming itself as 'Aham Aham'. This 'Aham' is not the ego but the true Self, the infinite and eternal Self. This realisation is the highest Yoga (union with the self), the highest Jnana (knowledge) and also the highest Bhakthi. Such is the simple and sublime sadhana taught by the Maharshi. This spiritual technique is universal, and open to all men of all religions, and how easy it seems! In one of the Vêdantic songs which he composed for the benefit of his mother, the Maharshi himself says

"How easy is self-knowledge
How very easy it is":

Instead of declaring it (as the Upanishadic seers did) to be sharp as the razor's edge—he proclaims it to be simple and easy. Under his guidance it was verily simple. Those few who were privileged to know him were fortunate and those who lived in the suburbs of his grace and influence were truly blessed. But his Antardhana, (departure from the body,) should not make any difference to the world of aspirants. To the disciples who were weeping round him at the time of his Parinirvana, the Buddha said that if they had ever expected him to live in the body for ever, they had ill received his teachings. Similarly none could have expected Sri Ramana Maharshi to remain in the

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A new approach is now being made by the National Education Association. It is preparing draft legislation which, it hopes, will be accepted by the States and which is designed to put an end to this million-dollar business.

That many abuses exist under the G. I. Bill Rights has been admitted by the Veterans' Administration itself.

Since the end of the war, about 9,000 million dollars have been spent by the Federal Government on the education and training of ex-servicemen.

The programme allows them to take courses in virtually any subject from approved academic courses at well-known reputable schools and colleges to ballroom dancing. In addition, a monthly living allowance up to 120 dollars (£40) is granted.

Some educational authorities have said that more than 2,000 schools are now offering substandard training at high fees or cheating the Government in other ways.

In a recent report, Mr. Carl Gray, head of the Veterans' Administration, gave some examples. One school, he said, started in an abandoned factory with 129 students and sent the Government a bill for 306,000 dollars (about £100,000) including 210,000 dollars (about £70,000) for supplies.

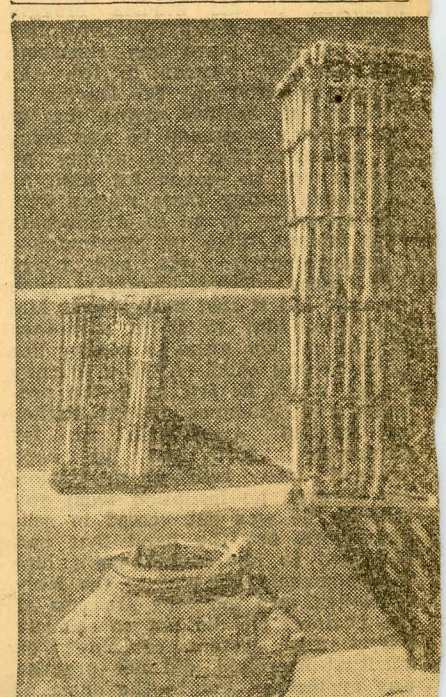
Investigation showed that the supplies were worth only 17,715 dollars (about £5,800) and that tuition fees had been increased four-fold.

In another case, a State-approved barbers' school runs a course which lasts for two years.

The Veterans' Administration is also handicapped by lack of powers when it comes to trying to stop abuses. When the measure was being considered by Congress during the war, some members urged that the Veterans' Administration should be given the authority to approve of, or turn down, training schools which were below average.

Under the law as passed, however, it has to accept, and pay, any school approved by the educational authorities of a particular State.

Government officials hope that Congress will step in to remedy what educational experts here describe as "two evil rackets."



Leaves Home

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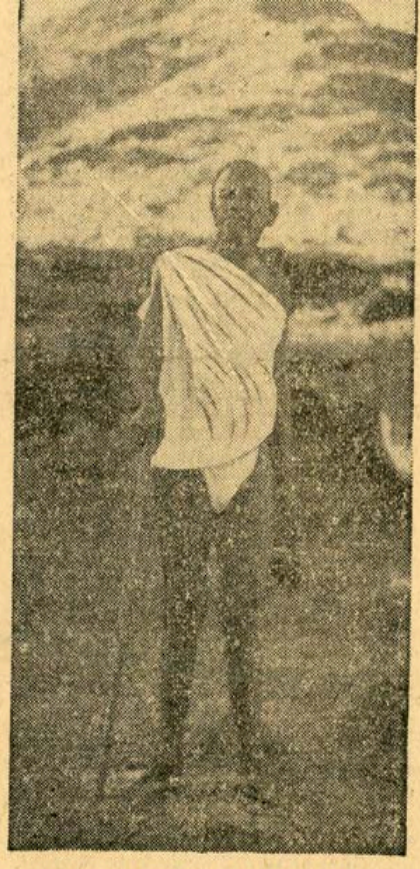

SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI
in standing pose

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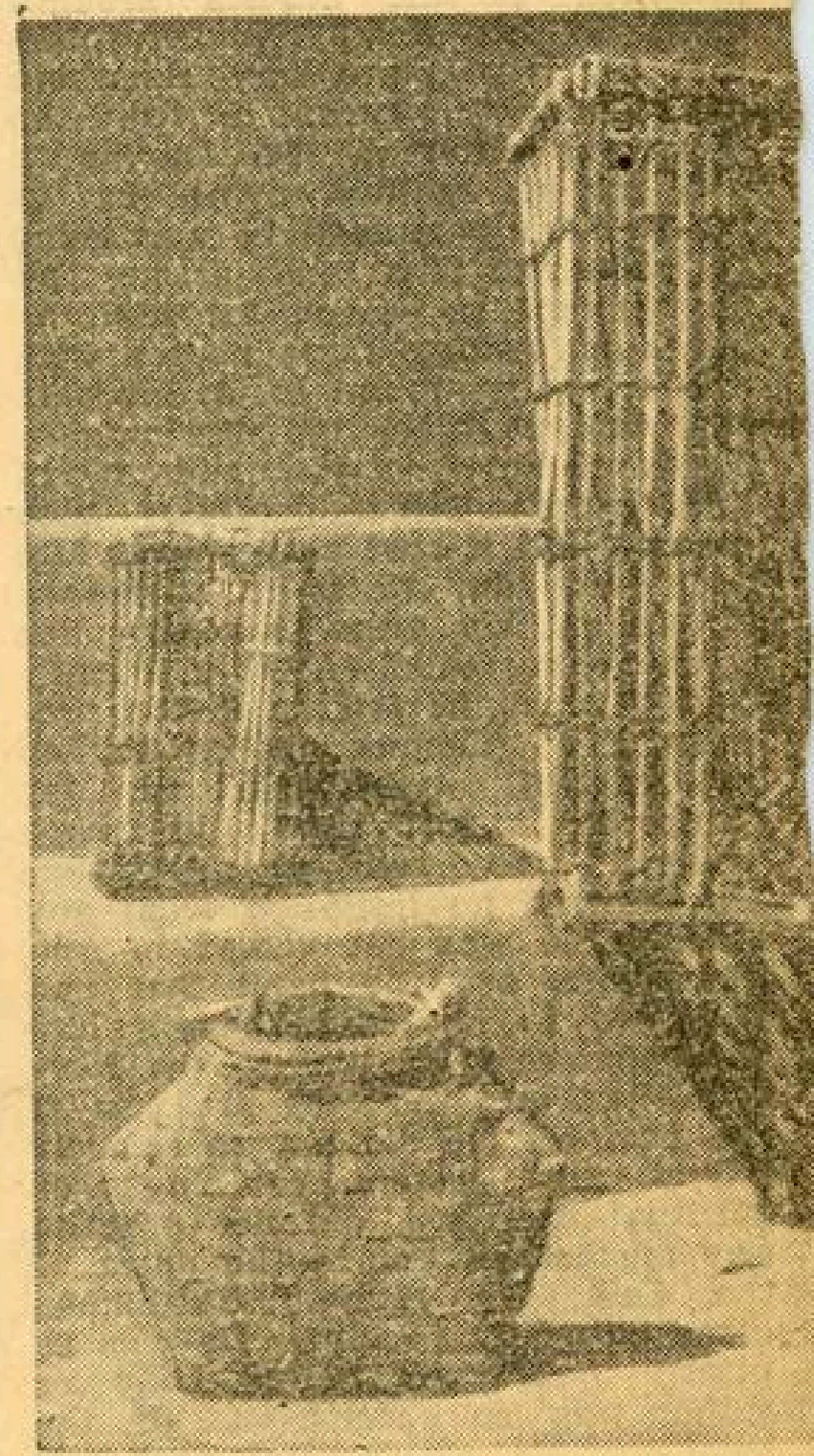


Indigenous fish

Manchester Guardian
18th May, 1950

DEATH OF A SAINT

By Francis Watson

Diamonds, ashes, camphor, and salt, with sands from fifteen Indian rivers, were sprayed in the vault in which they have just entombed Sri Ramana Maharishi, the renowned saint of Southern India. But how compose an obituary notice of one to whom, as to others sometimes in his presence, life and death were merely different aspects of the same event? And what life-story can one offer when its hero for the last fifty-three of his seventy years on earth did almost nothing except sit still?

Signs and wonders were not the stock-in-trade of Ramana Maharishi, and whatever legends will cling about the shrine which will undoubtedly be erected over his remains there are no miracles in my recollection of him—unless it be a miracle to have resisted with a large measure of success the institutional exploitation which is the peril of every holiness, not least in India. One could meet people, in pilgrim rest-houses, in railway carriages, or theosophical covens, who had seen flaming aureoles playing about him, or perhaps less conventional visions. There were stories, probably true, of his feats of extreme endurance during the silent years after he left his village home for ever, with three rupees in his possession, at the age of seventeen. Such tales were so expected as hardly to excite my curiosity. But what went I out for to see?

Well, of course, Tiruvannamalai and the hill of Arunachala would have been worth a visit without the ashram at the foot of the hill where the Maharishi pursued his meditations after being induced to abandon a succession of caves and pits and cells. Mr. Paul Brunton, whose "Search in Secret India" (published in 1934) was not the first mention of the Maharishi in the West, though it may have given him a certain vogue, leaves the impression of a journey into the interior of a dark continent (for only dark continents, it may have been noticed, have an "interior"). In fact, however, you can get to Tiruvannamalai without

stayed in the ashram (built about the monumental indifference of his life as it now encloses his death), was commonly to be approached in the evening. The tiger-pelt on which he sat was sometimes an occasion for those who sought to try him with questions about the taking of life, questions which he silently ignored. Many came to him with no questions at all, content with the hope of sharing in some way in his meditative serenity. Some brought him domestic problems, bereavements, or dilemmas of conduct. Seldom were these answered in any direct fashion, yet still more seldom did the questioner appear to retire unsatisfied. Others again, among them an occasional visitor from the West, had earnest inquiries of a philosophical or even a political nature. Brunton recorded a sort of Socratic dialogue in which his own speculations about approaching war were met with the counter-question: "Without understanding yourself, what is the use of trying to understand the world?" Of my own hours in the Maharishi's presence I made no record, but more than once thereafter I met people who would go to Tiruvannamalai as to a nursing-home in any prolonged affliction of mind or body. But the system (if so it can be called) of this master of meditation could be practised anywhere. It consisted, shortly, in the constant and concentrated inquiry: "Who am I?" Psychology may or may not explain what should result from the undeviating effort, for fifty-three years, to strike in this way at the roots of thought and personality. I can only recommend the experience of trying it honestly for half an hour or so at a time—my contemporary ambition being to discover something which, if ever it came to it, might survive black coffee, solitary confinement, and the systematic nagging of an army of commissars.

The rest of the story has all the proper elements of sainthood, from the youthful flight to the Franciscan charities towards beasts: not only towards cows and monkeys and cobras, which are sacred in the East, but more remarkably towards cats and

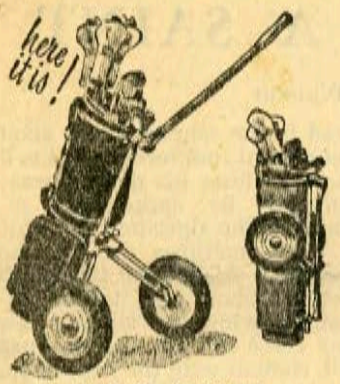
rupees in his possession, at the age of seventeen. Such tales were so expected as hardly to excite my curiosity. But what went I out for to see?

