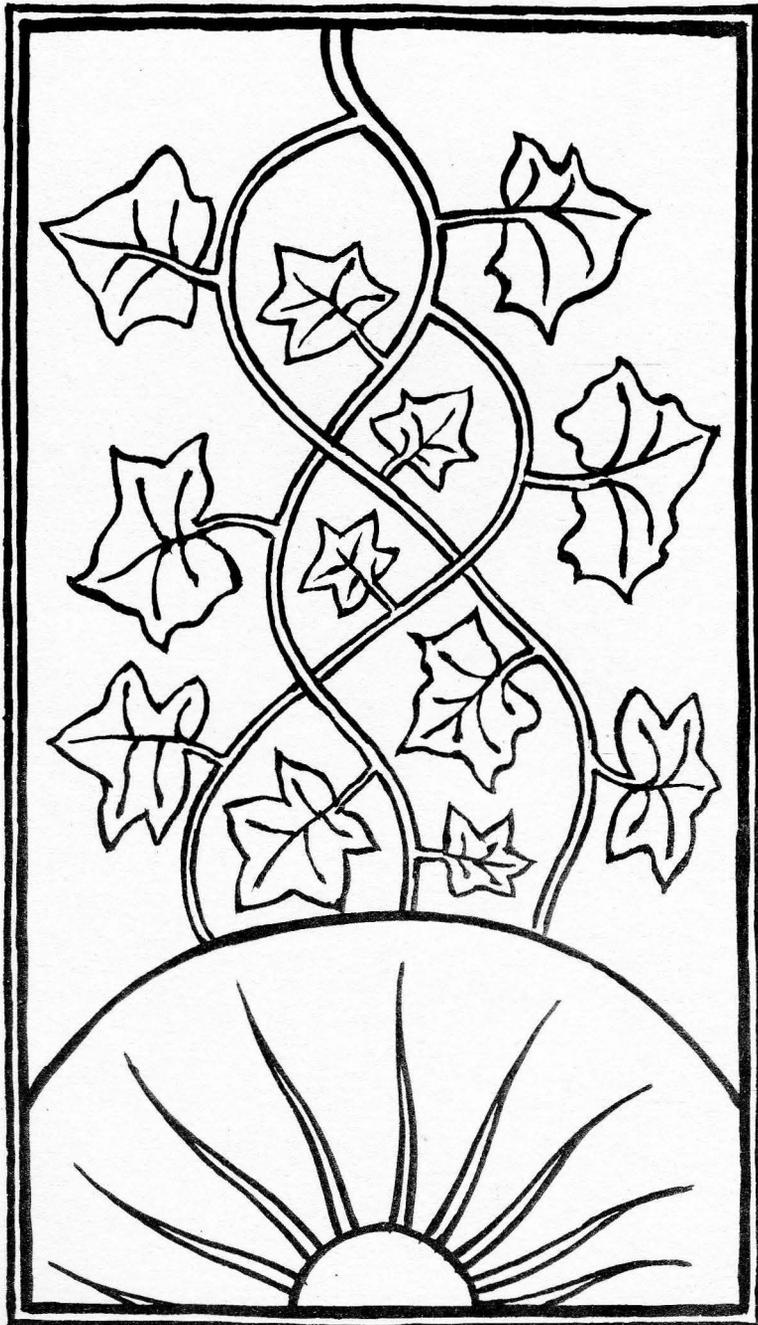
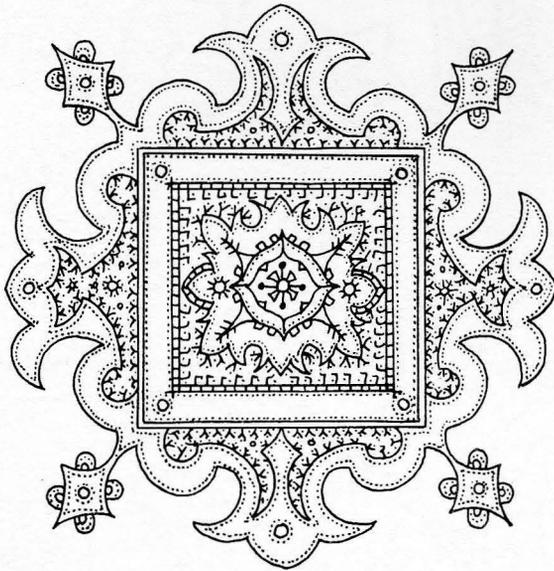


GURUKULAM

VOLUME VII • 1991

FIRST • SECOND QUARTER





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GURUKULAM

ENGLISH LANGUAGE EDITION

GURUKULAM is published by Narayana Gurukula and the East-West University of Unitive Sciences. Its policy is that enunciated by Narayana Guru when he convened the Conference of World Religions at Alwaye, South India, in 1924: "Our purpose is not to argue and win, but to know and let know."

NARAYANA GURUKULA is a non-profit organization and all contributions are tax-deductible.

FOUNDER: Nataraja Guru
GURU and HEAD: Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati
CHIEF EDITOR: Muni Narayana Prasad

PUBLICATIONS BOARD: Deborah Buchanan, Sraddha Durand, Peter Oppenheimer, Scott Teitsworth, Robert Tyson, Nancy Yeilding.

PRODUCTION STAFF: Deborah Buchanan, Darlene Dehlin, Sraddha Durand, Desiree Hunter, Bill Hughes, Calder Richmond Hughes, Andy Larkin, Suellen Larkin, Nancy Richmond, Fred Simpson, Scott Teitsworth, Robert Tyson, Stella Tyson, Indra Vas, Steve Weckel, Nancy Yeilding.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: Yearly: \$16.00 for four issues. For outside USA add \$4.00 for surface mail, \$12.00 for air mail. Write to: GURUKULAM, 8311 Quail Hill Road, Bainbridge Island, WA, 98110, USA. In India write to: Narayana Gurukula, Srinivasaapuram P.O., Varkala, Kerala, 695145, India.

PRINTED at Island Gurukula Āranya, Bainbridge Island, Washington, USA.

COVER: Graphic by Andy Larkin

Printed on Recycled Paper

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*There the eye goes not;
Speech goes not, nor the mind.
We know not, we understand not
How one would teach It.*

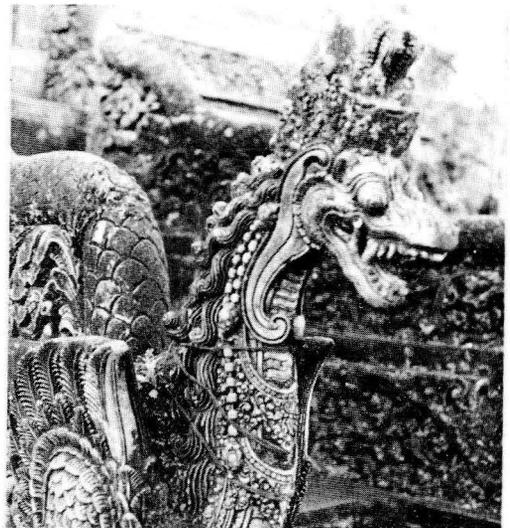
This is how the Keṇa Upaniṣad describes that which is the inscrutable agent of all -- the sight of the eye, the voice of speech and the thought of the mind. The traditional role of oriental art has been to aid in releasing the inhibitions to vision and thought which prevent us from seeing and knowing It. Wherever Indian culture has migrated, it has spawned artistic expression devoted to transforming the seeker into a seer.

Many years ago, I visited the islands of both Bali and Java in Indonesia. Bali, the farthest flung of the major islands of Indonesia, was permeated by Indian culture many centuries ago, then somewhat isolated from the mainland. There the imported mythology mixed with indigenous culture to create a rich potpourri of creative endeavor, including wood carving, architecture, textile arts, music, dance and drama. In the dusk of evening on a village street, a traveling troupe set up their portable stage to perform *wyāng kulit*, shadow puppet theater. Light shone from behind the puppets, projecting their shadows on a screen. Their shapes were graceful and grotesque at the same time. The grace of the puppets' movements to the accompanying music was alluring, while their strange shadowy shapes emphasized the mystery which we encounter whenever we try to penetrate the unknown. The performances attract and please, but the attraction and pleasure are not ends in themselves. Rather, they serve the purpose of drawing the observer out of his or her preoccupations with the mundane details of life into reflection on the underlying reality.

In tropical Bali, temples are almost as common as palm trees. Virtually every house that sits on enough land to have a

walled or fenced compound around it will also have a miniature temple within the compound. In addition, whether one walks through the streets of the cities or wanders through the countryside terraced with rice paddies, one will often encounter full-scale temples. In the hills there is a huge crater left by a volcanic eruption, now mostly filled with water, though one island rises up out of the lake.

To reach the crater's edge requires a long bus ride up the mountain, then a walk through the village. Just at the peak, the buildings of the village drop away and a temple sits at the very edge. The walls and gateways through which one enters are elaborately carved with designs and mythical figures which attract one's interest and draw one inside the compound. As we approached the temple, the air was still moist and heavy from a recent downpour. The moss and lichen growing on the carvings glistened, giving the beings depicted there an additional dimension. A dragon-type figure which adorned the steps leading to a central platform seemed to writhe with great energy and to smile a welcoming grin. Its architectural placement gave it the role of personifying the sheer dynam-



ism underlying manifestation whether of the cosmos or the individual psyche. But in the temple design there was no personification of the sublime into which that energy can be transformed. The central platform was empty and the several beautifully carved pillars within the grassy compound supported nothing. Rather, they served to draw one's attention upward to the unlimited expanse of the sky, giving an experiential understanding of the essence of Verse Two of Narayana Guru's *Ātmopadeśa Śatakam*:

*The inner organ, the senses, the body,
the many worlds known
by direct perception - everything,
when contemplated,
is the glorious embodiment of the sun
that shines in the sky beyond;
this should be known
through relentless search.*

As we walked through the compound towards the crater's edge, the sun broke through the clouds and a rainbow arched from the lake below into the sky. I marveled at the impact of the simple architecture and carvings which set aside a small area of earth in such a way as to gently draw the visitor's attention from the many to the one, not by denying nature but by helping the mind to recognize its participation in its holistic reality.

After visiting Bali, we went to the island of Java, to the city of Jogjakarta. There, a very different marvel awaited us. A bus ride out of the city, through green fields of rice paddies and banana trees brings one to a massive stone structure rising up from the plains. Called Borobudur, it is made of several four-sided tiers of rock stacked upon each other in step fashion. Its size, rising up out of the flat earth, was impressive in itself. But as we approached, we realized that every inch of the surface was carved. Around the entire circumference of each level, simple images of the Buddha seated in meditation alternated with detailed carvings of scenes from his life. Centuries before, that life had struck a



responsive chord in the human psyche, evoking the primordial myth of the contemplative-teacher or the inner contemplator which is the central reality of each human being. Symbols of the contemplative pre-date the Buddha, but his life provided the catalyst for the creation of a symbol which, with slight modifications, rapidly spread throughout Asia and inspired many great works of art of serene beauty which have come to be treasured world-wide.

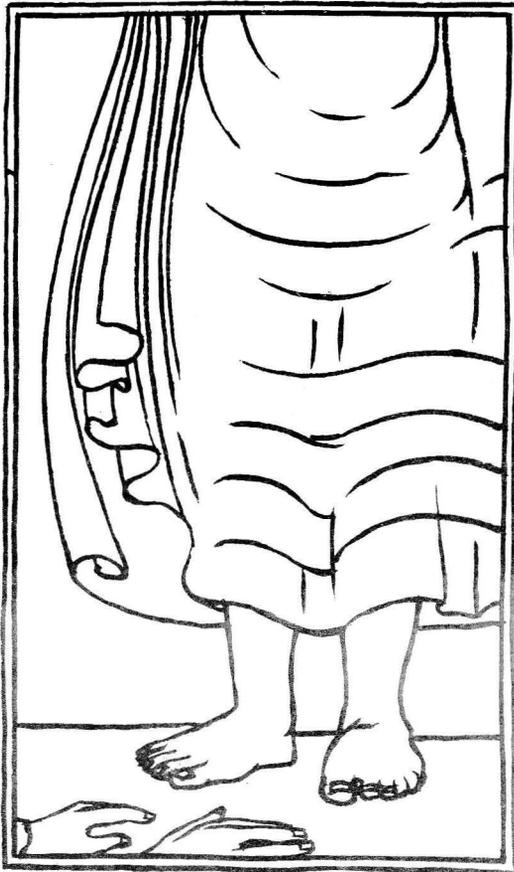
The structure at Borobudur rises to a platform around the circumference of which are placed several large stupas. The brickwork of these stupas has been done in such a way that one can glimpse and even touch the huge carved stone Buddhas sitting inside. Stone benches nearby allow the visitor to sit peacefully, high above the plains, gazing out over the countryside into the far distance, removed from the hustle and bustle of the city and of daily cares, while reflecting on the life of compassion depicted by the carvings seen on the climb up. Finally, at the very center on a raised platform is the most massive stupa, its spire rising high into the sky. Its construction is solid, allowing no glimpse of the space within, which is completely empty. From rock-hard manifestation, firmly planted on the earth, one is drawn upward by the craftsman's labor, skill and vision to a glimpse of the ineffable, the undefinable, which is both ground and goal.

Nancy Yeilding

Svānubhavagīti Śatakam:
Experiential Aesthetics and
Imperiential Transcendence

by Narayana Guru

Translation and Commentary by
Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati



Verse 54

This devotee who stays here with folded hands
in adoration,
take him away from this world of falsehood.
Considering him as your own child,
fondle him and keep him close to your feet.

The infant has no mind of its own. Whatever is gotten into the hands will be pressed into the mouth. The child cannot keep her hands quiet. Her fingers are like restless monkeys. To her there is no distinction between the clean and the dirty. If she can stand-up she will tip-toe and try to pull down whatever she can reach. If there is a toddler in the house, the grown-ups always need to keep a watchful eye on her. Nothing pleases her more than the golden flame of fire. She wants to catch it. If somebody leaves a tube of toothpaste around, she will press until she brings out all the paste. She makes a good breakfast from her father's shaving brush and soap. Nothing pleases her more than the warm trickling of her urine. She will make a gift of her filth to others also. In civilized countries a child is not allowed to play with her filth. Instead parents pin diapers and leave the child to carry around her urine and filth until the parents are ready to change her diaper. From this it is evident that the parents are only physically more grown up. Otherwise they are also thoughtless like their children.

Love enters the tiny heart of the baby only late. Much before that its soul is possessed with cruelty and cunningness. If a child sees an ant, he will bury it under a heap of sand. If he sees a dragonfly, he will tear off its wings. If he is allowed to go to the garden, he will ruthlessly destroy all the flowers. For thousands of years man has been destroying the green earth. It seems the child bears a stamp of the destructive culture of man.

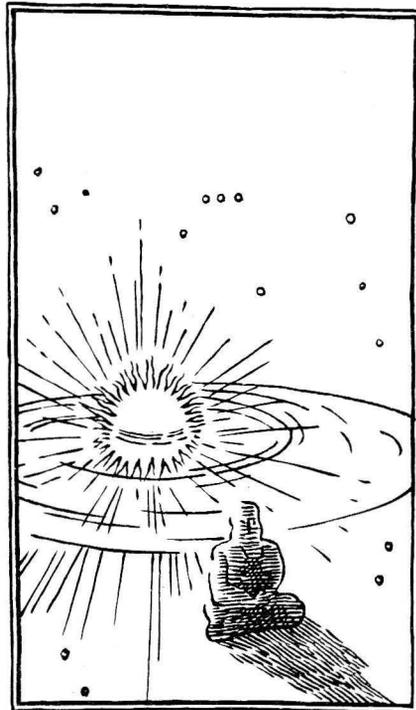
If a light wood log floats in water, it has no mind of its own. It does not seek any destination. If it is in running water, it floats with the river. If it is in stagnant water it moves in the direction the wind blows. The child's mind is also like that. It is always floating in a sea of imagination. If the child sees something which catches her attention, she will describe it to others. If the child sees something in her imagination, she will think of that as real. In the mind of the grown-ups, perceptuals are different from the imagination of their child. So they accuse her of telling lies. They may even punish her for that. But the grown-ups are no better. They are also haunted by the fixations of their worthless desires. They live in pursuit of imaginary riches or meaningless ideals. Thus both the child and the parents are living in their respective worlds of untruth.

