

The Nectar of Sunyata

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Transcriber's notes:

This document is re-typed from a photocopy of Sunyata's original work on a manual typewriter. His grammar and spelling are preserved; these give the flavor of the man; where the commas are is where he probably paused in his musings. He apparently started to write an autobiography three different times; all three are included here. The sequence of pages here is the same as in the original materials, though the pagination doesn't make much sense. We note in italics where words are illegible, and also where some lines of text at the bottoms of pages were lost in photocopying.

There is a version of these writings, edited by some of his friends, and published as Life and Sayings of a Rare Born Mystic. There is also a second book about Sunyata, Dancing With The Void.

Sunyata often refers to himself as 'Wuji'. 'Wu' is Chinese for 'nothing'; 'ji' is a Sanskrit suffix which indicates respect.

So here is his text:

foreword to Memory

How did such a rambling contemplation happen to get itself bodied forth into the disease of wordiness? The mere expression in words seems to prove the validity of the contention that Silence is the better and the real language of the unseen Reality, and that assertiveness is a dis-ease of ego. We write to ourselves and we mostly talk to ourselves even in an audience and with the most beloved. He who livingly knows needs no words.

A redeeming feature in this timeless Memory seems to be its lightness, the levity, the play with words and with thoughts which, in contemplation of the Viking's child consciousness, bubbled up and overflowed into words. There is often the gay, carefree awareness that words are falsifying, especially if we body them forth with labor and with much trying. A spontaneous, natural overflow reveals more than does academically trained sentence and the cultured word. A fool may step, lightheartedly and unharmed where the angels fear to tread.

As there was but little need -- or urge -- to assert and try to explain what I knew wordlessly, so the technique and the exactness of words were not cultivated, and, being innocent of grammar, of correct spelling and of learning, my fitful choice of words may seem confusing to the Silence, and blurring to the learned linguists. Poor egos, to be teased out of thought by such muddled but mystic-clear terms, such amateurish word-painting of that which only music and Silence may reveal and convey. All wordiness is of egos, but why be afraid to play with words, and to be naked, if such cloak of wordiness can seem nakedness?

Clever psycho-analysts would note all the marks of inhibition, fixation, repression, and of complex galore. Our words betray the ego without revealing the Self, but timeless memory should not be read in a critical mood, for it is also beyond and beneath criticism, and the fatal analytical mind might get words 'down the wrong lane', or reflect them in the light that falsifies the Life in them. 'To him who hath shall be given,' and the eye can only see that to which it brings the power of seeing. Psychological sight is blurred and often the optic nerve of the soul is atrophied; we see with our ego-experiences. Words, though used sincerely are not taken seriously -- except by egos, and only egos in their conceit of agency are deceived and think that life can be understood, and that we know one another.

One should not name a child before it is born. My title for this scribble was "In Memoriam," until a friend said "It suggests a tombstone, whereas what you have to tell us is of living importance for all time." So I had to agree that such immortal writing should have a simple title in God's language, English.

Part I of Memory is on general muddled lines, while part II is the result of delving into the consciousness of a Viking child up to his bodily age of 14, focusing the contemplative, receptive, and intuitive flair which, at that period seemed apparent. The unusual features seem to be the unusually long period, seven years, of timeless memory and the succeeding seven years of relative quiet and harmonious mixture of memory and of ego-memory -- the certain inwardness looking out passively and with intuitive sensibilities.

As there was but little planning and trying in the exposition, one can hardly judge of failure or of success in the "revelations." In the contemplation of that dim past, yet everpresent mode of child-consciousness, thoughts came, and when they got an odd chance they bubbled into the flow of written words, gay profundities and playful paradoxes. It is a descent into words, a fall into explaining, but a light one. It is a wordy homage to Silence, an assertive praise to non-assertiveness, and a playing with the inexpressible, which can only be and ever is - lived. To try to talk about it pertaining to egos, explaining be it ever so "arty" ever falsifies the pure reflection and its shadow-play in phenomena.