Well, of course, Tiruvannamalai and the hill of Arunachala would have been worth a visit without the ashram at the foot of the hill where the Maharishi pursued his meditations after being induced to abandon a succession of caves and pits and cells. Mr. Paul Brunton, whose "Search in Secret India" (published in 1934) was not the first mention of the Maharishi in the West, though it may have given him a certain vogue, leaves the impression of a journey into the interior of a dark continent (for only dark continents, it may have been noticed, have an "interior"). In fact, however, you can get to Tiruvannamalai without difficulty by rail from Madras—and could do so in 1896, when the Maharishi abandoned the world. Coming from the South, in the evening as I remember it, the train clatters between the flooded paddy-fields, stained with the sunset, towards the dark pyramid of Arunachala, a two-thousand-foot hill credited in ancient lore (and confirmed in geology) with an age far greater than that of the infant Himalayas. Below the hill, as you come closer, you can see the smaller pyramids, or near-pyramids, of the great temple of Tiruvannamalai. Outside the little town there is an eight-mile pilgrim-road encircling the hill, thronged at times of festival, at others as lonely as you could wish. It is pleasant country, getting wilder as you ascend from mango groves and coconut plantations and still sheets of water.

The Maharishi, at the times that I

where. It consisted, shortly, in the constant and concentrated inquiry: "Who am I?" Psychology may or may not explain what should result from the undeviating effort, for fifty-three years, to strike in this way at the roots of thought and personality. I can only recommend the experience of trying it honestly for half an hour or so at a time—my contemporary ambition being to discover something which, if ever it came to it, might survive black coffee, solitary confinement, and the systematic nagging of an army of commissars.

The rest of the story has all the proper elements of sainthood, from the youthful flight to the Franciscan charities towards beasts: not only towards cows and monkeys and cobras, which are sacred in the East, but more remarkably towards cats and dogs, which are sacred in the West. Ability to compose in Tamil, Sanskrit, and even in English was not learned by the Maharishi in the usual way, but picked up easily in the course of his innumerable contacts with those who came to sit at his feet. Through these minds also he must have reached his knowledge of a world that he never experienced. He used a striking metaphor of a man asleep in a moving bullock-cart; but he used another also of a man watching a performance in a cinema, and his suggestion of concentrating upon the screen itself in order to dismiss the images moving over it is one that I have followed with success. I found it effective during that rather embarrassing piece of cinema "The Razor's Edge," in which Tyrone Power talked, on a cardboard mountain-range, with a seer who, I believe, was originally created by Somerset Maugham after a visit to Ramana Maharishi himself.



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THE GUARDIAN

MANCHESTER, THURSDAY,

May 18, 1950

PROSPECTS

policies at home. The dollar reserve is rising because the new American boom has stimulated heavy buying of raw materials in the sterling area. In Britain the pressure towards inflation has lessened slightly because wages as yet have been kept steady while production and prices have risen a little. The Government cannot expect the trade unions to go on carrying out even this mild "disinflation" for it. British costs and prices are likely to rise during 1950 : some of the advantages we at present enjoy from devaluation are temporary. Yet even during this most favourable stage the opportunities have not been taken. In the first quarter of last year our direct dollar earnings, by Britain's own exports to the United States and Canada, were $48 millions a month. By the beginning of this year there had been three months for devaluation both to stimulate fresh orders from North America and to make up the lag in ordinary business which had been put off while devaluation was expected. But in the first four months of 1950 the dollar value of our exports has averaged only $42 millions. No one can pretend to foresee the future pattern of world trade in which Britain might gain the plentiful imports and exports she must have ; it is, however, most unlikely that we can balance our accounts without much bigger direct exports to North America than we are selling now, in highly favourable circumstances. We are not, in other words, making the most necessary of adjustments. The British economy is going on as it was through

MANCHESTER, THURSDAY,
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PROSPECTS

The Labour party's leaders meet at Dorking this week-end to think, in effect, about their policy beyond the present Parliament. When they met before in a similar conference—at Shanklin in February, 1949—the country was to all appearances enjoying one of its "breathing-spaces" in the struggle to keep the economy running; it was therefore widely believed that we were well on the way to recovery. In fact, the American business recession was beginning, and we were on the edge of the crisis of confidence in sterling. The ideas worked out in quiet times at Shanklin had to be put to the electors after devaluation. This time it is more likely, though again it is by no means certain, that the next election will come before the next crisis. But to serve its purpose in the development of the Labour party the conference must look for policies based realistically on the prospects and problems of the British people not merely in 1950 but beyond the end of Marshall aid. What are those prospects and problems? It is easy enough to see that the economic condirect exports to North America than we are selling now, in highly favourable circumstances. We are not, in other words, making the most necessary of adjustments. The British economy is going on as it was through another breathing-space. That there is an American boom does not mean that everything is all right here. The Labour party cannot offer continuing full employment, "fair shares," and a rising standard of living by sticking to its present economic practices. A realistic programme must be a way of saying, first, how the country can put more effort into exports in rougher economic weather. It must offer, in other words, a way of making the British economy more flexible. That is the only basis for maintaining and extending the social gains of the war and post-war years.

Squibs at Sydney

Everybody complained about the Commonwealth Conference at Colombo last January because it was so dull. After the fanfares of trumpets heralding it, there followed the decorous meeting in which there was nothing to record except unanimity. The Sydney conference seems to have learned from this experience. It began with fireworks.

APRIL 16 - 1950.

THE SUNDAY AMRITA BAZAR PATRIKA

jective study of the situation on the spot and gauge, with his characteristic sympathy, the intesity of the feeling of millions in Bengal over the monstrous happenings that have swayed them for the last three months or so.

Cholera has become an annual hardy in Calcutta. Starting with declining winter it continues its ravages throughout summer till the city is cooled down by regular monsoon showers. We know it is futile to ask the Health authorities to take stringent preventive measures. For one thing, such measures are impossible in a vast and ill-assorted city like Calcutta, particularly with the tremendously increasing pressure on its public health machinery due to the continuous flow of refugees. For another, those in charge of the city's health are unable or unwilling to gear up even their available resources to the fullest capacity to cope with any extraordinary situation. Even then we appeal to the custodians of Calcutta's health to immediately launch a three-pronged drive — regular clearing of the street garbage, supply of filtered water at the maximum possible level and stoppage of the sale of exposed foodstuffs. To the public also we appeal to be more health conscious, for in the existing situation much more depends on themselves for the prevention of the spread of an epidemic like cholera than on any outside agency.