Young children are interested only in toys. Older boys and girls are fascinated with their friends and want to spend all their time playing. The cupidity of youth makes sex the most demanding program for a few years. Once one is married and settled down to the facts of life, necessities loom large and all one's time is spent in finding enough money. Then the dollar alone is real. Finally when old age comes, nothing is more real than diseases. In old age people declare war on disease and death. They put all their faith in vitamins and tonics and take refuge in clinics and sanatoriums. Millions of people have lost their track and regret that they never heard the right thing once in their life even though they had ears to hear; they have never seen even once the meaning of their life even though they had eyes to see. In old age people become like broken pots on the fire. They wallow in self-pity. With their own tears they extinguish the fire of their life.

This can be illustrated with a story. A wandering *sannyasi*, who was not interested even in begging, was once passing an unfamiliar

city. When he was passing the front gate of a palace, a servant came running out to him and pleaded with him to enter and save his master who was the chieftain of that locality. The *sannyasi* said he knew no magic to save chieftains. He only knew how to say simple things to simple folks, especially to children. The servant was insistent and sincere. The *sannyasi* agreed to go with the servant into the palace. In one gorgeously decorated hall he saw an old man prepared for his departure. Famous doctors were caring for him, while a watchful retinue waited for him to give up his ghost. Priests were mumbling prayers. Seeing the *sannyasin* in rags coming to him the old man gathered all his strength and screamed aloud, "Oh God save this sinner. I am dying." The *sannyasi* went close, knelt by his side, took his hand in compassion and said, "Have no fear, dear brother, you are not dying. You will not die. You will never die." The *sannyasi* had the old man laid on a proper bed, gave him milk, fondled him with love and kissed him on the head. Seeing the man restful, the *sannyasi* left the palace.

Four years later when the *sannyasi* was attending a cremation, a stranger fell at his feet and with tearful gratitude said, "You are a penniless wanderer, just a wayfarer, and yet you knew the meaning of life and death. Your words came true. I have not died. Even so I know I will not die. My body has died many times before and it will happen again. But the Self is immortal." This man was the chieftain. When he had recovered, he had renounced his money and power, became a mendicant, sat at the feet of wise men and been initiated into the path of immortality. How fortunate to know there is a way, even at the fag end of one's life. To know it earlier is even more fortunate. Indeed it is most fortunate to know there is a way of wisdom and to listen to the wise even at the tender age of a girl or a boy.



Apart from your responsibility there is no one to care,
Oh Crescent-Bearing Lord of All Beings.
This unclean *māyā* is puffing with pride.
Do not sell me wholesale to this peak of ignorance.

You don't have to light a lamp in the morning to illuminate the world. The Lord of the universe is responsible to make the sun rise and announce the day at an appropriate time. When the reflected rays of the sun come from the world around, the eye need not meticulously take each ray and fashion it into an image. Nor need we bother to correlate each stimulus to fashion out of it a gestalt. It is all done for us by the Lord of our life.

When you are hungry you can swallow a morsel of food. When you are thirsty, you can take a drink. But you do not know how your food and drink are digested. It is not your responsibility. From the food and drink you have taken, the analysis and synthesis of various elements, salts, acids, vitamins, and proteins which build your body is all done for you. The Lord of life takes care of you.

On the pages of books where there are lines of letters, all you need to do is shift your eyes from one end of the line to the other. Letters are grouped into words. Words are structured into sentences. And from that, meaning springs up, all in no time. If one had to do all these acts with deliberation, one would have to spend a whole day to read a page. Comprehension comes like magic, because there is a great knower operating behind our knowledge.

With your eyes you can only see. With your ears you can only hear. In a mysterious way all the functions of our organs of perception and organs of action are coordinated by the ruler of our life. The five *prāṇa*-s (forms of vital breath) that Indians postulate are only a matter of speculation. It is debatable how they work. Even when we are asleep, breathing is going on. On seeing how our conscious and unconscious activities are synchronized, we can only say, "Oh Lord, you are the only master of our life. It is in your care that we are entirely placed."

Each cell in our body is in an autonomous state. The cell is produced out of inertial matter. There is a fabricator of the cell, a controller of it, a ruler of it. This is none other than the Lord of all beings. A mosaic is made out of many cells, and a common purpose and meaning is given so that the community of cells can act as a single individual. That coordinator is the Lord of all. Behind all our knowledge there is a knower. We call that knower "our self." Inadvertently we are turning to the Lord when we take refuge in our conscient being.

In a family constituted of father and mother, brother and sister, son and daughter, grandchild and grandparent, there is a magical power which holds all members together. In all their actions there reverberates the rhythm of a common purpose. Such coordination within the family comes from the responsible overseer, the chief of the household.

The chief can be seen in the father or mother, or the son or daughter. The mark of the chief is responsibility. On seeing this responsibility governing a group, we again exclaim "Oh Crescent-Bearing Lord of All

Beings, we are beholden to you. We take refuge in you, because you are the only one responsible for us."

From the tiniest of particles to the multi-galactical universe everything is held together with the law of one single coordinator. Even then we go astray. The light brings unknowingly a shadow with it also. When the shadows combine with light, phenomena are produced. Out of such phenomena arise name and form. One recognizes a certain name and form as ones own. Where these two come together, a spark of ego comes and soon swells up into an all-devouring darkness. Seeing this mounting danger, the supplicant prays, "Please do not cast me away wholesale into the hands of this ever-increasing ego of *māyā*."



Verse 56

Oh Snow Clad Peak, from where the river originates,
Oh Ever-Fresh Tree of Eternity on which entwines
the golden creeper, wearing a singing cuckoo ascending,
give me your flower-like feet for my refuge.

This earth of ours has a biosphere. The topmost part of it is vaporous. It is vapors that condense and float as silver clouds. We see them. The snow that has fallen on the Himalayan peaks has been lying there for thousands of years. When we say "Himalayas" that al-

so refers to the polar regions, the Alps, the Rockies and all other snow mountains of the world. All these are to be taken into a single gestalt to get an image of Gangadhara, the Lord who carries the Ganga on the crown of his head.

The spacious vastness of the Lord of Life is only one of his dimensions. Life originates in water (*naram*), and it initially lives in it (*āyanam*), as the sustaining principle of life (*nārāyaṇam*). Evolutionists speculate that the first trace of life occurred in the ancient waters of the world several millions of years ago. Thus the roots of life are to be traced in time rather than space. The roots of a tree go far into the earth to suck water from subterranean water veins. The tip of a root capillary is so very tender, and yet life is borne by these tendrils. These are the physical manifestations of the feet of the Lord which are described as tender.

In the competitive world of stress and rivalry, many see only superficial values. They are satisfied with the enjoying of a fruit plucked from some mango tree. They do not bother to find out from which tree the fruit came. Once in a while among such people there comes one who is eager to know from where the fruit came. Such a person becomes so caring for humanity that he obtains a seed, plants a tree and helps it mature, regularly giving it water and manure. Finally, when that person obtains the fruit and shares it with the world, he alone knows the value of it from the root to the fruit.

The starting point is the foundation of all values, *ānanda*. What comes in the fruit is the enjoyable manifestation of the basic value. In other words, the existential and subsistential aspects proclaim the enjoyability of a value. In such a context, from the tender capillaries of the root one is continuously ascending to know more and more as one advances to the finality of manifestation. Śiva, as Gangadhara, is an ever-fresh tree on which nature or Parvati is entwining as an ascending creeper. Our seeking minds are like a singing cuckoo that is going from a lower perch to a higher one, always singing a song appropriate to each particular time.

Humanity has always engaged in the glorification of endless values. A child sitting in the lap of its mother, lovingly fondled by her, has within itself a singing cuckoo. It sings in praise of the nourishing milk sucked from the mother's breast. The song changes its tune, tone and pitch. When the child grows into an adolescent and runs around in mirthful games, the songbird becomes more like a nightingale. When one passes from adolescence to youth, youthful dreams, aspiration, and creative imaginations are sung in sweet melodies. Youthful writers and dreamers have given humanity a legacy of romantic literature.

When man grows more, he sees the facts of life more clearly. He engages in more realistic songs. The song's next verse inspires him to plan a city, build industrial complexes, and glorify the discoveries of science. The song continues even after that. A more mature person sees the fleeting values of the world. From surface levels he goes once again to the common base of all, the innermost truth of the value of values. When he sings the finale, he is a bard proclaiming the truth of all time. His song is holistic. His final supplication is to be kept close to the source from which life emanates.

(Continued in next issue.)

Katha Upaniṣad

Translation and Commentary by

Muni Narayana Prasad

The first *valli* of the first chapter of this Upaniṣad introduced the dramatic situation in which the boy Nachiketas and Yama the god of death engaged in a dialogue. The situation was made use of to make clear that the teaching of this Upaniṣad is centered on the problem of death. How this problem is vital and fundamental to seekers of Truth was also indicated. In the second *valli* Yama taught Nachiketas that realizing the Absolute Truth, which in language is expressed by the monosyllable *AUM*, could be the only final solution to the problem. How this Truth is unique and non-dual was also stated. The third *valli* showed us how we have to prepare ourselves in order that we can visualize the Absolute Truth in ourselves. Then begins the second chapter, the beginning section or *valli* of which explains the unique dialectical method or way of approach for the direct intuitive awareness of this Truth.

IV . 1

The self-existent one harmed us by opening the senses outward. Therefore one looks only outward, and not within the interior Self. Certain wise ones, intent on immortality, turn the senses inward, and behold the interior witnessing Self directly.

Life is dear to everyone. No one wants to die. Death is seen before us as

the most uncertain, and at the same time the most certain, event. Crossing over death is the desire of all at all times. In what sense can we cross over death? That is the problem before us: is this desire at all attainable?

The fear of death is common not only with man but is also an animal instinct, and all animals are given by nature some way of escaping death. In addition to the instinctive ways of escape normal with animals, man is given another means, knowledge. One who makes use of this knowledge properly and imparts it to others is called *dhīra*, an intelligent one, in Sanskrit. But most men live without benefitting from this natural gift of knowledge. They are guided by animal instincts alone.

Death is the last danger that we want to be rid of. Danger comes to us from something else. We are afraid of that something. "Something else" is out there, apart from me, perceived by my senses and mind. Everything that is external including my own body has a beginning and an end. That means it is all transient. Everything transient has to have been caused by something. The final cause should be something with no beginning or end. It should not have been caused by something else. That means it should be self-caused. The self-caused one is called *svayambhu* in Sanskrit. It could also be called the causeless cause. This self-caused Truth is theologically called God, philosophically called the Absolute, and in scientific parlance it is Nature.

All our senses are so structured that they are always in contact with external

objects only. This is considered here as a harm inflicted by the self-caused one, inflicted on man while he was being created. Man is not to live guided only by animal instincts. He should make use of his power of determination and find his own way to attain this final goal of immortality. He is self-sufficient to actualize it but he does not know that he is self-sufficient. Man is thus a wonderful being with these two extremely opposite possibilities in himself. One who lives unaware of the discriminating power of knowledge in himself sees life as full of suffering. He considers the destruction of the body as the great danger called death. In fact, by considering himself thus, he is killing himself. The same state is presented in the *Īśa Upaniṣad* as follows: "Verily there are the worlds of demons enshrouded in blind darkness. The killers of the Self attain to them leaving behind the world here."

The killer of the Self in the *Īśa Upaniṣad* and the one punished by the self-caused one in the present context are not different. The man who is fully aware of this Self-sufficiency sees immortality, which is beyond birth and death, as his own interior witnessing Self. More than experiencing the grace of God, this is the experience of identity with God Himself, *sayujya*.

Everything that is perceivable with the help of the senses has a beginning, an end, and a sustenance in between. But the senses do not help us to perceive the substratum of all these phenomenal becomings. They also stand in the way to the intuitive perception of the Truth because of their state of being turned outward. The Truth which sustains all the phenomenalities is to be intuitively perceived with proper contemplation. It is suggested here that the seeker has to turn the senses inwards so that they won't be a hindrance to the attainment of the goal. It has to be noted that this recommendation is not to stop the natural functions of the senses. When we have an ultimate goal we will be naturally inclined to order all our activities so as to be conducive

to the final goal, which here is immortality. It has to be attained by searching inwardly. If we leave the senses to their natural function with their goal always in our mind, and if we can remain as a detached witness to these functions, that will be the proper turning inward of the senses. The Gita makes this very clear when Kṛṣṇa tells Arjuna:

"Irrespective of the occasion, it is nature that through the *gunas*, three modalities, accomplishes every act. One possessed of egoism, however, thinks himself as the actor.

"On the other hand, O Mighty Armed, the one who knows the principle underlining *guna*, nature mode, as distinct from *karma*, its functional counterpart, holding the view that subjective modes inhere in their corresponding objective modes, is not affected."

When Narayana Guru, in his *Ātmopadeśa Śatakam*, says: "Rising even above knowledge, what within the form of the one who knows, as equally without, radiant shines, to that Core, with the eyes five restrained within, again and again prostrating in adoration, one should chant," what he means by "the core" is not anything different than the ultimate goal intended here. The means for the attainment of this goal as recommended by the Guru is, "One should repeatedly prostrate and chant after turning inwards the eyes five." The Upaniṣadic injunction also is the same. Man at all times seeks the same goal and there is only one means for it.

IV · 2

Only children go after the desirable external. They walk into the snare of widespread death. But the wise ones, knowing immortality, seek the constant among the inconstant here.

In this *mantra* people are grouped into two - children and wise ones. Children by nature get infatuated by colorful objects. They are attracted by one object and then the next moment they forget it and go after another. The same habit is often seen in elders even though they are mature in body. They also come under the group of children here. Desirable objects are endless and those who go after them come to a stage when they are not able to pursue them any further though the desire is still there. At that stage one sees death as a reality in front. So it is stated here that they walk into the snare of widespread death. But the wise ones see immortality as their goal. They do not see this immortality in anything transient. They see the immortal Truth in their own interior Self and consider birth, death and life only as belonging to the phenomenal becoming. The wise ones always experience the unconditional joy of identity with the immortal Truth. Children's interest is in the variegated pleasures of the phenomenality of the horizontal world while the wise ones are interested in the eternal vertical Truth. The realization of this Truth submerges everything phenomenal in it, or verticalizes and raises their multiplicity with its unity.

IV · 3

That with which one discerns form, taste, smell, sound and the joys of sexual union, what remains here outside the ambit of its knowledge? This (birthless and deathless) Truth is verily That.

In the last *mantra* it was stated that the wise ones try to find out the changless and endless Truth among the changing. Then where can it be found? Our search

for Truth is also a function of knowledge. The expressed aspects of knowledge are endlessly variegated. These variegations are based on the variety of objects perceived and also on the state of the perceiver or the subject. When we see and enjoy a beautiful form, we are not usually aware of our state of being a subject who is perceiving an external object. Though we are not aware of it, there is a knowledge, seated where we do not know, which identifies itself with the form of the external object and appears as the knowledge of that particular object. Had it been known that where we know and enjoy a form, there is a casual knowledge behind it, and that this casual knowledge transforms itself and manifests as the knowledge of the particular object, there would have been an end of the duality between the knowledge of the form and of the casual knowledge. Narayana Guru makes this clear thus, "The knowledge is not known/ But when known, both become one." There is nothing that is not within the scope of this casual knowledge, because every knowledge is a manifested aspect of the casual knowledge.