The first page of Part I, a brief restatement of Part I, should be read with gay yet with forceful emphasis, even with gusto, so as to nail the profoundly sublime truths onto the consciousness of the hapless listener, as if with six inch nails; such sweet and fitting revenge for the much hammering endured from subjective egos -- knocking of words, words, words.

In any vital movement or statement one may well ask: What is asserted against? What evoked or provoked it? What excess caused this corrective push or pull, or what poison caused the eruption? What anti- is it? Life has a balancing tendency, a yogic skill in action or in inaction. If the pendulum swings too much from centrality it gets in the fullness of time the due corrective push or pull, which, in time, may well make it swing equally excessively to the opposite side, and in our wars and revolutions, psychic in their cause, we revolve, swing and annihilate so seemingly futilely, and, oh so excitedly. But Life steadily finds its way and is never stultified in dogma, words and stifling forms; freely it breaks through and gaily it sings in universal and unitive rhythm. The balancing poise and the calmly healing light are in the Silence of the Middle Way.

"Memory" may at places reveal the excesses to which my ego has reacted lately, and often it may seem anti-mental, and anti-emotional and artistic approach. The intuitive Consciousness, in long-suffering, passive and mystic approach, is gaily asserting itself and is knocking the other fellow-modes about, showing up their failings as contrasts to its own perfection. Timeless Memory may seem anti-social in the awareness of the vaster unity beyond the noise and the fuss of egos. It may seem a garland of antis: progress, becoming, ideal, shakti-business, mentality, sentimentality, 'vital ego-antics',

fluttering, enthusing, trying, etc. Anti-, but yet descending into all these and not really anti any, except in a warning against excess, over-emphasis, unbalance, abuse and of bondage to these. Yet falseness in some statements is, at times, in their over-assertiveness. It is like shouting at a deaf person. In order to get through to the objective consciousness one has to shout and to over-assert. Shouting passivity, however, seems false.

"Memory" is chiefly focusing the child-consciousness in the predominantly passive and mystic mode of being and of approach (as manifested in a particular child) and, lo and behold, the giddy child joins in the subjective discordant chorus -- in shouting with the other ever-assertive children, and from lack of habit and of practice, he does not shout gracefully. The shouting may well, at times, seem preachy, where musing is actually caused by delving into unstated memories and reactions. And the reflections naturally bubble up in terms which belong to the present ego-consciousness -- for the present ego-consciousness has no dis-ease of wordiness or of explaining. The hues seem predominantly Western and Christian, like the childhood's setting and dialect, but the feeling is perhaps more universal, with 'Advaita' play in the Leela, and with calm acceptance, also, of the gruesome dancing Kali Mata, of the shadows and the dark roots in changing forms of the One Life. The play is transcendental, but it is also in rhythm with the immanent joy in the Leela; as in Silence: "The only One breathing breath freely in itself "

Too many questions? These are tempting, when one has no language and when they come floating into Memory fitfully, yet also sometimes fittingly. Most of them, however, are interwoven playfully after the same or similar profound 'truths' have already been clearly uttered in my own stutter.

Lots of repetitions -- but let them be like recurring strophes in a song, or as refraining in a musical theme, wherein the same statements recur and have but slightly different meaning according to place and context.

Writing is uneven in tone and in mood. But then it may be read as music, fortissimo, allegro, andanta, soto voce, etc., though a passionada.

Should I have dotted in more or fewer ego-memories -- personal details so beloved by women and children? Many of these that are transposed into musings and "preachings" do not lend themselves to dramatic treatment, for they happened beautifully or painfully within myself in creative crisis of suffering and of joy. Anything may seem to cause the veils to dissolve, a stone, a soaring bird, a pure silence, or, as with Blake, a knot on a piece of wood. But the conditioning is within.

A child at the bodily age of four may suddenly and in limpid, mystic clarity be aware of intimately knowing all these things, and vastly more, in right inter-relatedness, reflected in consciousness from previous, though ever-present awareness in other bodies and other climes. He may return from the clear, vast solitudes, and, with eternity in his eye, look intently and wistfully at parents and at each family member in turn, seeing them objectively, vibrationally and age-freely, and then muse, nodding his tiny head: "So these are the folks and the setting to which I have come this time."