SRI RAMANA MAHARISHI

Body Removed To Place Near 'Mothers Temple'

TIRUVANNAMALAI, April 15.

Covered with numerous rose garlands, the body of Sri Ramana Maharashi was removed this morning from the Ashram to a place north of the "Mothers Temple."

Thousands of devotees, who had poured in at Tiruvannamalai from the adjoining areas and various parts of South India by special conveyances, swarmed at the Ashram to pay their last homege to the departed Saint.

They accompanied the body of the Maharishi while it was being carried by the ashramites to a central hall near the "Mothers Temple." After being bathed by the disciples, amidst the chanting of 'mantras,' the body was placed in a sitting pisture for some time to enable the concourse of people, whose number was swelling, to have 'darshan' of the Maharishi before his Samadhi.

At the Samadhi spot, a temple-like structure would be erected.—(P.T.I.)

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Ramkrishna Havanam Samsad: ami Nirlepanand will speak on un- ding Intuition at 4-B., Nayan Saha ne to-day (Sunday) at 5 P.M.

Mymensingh Sammilanee: A meeting the Executive Committee of the mensingh Sammilanee will be held at 0 P.M. to-day (Sunday) at 241 Bow zar St.

N. Calcutta Sports Association: The nual general meeting of North Cal- tta Sports Association will be held day (Sunday) at 6 Mohanlal Street at A.M.

Lake Area Cultural Board: Sri Bimal andra Chatterjee will speak in verses "Sri Chaitanya and Ramkrishna v at 4-30 P.M. to-day (Sunday) at 4. tyen Dutt Road, Ballygunge.

ndian Journalists' Association: A eting of the Executive Council of the sociation will be held to-morrow onday) at 4 P.M. at 249-B. Bowbazar eet. Members of the Council are re- sted to attend.

Bengal Theosophical Society: A meet- of the Bengal Theosophical Society l be held at the Hirendra Nath morial Hall to-day (Sunday) at 5-30 M., when Sri Kishor Ghosh, M.Sc., will iver a lecture in Bengali on "Man in ence and Astrology".

Central Calcutta Refugee Relief: With view to devising means to give relief the refugees and the distressed ople of central Calcutta, a meeting of e citizen will be held to-day (Sunday) 3 P.M. at the Broadway Hotel, (P-34 ntral Avenue). All are requested to end.

South Calcutta Doctors' Club: The xt clinical meeting will be held to-day unday) at 8 P.M. at Club premises. A. B. Mukerjee will speak on ureomycin and Chloromycetin in En- ic Fevers". All members of the medi- profession are cordially invited to

RELIGIOUS RECLUSE MOURNED IN INDIA

Shri Ramana Maharishi Was Called a 'Living Saint'— Made Abode in Cave

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

NEW DELHI, India, April 15—Hindu India mourned today the death of one of her greatest "living saints" and a remarkable man of his time, Shri Ramana Maharishi, who died last night at the age of 71 in his Ashram retreat at Tiruvannamalai near Pondicherry.

Shri Ramana was renowned as a religious recluse and seer whose piety and philosophy of self-abnegation gained him followers in many countries. His devotees in Tiruvannamalai, who include men and women of many nationalities, held to their master's own philosophy as he was taken from them. They believe, like him, that there is no death, but that Shri Ramana's physical form has ceased to function, while his inner-being continues on an exalted plane.

It was his development of this theory that made the second son of an obscure village lawyer one of India's most revered sages.

Shri Ramana had humble beginnings, and his school record was far from brilliant. Neglecting his studies, he brooded on religious subjects. One day in July, 1896, while reflecting on the mystery of death, the young Venkataraman, as his name was then, conceived the idea that death of the body is a relative thing and that the intellect belongs to a power beyond which never dies.

After a month of profound meditation on this subject, he left home abruptly and repaired to the temple of his particular God, Arunachala, in Tiruvannamalai. Here he shaved his head and adopted the robe of the Sanyasi (holy man). Soon he came to be regarded in the neighborhood as a queer one and he was jeered, stoned and eventually disowned by his family.

To escape persecutors, the young ascetic took abode in a cave. He became so immersed in meditation that, according to his own later accounts, he was totally unaware of the terrible ravages to his physique by starvation and the bites of scorpions and insects that nearly devoured him alive.

Though he rarely spoke—but composed religious expositions that later became famous throughout the Hindu world—the recluse attracted followers. Eventually, his dwelling became a place of pilgrimage. In later years, the large Ashram grew about the odd man, who made no effort to proselyte and continued in silent meditation and writing. His followers changed his name to Maharishi, which means great saint.

Here in India, where thousands of so-called holy men claim close tune with the infinite, it is said that the most remarkable thing about Shri Ramana Maharishi was that he never claimed anything remarkable for himself yet became one most respected of all.

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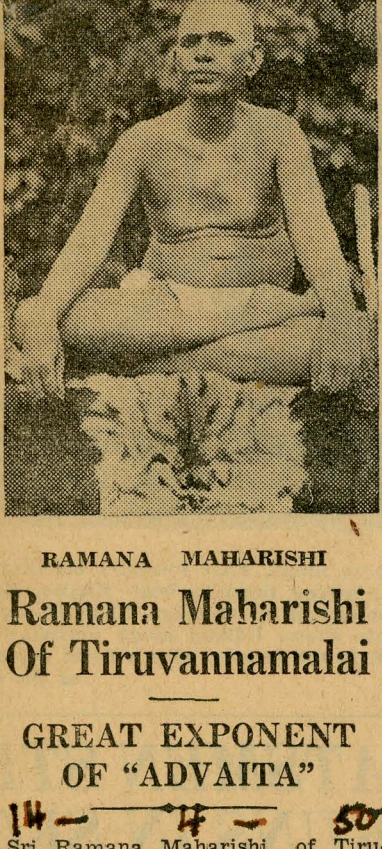
FAMOUS SEER



RAMANA MAHARISHI

Ramana Maharishi Of Tiruvannamalai

GREAT EXPONENT OF "ADVAITA"

14 — 4 — 50

Sri Ramana Maharishi of Tiruvannamalai who passed away on Friday, was an exponent of the Advaita school of philosophy expounded by Lord Sankara. Wedded to the lofty ideal of *Ahimsa* throughout his life. Ramana Maharishi, known by the name of Venkatraman in his early age, was born on December 30, 1879, in the village of Tiruchuzhi in South India. Second son of a local pleader, Ramana was educated at Tiruchuzhi and Dindigal till his fifth class and later at the Scots Mission School and Mission High School at Madura till his high school class.