Here we see how the sense perception of a form leads us to the intuitive perception of the Self. The same is possible with every sense perception. How is it possible? How we should prepare ourselves for this was shown elaborately in the last *valli*.

This Absolute Self which is intuitively perceived, with no distinction between the subject, object and the act of knowing, is indicated by the word *tat* (that) in the *Chāndogya Upaniṣad* in its famous dictum *tat tvan asi* (That thou art). The same is the goal of all the scriptures and of the austerities of the *brahmacharins* (young wisdom seekers), as stated in *mantra* fifteen of the second *valli*. It was also mentioned that the meaning content of this Truth could be linguistically expressed by the monosyllable *AUM*. The same could also be called the abode of Visnu, as stated in *mantra* nine of the third *valli*. Even Vedic gods

had doubts on this which is beyond the realm of birth and death. So it is said, "This verily is That(*etad vai tat*)."

IV. 4

What is in dream and what is in the waking state, by whom these two are perceived, knowing that great all-pervading Self the wise one sorrows not.

In the last mantra it was shown that there is nothing outside the interiorly-witnessing Self, whatever might be the variety of objects perceived, and that the same Self is the Truth which is beyond birth and death. In the present *mantra* the same Self is presented as the witness of the alternating states of consciousness. The *Māṇḍūkya Upaniṣad* explains the three states of consciousness, via. *jagrat*, *swapna* and *susupti* (waking, dreaming and sleeping states). The fourth (*turiya*), which is not a state but the indwelling causal consciousness in all the three states, is also mentioned there. Among these three states, knowledge functions only in the waking and dreaming states. In deep sleep consciousness lies dormant in itself without any function. Hence the Self is depicted here as the witness in the waking and dreaming states only. The same popular notion of *avastha trayasakshinn* (witness of the three states of consciousness) is presented here but in a slightly revised form.

In the waking state one experience is immediately followed by another. We are also able to cognize one event as the continuation of another. It is easy in the waking state to do the remainder of a work that we did yesterday. But it is not possible to continue a dream next time.

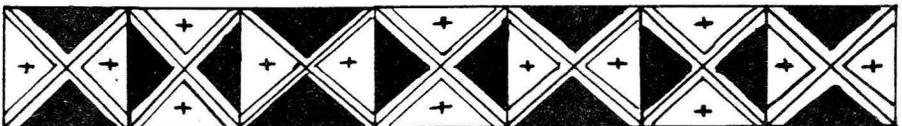
The activities of the waking state could be structured by our volition. But volition has no role in the dreaming state. The consciousness in which all these altering states appear remains always illuminating all these states and at the same time seeing all of them like a non-flickering lamp. That witnessing consciousness is nothing but the Self understood in the teaching of the Upaniṣads. Being engaged in activities relating ourselves to others, and the resultant joys and sufferings, we do not usually see this witnessing consciousness. Once we have seen that, there will remain no differentiation between the witnessing consciousness and the witnessed state.

The consciousness is not subject to cognition because cognition is only a function of the consciousness. Just as fire can burn everything, but cannot burn itself, knowledge can know everything else but cannot know itself, as Sankara explains it. So the intellect which tries to cognize the Self bows its head before the Self, becoming aware of its helplessness. One gets a worshipful attitude only before someone before whom one feels helplessness. That which is worshipped is called *mahat* in Sanskrit (*mahipujayam*). In ordinary usage it means the great. A great one is called *mahan*, so the Self is also called here *mahan*.

That which subsists in everything that appears to be and structures itself so as to cause all the appearances is called *bibhu* (*sarva bhuta dravya samyoga tatavam vibhutoam*). Only the Self could be such a *vibhu* and a *mahan*.

The first *mantra* of this *valli* mentioned about the *dhira* who is intent on immortality. He does not suffer even when faced with death. The *dhira* attains immortality only by the intuitive perception where there is no perceiver and the perceived as understood in this *mantra*.

(Continued in next issue.)



The Science of Harmonious Union

Commentary on Patañjali's *Yoga Śāstra*

Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati

Sutra II:16

heyam duḥkhamānāgatam

heyam: to be avoided
duḥkham: misery, pain
ānāgatam: not yet come

The misery which has not yet come can, and is to be avoided.

Before a child is conceived, the mother provides an egg which can be thought of as an empty chair. When a sperm comes to sit on the chair, the sperm and the chair become riveted into one person. After sitting in the dark of the mother's womb for nine months of preparation, the person comes out and is seated in the theater called the world. A large screen seems to be before the child, but it is actually outside. This screen is the mind. The first projection on the screen is that of the child's mother, feeding and suckling. Then comes his father and perhaps brothers and sisters. He does not just see them, he is tied, bonded to them. These bonds are made of ropes with two strands, one of love and one of hate. These dual bonds are felt towards every item of attraction and repulsion.

The first major cause of misery is forgetting that these are all projections on the screen of the mind. It is just like weeping when you see a beloved actor in a sad movie. You forget that it is only a

projection of colored film on a screen. In Indian philosophy this is called *avidya*, basic ignorance. You are aware of only the projections and forget that the seer, the seeing and the seen are all one. This ignorance of the whole story of your physical manifestation in this world is the first cause of suffering.

The next two causes of misery are thinking that love and hatred are constants. Our interests alternate. That which attracts one minute can repulse the next. If an object of love is forced, it becomes an object of displeasure. For instance, a mother gives her breast to her child with great love and it gratefully suckles when it is hungry. But if the breast is given when the baby wants to enjoy something else, the child will avoid it with signs of displeasure. Objects thus do not have intrinsic value to be attractive at all times. However, some interests, such as eating, drinking and sleeping, recur regularly in a consistent pattern. In the ever-changing pattern of interests, love and hate are generated by our states of mind, not by the things outside, but we forget that we are projecting our values and aversions on to things and then loving or hating them.

Interest is like an electrical charge. After the quantum of energy comes to an end, the charge wears off and the interest wanes. You go from one train of thought to another, without being aware of it happening. For example, you may be

thinking of A: AAAAAABAAAAA-BAAAAA. In this pattern A is dominant but B slips in occasionally. Very subtly B starts to infiltrate: AAAAB-BAAABBBABBBBB. Love is not a constant reality; it can change into hatred like A changing imperceptibly into B. The mother can kiss and hug her child in great affection, but if this is prolonged too long, the child tries to struggle away. Neither love nor hate are permanent values, but are two sides of the same coin.

The fourth cause of suffering is *asmita*, I-consciousness. The ego is exposed to the ambivalence of love and hate, happiness and misery. They are alternating experiences of the ego. When it is pampered by love, it experiences happiness. When hatred is there, it experiences the darkness of misery. Without the ego, neither is there. The ego is raised by relating to another ego. When another shouts, we also shout. When two egos get into conflict, anger builds into anger.

Once Balarama, Kṛṣṇa's brother, was fighting with a huge demon. They were raging with each other and the demon was growing bigger and bigger. They Kṛṣṇa came along and said, "Let me deal with him." He said to the demon, "Brother, why are you fighting?" The demon was humbled by his gentle manner and kindly approach. He became smaller. Then Kṛṣṇa said, "Let us be friends,"

and the demon became even smaller. Kṛṣṇa patted him lovingly and he became only one inch tall, sitting on Kṛṣṇa's hand. Balarama was astonished. Kṛṣṇa said, "Do you know who this demon is? He is anger. If we feed anger with anger, it becomes gigantic, but if we feed anger with love, it disappears."

The final cause of misery is *abhiniveśa*, the will to live. You forget that you have only come to the world for a short period. Like a beautiful mango which conceals a worm in its pit, you may have come from your mother's womb with the seed of death sitting within your life, such as a genetically inherited disease. Diseases like asthma, heart or kidney problems camp within a person and only start to peep out when he or she reaches thirty or forty years of age. At age fifty or sixty, the disease comes to stand with a person, causing one to panic and try to push it away. With proper diet and medication, it may withdraw for awhile, only to return with greater force. Then the disease says: "My friend, from birth I was always with you. It is now time for me to walk in front and for you to follow."

We forget that death is inevitable and we put up a valiant fight all the time. But we cannot go on forever, so when the time for death comes, ones suffering can be great if one is possessed by *abhiniveśa*, the spirit of never wanting to leave this world.



Patañjali reassures us that all five causes of suffering can be corrected. First you need to understand the screen on which the play of life is projected and that you are not different from the experiences you are projecting, or the projections you are experiencing. A drug addict looks for drugs, an alcoholic for drink, and a lover of books for a library. Each of us creates our own world and then complains about the environment. You can create a conducive environment by carefully structuring your world. You can withdraw your mind from the market place where it gets easily soiled. Nightmares come out of you because you have irrational fears lurking in your mind. By going deeply into the areas of the mind and illuminating them with the inner light of the Self, this darkness will go.

Once we can see the impermanence of the five causes of misery we gain the capacity to distinguish between the avoidable and unavoidable situations of life. If rain comes, you must wait for it to stop. Although a situation is unavoidable, it may be possible to improve it. If it is wet and cold outside and it is possible to sit by a warm fire or in bed between woolen sheets, then do so. Gandhi used to say that you can't remove all the thorns from your path before you start your journey, but you can wear shoes to protect your feet. There are many disharmonies in the world, but you can be a peaceful person in a peace-less world.

You can use your intelligence to mitigate the suffering coming from unavoidable situations. If a mad dog rushes at you, don't challenge it. Move out of the way, shut and bolt the door. Learn where danger is hiding and how it can pounce on you. Then don't give it the opportunity to pounce. If certain situations or foods disagree with you, avoid them. Be discriminating. Make a distinction between love and infatuation. One person was suffering and sobbing and depressing everyone around him. He called it lost love but it was really infatuation, not love, because he wanted to kill the woman whom he swore he loved.

You can keep emotional stress states from creating compulsions in your behavior. If someone has stumbled and harmed you, give up your hatred and forgive them. You will find that the demon flies and love comes in. Ninety percent of the time, you can avoid that which can be avoided, mitigate that which can be mitigated. Life will be more peaceful if you live simply. Yoga does not offer a solution after death, it is showing us how to live in the here and now.

Sutra II:17

draṣṭṛ dr̥śyayoh̄ samyogoheya hetuḥ

draṣṭṛ: of the seer

dr̥śyayoh̄: of the seen

samyogah̄: union

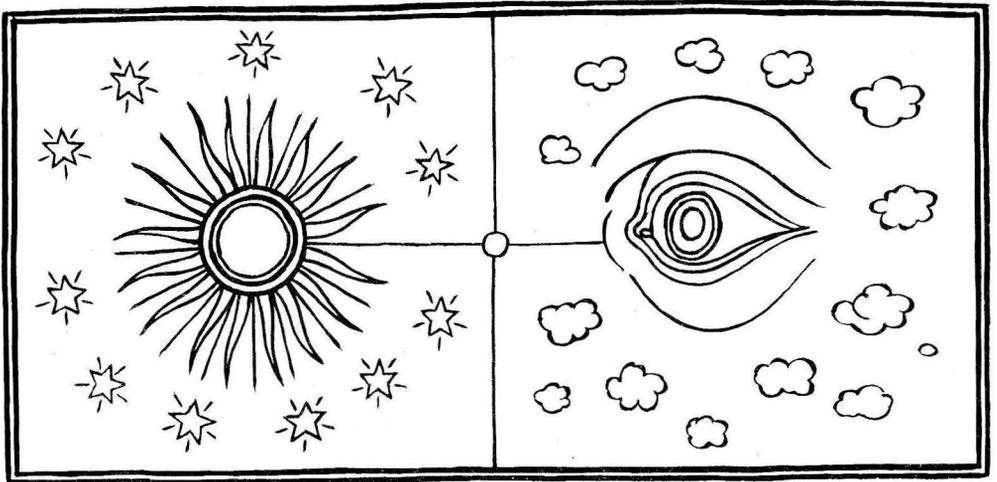
heya: to be avoided

hetuḥ: the cause

The cause of that which is to be avoided is the union of the seer and the seen.

To most people, dreams, deep sleep and moments of inner absorption do not appear very important. They think they live only when they are wakeful and engaged in transactions. In wakeful consciousness, the seer is the subject and the world interacted with or encountered is the object. The stuff of the seer is consciousness. What is recognized as awareness of the mind is only a peripheral aspect of the self-luminous light of ones own Self or ātman. From this peripheral consciousness, as one moves inward to the depth of ones consciousness, one passes through the regions of preconscious or semiconscious areas, a non-differentiated region of consciousness where there is no distinction of the subject and the object and finally, one comes to the pure homogeneity of ones deeper Self.

This deeper aspect, in the view of Patañjali's Yoga aphorisms, is the spirit or *puruṣa*. The *puruṣa* does not act, it has no limbs and it is indivisible. Just as a light has its own luminosity and is capable of



illuminating other things, the *puruṣa* can know and can also make things known. *Puruṣa* can be considered as the bright dynamic energy of consciousness. When we look at this world from the side of the spirit or *puruṣa*, it is first seen as a numenon surrounded by the consciousness of mind, having for its adjuncts the senses and a body equipped with sensory and motor systems.

It is with the interaction of the spirit and nature that individuation of the person comes to be. We have already seen that in nature there is a quintiplication of elements and the functioning of triple modalities. When we study about this body, we see how the physical laws that control and operate it are important. When the physical energy is seen as packages of varying quanta, the reference is to the manifestation of the chemical stuff of matter. When the mechanism that is seen in physical and chemical energy is looked upon as active units and interacting principles, the biologic factor evolves. When the same, in its complex organisation, has within it both a principle of awareness and a conscious manipulation of its destiny, biology is supplemented by psychology. Here the individual is seen more as a psychosomatic system programmed with definite purpose.

In this universe the earth is an insignificant speck. Among the sentient beings habitating the earth, humans are only

one of many kinds of living beings. Out of the skin that covers the whole area of the body, two tiny spots have the ability to mirror everything outside and enable the person to think of the whole world as an object of perception. These little spots called eyes have the power to see not only the objects immediately presented, but also can see objects of the past which have been shining in the firmament as brilliant stars several light years away. Thus stars many times bigger than the sun, which exist at a far-off distance both in space and time, find their counterpart in the human eye. The world is, as a visible entity, only in the eye of the person who apprehends it. It is this coming together of the world outside and the vision of the person inside that forms the ground for all experience, where life is lived in all its richness and its negativity of pain and misery.

If an image falls on a mirror, it is a transitory phenomena which will not cling on to the mirror when the image is removed by changing the position of the mirror. But the inner organ of a person is such that whatever image is projected on it will leave an impression which can remain in the depth of consciousness to the very end of life. Thus we are not only suffering from what is immediately projected on our senses and inner organ, but also from the stored impressions that remain with us as painful memories or inviting

visions. Patañjali is of the opinion that, pleasant or unpleasant, these memories are the source of misery and should not be encouraged. According to him, all programming is to be avoided and he prescribes the abolition of the conjunction of the seer and the seen. But this is not always considered to be the greatest ideal. His two commentators, Valmiki of the *Yoga Vasīṣṭha Rāmāyana* and Vyasa of the *Bhagavad Gita*, give the alternative of positive programming, turning to what is good for you.

SutraII:18

prakāśa kriyā sthiti śīlam
bhūtendriyātmakam
bhogāpavargārthaṃ dṛśyam

prakāśa: illumination
kriyā: activity
sthiti: stability
śīlam: consists of
bhūta: elements
indriya: sense organs
ātmakam: being of the nature
bhoga: experience
apavarga: liberation
artha: for the purpose of
dṛśyam: the seen

The seen consists of the elements and sense organs, is of the nature of illumination, activity and stability and has for its purpose (providing *puruṣa* with) experience and liberation.