Often he may remember his timeless Memory and see the everchanging forms and ego-play in its Light. Often the child may be richly and stilly aware of that which is playing in and between every form and phenomena. He may sense it as Beauty and in deathless certainty he may whisper unto the Silence and unto his Self: "I am kindred to Beauty -- to all Life." -and he may feel vastly safe and rich and age-free in that serene and similar awareness of belonging -- aye of Being -- the Source and the Play. Awareness is all.

Sunyata, October 1943

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He had to vibrate vicariously in the desire-rhythm of talkers. He learned their various languages though he could not speak them. They were right, for individuals, and interesting up to a point. To listen and respond passively developed flexibility and awareness of beautiful differences. It was a discipline, and he was quite contented to be talked to and at and to be used as a recipient. It was not mesmerising or mediumship. He had his own rhythm and rightness in Silence, and with this as background he listened and responded patiently and unassertively, but still, after a while it may have felt tiresome to respond; to hear the same Jazz-tune again and again and again may weary a saint's patience and more so that of a child, who was in it and not of it: The real correspondence is beyond and deep within, all that surface-fluttering, and ego-antics may well blur it. Most talkers, when they get an intelligent enough listener or a quiet sympathetic audience enjoy themselves and go on and on. To listen patiently is a kind of discipline and a kind of power. There was neither urge nor ability to express his own rightness in words or in demands. Silence was the true language and in it was real and eloquent correspondence, the richly satisfying "rapport." In nature and in rich solitude he found no dis-ease of words or of conflicting desires. There was healing in untrying harmonies.

Wuji felt no gregarious urge, no call to join any society or organization, nor any party, clique or creed or "true" religion. This not so much due to dislike as to the vague feeling that joining or "belonging" to one of them would seem to shut me out from others, and perhaps he really belonged to all. Formulate, organize, explain, and we often dull and deaden the mode and cling to the stereotyped, sterile form, while the Life escapes, winged and carefree. Life has myriad forms to play in and has Eternity in its rhythm. No wonder it smiles at ego's trying to fix and hold it. Is it not often fear which makes us organize and makes us exclusively shutting one another out or in? What is there to fear except for egos?

Ties of blood, of class, of race and of caste were not strong and they, did not become bondage. The sharing of consciousness and of living awareness seemed the most real of belongings. Wuji accepted his blood people and the karmic and dharmic relationship.

But if at times there were the natural and abortive efforts to be understood by the family-members, it was chiefly for the sake of their peace and quiet-ness, to assuage their fret, their occasional craving to understand and have things 'explained'! What tiresome fuss! What futile trying!

Trees and animals understood and they did not crave, assert or try to explain. With them he felt the word-less exchange, the salutary rich content. They knew wordlessly, livingly, and alone with them he never felt lonely or lost. Psychically and also physically, drained by the humans, he often sought the nearness and the touch of his tree-friends on the Viking mound, and they seemed to respond in the easy strength of Wholeness. Or did they have to give as he had to listen? Did they feel a power or a virtue leave them, as did Christ when the faithful woman secretly touched him in her quest for wholeness.

As we in our immediate, pre-natal states have to recapitulate our previous, various physiological forms, amoeba, fish and animal shapes, so the psyche have to recapitulate, in some mode or other all its previous essential experiences and realizations. It is the quickness and relative ease in which the individual psyche re-experiences and re-realizes its past, which constitute its degree of maturity, its ripeness toward simple awareness. How quickly does this game or that gratification cease to satisfy? How slowly is the pilgrimage in consciousness?

Our birth, our circumstances, our sufferings and what happens to us we may mystically choose or at least attract, but that which matters most in real significance is our attitude to these. How do we approach, perceive their message, their meaning and their significance to us? Is our welcome that of simple, living acceptance or of ego-pitiful resentment? Do we intuitively learn our lessons and sense our real direction?