It was in November 1895 that the first sign of his future life was noticed, when, meeting a relative who had returned from a pilgrimage to Arunachala, and on hearing of the holiness of the place, the idea of self-abregation left a deep imprint on Ramana's mind. The great awakening of Ramana's life came about July, 1896, when suddenly the idea of death entered into his mind and, making a thorough search of his heart and mind he realised that there was nothing like death and the idea of death was only a relative theory. He further inferred that death occurred to the body and the ego in relation to some other vital force behind which ruled supreme and never died. From that moment onwards Ramana's aspiration was to identify himself with that vital force.

Since this even, Ramana became absolutely disinterested towards worldly things. He started visiting the Madura Temple daily and spending several hours in the temple in meditation. His relatives, noting his changed attitude to life, are said to have reproached him on several occasions.

DEPARTURE FROM HOME

In August 1896, Venkatraman, leaving a short note saying that he

ple in meditation. His relatives, noting his changed attitude to life, are said to have reproached him on several occasions.

DEPARTURE FROM HOME

In August 1896, Venkatraman, leaving a short note saying that he was going "in search for his Father according to His command," left for Tiruvannamalai. On the way he had many wonderful experiences. After reaching the Temple of Arunachala Ramana renounced all his belongings and started meditation. Since he became an object of curiosity he retired into solitude and did hard penance in a cave in the mountain ranges of Tirumannamalai. It was only after a very long time that people chanced to find him out.

The Maharishi had a large number of disciples and admirers all over the world and he attended regularly to his heavy daily mail.

The passing away of Sri Ramana Maharishi removes from the wordly stage a figure of the first magnitude in the sphere of Hindu religion and spirituality, adds *P.T.I.* Though the Maharishi was cosmopolitan in outlook, and felt bound by no convention of caste or ritual he was looked upon as a great spiritual teacher even by the most orthodox Hindus. His passing away will cast a gloom among his disciples and devotees all over the world.

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TIMES of INDIA

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nent, which is scheduled to commence this afternoon at the Maharaxmi Racecourse ground and will be played on the league system. Prominent among them are the Chocolate Babies, the identical side which, with a rating of nine goals, gave such an excellent account of itself in winning the Kashmir Cup.

A reshuffling of players, however, has paved the way for the building up of a team with an even greater potential, the Vampires, who, with Prithi Singh and the Maharaja of Cooch Behar included, aggregate ten goals. The Dare Devils, rated at seven and assisted by Prem Singh, represent another promising combination, and the Typhoons, with a five-goal handicap, and the Glamour Boys complete the number.

Play will commence at 4-30 p.m. every day.

The teams are constituted as follows:

Glamour Boys—B. S. Nemani (—2), Capt. Shinde (0), Jemadar Girdhari Singh (+2) and Major Janak Singh (0).

Dare Devils—R. K. Digvijay Singh (—1), M. K. Indrajeet Singh (+1), Col. M. Prem Singh (+6) and the Maharaja of Baria (+1).

Vampires—The Maharaja of Gwalior (0), the Maharaja of Cooch Behar (plus 3), Col. Prithi Singh (plus 7) and the Maharaja of Sirmor (0).

Typhoons—R. Contractor (0), Ranjan Singh (+3); Col. L. Sawhney (+2) and F. Billimora (0).

Chocolate Babies—T. Uberoi (—2), K. Hari Singh (+2), Capt. Bijai Singh (+) and Major Th. Govind Singh (+1).

The programme will be as follows:

Today's matches—Glamour Boys vs. Dare Devils; followed by Vampires vs. Typhoons.

Monday' matches—Chocolate Babies vs. Glamour Boys; followed by Dare Devils vs. Vampires.

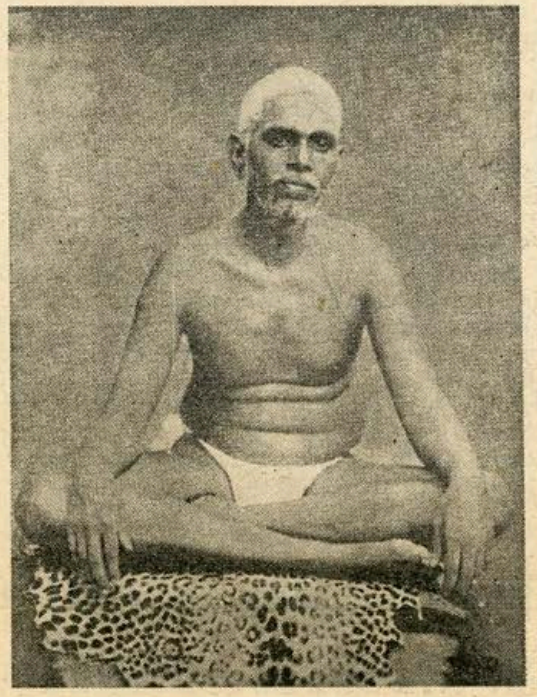
Tuesday's matches—Typhoons vs. Chocolate Babies; followed by Vampires vs. Glamour Boys.

Wednesday's matches—Typhoons vs. Glamour Boys; follo[illegible]

The Sage of Arunachala

By FRANCIS WATSON

HOW many of you, I wonder, saw a film two or three years ago called 'The Razor's Edge'? And if you did, did you realise that the strangest passage in it—the part in which Tyrone Power received enlightenment on a mountain-top somewhere in Asia—did have some remote origin in fact? It was Somerset Maugham who wrote the book, *The Razor's Edge,* and the film was based on that. But I doubt whether he would quite have recognised, in the film, the particular South Indian saint whom he once went to visit on his travels. The name of this real saint—saint is the best word I can use at the outset—was Sri Ramana Maharishi. Maharishi is a title meaning 'great sage', and the Maharishi, as he was called for short, lived at Tiruvannamalai, at the foot of the hill called Arunachala. He died last April.



Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharishi

In one sense those bare statements of fact are just about all there is to know about Ramana Maharishi: he lived at Tiruvannamalai; he died last April. And in another sense they do not seem at all appropriate even as statements of fact. His living was so unlike living that his death does not seem like death. There isn't any Indian rope-trick in what I have to tell you. No miracles. No mystery of the vanishing Mahatma. It is only a story of someone who, for the last fifty-three years of his life, did very little except to sit absolutely still. When I have finished you will know what to think of that for a career on this earth.

I use the word 'career' purposely, because that is the way we are apt to look at life in the West. Life is a period of time in which we do things, and it is our activities that are important—what we do, and, naturally, the way we do it. And so, when we hear of somebody sitting down to meditate at the age of seventeen, and continuing to do so in almost the same place until he is seventy, we may decide that he is mad. We may also feel indignant at his inactivity, though heaven knows there are plenty of people who take more from society and give less than he did. The whole basis of the sort of existence that Ramana Maharishi lived is that he should ask nothing of his fellow-men. I do not believe Ramana Maharishi ever considered the question of what would happen if we all did the same. Somebody once asked him whether he, too, should renounce the world in order to find peace, and the answer was: 'If that had been your

stantly running in my mind when I was with the Maharishi came from some lines of Wordsworth's that have been quoted a good deal recently:

> And central peace subsisting at the heart
> Of endless agitation.

Ramana Maharishi undoubtedly knew all about central peace. What was equally remarkable was that he seemed to understand the endless agitation as well. That sort of sympathy, I think, was what made him so much more than just another Hindu ascetic, especially for people perplexed and frustrated as they so often are today.

He was a Hindu, of course, I must not forget that, or pretend to ignore it. When he talked to Europeans he used the terms of Hinduism very sparingly. His life-story, such as it is, has many of the elements that we find in saint-hood in the medieval western world. But it began and it has ended in the climate of Hinduism: and perhaps only in that climate, in this day and age, could it have developed as it did.

This day and age, at all events, lent him a railway-train in which to leave the common world of men when he ran away from home in his seventeenth year. I like to think of that rumbling, clattering mechanical journey towards enlightenment. It reminds me of the uncounted hours I have spent in third-class railway carriages in India. The long, blistering days; nights still stifling, or gratefully cool, and loud above the wheels with the croaking of frogs; the fresh early mornings with the first smoke rising from village-fires, the gleaming vessels on the heads of the milkmaids as they move like a frieze beside the railway-track; the train slowing down to the first halt where everyone can pile out and get under a water-tap, and say a prayer or two and clean the teeth noisily and perhaps buy a bunch of bananas or an earthenware cup of milk from the droning vendors. And often, squeezed into a corner of the compartment by the press of bodies and bundles and bedding, there would be one who sat silently throughout the journey, the marks of Vishnu or of Siva on his brow, a bearded, tousled, lean old figure or a young man with dark burning eyes—like the boy who boarded the train at Madura one August day in 1896, having left a brief note for his family and taken three rupees for his journey (about four shillings to get him to heaven).

The name of this real saint—saint is the best word I can use at the outset—was Sri Ramana Maharishi. Maharishi is a title meaning 'great sage', and the Maharishi, as he was called for short, lived at Tiruvannamalai, at the foot of the hill called Arunachala. He died last April.

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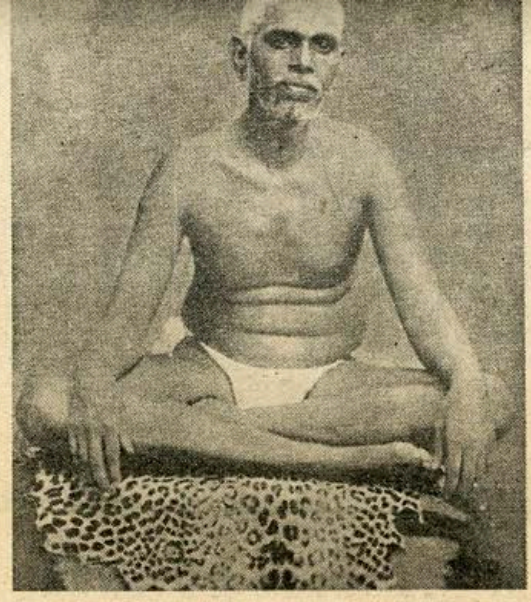

Bhagavan Sri Ramana Maharishi

I use the word 'career' purposely, because that is the way we are apt to look at life in the West. Life is a period of time in which we do things, and it is our activities that are important—what we do, and, naturally, the way we do it. And so, when we hear of somebody sitting down to meditate at the age of seventeen, and continuing to do so in almost the same place until he is seventy, we may decide that he is mad. We may also feel indignant at his inactivity, though heaven knows there are plenty of people who take more from society and give less than he did. The whole basis of the sort of existence that Ramana Maharishi lived is that he should ask nothing of his fellow-men. I do not believe Ramana Maharishi ever considered the question of what would happen if we all did the same. Somebody once asked him whether he, too, should renounce the world in order to find peace, and the answer was: 'If that had been your destiny the question would not have arisen'. For the Maharishi there were a lot of questions that simply did not arise.

He used to sit, at the time that I remember him, almost naked, on his tiger-skin, or sometimes he would be half-reclining, for he was getting old. He had closely-shaven white hair, a stubble of beard, a likeable face and eyes—yes, you would expect this—eyes that were dark and calm and brilliant, and difficult to forget. But I would not call them hypnotic; and as for occult powers, on which people sometimes questioned him, he taught that they were of no value whatsoever. Much more marvellous, he would say, is the fact that everything that we see or experience, *and* the act of experiencing it, proceeds from a single source of power, deep in the self, and only to be perceived by long and difficult concentration. Yet he held that at least some measure of this self-realisation, as he called it, could be acquired by people engaged in active, energetic, intelligent lives in the world that he had abandoned. The life that he indicated seemed to amount to a sort of perfectly poised somnambulism. You could carry out your family duties and your ordinary work almost automatically, and all the more effectively for having forgotten the sense of effort, for having abandoned the self-consciousness that keeps saying '*I* am doing this', or '*I* must do that'. For my own part, the words that were con-

Hindu ascetic, especially for people perplexed and frustrated as they so often are today.