In our everyday life experience we have on one side the self, the subject - "I." On the other side is the physical world. Between the experiencer and the experienced, three functions are involved: cognition, reaction and registration for recall. First, the cognizing faculty comes in the form of illumination. After the "I" cognizes, it reacts in the form of an action program. Then the confection of these two as an experience is stored for future reference. According to Indian schools of philosophy, these three functions come from nature: *sattva* provides clear illu-

mination for cognition; *rajas* gives the dynamism to respond to situations; and *tamas* provides the memory storage which is absolutely necessary for one to know how to deal with the world. Patañjali says we are thus equipped for two opposing reasons. We can experience the world and bind ourselves to it or we can free ourselves from all its knots - it is up to us whether we want to be free or stay in this world of happiness and sorrow.

First is illumination, knowledge, which programs you to feel many things - anxiety, curiosity, urges, drives - which make you restless. This restlessness is not a disease to be cured. It is needed for all the activities of life. Once you are disturbed, you are stimulated to accomplish and experience. Maturity depends on the amount of stored experience you have. Theoretical knowledge is to be followed by practical experience in order to bring stabilization. For example, in learning to play a musical instrument, you first observe the proper finger movements as demonstrated by your teacher (illumination). Then, you practice the movements again and again (kinetics), which enables you to retain what you have learned (inertia). You become a cultured person when you have taken pains to get practical experience.

A planted seed can elaborate itself into a tree with trunk, branches, leaves, flowers, fruit and finally a seed which can be planted to produce the same kind of tree. Hidden in the seed is the stored essence of the roots, trunk, flowers, etc. In the same way, the essences of our experiences are stored within us. Freud and others say the storage is in the unconscious; Indian philosophers say it is in the deep sleep aspect of *tamas*. This storage is most important for the continuity and stabilization of culture.

If you want to be emancipated from all the effects of the culturing you have undergone, you have to use the same brain, etc., to transform your value system. The horizon of the application of your values needs to be expanded, such as sharing what you have acquired not only

with your own family but with the whole world, like Einstein who studied and worked very hard and then shared the results of his labor with all. First you accept your bondage, then seek and find emancipation. The same equipment that you use for experiencing is to be used to transcend that experience. A true yogi can experience transcendence in immanence and immanence in transcendence, first making himself or herself bound, then enjoying that bondage for the benefit of the world. He or she works day and night as an example, being happy and sharing that happiness with all.

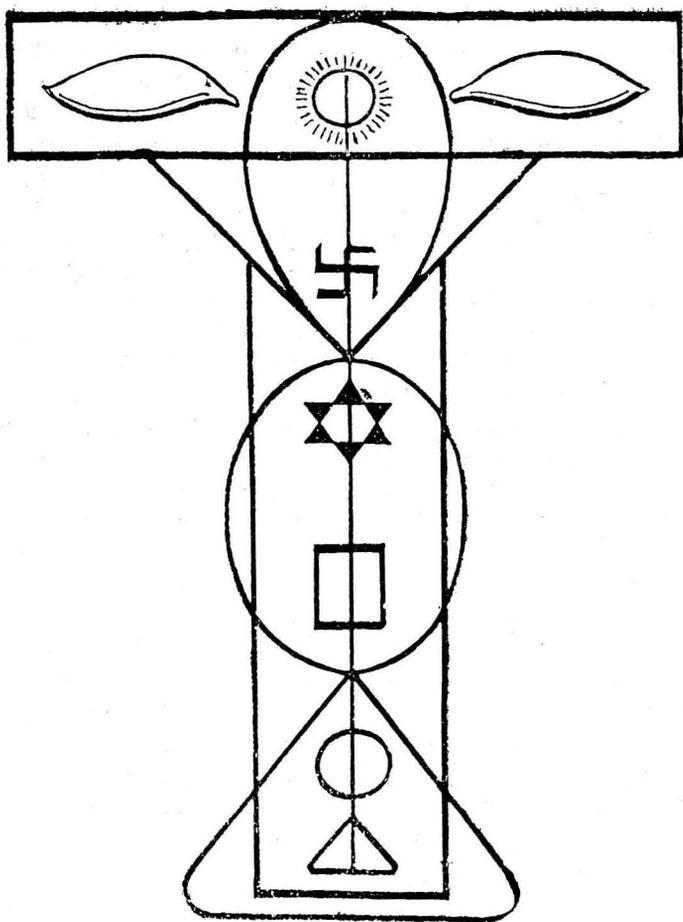
In life there is a magical element which can also be real. We have two worlds, the world of light and the world of darkness. Life is generated between the sun above and the earth below. A seed needs both to grow. A seed is so small yet magically it can become a whole tree. Even if a heavy stone is above the seed, the sprout will circumvent it and find a way to come up. Similarly, a root which is very tender and soft can even break a wall which is in its way. Life has this magic power of being able to make a breakthrough. This is *pradhāna*, a very forceful energy. It is magic because it achieves things you don't think it can. Its domain is the actual, where action can take place. The actual belongs to the present; the real is the essence of the actual, a philosophical abstraction of present, past and future.

Each day, the actual aspect has to break through all the impediments of life. To channel energy to action is very important. Energy is inertial, but can assume a momentum. Jung asks the question, "When a mother sees her own child trapped under something heavy, she is able to lift more than she usually has the capacity to lift. Why?" Her great interest, her love for her child enables her unactualized potential energy to become dynamic. Jung also points out that many people's energy is blocked, frozen. Most people do not know how much energy they have because they don't know how to have a goal-oriented life and how to di-

rect their pent-up energy to their goals. Many young people in India, eighteen to thirty years of age, suffer from depression - their energy is pent up and they do not know the magical power within them. They need to know how ones essence can be brought into conjunction with ones motivation to bring that essence out as actions and then stabilized as a seed bed for future occasions. For example, in our potato cultivation here, we took a risk because we invested in the potatoes for seeds, the manure and the cost of forking the soil, but if the rain hadn't come at the proper time, we wouldn't have gotten a crop and our investment would have been lost. But the rain did come and the ten sacks we planted will become sixty sacks. That fruition can be used for a continuation in a bigger way: it will be enough to eat, to share with the workers and to put all of the land under cultivation for the next crop, without having to buy any more seeds. In a similar way in all our small matters, we can see how work will flourish in the next stage. That initiates motivation to grow into momentum which melts the blocks.

Narayana Guru wrote sixty works which can fit into a small book. Then Nataraja Guru devoted himself to explaining and elaborating those teachings. He wrote five thousand pages on only nineteen of the original works. I am studying and writing thousands more pages, but there is still so much untapped, left for others to continue. So much came from one man, like radium which goes on radiating. Such great geniuses change the world. We need to begin with changing ourselves. If we find the unperishing truth within us, we can go on tapping that forever.

In this sutra Patañjali is drawing our attention to the *pradhāna*, the power we have within us, and asking us to perfect our lives and bring our potentials out to finality. To aid that process, yogis have given attention to the synergic centers (*cakras*) which run in a vertical parameter from the *ajña* (between the brows) to the *mulādhāra* (base of the spine).



Ajña is the synergic center which is most well known to us. It is placed between the two brows. *Ajña* means "to command," a very appropriate name for this center because all of the commands that we give to our organs of action originate from here. Even to move your little toe the message has to go from this area of the brain. It has the triple agency of the knower, the doer and the enjoyer -- the doer carries out messages in accordance with what is known. Even the most difficult tasks are assigned to the body from this command area which has the ability to release energy to both the faculties of perception and faculties of action.

Ajña also has a penetrating power to go into the details of all the data presented to the senses and mind and know a thing from within with its identification. After considering the quality of the

sensory data, the command area can refer the data of perception to the intellect (*buddhi*) which applies its discriminative power by associating the present data with previous experiences. The intellect flashes back the message of affirmation or negation. If the message is affirmative, then the *ajña* flashes a message to the organs of action to react. When the agency of action gives a command to the organs of action, it also provides a flow of energy by connecting all the appropriate glandular secretions and enzymes. The third function of the command area is that of consciously appreciating the experience, either through its power of obsession or its negative power of inhibition. The whole function can be compared to planning, cooking and eating a meal.

One cannot think without the use of words. So before the *ajña* is ready to give

a command, appropriate words are to be coordinated and presented to consciousness. This very intricate action happens in the area of the larynx. Although words come from the *visuddhi*, the throat plex, it is programmed by the incentives of the four *cakra-s* below it: *anāhata* (heart), *manipura* (navel), *svadiṣṭhāna* (genitals), *mulādhāra* (base of spine).

In the vertical parameter ranging from the *ajñā* to the *mulādhāra*, three divisions are to be made. The two upper *cakra-s* (*ajñā* and *visuddhi*) comprise the articulating area. The second area, which includes the two middle centers (*anāhata* and *manipura*), is the coordinating area. The third area, which includes the two lower *cakra-s* (*svadiṣṭhāna* and *mulādhāra*), is that of the creative urges. The *mulādhāra* is the physical- electrical-chemical foundation of the individual which controls the supply of energy, both by channeling and regulating. The *svadisthana* is the psychic foundation of the individual which provides for the personality structure.

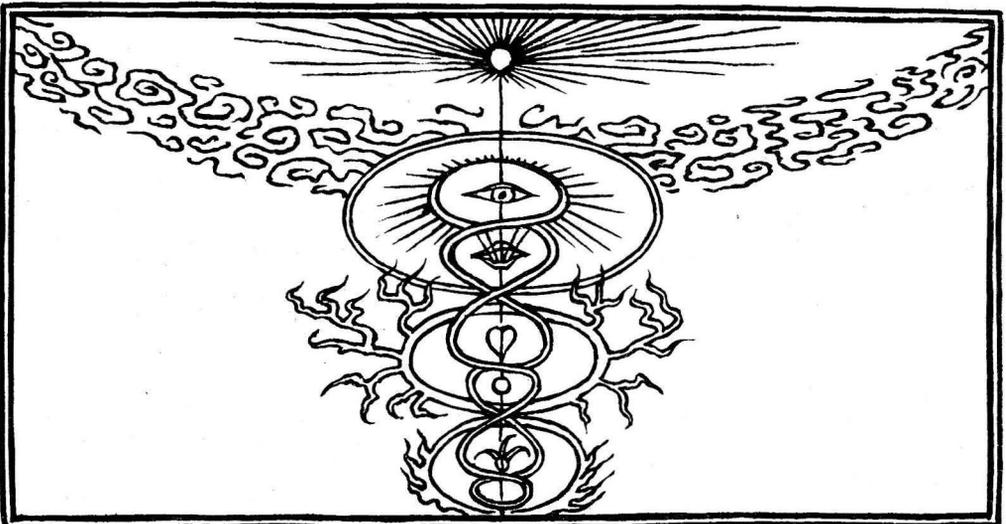
The nutritional system of the *manipura* is to be bracketed with the blood supply of the heart. Heart is not to be taken literally. The brain, liver, thyroid gland, pituitary and adrenal glands and sometimes the gonads are all to be included in the *anāhata*, heart center. When it is supplied with the interests of the lower *cakra-s* it immediately understands the purport of the interest. The heart

beat increases or decreases in response to plus or minus behavior being indicated. It is ready to supply the limbs with the required energizing blood and other energy-releasing biochemicals of the body.

In the articulating area, the transition is from idea to word. This is the great magical performance of the spirit articulating through matter, the process of semiosis. The norms and noetics of semiosis are organized at three levels - pragmatics, logistics and syntactics.

We can thus see how the six synergic centers are well coordinated to function in accordance with a purposive program of life. It is for this reason that the yogis of India have given their attention to each of the centers to make sure they are functionally correct and not afflicted by blocks which can cause malfunction. The furnace of the *manipura* is to be fed with proper fuels so it can provide the energy needed for the disciplining of the conscious and unconscious urges unfolding from the physical and psychic bases of life. The *anāhata* (unbroken) thus will be fueled to apply a continuous, even pressure of discipline in life. That will enable the purificatory action of the *visuddhi* to aid the command area with discrimination in choosing commands without errors. Together, the six centers tell the story of *pradhāna*, the magic of melting frozen energy and growing into a person with wider horizons and higher visions.

(Continued in next issue.)





Eschew

The Sentimental

*Eschew the sentimental, choose the true,
The elemental, in poetry and prose.
For Art is heirloom seed most rare. It never grows
Wherever weeds most rank and common grew.
Shun the mundane. It is the gardener's rue,
The poet's bane. Mark where the ibis goes.
In that fertile soil where the river flows,
Plant and prune and reap that which shaped you.
Harvest is sweet, with much to share and keep.
Words most succulent to savor, slowly
Open to the sun, silken petals sweep
The senses, calyx and core, as one, sleep
Now, until the poet names them clearly,
And heirloom seed, most rare, is there to reap.*

Sallee Lavallee

Śri Ramakrishna, the Firefly in the Night of My Dreams

Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati

The Japanese poet Onitsura wrote a beautiful haiku:

Come! Come! Though I call
The fireflies are quite heedless
And go flitting by.

It was at the age of ten that my father showed me a wonder that was shimmering in the melody of his memory. It came to me as an indiscernible light, soft and caressing. However much I tried to hold it in the palm of my hand, it flitted away. I went very close to my father and whispered in his ear, "What was that?" In an equally gentle whisper he said without a voice, "The *tathāgata*."

"*Tathāgata*? What does that mean?"

Father said, "When he is expected, *tathāgata* is one who comes this way. When he is gone, the *tathāgata* is one who has gone that way."

When rishis and yogis get into ecstasy, they only hum a secret mantra. My father was both a rishi and a poet. He was a rishi because he was a professional teacher who each day revealed to his pupils some hidden truth that only a seer can show. He was a poet, because whenever he saw truth it touched him in the core of his heart. Poets are to be pitied because they have to empty themselves of the person that resides on the seat of their ego so that the God they seek can fearlessly enter and occupy the seat of their shrine. It was such a father who told me of *tathāgata* (*tatha + agata* =

thus + one who comes; *tatha + gata*) = thus + who is gone).

As if he was stung by poetry, he whisked his notebook from the shelf and went to his couch where he became immersed in poetry. That meant I should seek the company of my mother and not bother him. I asked her, "Amma, who is it that comes?"

She said, "The sun every morning, the full moon every month, wisdom that gladdens, the song that inspires."

"Who is it that both comes and goes?"

"That is the firefly. In the night he appears there and then he vanishes. And then he is here, where you least expect him. When, all excited, you reach your hand to catch him in your palm, he is already gone."

I asked her, "Can I get a firefly?"

Mother said, "There are fireflies who care, who will come unsought. They never leave you once they come to the garden of your dreams."

"Can you show me?"

"Yes, of course, if you are ready."

"I am ready," I enthusiastically said.

Mother went to her cupboard and took out of it a photograph and showed it to me. It was not a firefly but an old man holding one hand across his chest.

"Is this a firefly?" I asked.

Mother replied, "Yes, a very special firefly made by God to visit every loving heart. His name is Sri Ramakrishna."

"Why is he called a firefly?"

Mother: "Do you see fireflies in the daytime?"

"No."

"Do you see stars in the daytime?"

"No."

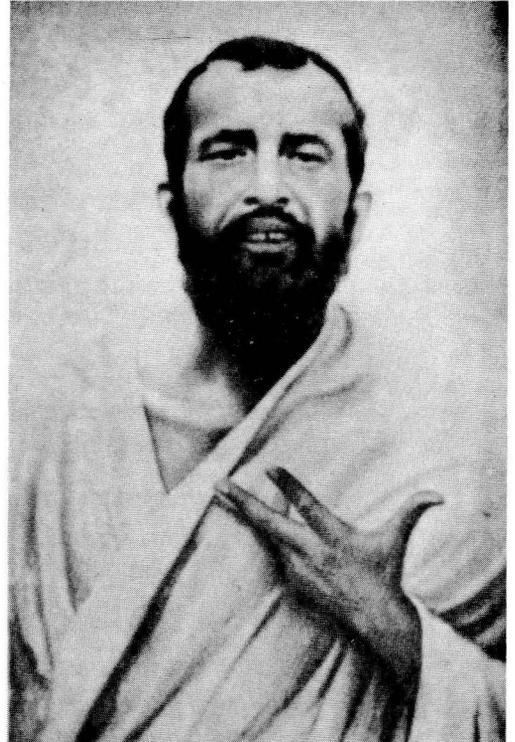
"They are there. But the dazzling light of the day prevents you from seeing these luminaries. All day you are caught in the mess of your transactions. In the night when you return to your soul the brilliance of your wakeful world is substituted with the mellowness of your dream consciousness. To non-contemplatives, it is only a darkness in which to crouch under your sheets and sleep. To the meditative few; that is the time when your higher Self cradles the lower self and sings the lullaby that imparts spiritual wisdom. If that happens, you will wake up each day more wise and mature in your love for God. The creator is not apart from his creation. Such visitations of the divine light are what I call the luminosity of special fireflies like Śrī Ramakrishna."