Psychic maturity and psychic health have little relativity with bodily age, but is closely related to Memory. Do we recollect our Self in sincere and mystic clear vision? Do we dimly or clearly consider the whole, also in parts? Are we livingly aware of Eternity also in time and of our Self also in degradation and darkness, in pains and death of forms and of egos? From which Center do we live? Do we in storms and tribulations, retain a central balance, a sure poise and a calm, living acceptance? Can we lose the

"curse of property", the ease of healthy tools and the blessings and love of friends, and yet be the gainer and the lover in the Life that gives and takes.

Wuji's childhood conception of "God" was not very personal. If God was the first person singular always before us, it was not as the orthodox image of a Being with long beard and halo outside himself. Wuji was not aware of any very clear distinction between Heaven, Hell and Home. All seemed to be here and God somehow was in Hell when I was there. "Did I make my bed in Hell and did I dwell by uttermost sea, also There"--: in Him we live and move and have our Being and whether we live or die we are in the Lord." To such saying Wuji quickened in response, and though he did not much approve of the term "Him" these were sentiments, feelings rather than thoughts.

Immanuel seemed more aware of the aspect of immanence than of transcendence, of Being rather than of becoming, and he did not so much walk with God, as in God, specially in his rich and ample solitudes. Most tiresome, blurring dulling draining were, at that time, the noisy, assertive and aggressive folks trying to share their ideals and their prejudices. Gradually he succumbed, but he did not take eagerly to education and to civilization.

At the bodily age of 8 summers a brief sin-complex made its appearance in a consciousness that was now well coloured by ego.

Secretly and unbeknown to any human but himself Emmanuel heaved a large stone, (which had been lying quietly by the roadside) on its end, so that it stood erect like a Lingam and was quite a landmark, to him. There it stood silently for Remembrance, a notion probably reflected from reading of "Israel's dream", of an open heaven, angels ascending and descending on ladders, and of a battle with God, and a stone of remembrance erected on the spot. The sight of the stone was to remind him of the more real mode of awareness, of the essential world of living values and of harmonious relationship, which was at that time in grave danger of being lost sight of in the frothy play of desire and in the choppy waves of usurping ego-consciousness.

Ego memories threatened to blot out Memory, and the uplifted countenance of the good stone was to remind me: "You stupid and giddy boy! How can you forget your Self

like that? Remember! Remember! And you will not laugh at such silly tricks and these merely clever antics. You'll not wallow in desires, nor fall for mean temptations. Remember! Recollect your Self!"

It was not so much a big "Don't" from myself to me, as a call to remembrance of the Memory in which there are no oughts and no conflicting desires, as it is beyond the divided consciousness and beyond the dis-ease of trying. In the unitive mode of experiencing, the idea of sin is seen to be rooted in the ignorance of our true nature. In its unitive Light we are livingly aware that One will is ever done on earth as in heaven. We lose the conceit of agency and know livingly that unbroken "Perfectum est." So why pray in words? Why fuss in ego-wilful doings?

The Stone of Remembrance did not shout loudly enough. Memory became more intermittent in conscious, and the Viking boy duly fell into grip of desires. The clear vision and the calm grace were blurred in the play of ego-consciousness. But not entirely. The sin-complex somehow faded along with Memory and in solitude and in the deepest Silence the Song went on.

In the lucid moments of ego-forgetfulness, even grown-up children may well make the winged journey from the outer multiverse to the universe within, from the divided to integral consciousness. It is an effortless journey in the second as in the first innocence, in the pre-mental as in the mature, child-like state of awareness beyond emotional waves, and beyond mental usurpation. The journey's speed is not a matter of merit and of ideals, nor of trying and of willing. Power-complex and Shakti-antics are fatal to arrival and to entrance, as in all ways of ego-consciousness. But children of men may consciously or unconscious harmonize their tool and make circumstances and specially inner stances right and conducive for the see-change to happen beautifully: >Our blinkers dissolve and we are livingly free in the mist of clarity of Being. Yet nothing happens suddenly. Also Grace is in the fulness of time.