He was a Hindu, of course, I must not forget that, or pretend to ignore it. When he talked to Europeans he used the terms of Hinduism very sparingly. His life-story, such as it is, has many of the elements that we find in sainthood in the medieval western world. But it began and it has ended in the climate of Hinduism: and perhaps only in that climate, in this day and age, could it have developed as it did.

This day and age, at all events, lent him a railway-train in which to leave the common world of men when he ran away from home in his seventeenth year. I like to think of that rumbling, clattering mechanical journey towards enlightenment. It reminds me of the uncounted hours I have spent in third-class railway carriages in India. The long, blistering days; nights still stifling, or gratefully cool, and loud above the wheels with the croaking of frogs; the fresh early mornings with the first smoke rising from village-fires, the gleaming vessels on the heads of the milkmaids as they move like a frieze beside the railway-track; the train slowing down to the first halt where everyone can pile out and get under a water-tap, and say a prayer or two and clean the teeth noisily and perhaps buy a bunch of bananas or an earthenware cup of milk from the droning vendors. And often, squeezed into a corner of the compartment by the press of bodies and bundles and bedding, there would be one who sat silently throughout the journey, the marks of Vishnu or of Siva on his brow, a bearded, tousled, lean old figure or a young man with dark burning eyes—like the boy who boarded the train at Madura one August day in 1896, having left a brief note for his family and taken three rupees for his journey (about four shillings to get him to heaven). It took him three days and he did not get there without some mildly significant adventures. But anyway it was by train that he reached Tiruvannamalai, on that line from the south that drives between the ricefields, aimed at the two-thousand-foot pyramid of the hill of Arunachala. That was the boy's goal, and he was never to leave it for the rest of his days on earth. It is a mountain of fabled sanctity, and below it is the temple of Tiruvannamalai, the great carved wedges of its towers mirrored in still water.

So in 1896, in a dark corner of that temple at Tiruvannamalai, the boy crossed his legs in the lotus-position and sat like a carved image. He had cast away his few belongings, he was never to touch money again for the rest of his life, for months and even years on end never to speak. The stories of the Desert Fathers of the early Christian Church, the story of any contemplative hermit, run much the same course. Mere scraps of food supplied by pious strangers or by pure chance. Solitude in caves and huts and holes in the ground. Occasional encounters with wild beasts or malicious persons, rebuffed by the utter indifference of the motionless figure. As the years go by rumour brings pilgrims. Many of them want only the merit of looking upon the saint, like a tourist with a list of monuments. Others hope for miracles, signs and wonders, interpretation of dreams, advice on auspicious choices

in marriage or health or business. Others again do not know what they want, except an end to restlessness and doubt and fear. And sometimes one of these, looking into the steadfastly composed features, is suddenly sure that that peace has been found. Thus is made the devotee, who settles down near his chosen master, tries to imitate his detachment, serves him, perhaps by bringing water or sweeping out his cave. And so, in course of time, a settlement may develop, an *ashram* as it is called in India; and in the end this may be, for all its outward simplicity, a fairly elaborate institutional machine—dangerous because it begins to reproduce just what the hermit had fled from.

From his first corner in the thousand-pillared hall of the temple, the boy had moved to a damp pit, where children threw stones at him. From here he was one day carried in a state of trance to a spot under a tree beside another shrine; then after eighteen months he moved to an adjoining mango-grove where he could be undisturbed; and later he climbed the pyramidal hill of Arunachala and lived in a succession of wild spots. Victorian viceroys came and went while he was sitting in a cave, but none came near him. The Queen-Empress died. A new century was marked up in the world's calendars. And shortly before the first great war broke out in the West, an Englishman found his way to the cave on Arunachala. He was an Assistant Superintendent of Police, called Humphreys, and the account of his visit was sent home to a friend who published it in the *International Psychic Gazette*.

As far as I can discover, that was the first time that Ramana Maharishi was mentioned in Europe. When Paul Brunton wrote about him in his book called *A Search in Secret India*, in 1932, the Maharishi had already been established for some time in an *ashram* at the foot of the hill; and there his old mother came (as in other stories of saints) to serve her now famous son and at length to die in his arms. The *ashram*, eventually, was run by the Maharishi's brother. With pamphlets and photographs and souvenirs it began to advertise itself. But the sincerest disciple need not have been anxious about the Maharishi. His meagre bodily requirements were supplied as they always had been, and he took no more thought of them than he ever had done. He maintained his detachment so completely, in fact, that it was the organisers, the keepers of the *ashram*, who got nervous, fearing lest he should one day remove himself and sit down elsewhere. His value as an asset was just sufficient to make his indifference respected.

But what was his real value? I have left myself small space in which to tell you what it was on which he meditated for so many years, and it might as well be even shorter, or no space at all, for all the hope I have of conveying the Maharishi's pursuit of what is really a classic investigation of Hindu metaphysics. I do not know who first compared the operation to the gradual peeling of an onion until only the smell remains, but if you can see a process of deliberate and intense introspection in those terms, they will do as well as any. Introversion, in the West, seems often to be used to denote some unfortunate accident of temperament that makes a person a nuisance to himself and everyone else. With the Maharishi, as with his predecessors for uncounted centuries, introversion is man's highest and most rewarding attitude. We commonly look outwards from ourselves. Even in religion I think we tend to do that, and of course our pursuit of scientific truth is done objectively. How subjective was the Maharishi's method you might discover if you asked him about your relationship to others. For he would very likely have replied: 'There are no others. There is only the Self'.

That sounds like shocking egoism. Yet Ramana Maharishi's entire power was concentrated upon destroying egoism, getting rid of the pervading sense of 'I', the obtrusive personality, and penetrating to what he called the Self, a state of pure consciousness beyond and beneath thought. We can imagine it as beginning with the simple but serious question: 'Who am I? . . . what is it that asks that?' Put yourself that question, and nothing else, for half an hour if you want to make a guess at where the Maharishi got in half a century.—*Home Service*

Aspects of Art in England

Revivalisms in Architecture

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

GORDON RUSSELL once told me that, when he was a boy in the Cotswolds, no more than forty years ago, you could still go to one of the older masons, ask him to build you a house, leave the detail to him, and get Tudor windows with hood moulds over their tops—not because he wanted to build in the Tudor style, but because he knew no other. This was how his father and grandfather had built, and this was how he was going to build as long as he had stone to build with.