I forgot this incident until I was twenty. Then I happened to visit the Advaita Ashrama at Kalady. There I met a scholarly swami called Swami Agamananda. He presented me with two books, *The Gospel of Śrī Ramakrishna* and *Śrī Ramakrishna, the Great Master*. *The Gospel of Śrī Ramakrishna* turned out to be something different from any book I had ever read. On every page I experienced a glow that could dispell all darkness of gloom. During the last forty-five years, whenever my spirit has staggered and I felt like sinking into the abyss of meaninglessness, I opened *The Gospel of Śrī Ramakrishna* which I have always kept close at hand.

I can open it to any page and find there the Master coming with his fire which never burns. He glows for a short while. That is enough to rekindle the fire of love and longing for wisdom. The aroma he leaves in my mind turns everything sweet to me and my words carry the fragrance of his love. People throng around me as if there is nectar in my words. Indeed, there is an irresistible

nectar in the words that are kindled in me with the glow of his deep wisdom and divine humor.

Master Mahāśaya must also have been a lover of fireflies. He gathered more than a thousand brilliant shimmerings in the words of Śrī Ramakrishna and arranged them neatly in the *Gospel*. Having been convinced of its magic touch, I open the *Gospel* whenever I see the twinkle in a friend's eyes fade or a rosy cheek turn into a pale yellow. The magic glow of the Master can heal bruised hearts and restore one to the good cheer of his or her spirit. Such is my constant encounter with this special firefly called Śrī Ramakrishna. ❖



Śrī Ramakrishna

Ode to Indra

*O Indra! The most adorable
among my gods and also the most despicable.*

*You are my intelligence,
self-luminous center of my consciousness,
and the charioteer of my life's psycho-physical vehicle
to which are harnessed
the five senses of comprehension and enjoyment.*

*It is your hedonistic indulgence in sensuous pleasures
that makes you so base and conceited.*

*As you hold in your power
the wisdom jewel of discrimination
you are smart to detect and even own your shameful errors.*

*You are courageous to take upon yourself
the most painful disciplines of corrections
and traditional purificatory rites.*

*It staggers one's imagination to see
where you have pitched your tents,
where you have found your friends
and the treacherous themes
in which you engage yourself with zest and zeal.*

*You sit with the yogi
in his tranquil and crystalline equipoise;
you sit with the scientist who has gone mad over an equation;
you are ruthless in giving charms to the enticing woman
who is plucking the heart of her paramour.*





By Nitya

*You are busy with the gambler,
the bootlicker, the liar,
the thief, the burglar, and the heartless killer
who can be hired by anyone to do any ignoble thing.*

*Then you are the silken thread
stronger than steel with which
the intricate snares of laws are fabricated.*

*You are the shrewd judge
who can easily see the cunningness
of lawyers who play games
with paradoxes and enigmas.*

*O Indra, who can recognize you
when you enter a poet's vision and create
a lyric of sublime thoughts and inspiring motives?*

*Your sense of rhythm
and your ear for the most sublime nuances
of melody and harmony
are the last words in aesthetic perfection.*

*Indra, you are indescribable!
Your most popular name is
MIND in the English language
and MANAS in the Sanskrit language.*

*My adorations to you because you take away
from my mind all sense of guilt!*

Mid-Life Transitions in a World of Necessity: A Personal Journal

Reuven Goldstein

A cold, restless "northeaster" blowing off the sea is a fairly regular occurrence during the colder months of December and January in Newport, Rhode Island. When it comes it usually brings high seas and pounding rain or snow. With the icy winds brushing across my face, a very powerful image from a children's book written by Maurice Sendak, called Where The Wild Things Are, just popped into my mind out of the blue. It was a book I've read to each of my three children and still read to my youngest daughter, Rose, who is nearly 7 years old. Both Ramana who is now 18 years old and in his second year at Portland School of Art and Aruna who is 15 years old in her second year of high school with a keen interest in literature were always intensely engrossed in the story. I have always enjoy reading children's books with feeling and emotion often bringing out a unique voice for each character and spiced with a lot of dramatic narration. With its choice of colorful images and words, this particular story lends itself well to this type of treatment. It reads as follows:

That very night in Max's room a forest grew and grew until his ceiling hung with vines and the walls became the world around and an ocean tumbled by with a private boat for Max and he sailed off through night and day to where the wild things are. And when he came to the place of where the wild things are they roared their terrible roars and gnashed their terrible teeth and rolled their terrible eyes and showed their terrible claws till Max said "BE STILL!" and tamed them

It seems that Mr. Sendak wrote this book with the strong intention of helping children to embrace their own fears - to have the courage to face their own "self-created" monsters - and to tame them. Fear is one of the weapons of darkness, and as I see it, he uses Max's own conscious ruminations and rich fantasy world as a backdrop in which to address one specific aspect of mind and its entrapments.

As adults, we also have our self-imposed monsters who are lurking in the dark. Monsters who roar their terrible roars and gnash their terrible teeth and roll their terrible eyes and show their terrible claws. However, they are not so easily tamed and stilled, as was accomplished by young Max.

In Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati's essay, *Bhakti*, he gives reference to the fact that the seeker has two aids in his spiritual quest. One is through the process of "*Bhakti*" (conjunction with light) and the other is through the "*Guru*" (the dispeller of darkness) - both counterparts of the same discipline. Though I am using the term loosely, I in some ways consider myself a *Bhakta*. What attracts me is love - love for beauty, love for people, love for the unknown...a love the Guru calls "*prema*". Love can be uplifting and transformative. Or, if love is tainted by the assertion of egoic regrets and expectations, it can throw you into great darkness where everything meaningful is obscured and hidden.

After all these years of experiencing both yin and yang of life, it has come as quite a surprise to suddenly find myself entering mid-life and still confronting and re-confronting a whole multitude of

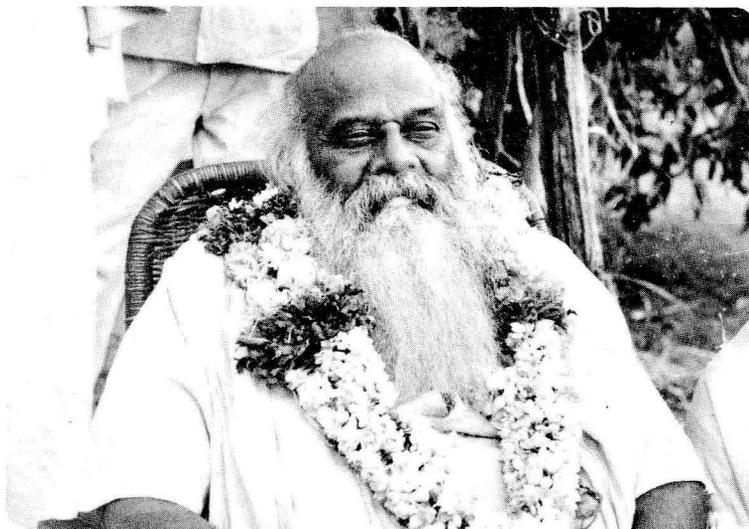
issues. It is at times of developmental transition or personal confusion when one is caught amidst the babble of choices and contradictions that light and dark and the gradations in between, the *chiaroscuro*, become most pronounced. These "paradoxical opposites" are clearly present and "interwoven to make up our world." I would have thought that by now, I'd have had it more together, found more solutions and had acquired greater knowledge and certitude. Nataraja Guru points out that:

...One is caught finally on one horn or other of the relativistic dilemma, ambiguity or paradox. When thus caught and unable to take firm decision, absolutism suffers defeat and is, in Principle, dead. All possibility of a moral or spiritual life becomes impossible in the asphyxiating atmosphere, social, moral or religious. Thus it is that often the battle for absolutism is lost time and again in individual human life or history. Fleeing relativism again and again is thus the only answer.

It has been nearly 20 years, since my first introduction to the teachings of Narayana Guru, and the all too brief contact with, and yet intense bond between Nataraja Guru and myself. When I look back on that period of my life, what first comes

to mind is my participation in the Bhagavad Gita class given at Portland State University by Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati. Though it was in Portland, Oregon that Narayana Guru's unified vision had its embryonic beginnings within the body of my psyche, it wasn't until I left the continental United States with Guru Nitya, my former wife and new born son, and a number of friends, to travel the Pacific and to visit with other Gurukula friends in Hawaii, Fiji, New Zealand, Australia, and Malaysia that I became fully aware of the global appeal of Advaita Vedanta and the Gurukula Movement. Although I had already begun familiarizing myself with Narayana Guru's reevaluation of Vedanta through the numerous stories, reflections and writings of Guru Nitya coupled with the commentaries and philosophical writings of Nataraja Guru, it was when I reached Mother India -to feel her earth under my feet and to touch her diverse people- that the Guru Word and Vision became more infused with life and heart.

During Nataraja Guru's treatment for stroke at the Naturopathic clinic in Bangalore and later in Trivandrum and Varakala prior to his *mahāsamādhi*, my daily contact with him greatly increased the osmotic flow of understanding of his unique *darśana*. It was here while in Personal dialogue with Nataraja Guru that



his Absolutist vision and way of everyday-life reached new heights. While the details of this profound experience were elaborated upon in a previous commemorative, *Nataraja Guru 90*, the intense psychodynamic effects of the all encompassing vision of Narayana Guru as seen through the eyes of Nataraja Guru hold even more true today, especially in the light of the brilliant affirmations by Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati in whom the wisdom of the Absolute is infused in living terms.

Like Arjuna the main goal that is before me is neither victory in war nor the possession of a kingdom, but the welfare of my soul and the purification of the ego while being fully engaged in the transactions of life. From this vantage point, only the possibility of resolution as a realized seer exists. It is from this juncture, enshrouded in darkness, that I reach to Guru who clearly delineates my *sadhana*:

. . . the way of absolutism . . . is full of repeated tests of ones dedication and integrity at every step. One has to be alone with one's best thought. All who have tried to walk the path of Absolutism have been left alone or have left others alone. Absolutism is thus a "flight from the alone to the Alone" whichever way one might look.

Nothing of value can be gotten without sacrifice in one form or another. This can be a mystical ascent or the brute physical labor of Sisyphus. It works out all the same, whether paid for in one coin or in small change. One escapes nothing that one deserves, good or bad. Such is one of the secrets of the way of Absolutism which the earlier one learns, the better.

As I enter another new transition with regard to career and home, an intense process of reflection and reevaluation begins to naturally unfold. Overall, my life has been filled with many blessings, many loving friends, and many full and enriching experiences while both living in a number of places within the continental United States or circumnavigating

the globe. And, of course, my children have filled my heart to overflowing. And yet, even though there has been enthusiasm and a consistent effort on my part to be fully grounded in interesting projects, a career and rewarding jobs that bolstered my spirit while meeting the necessities of life, they were too often short lived, lacking the hoped for continuity; or, all too often, ended with galling results. Thus, my career life seems to be strung on limited success, frustrated dreams and many moments of unhappiness . . . clearly an expression of far too many "unfinished gestalts".

It is always a surprise to find when I'm caught in a quandary of questions that a book will often jump off the shelf from often curious and sometimes obscure sources. In Benjamin Hoff's, The Tao of Pooh, my present condition as a seeker, which seems to be continually spiralling upon itself is clearly punctuated in Pooh's own words:

*How can you get very far,
If you don't know who you are?
How can you do what you ought,
If you don't know what You've Got?
And if you don't know which To Do
Of all the things in front of you,
Then what you'll have
When you are through
Is just a mess without a clue.
Of all the best that can come true
Is you know What and
Which and Who.*

These words again freeze the process and fix my stare at the harsh actualities which establish my present. It is in times like these when life experiences squeeze tightly around ones foundations that ones clarity and insights are challenged. This clarity of absolutist vision and unitive understanding for which I strive has been continually revived and revalued in the light of the Guru. And yet, its essence and secrets can only live and breath if I willingly continue to refine my own stance and embrace life in original ways. As stated by Guru Nitya,

The Absolute is not a static reality. It is ever new and ever fresh. An individual who relates himself to the Absolute is to be alert and watchful, to watch and see the ever new revelation.

Though I've continued to struggle over these many years to gain a unitive way of life, there are many deep seated *vasanas* with associated patterns of thought and behavior that only time and the white heat of *niṣṭha* and *śraddha* can root out. It is at these crossroads that the life and teachings of Narayana Guru coupled with the philosophical and scientific translations and commentaries by Nataraja Guru, and my consistent association with the down to earth logic and psychological insights of Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati, become all the more poignant and pertinent.

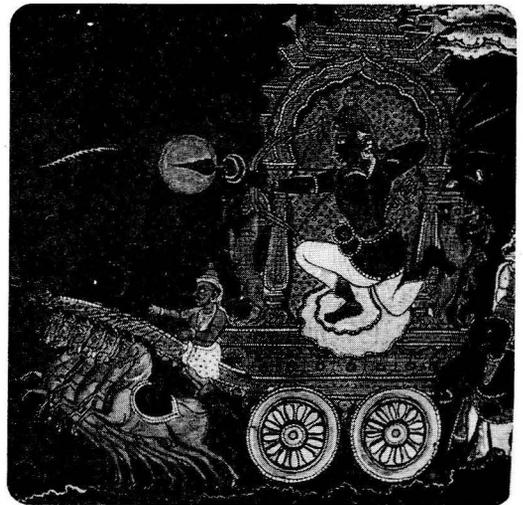
Although the various forms of illumination of first principles (*tattvatah*) through each successive Guru takes on various shades of expression, attitude, and action, they they in fact come from one continuous thread of Knowledge flowing down to the present day: The clarity of these principles come through the light of the Guru and though I can make distinctions in the *parampara* along longitudinal and transactional lines, when "insights" bubble up in the midst of problematic life questions and action oriented choices, I often find it difficult to separate "that which is heard" in terms of an "individual voice". However, "it is still the person of the guru that the impersonal light of the Self comes."

Having to set new goals, rearrange priorities, and relinquish dispensable commitments and obligations, though on one hand a painful process, should bring new found freedom and joy. A forward moving thrust to the psyche is what is called for here. As Nataraja Guru states in his *Autobiography of an Absolutist*, though the context is different, "All reminiscences are tinged with some bitterness. Regret and retrospection taste the same as a drop of tears." I'm aware how "an element of an unsought tear of regret

dims the view" - the salinity burning the eyes - "as it were, from within." With great consolation, Guru goes onto say:

It is not altogether impossible to brush the feelings aside and switch on a prospective attitude visualizing fields of adventure. Retrospection counters the spirit of adventure and to this extent it can be a tribulation and a impediment to spiritual progress. Adjusted correctly between the two tendencies, however, no harm results, and the neutral clarified vision that refuses to take either side reveals the blissful light of the Absolute, free from any bitter taste. Such a bliss is situated between life's tears and smiles which are both false.