The first and the second innocence appear to be similar, yet their immediate background is different. As through our sufferings, when they are realized and livingly adopted, there is something added, so also in the second innocence something is added. The memories of a recently performed shadow-play, though faded in details, are themselves like

shadows on the screen of memory, making us more aware of the Light of the screen of Silence. There is richer acceptance, a more conscious awareness, because of contrasts. The first innocence is simply simple, pure because of the long preceding purgation and forgetting of memories, (of impurities) as contrasts. In the second Innocence the consciousness is pure as contrast to recent shadows, recent impurities, whose essence linger or are near. It is pure on the background of shadows and can tell the truth as only a liar can tell it.

As there is always compensation in every trial and every ill, so also everything has its shadows, rightly, duly and perfectly so. We learn to love also the shadows and to accept them livingly as a due part of unbroken perfection. No man who has ever died the mystic death into life was afraid to die out of his body. The fearless soul can play gaily in words and in shadows without violating the background, the screen of living Silence.

If the children take up a conch or a large sea-shell, and listen to the sound within, they often have a queer, fascinating and half-frightening sense of memory. A Himalayan Silence is ever singing in the mystic Sunyata Cave within each psyche. Its song is Memory, we hear it not in the mere absence of sound, but in the stilling of desires and of trying, in the cessation of ego-consciousness.

It is often by contrasts and differences, that we enjoy, appreciate and become the richer aware of the Real, the Self, the Christ within. So we go out and flutter in the shadows of objectivity and of extroversion. And, if the dream of "What ye call life" does not suffice, there are drugs, talkie-films, radio-press, ideal, artistic day-dreams and further sleep of ignorance and learned follies. Play and dreams and drug of forgetting, or of gleams of memory. This must be why the Shanta Atman projected a fraction of the whole (of Silence) into the play and desire-noises of illusory "Leela": to enjoy the hide and seek of Me and Thee, or of the One, disguised or revealed in the many beautiful differences of aspects, to be enjoyed also in desire clashes and in the shakti-business. Awarely the One can enjoy the All and can enjoy the Silence the richer as contrasts, also in the noise and the shadows of ego-antics.

With the advent of ego-consciousness and in the flux of surface-values children forget. Ego-memories, desires, and willfulness blur and hide our conscious Memory of our unitive Self, of our psychic wholeness, and of our true relationship, our interdependence, our real correspondence. But some grown up children vaguely remember. Intuition emerges, develops, is practiced and trained, and gradually it grows too clear for deception, too clear for the disguises of false values,, which blur and confuse us. These are seen through, and the soul is no longer deceived by them. Intuition functions, is exercised freely and becomes a serviceable, trust-worthy tool. No longer does it atrophy unused, ignored and discredited.

As in our maturity the realization grows clearer and Memory of Self appears as the only Real one. It is easy to get away from memories of our immediate and past glories and sins. The past and the future, the sub- and super-conscious, merge, and we are livingly aware of Eternity in time. The light of the Whole is playing in the beautiful differences, and awarely we can also play gaily in the changing "Leela." Conflicts, problems and paradoxes resolve, and dissolve, and to our untrying consiring the Universe again grows I as it ever Is. We are simply aware.

The Matrix, the Fatherland, the Swa-raj is whence we Are, and where we Are. The return journey thither is not for fest nor for image-making love. It happens in consciousness until we are awarely our Self, pure consciousness, and no longer appear to be entombed in that which we carry about with us, the tools of the body, mind and thought, and in which Socrates said, "We are imprisoned like an oyster in its shell."

In Silence we close our outward eyes and our clever minds to perceptions. Then in ourselves awakens Memory: The power of steady vision and clear Remembrance of what we Are, of the birthright of all, which few conscire and turn to use. Then we need a guide no longer, for we live at ease, at Home as artists in Life. The dis-ease of assertion, of trying and of "Heimve" is healed, is eased, in Silence.

A thousand years B.C. the Sage of Egypt knew; "O Thou sweet well for him that thirsteth in the desert! It is closed to him that speaketh but open to him who is Silent. When who is silent cometh, lo! he findeth the well."

And the ancients of Tibet knew: "The mind is the slayer of the Real, let the disciple slay the slayer. Kill in thyself all memories of past experiences. Look not behind, or thou art lost."