So that was a case of Tudor survival right into the twentieth century. As I am discussing 'Revivals in English Architecture', it may be just as well to make the distinction clear straight away between survival and revival. Oxford was a conservative place in its architecture, it is to

said this of the towers of the Abbey which were then not yet completed: 'I have made a design . . . in the Gothick form . . . such as I conceive may agree with the original Scheme of the old Architect, without any modern Mixtures to show my own inventions; in like manner as I have among the Parochial Churches of London given some few examples, where I was obliged to deviate from a better style, which appear not ungraceful but ornamental'. This seems to me a remarkable document. It shows three things. That Wren's Gothic steeples, as, for instance, at St. Dunstan-in-the-East and the fan vaults of St. Mary Aldermary, were designed in the Gothic style, because Wren felt obliged to use that style, and also because he felt that to mix two

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So that was a case of Tudor survival right into the twentieth century. As I am discussing 'Revivals in English Architecture', it may be just as well to make the distinction clear straight away between survival and revival. Oxford was a conservative place in its architecture—it is to this day. When in 1640 a new staircase was to be built to reach the Hall at Christ Church, the staircase itself was more generously spaced than a medieval staircase would have been, but it had a fan-vault, not as a special feature, but as a matter of course, and fan-vaults were put into Oxford college gatehouses, where the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries had liked using them, right down to 1716, the date of the gateway to the Radcliffe Quad at University College. In the distant provinces, where such things happened—I remember for instance the chapel at South Zeal in Central Devon which is entirely Tudor and dated 1713—that was without any question done completely unself-consciously. Whether the same can be assumed at so late a date in Oxford is perhaps a little doubtful. For by 1700 the attitude to the Middle Ages began to change.

In Elizabethan and Jacobean times already country mansions were very occasionally built with romantic, that is self-conscious, reminiscences of a chivalric past, Wollaton of 1580, for instance, and Lulworth of about 1605, and especially Bolsover of 1613. Then, when we come to Christopher Wren—that is, the architecture of two generations later—we find for the first time the problem of survival and revival recognised as such. Wren in his report on Westminster Abbey of 1713 said this of the towers of the Abbey which were then not yet completed: 'I have made a design . . . in the Gothick form . . . such as I conceive may agree with the original Scheme of the old Architect, without any modern Mixtures to show my own inventions; in like manner as I have among the Parochial Churches of London given some few examples, where I was obliged to deviate from a better style, which appear not ungraceful but ornamental'. This seems to me a remarkable document. It shows three things. That Wren's Gothic steeples, as, for instance, at St. Dunstan-in-the-East and the fan vaults of St. Mary Aldermary, were designed in the Gothic style, because Wren felt obliged to use that style, and also because he felt that to mix two styles would be unreasonable, and, finally, that he could appreciate Gothic as graceful and ornamental. This was in opposition to the accepted view. Gothic was still used as a general term of vituperation by Shaftesbury, Addison, and even William Kent. 'The taste of most of our English Poets', says Addison in *The Spectator*, 'is extremely Gothic'.

Still, at the same time, some were ready to admire medieval buildings for their 'magnificence and curious workmanship' and to enjoy 'pleasing reflections' which they may arouse. These quotations come from a memorandum on the preservation of the ruined manor house of Woodstock. It dates from 1709 and was written by Sir John Vanbrugh, architect to Blenheim Castle. With Vanbrugh we reach the beginnings of a serious medieval revival. It is an important moment in the history of European architecture; I say European, because the Continent followed England in this new attitude. No wonder perhaps that England led in historicism—a country more sensuous in its aesthetic creations and less reflective, associative, literary or call it what you will, could not have taken it up. On the other hand, it can also be said that it needed Vanbrugh in England to conceive it. Wren, the scientist, was fair, but detached, to the style of the past. In a report on Salisbury Cathedral he said that he could 'justly commend' the original architect 'for many things',

RELIGIOUS RECLUSE MOURNED IN INDIA

Shri Ramana Maharishi Was Called a 'Living Saint'— Made Abode in Cave

Special to The New York Times

NEW DELHI, India, April 15—Hindu India mourned today the death of one of her greatest "living saints" and a remarkable man of his time, Shri Ramana Maharishi, who died last night at the age of 71 in his Ashram retreat at Tiruvannamalai near Pondicherry.

Shri Ramana was renowned as a religious recluse and seer whose piety and philosophy of self-abnegation gained him followers in many countries. His devotees in Tiruvannamalai, who include men and women of many nationalities, held to their master's own philosophy as he was taken from them. They believe, like him, that there is no death, but that Shri Ramana's physical form has ceased to function, while his inner-being continues on an exalted plane.

It was his development of this theory that made the second son of an obscure village lawyer one of India's most revered sages.

Shri Ramana had humble beginnings, and his school record was far from brilliant. Neglecting his studies, he brooded on religious subjects. One day in July, 1896, while reflecting on the mystery of death, the young Venkataraman, as his name was then, conceived the idea that death of the body is a relative thing and that the intellect belongs to a power beyond which never dies.

After a month of profound meditation on this subject, he left home abruptly and repaired to the temple of his particular God, Arunachala, in Tiruvannamalai. Here he shaved his head and adopted the robe of the Sanyasi (holy man). Soon he came to be regarded in the neighborhood as a queer one and he was jeered, stoned and eventually disowned by his family.

To escape persecutors, the young ascetic took abode in a cave. He became so immersed in meditation that, according to his own later accounts, he was totally unaware of the terrible ravages to his physique by starvation and the bites of scorpions and insects that nearly devoured him alive.

Though he rarely spoke—but composed religious expositions that later became famous throughout the Hindu world—the recluse attracted followers. Eventually, his dwelling became a place of pilgrimage. In later years, the large Ashram grew about the odd man, who made no effort to proselyte and continued in silent meditation and writing. His followers changed his name to Maharishi, which means great saint.

Here in India, where thousands of so-called holy men claim close tune with the infinite, it is said that the most remarkable thing about Shri Ramana Maharishi was that he never claimed anything remarkable for himself yet became one most respected of all.

HAROLD

New York Times, Sunday, April 16, 1950

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