Standing on this new threshold, I am still feeling somewhat hesitant about my future and my choice of directions. When confronting such relativistic dilemmas, fear stands out as the killer of ones spiritual life. With these thoughts, I randomly picked a book from the shelf called *Zen In The Art Of Archery* by Eugene Herrigel, opened it, and preceded to read from where my eyes fell on the page. Here, Herrigel is describing his difficulty in letting loose the bow string in order to get off a proper shot which to me is analogous to ones way of walking through life.



"When I have drawn the bow, the moment comes when I feel: unless the shot comes at once I shan't be able to endure the tension. And what happens then? Merely that I get out of breath. So I must loose the shot whether I want to or not, because I can't wait for it any longer."

"You have described only too well," replied the Master, "where the difficulty lies. So you know why you can not wait for the shot and why you get out of breath before it has come? The right shot at the right moment does not come because you do not let go of yourself. You do not wait for fulfillment, but brace yourself for failure. So long as that is so, you have no choice but to call forth something yourself that ought to happen independently of you, and so long as you call it forth your hand will not open in the right way - like the hand of a child. Your hand does not burst like the skin of a ripe fruit.

The Master goes onto say that:

The right art is purposeless, aimless! The more obstinately you try to learn how to shoot the arrow for the sake of hitting the goal, the less you will succeed in the one and the further the other will recede.

What stands in your way is that you have a much too willful will. You think that what you do not do yourself does not happen. . . . You must learn to wait properly By letting go of yourself, leaving yourself and everything yours behind you so decisively that nothing more is left of you but a purposeless tension."

Again, Nataraja Guru's insight and outlook complements the words of the above Master and further help to bolster my spirit as I begin this new chapter in my life.

The Journey of joy seemed never-ending and also the struggle that inevitably formed its concomitant counterpart... Both these Persist in one form or another in subtle ambivalent compensation or reciprocity that the Tao or Providence decides for us, and there is very little margin for possible personal individual initi-

ative in life's journey treated as a whole. The tide carries each individual forward in the eternal process of becoming in which we are caught, and we keep our places in continuity and contiguity, rising and falling alternately like waves on the ocean's breast.

In a world where personal, political, and national control and power are valued, the notion of sacrifice and surrender are quite foreign. So it is always difficult to overcome the subtle or not so subtle social pressure to be in control and to feel that you have some semblance of power over outcomes in your life. The notion of empowerment is not only bandied about in new age, feminist, humanistic, and holistic psychological circles but also in business. Perhaps what is more in question, is how one chooses to define and characterize empowerment. For me, the degree of freedom is enhanced and empowering when ones life is seen in the light of the Guru and lived with full knowledge of and reliance upon the Absolute. In Nataraja Guru's own words:

We all belong to the same cosmos . . . fed by negative or positive entropy, in which order is possible and disorder more probable, we are carried on the tide of time amply strewn over with bits of chances, positive or negative, vertical or horizontal, that come or come not our way. Neutral abandon to the total situation which is neither positive nor negative, possible nor actual, seems the most intelligent mode of conduct. Surrender to the will of God has to be understood in this way alone.

Firm in my dedication to wisdom and truth and to my pursuit of the Absolute, I know I will labor continuously to be ever vigilant, to see its unique beauty, to touch Its ever-present texture, to smell Its diverse fragrance, to taste and savor Its abundant flavor. And throughout each challenge to remain fearless as I hold to the light of the Guru and that blessed fulfillment - AUM. ❖

Biography of Narayana Guru

Nancy Yeilding

From the Alone to the Alone

"For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face" (I Corinthians 13:12). This verse from the New Testament expresses both the predicament and the aspiration of one who attempts to penetrate the mystery enshrouding the next years of Narayana Guru's life. Until we ourselves have undergone a similar transformation, it is as though we are peering through a window clouded with the smoke of our past experiences, fixed notions, and emotional colorations. If aspiration, discipline and grace someday bring us to the threshold of the sanctuary of our own dearest Self, then the pearl of priceless worth will shine for us in all its glory, transfiguring our lives and the world around us. Only then will we know what it means to see face to face.

This is the difficulty facing any biographer of a mystic such as Narayana Guru. Many a writer has traveled down the tangled path where a collection of psychic feats and fantastic miracles is paraded as a substitute for the unfoldment of the inner drama which holds the key to this most profound secret of the human psyche and of all existence. In those years between his father's death in 1884 and his emergence into the public eye with the installation of the temple at Aruvipuram in 1888, Nanu Aśan withdrew more and more from society and, for a time, from any association with human beings. Having cut himself adrift, he cast himself into the endless ocean of Beingness where he was tossed about by the waves of the Tao's will. The crest of one of those waves carried him to the ridge of the mountains of Marutavamalai, near the southern tip of India. There his days

of solitude and physical privation gave a deep intensity of meaning to the term *tapas* (burning away, spiritual discipline) and there he disappeared from the view of all his contemporaries. How then, can we, looking down the mist-filled passage of many years, gain a glimpse into the events of Nanu Aśan's life which shifted from the external to the internal? We usually understand the psychic and emotional experiences of another person by positing for them a persona which correlates to our own ego-self, fabricated from a conceptual framework which is elaborated with our particular experiences and patterns of likes and dislikes. But that process will not help us to understand this most profound experience in which the person as individual self, as experiencer and knower, loses individual existence and merges into the universal Self, into knowledge itself.

Unlike the door of physical death which closes behind all who enter it with a deep, impenetrable silence, this door opens both ways. The world has been blessed with a number of great souls who have passed beyond the usual constrictions of human life and, in their great compassion, return to speak of that experience and guide others to the same realization. Mystics and teachers of all ages and cultures have attempted to put into words their experience of that solitary path into the darkest of nights through which one must pass in order to merge into the blazing glory of oneness with all. Narayana Guru himself has left a rich legacy of mystical and devotional poetry which spontaneously arose out of those experiences, as well as works of deep philosophical understanding based on his living of that realization

from day to day. Before we turn to his own words and the life which illuminates them, let us sample the pages of the world's mystical tradition. In the attempt to express the inexpressible, the mystic often employs the rhythm, exalted language and symbolism of poetry in order to evoke in the listener/reader an intuitive awareness capable of penetrating this most subtle of all mysteries.

In the poetry of St. John of the Cross, a Christian mystic of 16th century Spain, we find a beautiful exposition of the two stages of darkness one passes through to finally reach the soul's consummation. In his poem, *I Die Because I Do Not Die*, St. John vividly portrays the agony of the person who has turned away from the world of the mind and the senses, finding it lacking in value, to grope blindly in the darkness, with no certainty of finding that most cherished light:

I live without inhabiting
Myself - in such a wise that I
Am dying that I do not die.
Within myself I do not dwell
Since without God I cannot live.
Reft of myself, and God as well,
What serves this life (I cannot tell)
Except a thousand deaths to give?
Since waiting here for life I lie
And die because I do not die.

This life I live in vital strength
Is loss of life unless I win you:
And thus to die I shall continue
Until in you I live at length.
Listen (my God!) my life is in you.
This life I do not want, for I
Am dying that I do not die.

Thus in your absence and your lack
How can I myself abide
Nor suffer here a death more black
Than ever was by mortal died.
For pity of myself I've cried
Because in such a plight I lie
Dying because I do not die.

O rescue me from such a death
My God, and give me life, not fear;

Nor keep me bound
and struggling here
Within the bonds of living breath.
Look how I long to see you near,
And how in such a plight I lie
Dying because I do not die!

I shall lament my death betimes,
And mourn my life, that it must be
Kept a prisoner by sins and crimes
So long before I am set free:
Ah God, my God, when shall it be?
When I may say (and tell no lie)
I live because I've ceased to die? 26

When one has thus entered the darkness of the unknown, familiar patterns of behavior prove inadequate. As the seeker draws away from the world's established codes and conventions, he or she also has to endure the agony of the wrath and rejection meted out to those who do not cling to what is there held dear. Many and treacherous are the rocks which one may stumble and flounder upon. Even the fortunate soul who surmounts all obstacles and at long last encounters the Supreme into which it will be absorbed may then experience an even greater darkness, overwhelmed by that which exceeds all expectations and definitions. Then, in the ecstasy of union with the One, that darkness becomes the brilliant and yearned-for guide as well as goal.

One dark night,
Fired with love's urgent longings
--Ah, the sheer grace!--
I went out unseen,
My house being now all stilled;

In darkness and secure,
By the secret ladder, disguised,
--Ah, the sheer grace!--
In darkness and concealment,
My house being now all stilled;

On that glad night,
In secret, for no one saw me,
Nor did I look at anything,
With no other light or guide

Than the one that burned
in my heart;

This guided me
More securely than the light of noon
To where He waited for me
--Him I knew so well--
In a place where
no one else appeared.

O guiding night!
O night more lovely than the dawn!
O night that has united
The Lover with His beloved,
Transforming the beloved
in her Lover.

Upon my flowering breast
Which I kept wholly for Him alone,
There He lay sleeping,
And I caressing Him
There in a breeze from
the fanning cedars.

When the breeze blew from the turret
Parting His hair,
He wounded my neck
With His gentle hand,
Suspending all my senses.

I abandoned and forgot myself,
Laying my face on my Beloved;
All things ceased;
I went out from myself,
Leaving my cares
Forgotten among the lilies. 27



In the *Living Flame of Love*, we have the lyrical and ecstatic overflowing of the heart into verse, the culmination of the agony of the yearning soul in that union for which the most intense experiences of erotic love are only a metaphor.

O living flame of love
That tenderly wounds my soul
In its deepest center!
Since now you are not oppressive,
Now consummate! if it be Your will.
Tear through the veil
Of this sweet encounter!
O sweet cautery,
O delightful wound!
O gentle hand! O delicate touch
That tastes of eternal life
And pays every debt!
In killing You changed death to life.

O lamps of fire
In whose splendors
The deep caverns of feeling
Once obscure and blind,
Now give forth, so rarely,
so exquisitely,
Both warmth and light
to their Beloved!
How gently and lovingly
You wake in my heart
Where in secret You dwell alone.
And by Your sweet breathing
Filled with good and glory,
How tenderly You
swell my heart with love. 28

The Muslim mystic Abu Yazid, grounded in a completely different religious and cultural tradition, uses language permeated by the same exaltation as the poems of St. John, as he attempts to convey the experience of transformation in which one not only turns away from society but also from one's own personality, painfully discarding all attributes which necessarily prevent one from merging with the infinite.

I gazed upon God with the eye of certainty after that He had advanced me to the degree of independence from all creatures, and illumined me with His light,

revealing to me the wonders of His secrets and manifesting to me the grandeur of His He-ness.

Then from God I gazed upon myself, and considered well the secrets and attributes of my self. My light was darkness beside the light of God; my grandeur shrank to very meanness beside God's grandeur; my glory beside God's glory became but vainglory. There all was purity, here all was foulness.

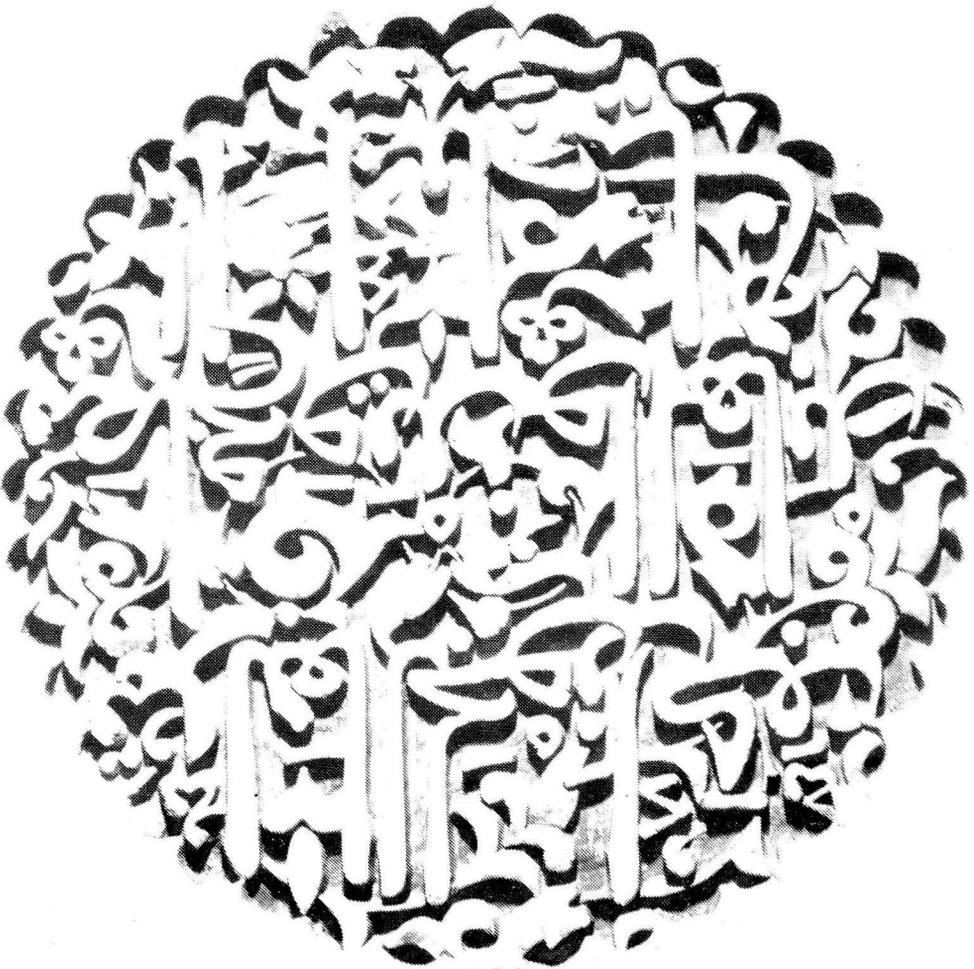
When I looked again, I saw my being by God's light. I realized that my glory was of His grandeur and glory. Whatsoever the eye of my physical body perceived, it perceived through Him. I gazed with the eye of justice and reality; all my worship proceeded from God, not

from me, and I had supposed that it was I who worshipped Him.

I said, "Lord God, what is this?"

He said, "All that I am, and none other than I."

Then He stitched up my eye, not to be the means of seeing and so that I might not see, and He instructed the gaze of my eye in the root of the matter, the He-ness of Himself. He annihilated me from my own being, and made me to be everlasting through His own everlastingness, and He glorified me. He disclosed to me His own Selfhood, unjustled by my own existence. So God, the one Truth, increased in me reality. Through God I gazed on God, and I beheld God in reality. 29



In the words of a 16th century Maharashtra mystic, Tukaram, we again hear the joyous exclamation of one who has passed through the dark night of the death of all previously understood and cherished definitions of self.

I saw my death with my own eyes. Incomparably glorious was the occasion. The whole universe was filled with joy. I became everything and enjoyed everything. I had hitherto clung only to one place, being pent up in egoism in this body. By my deliverance from it, I am enjoying a harvest of bliss. Death and birth are now no more. I am free from the littleness of "me" and "mine." God has given me a place to live and I am proclaiming Him to the whole world. 30

The Bhagavad Gita is a comprehensive wisdom text which has guided many generations of seekers in India and elsewhere. It covers every aspect of the search for enlightenment and liberation. Here we look at only a few verses which speak directly to the experience of the person who withdraws not only from society but also from all of his or her interests which distract the mind from absorption in the Absolute.

He whose senses have been in every way withdrawn from sense-interests, his reason is well-founded.

What is night for all creatures, the one of self-control keeps awake therein; wherein all creatures are wakeful, that is night for the sage-recluse who sees.

Still getting filled, while fixed firm in immobility, the ocean remains; so too he into whom all interests enter, he attains to peace, not the craver of desires.

That man who, giving up all attachments, moves about desirelessly without owning anything and without egoism, he goes to peace.

This is the state of being in the Abso-

lute, on reaching which one suffers from delusion no more. (II:68-72)

Instantaneously he becomes established in his own right nature and enters into eternal peace. Believe Me in all confidence, that one affiliated to Me with fidelity knows no destruction.