Yet why slay or kill? The real cannot be slain only obscured, and we need not kill the poor memories. Let them die simply and naturally. They do fade and cease to be bondage, when they are seen as they are, as illusions and toys. Look not behind longingly, gleefully or attachedly or we are lost, like Mrs. Lot, lost in thought and stayed in the bondage of memories. Consciousness is held in bonds by love of things, and so it cannot proceed and clarify into awareness, in which there are no longings, no yearnings and no trying. No more do "we look before and after and grieve for what is not." Past and future merge into the At-Homeness of the Eternal Now. All our striving, all Yoga practices and all becoming and be-coming seem to be conscious or unconscious attempts to clarify the mirror of the soul, to be sine-cere so as to reflect purely and thus to transcend the dis-ease of ego-consciousness into the harmonious ease of simple living Awareness. In Memory is the essence of all memories, and is not the only real progress, the only true becoming in our Being -- being more aware of our Memory, of our Self?

"Remember Dust thou hast been Sun, and Sun thou shalt become again" awarely. We are Sunshine, and throughout Siva's transmuting dance in the cosmic "Leela" Memory lingers in each form: and in the fulness of time is Eternity's Sunrise. Time and ego dissolve into Awareness.

"Death is before me today as a man longs to see his house, when he has spent many years in exile and in captivity." But if we can manage to die they mystic death into Life, here and now, our longing also ceases. We neither yearn nor fear to die out of our bodies, but are divinely carefree, or, as egos would say, indifferent.

Gradually the Memory of the simple unitive mode of Wuji's childhood awareness faded and was usurped by the surface life of things. Desires, ideals, seeming divisions and mere ego-memories blurred the calm, untrying vision, and the spontaneous Being. The actual and the factual seemed the most real, the most important, specially when the people were near.

The earliest 7 years of rich loneliness was broken by the impact of assertive, desire-vibrating fellow-pilgrims, or rather Wuji's sympathetic attitude and reflex action. The ego dis-ease was rampant. There was really very little bullying, benevolent or otherwise; no regimentation, no forcing into conformity, except that of an "enlightened democracy." But the mere presence of mental, emotional and matter-blinkered fellow-pilgrims impinged. He could no longer shut them out of his consciousness, but had to attend, had to become them, vibrationally, for the time being. The Silence and the Wholeness had to be limited in the noisy rhythm and the assertive concern of individuals. Wuji did not consciously resent or object, yet he did not seek company, and instinctively he avoided the dis-harmonious, forceful tryer. He came out freely and forcibly, but did not go out gladly, not even to learn to be taught or to be improved. Not one of the grown-ups seemed to see or to talk to him. Do we ever "see" children? How can we with our mental blinkers and ego-values? We teach and talk at them or love them in our own image. Inevitably so, but to Wuji the limitation was often trying and tiresome. Only in safe Solitude did he feel free to unfold, to heal and to Be, in real correspondence.

When the Jewish Yahveh had created the world (earth, heaven and hell) "He saw that it was good." But that was before he created man after his own likeness and, as an after-thought, from one of the poor man's ribs had created the divisions, we call woman. This does not imply that we are born in "sin" or by mistake, but that humans, as individuals, also have the fatal tendency to fall into ego-consciousness in their early childhood. Only some idiots and a few pure fools escape lightly that infantile disease, and unlike from measles, most of us suffer from it in acute or chronic form until the release of death. Itself is a formal death shutting us off from the awareness of Life and from true Self-identification, So very few seem to outgrow it and to fall out of the illusion of this fatal division of He and Thee, and to forget the illusory strutting I! I! I! business. Except in lucid moments, in Living Silence or in rare maturity, our ego-consciousness remains as a feverish delirium of wings, rarely do we unfold and use them.

In due time came the impact of school and play-mates. Grown-up children tried to inform and reform, to improve and to 'progress' Wuji's consciousness of values and of truth. Duly they tried to impose their duty-complexes, sin-complexes and mental

blinkers, tried to mould him into their ideal image, but perhaps with less than average success. The sensitive, passive and receptive boy, after all, did not prove to be a good medium, but neither was he felt to be a bad or impossible one. He complied passively and conscientiously, but not eagerly. These things apparently had to be done, and a promise, also an exacted one, had to be kept and paid like a debt, but there were no enthusings, no gushing and few assertive demands. So he was but little noticed and then probably considered to be very average. His silence was the cloak of invisibility, and if he was noticed it would be as a quiet, kindly, passive, inassertive, dull but rather harmless boy; a true child of my father on earth and in Heaven.

What blessing in my case to be unnoticed and to be let be. It may be true charity, true courtesy, true dignity and true love to leave fellow-pilgrims and specially children, alone, to let them Be and not try to inspire and to "do them good" by asserting one's own good truth over them, at them and for them. Their truth may be different, beautifully different, and our business is to live our own truth. All that glitters is not gold, and the Golden Rule "Do unto others as you would be done by" might on certain levels be amended. Their needs may be different.

Egoism has many strange disguises and 'many' ideal extensions. In subtle ego-deceptions we may well crucify the virtue and drain the Life-flow of our beloved ones by our so seemingly unegotistical eagerness to share, to help, to inspire, to guide and to love them. "They do not know what they do." Egos cannot aware their Self, nor fellow-egos, and their eager trying must be forgiven.

My native passive positivity and the calm sense of immanence do not seem to be characteristic of the average, western born psyches, but it is not so uncommon in Jutland. Still the Jutes are Vikings, but they have out-grown the infantile or adolescent lust of external power, of conquering the Gauls and the Britons and to civilize them. That white man's (or pure Aryan) burden is a thing of the past. Now their victories are within, and one of their proverbs is "What outwardly we lost we inwardly win." There are conquests more valid, vital and real than the juvenile, though still modern ones of wars which need for their glory brutalization and vulgarization of fellow-pilgrims, and which need for propaganda a hero-worship and the gory glory or radio, talkies, and daily press-power. A real victor may be as with an inner glory crowned, unseen ad

unknown to the noisy and clever ones. He may pass through the country and through "what ye call life" unnoticed and unenvied. His freedom is not seen by egos, and it none can give or take. He may pass without disturbing anybody or anything, pass through and leave no trace like fish through water, as bird through air. He and his artistic expression may vanish into the landscape and not stand out against it. His wordless acceptance and his sense of fitness may be part of his art, of his power and of his freedom. There is a power which needs no "Supra-mental" pose as advertisement in order to shine. Silence is the language of power.

Deeper and deeper the Viking boy descended into ego-consciousness. Desires and power-politics overshadowed the Light of the Real, and the play was on the surface. "Ye are such stuff as dreams are made on"; Dreams within dreams. Illusions within play of illusions. The center seemed to have shifted and, more and more the actual and the factual were called reality. Eternity receded in the play of time.

Father never asserted or preached in words. He was a wordless mystic, who simply was and lived his truth with the least possible fuss and interference in regard to rightness of fellow-pilgrims, who might vibrate in a different and even contrary rhythm, and be right in the light of their own psyche. Mother both talked and asserted her feminine truth, and the usual subtly wilful shakti-business in her rhythm, but it was neither vicious nor persistent. She could also be clear and silent and still.

The feminine elements happened to be most vocal and, most playful on the surface of things in my childhood's setting. They were most noisily vibrating, and with whom I vibrated too, accepting non-violently and learning also that language which is spoken and lived by more than half of our humanity. Two grown-up sisters 12 and 14 years older in body than I, were not 'remembered' until I was about 7, though they must have been an unconscious influence. There were the managing mother and a succession of servant-girls (farmer's daughters and our equal). Their influence would depend altogether on my reaction and my attitude and I was not very conscious of difference, nor of war of sexes. In Viking land there were co-education and perfect sex equality in all doings and in all professions, though rarely the males were found to be rearing children or bothering with cooking and serving food, nor did women join the miniature army as killers, but as healers. Otherwise equality in sharing, in play and in work. So

from childhood the feminine rhythm was no more strange to me than the masculine one, different in quality but not in kind, and each individual rhythm varied. Each of us is a beautifully different variation of the same life. At school we all shared, in games and in lessons, and at home we shared in work and in leisure. At one time a neighboring girl (also a late and lonely child) was often my play-fellow, and for years a city-boy was my intimate companion on the farm.