Become one with Me; be devoted to Me; sacrifice to Me; unifying thus yourself, you shall surely come to Me, your supreme Goal none other than Me.

(IX:31,34) 31

In the life and teachings of Jesus Christ we find one of the most dramatic portrayals of the death of the social and physical self as the birth into the eternal, infinite being.

From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto his disciples how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priest and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.

Then Peter took him, and began to rebuke him, saying, Be it far from thee, Lord: this shall not be unto thee.

But he turned and said unto Peter, Get thee behind me Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.

Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.

For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.

For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul?

For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels. 32

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

And Jesus called a little child unto

him, and set him in the midst of them,

And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. 33

But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant. And whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased and he that humbles himself shall be exalted. 34

On the eve of his crucifixion, he spoke to Peter and other disciples:

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.

He went away again the second time and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done.

And in the midst of his persecution:

I say unto you, Hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven. 35

Siddartha, having given up his beautiful wife and child and all the comfort of palace life, underwent many austerities in his search for the cure for suffering. Finding austerity no more effective than a life of indulgence, he wandered desolately. Distressed by his inability to achieve emancipation, Siddartha sat resigned at the foot of a bodhi tree. There the remains of his ego-self dissolved in Truth itself and he entered *nirvāna*, the state of eternal bliss. He became Buddha, the Awakened One. Later, one of his disciples asked him about *nirvāna*,

And the Blessed One, in this connection, on that occasion, breathed forth this solemn utterance:

There is, O monks, a state where there is neither earth, nor water, nor heat, nor air, neither infinity of space nor infinity of consciousness, not nothingness,

nor perception, nor non-perception; neither this world nor that world, neither sun nor moon. It is the uncreate.

That, O monks, I term neither coming nor going nor standing; neither death nor birth. It is without stability, without change; it is the eternal which never originates and never passes away. There is the end of sorrow.

It is hard to realize the essential, the truth is not easily perceived; desire is mastered by him who knows, and to him who sees aright all things are naught.

Since, O monks, there is an unborn, unoriginated, uncreated, and unformed, therefore is there an escape from the born, originated, created, formed. 36

In response to another question about death, he, like Jesus, spoke of the surrender which is bliss, the resignation which is the purest joy, the annihilation which is immortality, and the death which is life everlasting.

Thou art seriously concerned about thy soul. Yet is thy work in vain because thou art lacking in the one thing which is needful . . . This body will be dissolved and no amount of sacrifice will save it. Therefore, seek thou the life that is of the mind. Where self is, truth cannot be; yet when truth comes, self will disappear. Therefore, let thy mind rest in the truth; propagate the truth, put thy whole will in it, and let it spread. In the truth thou shall live forever.

Self is death and truth is life. The cleaving to self is a perpetual dying, while moving in the truth is partaking of Nirvana which is life everlasting. 37

The Vedantic tradition of which Narayana Guru is an exponent and revaluator, has its roots in the *Upaniṣads*, the mystical and philosophical utterances of the ancient sages of India. The rishi (seer) of the Katha Upaniṣad teaches:

The self-existent Lord pierced the senses to turn outward. Thus we look to the world without and see not the Self



within us. A sage withdrew his senses from the world of change and seeking immortality, looked within and beheld the deathless Self.

The immature run after sense-pleasures and fall into the widespread net of death. But the wise, knowing the Self as deathless, seek not the Changeless in the world of change.

That through which one enjoys form, taste, smell, sound, Touch, and sexual union is the Self. Can there be anything not known to that who is the One in all? Know One, know all. That through which one enjoys both the waking and sleeping states is the Self. To know that as consciousness is to go beyond sorrow.

Changeless amidst the things that pass away, pure consciousness in all who are conscious, the One answer is the prayer of many. Eternal peace is theirs who see the Self in their own hearts. To none else does it come!

When the five senses are stilled, when the mind is stilled, when the intellect is stilled, that is called the highest state by the wise. They say yoga is this complete stillness in which one enters the unitive state, never to become separate again. 38

In the *Tao Te Ching* of Lao Tzu we find a sublime description of the goal which is no goal but the Way of all ways.

Look, it cannot be seen -
it is beyond form.

Listen, it cannot be heard -
it is beyond sound.

Grasp, it cannot be held -
it is intangible.

These three are indefinable;
Therefore they are joined in one.

From above it is not bright;
From below it is not dark:
An unbroken thread
beyond description.

It returns to nothingness.
The form of the formless,
The image of the imageless,
It is called indefinable
and beyond imagination.

Stand before it and there is
no beginning.
Follow it and there is no end.
Stay with the ancient Tao,
Move with the present.

Knowing the ancient beginning
is the essence of Tao.

(Fourteen)

Especially For Children

A Peacock

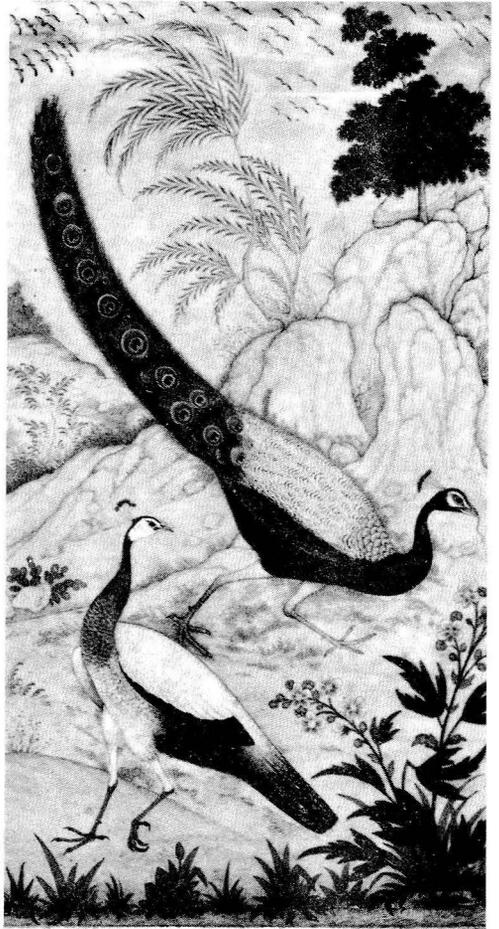
A peacock is walking here and there.
The chicks are calling out
for the peacock,
The peacock turns back looking around.
There comes a clap of thunder
all on a sudden.
The peacock starts dancing
The chicks are laughing at the peacock.
The peacock gets angry
And goes to peck the chicks.
The chicks run away very fast.

The Rain Drops

The rain is raining faster and faster.
It falls on leaves and trees
and in water.
In the water ripples form,
as the rain falls on it.
The boys are looking at the rain drops
falling in the water.
But the rain is falling
on their heads
.And now they cannot see
the drops falling.
So they run to their houses.
The chicks houses are falling down
and the rain falls on the chicks' heads.
The chicks say che-che-che.

Birds and Trees

The birds fly up in the air
And land on the trees.
They go up in the air again
And come down to build their nests.
The parrots talk,
The peacocks dance
And the love birds sing.
The trees whisper,
And they give shade and shelter.



We all love the sunset,
But not the very hot sun.
The sun reflects on the water.
The sky is orange, yellow
And violet in color.
At sunset time,
We love to go to the beach
And see the sun very beautiful
The people living in the hills
Also enjoy the beautiful setting sun.

Gokul Divakaran

Dewdrop

In the kingdom of Vaisnaupuri there was a thick forest called Mahadavi. There was a dirty pond there called Malina Kupam. Once a wandering ascetic came to the forest. His name was Caturanga. When he saw the forest he wanted to convert it into a beautiful bower for meditation. He also wanted to convert the dirty pond into an eternal spring of blissful wisdom. It was a hard task because the pond was full of crabs, frogs, worms of all kinds, bacteria and viruses. Each day he purified it a little. He thought he was doing a very good thing. There were three others besides him - a crocodile, a stork and a crab. They thought the ascetic was doing something anti-social. But Caturanga was determined to make the dirty pond beautiful by planting lotuses and lilies in it.

In due course, the forest changed. It became like a celestial garden. Other ascetics and yogis also came to live there. One of them was called Prabhamitra. In his previous life he had been a star called Purnaprabhava. At that time his daughter, Rasmi, wandered away from him. She was dancing on flower petals, green blades of grass and in several beautiful places like that. Purnaprabhava tried to persuade her to return. When she refused, her father became angry and cursed her to become a dewdrop that would evaporate away in the hot sun. Now Rasmi became Tusaramaika, a dewdrop. She fell in the pond in the Mahadavi. A lotus plant absorbed her. So she was born as a lotus flower called Amala. Then she thought, 'I am not a dewdrop. I should become a dewdrop sitting on the petals of Amala.' So she prayed with all her heart and soul. Because of the intense heat of her tapas a part of her evaporated. Then there came a wind called Kṛpanila. The wind was cold and he transformed Tusaramaika's vapor into a dewdrop. That dewdrop sat on a petal of Amala and glistened. Seventeen long years passed. Purnaprabhava wanted to see his daughter. So he came in the form of the ascetic Prabhamitra, to be a guest of Caturanga. When he saw his daughter sitting as a dewdrop, he became a rainbow and embraced her.

Although the daughter was delighted to see her father, she was also afraid. Father wanted to know what was terrifying her. She said, 'In this pond there lives a crocodile. He wants to shatter the peace of this place. I am a tiny dewdrop. This lotus flower is delicate. It is with great difficulty I perch on its petal. If I fall, I'll become one with the dirty water below. My second fear is about you. If I had not realized who you are, I would have taken you for a rainbow. But I know that you are the brightest star in the sky and in your love I will evaporate away.' When Caturanga heard this, he changed the father and daughter once again into a star and its beam with his magical powers. They were given a new heaven called Samanabhu.

Guru



Musical Mandalas



Fred Cantor

Many friends have been asking about the guitar, so I would like to share some of the knowledge this instrument has brought me. Like many, I am entranced by the sound of the guitar, perhaps because it resonates much like the human voice. This gives its sound easy access to our hearts. When we play a guitar its vibrations also stimulate our bodies directly. These elements provide an attraction to our soul and our inner ear, as well as being outwardly pleasing to our senses.

There are also practical reasons why the guitar is so popular. It is portable and versatile, fitting many styles and moods. Many of my happiest hours have been passed sitting alone with a guitar in my lap, listening to the merging of the inner and outer musics. Every instrument, like every person, has its own voice. If you are choosing an instrument, try to play as many guitars as you can before selecting one. If you are just beginning, look for a guitar that is easy for you to play and comfortable to hold. This isn't always possible, especially for your first guitar, but with effort you will be able to overcome whatever shortcomings the physical instrument has. I got my first guitar when I was ten years old, and it wouldn't stay in tune and I could barely press down the strings, but eventually it helped my hands become strong and my sense of pitch more acute.

Your guitar will in some ways become like a guru. It will teach you many things and reveal secrets, but it will demand some effort and discipline. You must tune both your sense of pitch and your internal senses, and learn to coordinate the fingers of your hands with the outreaching fingers of your soul. Eventu-

ally the guitar will teach you that both you and it are instruments through which Music expresses itself. When you reach that point, all the time and effort will be rewarded and you will be free to play whatever you want to. One of the best things about learning to play a musical instrument is that you will continually progress. Like the one-way arrow of time, you can never go backwards and become a worse musician. While the guitar can be at times frustrating and difficult to master, your perserverance will always take you forward. In this sense, there really are no limits to the guitar. The limits are within ourselves, and part of the satisfaction of playing is the feeling of stretching those boundaries until they are finally broken through.

As in most endeavors, a good teacher is a great benefit for the aspiring guitarist. In the West there are also many books and records available for the interested student. In India this material may be less accessible, but the musical traditions of India can be translated to suit the guitar, and vice versa. One of the wonderful things about the guitar is its flexibility. A master like Andres Segovia can take a nylon-stringed guitar and fill a concert hall with both power and nuance, while the electric guitar can fill us with rhythm. The guitar can even be suited to playing *ragas*. The important thing for the student is to find a medium of expression that suits his or her personality, while at the same time keeping an open mind and heart so that one does not become bound and stifled by the rules and restrictions of any particular genre. It behooves a would-be musicians to "pay some dues," that is, learn the forms and

conventions of whatever style is chosen. It is only after learning the rules that they can be bent, broken, or redefined with conscious purpose.

The guitar is easy to play and accessible, yet at the same time very difficult to master and demanding. It will invite you into its arms with a warm, seductive sound and then challenge you physically, mentally, and spiritually. The guitar has stood as my friend, confidant, and my teacher throughout most of my life, and will continue to be an inti-

mate companion until my death. If you really fall in love with playing the guitar, you will find a romance of great depth and passion, and you will find the means to provide many hours of joy for yourself and for anyone who cares to listen. It may even show you a path to enlightenment and self-realization and provide a tool for you to use in integrating the physical and metaphysical aspects of the universe. Not bad for a few pieces of wood with a bunch of strings stuck to them! ♦



Book Review

Deborah Buchanan



The following three books offer an introduction and cross-sectional look into an often neglected area of the globe, Latin America. The first book is a significant, though somewhat outdated, history of the Mexican Revolution. The two other books are fairly recent and concentrate on Central America - Nicaragua and Guatemala. South America per se has not been included in this reading, yet the problems highlighted in these books are deep-veined, ones that traverse all the Hispanic countries south of Los Angeles. The authors are steeped in the complexities of these problems, in the cultures themselves, and they bring passion and intelligence to their books. These readings are a true introduction: they are a beginning that invites and leads one forward into the subject.

The Wind That Swept Mexico (The History of the Mexican Revolution 1910-1942), Anita Brenner.

The Wind That Swept Mexico is a verbal and photographic chronicle of the Mexican Revolution. It begins with the year of yet another of Porfirio Diaz's reelections, 1910, which was also the year of Mexico's Centennial, and continues through to the beginning of World War II. The book is written by Anita Brenner, a North American journalist and artist who lived most of her adult life in Mexico and who obtained much of her information from discussions with the actual participants of the early revolutionary days.

Brenner writes with the dual perspective of a North American - she knows the outlook, the presuppositions, the fears of so many in the States - and of a

Mexican, having lived in Mexico and sympathized with the Revolution. Her writing carries the questions of the outsider along with the answers of the insider. She tells her story as a tale, almost as a grandmother would hand down her experience to younger family members. The tone is casual, rhythmic, and it tells a story that quickly draws the reader into its pace. But Brenner's understanding is not casual. She has a vast and comprehensive knowledge that she expertly weaves around the various facets of the story. She moves between the personal and the objective viewpoints of a situation, wedding them, with clarity and ease, into a compelling story.

The stage is set in 1910 with *Paz Porfiriano* and Brenner tells the story of Diaz as it was told and retold by the pundits of the time: the need for a Strong Man and the accomplishments of his policies. But her words are shadowed by a definite irony, and there is a mocking sarcasm for the maxims and self-serving visions of the Establishment. Brenner has a facility for the right descriptive words for the main actors of the play. Her notes on Diaz's Minister of Finance, Jose Limantour, end with, "faultless as a tailor's dream."

Having set the stage, the glass bubble one is tempted to say, Brenner then begins to pull in the threads of discontent, the gaps of reality, that fed into the Revolution. Particularly adept at describing in personal terms the various sides of the struggle, she puts the conflict into a human framework. The different crowds that gather around the town square, and who sits on which bench to discuss what topics, are her vehicles to

explore the various social factions that preceded the Revolution. She shows which disaffected elements became part of the Revolution. Then Brenner begins to probe the real meaning of Porfirio's rule, the actual terms under which most Mexicans lived: the violence, the hunger, the scarcity. She brings into relief the patterns of dissent and anger that finally erupted around Francisco Madero, the liberal landowner who challenged Diaz in an election.

As the revolutionary pulse quickens, Brenner is able to keep track of all the influences, personalities, and events that intermingle, and she presents them in her "story" in a lucid manner. Not an easy task considering the complexity of the situation. Her tone in describing the revolutionary fighting groups - "the boys," she calls them - combines familiarity, respect, enthusiasm, and a certain tempered wisdom that comes from a knowledge of the other political forces outside their control. Brenner follows the development of the Revolution past Madero to the other major challengers - General Heurta who became an intermediate dictator, the southern agrarian revolutionary Emilio Zapata, the northern cowboy revolutionary Pancho Villa, as well as the aged Venustian Carranza and General Alvaro Obregon - carefully keeping track of the unsatisfied needs of the countless villagers whose anger and hope were the actual fire of the Revolution. While following policy development and economic programs, she remembers the effects, or lack of effect, they would have on ordinary Mexican lives.

Behind Brenner's history of the Revolution, which is not just a catalogue of military events but also the ensuing political maneuverings, lie a number of questions. After ten years of revolution, how does a society, a government, reinvent itself? Is reinvention possible? To what degree? Why do certain habits of attitude and behavior live on and continue to effect lives? How are these changed? More specifically in the Mexican context, is the crucial question of why

did the revolutionary working class fight against the peasant revolutionaries? Could a coalition have been formed? Brenner hints at answers but offers no conclusions.

For Mexico, as for all of Latin America, there is the inescapable problem of political and economic relations with the United States. Brenner often addresses this issue, underscoring the necessity of knowledge and understanding between the two cultures, all too aware of how little there is of these from the North American side. Which raises another important set of questions: Why do North Americans remain so ignorant of Mexican culture and politics? Why do we, as the first modern revolutionary nation, remain so inimical to similar socio-economic revolutions in Latin America?

Accompanying the text is a collection of photographs from that era, which were as the notes point out, the beginning of modern photojournalism. So accustomed are we to visual knowledge of political events that it is something of a shock to think of this as the first appearance of political photos. The pictures do indeed, like the cliché says, speak volumes. They are excellent photographs, many by such masters like Edward Weston and Walker Evans. They act as a vivid outline to the stories told by Ms. Brenner. Her words are given a tone of urgency and immediacy through a glance on a woman's face or the gesture of a hand.

The Wind That Swept Mexico gives voice and motion to the events of the Mexican Revolution and in a style that is both clear and comprehensive. I found the book fascinating, filling in many gaps left by textbook coverage, both policy questions as well as effects on personal lives. The book conveys a great sense of respect for all the participants in the Revolution and attempts to convey to its North American readers the need for understanding and respect toward Mexico.

It was certainly a must-read when first published in 1943. Sad to say, it is even more so now.

Nicaragua, The Land of Sandino;
Thomas Walker.

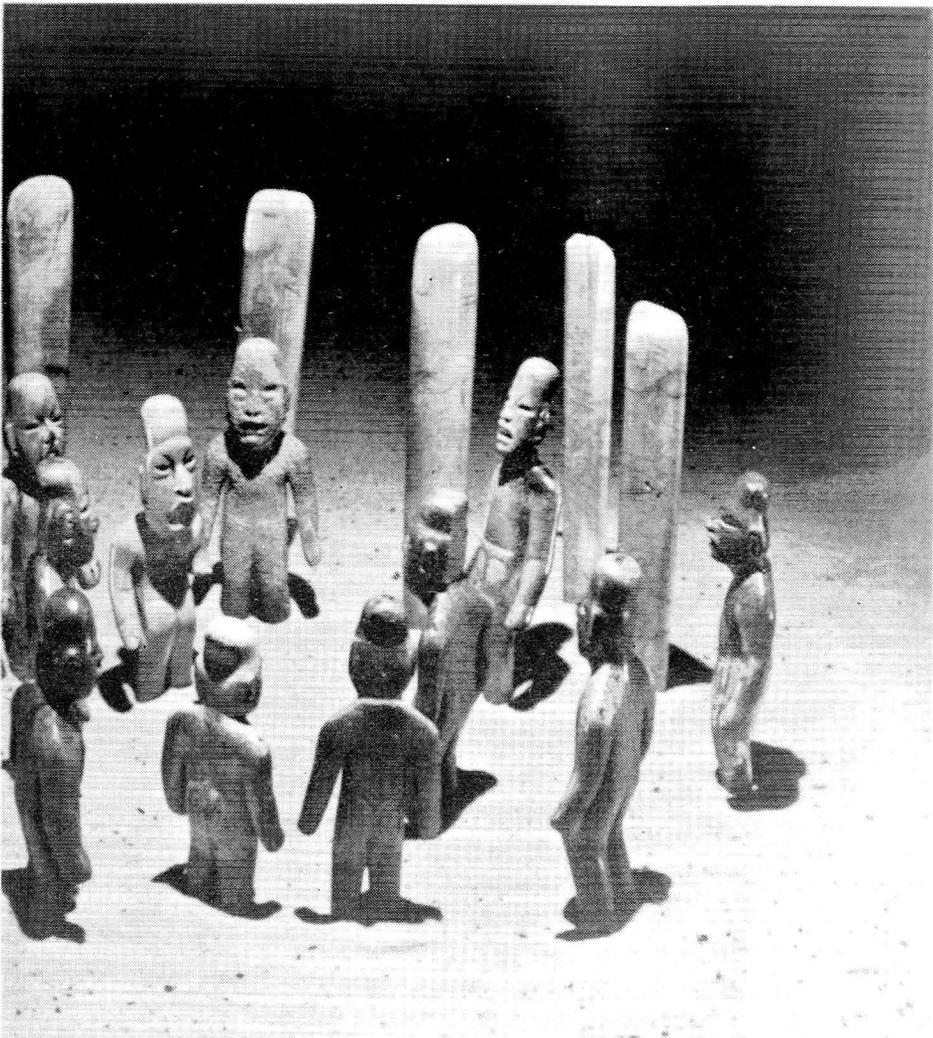
I think this book would be my requirement for U. S. politicians and news editors. Here again, but with much more immediate consequences, rears the same old problem: intense need for social and economic change in Latin America and, concurrently, North American ignorance of Latin American affairs (one is almost tempted to say, willful self-deception about the true nature of political events in Latin American nations).

Walker is a Latin American Studies scholar who has spent a great deal of time in Nicaragua, as well as much academic time in research on the area. He presents his knowledge simply and clear-

ly, beginning with a short overview of geography, the early history of the liberal modernizer Jose Zelaya and Benjamin Zeledon the first rebel against the U.S. puppet regime in 1912, and then going into detail about the Somoza dynasty and Anastasio Somoza's rise to power over the revolutionary August Sandino.

Walker details the symbiotic relation between Somoza and the U.S., which returns us to a recurring problem and set of questions. Why does the U.S. continually align itself with the conservative, exploitive forces in Latin American society?

What compels us to seek such political friends as Somoza? The Cold War mentality of anti-Communism, geopolitical spheres of influence, protection of economic interest - these are all parts of the



puzzle, but none is completely satisfying as an answer to explain official U.S. policies and behavior. This is a problem that shadows Walker's book.

His analysis of the two leading grassroots movements that culminated in the Revolution is particularly interesting, as the movements combined traditional actors on the Latin American stage in new and effective ways: revolutionary peasant groups and the liberal aspects of the Catholic Church. Walker begins his in-depth study of the Sandinista Revolution with these groups' initial efforts in the early 1960s. He then follows the revolutionary progress step-by-step throughout 1978-1979, concentrating on both the Sandinista and Somoza forces' actions as well as U.S. responses.

After the Sandinista victory in 1979, Walker devotes special sections to various aspects of the new political order: economic policies, internal programs of reconstruction, international relations. These sections are the fulcrum around which the book turns. How does a small nation like Nicaragua, with a history of being a dependent client state, become independent? Is it possible for such a country to carve out an independent economic and political niche for itself and what will that structure look like? The flexible approach and intermingling of economic styles that characterized the Sandinistas is especially appealing as is their ability, at least in the beginning, to be non-doctrinaire, to fit solutions to local and immediate problems.

Here we confront a situation prevalent throughout all of Latin America: the U.S. cannot see any of Nicaragua's problems or their solutions as indigenous ones but views them through the prism of geopolitical confrontation: us or them. This is a factor that asserts itself with hard-edged reality into the Nicaraguan Revolution. Under the leadership of Ronald Reagan the U.S. begins a vigorous program to subvert the Nicaraguan government. The effects of these policies are shown in their cost to the actual working fabric of Nicaraguan life - lack of goods,

money diverted to war, infrastructure facilities destroyed by the Contras.

In the discussion of economic policies and in the book's foreword the issue of dependent development in Third World countries is raised. The question behind the discussion, however, is whether it is possible for underdeveloped countries to go through, in the 20th century, the stages of development to a modern industrial society in the same way that the early European countries did. When England and North America went through this development there were no other outside, fully developed nations whose superior technological and capital investments could subvert national industrialization in other countries to their own purposes. The problem that seems to haunt Latin America is whether it can create enough space, both nationally and internationally, to follow similar patterns. Or is an entirely different process necessary? Walker cannot fully answer these questions - would that we could find the person who could!

Walker is intelligent and cogent in his understanding of Nicaraguan affairs and he gives the reader a concise knowledge of the area and its extremely relevant revolution. However, there is a noticeable difference between this book and *The Wind That Swept Mexico*. Brenner has that ability to fuse knowledge and insight with artistic passion and recreate a world so that the reader lives the experience. This is not to demean Walker's important work but to recognize the special quality in Brenner's book.

Guatemala, A Nation in Turmoil ;
Peter Calvert.

The U.S. has been such an omnipresent force in Latin America for the past decades that we as North Americans often forget how significant a role the English have played throughout the region, both while the countries were still Spanish colonies and after the wars of independence. This book on *Guatemala: A*

Nation in Turmoil is by an English professor of comparative and international relations. It is in the same series as the Nicaraguan book, *Westview Profiles: Nations of Contemporary Latin America*. Like Walker, Calvert knows his subject well and is sympathetic to both the culture and the liberal politics of the country of which he writes. He also has a different approach as an Englishman and adds a different tone of understanding.

Guatemala presents a special case that illustrates a common situation in many Latin American nations. This is the relationship between the European population and the native or Indian population. Calvert makes a special distinction for Guatemala, that its elite is not predominately of European descent but is a true mestizo race/class that he calls *ladino*. The culture of the Guatemalan *ladino* is related to the Indian society, but Calvert maintains that it is still a very distinct society in its own right with a unique world outlook and cultural values. The relationship is often exploitive, with much of the wealth usurped from the Indian communities' labor for the elite's use. This situation of internal colonization exists in many Latin American countries but is of especial interest in Guatemala because of the size and the cultural integrity of the Indian communities.

The chapters cover a wide and typical variety of topics: Government and Politics, The Economy, Development Schemes, and Guatemala's International Position. But the major, introductory part of Calvert's book is a study of the Land and Its People and the Social Structure and Culture. Thorough descriptions of each population and its values and behaviors are given in the above chapters. Calvert tries to show the distinctive fea-

tures of each community and what separates them. Underlying each section is the hope for the creation of some kind of unity between *ladino* and Maya Indian. There is such a large gulf to bridge, though. There are, of course, the gross inequities of oppression and exploitation. But, equally as important as these, there are the often opposing values in each community. Here the question of modernization takes on a new perspective. It is not just a question of how to modernize without outside interference. Whole sections of the country's people have very different ideas and goals, ones which may be inimical to the tenets of modernization. And does modernization have to mean Western industrial society? Is it a type of social organization, an economic framework, or an intellectual orientation and ideology? Some of Guatemala's leaders have attempted to deal with this issue by extermination, just killing off entire Indian villages. Not exactly the kind of dialogue that one would hope for!

So as Nicaragua presents the stage for the creation of a new process of modernization, Guatemala adds the probability, the need, for a new definition of modernization itself, one which includes the ideals of sections of the population heretofore ignored. Can the Latin American countries, which were formed out of the violent collision of two very different cultures, find some way of reconciling their histories through the redefinition of their future and their common goals? Calvert cannot answer this question but his book approaches the topic and his knowledge lays the groundwork so that both scholars and Guatemalans can perhaps begin to formulate answers. ❖



East-West University Report and Narayana Gurukula News



Early in 1991, Guru Nitya traveled to North India for a lecture tour at Amala Charitable Trust, Sree Narayana Textile Mills, Gujarat University, Gujarat Vidya Patha, Mahatma Gandhi Ashram in Sabarmati, the Tattvajñana Parivar, the Dayan Theater and Baroda University. While on the tour, he also presided over the inauguration of the Gandhinagar center of the East-West University by the Governor of Gujarat, Dr. Sarup Singh.

Now back at Fernhill, he is conducting classes on post-Sankara Vedanta and Indian psychology, attended by participants from Indiana, Germany, Hawaii and South India. Sanskrit classes and music instruction are also going on at the

Fernhill Gurukula. Guru is also continuing to work on his exposition on *Dream* and its much underestimated role in our lives.

Muni Narayana Prasad has returned from his tour of the United States to Geetha Ashram on Fiji, where he is teaching Indian philosophy and culture to children and translating his commentary on Narayana Guru's *Vedanta Sūtras* into English, as well as writing articles for local publications.

Classes at the Portland Gurukula are currently focusing on Guru Nitya's Commentary on Patanjali's *Yoga Sūtras* and at Island Gurukula Aranya on the *Māhābhārata* and the *Yoga Sūtras*.

Invitation

This is a reminder of our on-going invitation to you to share your creative inspiration and wonder through these pages as articles, drawings, poetry and photographs. We also especially welcome your response to the letters in our Third Quarter 1990 issue regarding ennobling leadership for children. Thank you.

Photo and Illustration Credits

Inside Cover: Traditional
Persian Medallion

3-4: Photographs of Balinese Temple
and top of Borobudur by Nancy Yeilding

5-10: Graphics by Andy Larkin

11-14: Calligraphy by Suellen Larkin

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26-27: Graphic by Andy Larkin

29: Nataraja Guru, 1970's

31: From a Mysore, India, *Rāmāyāna*
manuscript, 18th century

36: Carved Arabic Script, Alhambra,
Spain, 14th century

39: Photo of Nilgiris by Steve Bryson

41: *Peafowl* by Mansur, India, c. 1610

43: Drawing by Sebastian Varghese

48: Jade Figurines, Mexico, prehispanic

52: Photograph by Sumner Walters



*Singing and Dancing in Praise
of Mother Earth's Blessings
Island Gurukula Āranya Guru Puja, 1990*

East-West University and Narayana Gurukula Publications

By Nataraja Guru

An Integrated Science of the Absolute (Volumes I, II, III)
Autobiography of an Absolutist
The Bhagavad Gita
The Word of the Guru/One Hundred Verses of Self-Instruction
Saundārya Laharī
The Search for a Norm in Western Thought
Vedanta Revalued and Restated
The Philosophy of a Guru
Towards a One World Economics
World Education Manifesto
Memorandum on World Government
Anthology of the Poems of Narayana Guru
Dialectical Methodology

By Guru Nitya Chaitanya Yati

The Psychology of Darśana Mala
The Bhagavad Gita
Neither This Nor That But...AUM
Love and Devotion
The Haunting Echoes of Spring
A Bouquet of Verses in Praise of the Supreme Mother
Īśa Upaniṣad (Translation and Commentary)
Śree Narayana Guru
Daiva Daśakam (Translation and Commentary)
Psychology: An Eastern Perspective
Bhakti
Vināyakāṣṭakam (Translation and Commentary)
God: Reality or Illusion?
Prāṇāyāma
Arivu - Epistemology of Gnosis

Other

Dhyāna Mañjuṣā
East-West University Prospectus and Yearbooks
Śri Narayana Guru - Dr. S. Omana
Mirror by the Road - Peter Oppenheimer
A World Academy of Wonder - J.L. Ascharyacharya

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