It so happened the more easily that I was not conscious of the great difference in the male and the female rhythm, which in some realms seems to be not difference in degree alone, but of kind and species. There were no clashes because father did not react impatiently or violently, and was easily not provoked, was easy in humouring whims, yet firm in his own self and "Coming up" immovably when essential and important decisions had to be made. It was the generosity of strength, and are not most of our squabbles due to weakness and to ignorance of our Self?

It did not then occur to me that there is a feminine truth, complementary, but often contrasting and seemingly at war with the masculine truth, different in approach, in function and in fulfilment, both right in their own light, and right in their own wars, or plays, or readjustment. The division was not clear in my conscious. Truly, I felt that girls and women around me were more noisy with their tongues and desires than were men, more emotional, more volatile and more silly, but also more gentle, and sensitive, and un-mental in their perceptions and their conceptions. So vicariously I lived in their rhythm, vibrating with them in unitive, direct, unmental approach. I was no stranger to the subtly willful passive waiting, as the cats waiting on the mouse, nor to the seemingly insincere play and poses, the flutter and the wordiness, which often means or hides something else; the more real or their true purpose. I was not in the least analytical or critical at first, but intuitively, vibrationally, I came to 'know' the feminine language of being, though I did not speak it or want to speak it. Often I knew women better than they knew themselves; (so they said) yet I could not myself act a pose or play a part, which was not my own. A very poor actor or artist in forms, yet at times with the intuitive flair, which made me less scratched by the claws in velvety pussy feet, less dulled or excited by the febrile or gentle distilling or nectar, which may well turn into poison. Uncritical, unanalytical, receptive and 'accepting' yet somehow, when in danger, aware! Not consciously so at the time perhaps, but in after taste or in the inner,

dark chamber, where the negative plate might become positive and, make me even analytically aware. But intuition preceded and predominated and, could nearly always be trusted.

Is not really the highest type of manhood that which includes womanhood? Which, within itself, comprises the feminine and the masculine rhythm, their various aspects, faculties, characteristics and truths complementarily blended? With the complementary opposite harmonized and organically functioning at ease within, the individual can be calmly aware of his Individuum "And they shall again become one flesh."

Not even 'dreamy' the noisy ones would be likely to term me for they did not see my solitude, and with them I seemed attentive, responsive and practical enough, though neither ambitious nor brilliant, "not vital" the artist would say, but a fairly good listener, even to tedious, subjective tales, patient of ego-antics, tolerant of frailty and foibles, uncondemning of blunders and of "sins". Some positive assets in the world market seem to be fair competence, fair intelligence, a certain calm balance in success and in calamities, no fuss or flutter, but practical simplicity in making the best of a bad job. I was simple, economical, anti-waste, *[Transcriber note: text missing]*

He seemed to be only half a man, who had to search and to lean on a "better-half" for his Wholeness or fulfillment, a prey to fluctuation and to golden chains. And woman, attracted to or attracting a worse half to bully or to obey, finding her support and fulfillment outside herself, she too is but a half Man. In the ancient garden of pure consciousness two falls occurred, the first, (when man was divided and woman formed from his lost rib) conditioning and causing the other; secondly, when both became analytical and "saw that they were naked" and divided, and so descended into the play of opposites. Good and evil for what?

Aesthetically the hermaphrodite is a type of perfection, an idea or truth, which has haunted the imagination of man above the common run like Michelangelo, Shelley, and Whitman. Physiologically we all still have the rudiments of the other sex. We have developed from some hermaphroditic organism in the dim past, and it may be that we move toward hermaphroditic fulfillment in the dim future. Meanwhile those among us

to whom the time-scale is not supreme importance can have glimpses, sensations and understandings of these past and future states in the present, the Eternal Now. Perhaps we cannot stay calmly and balancedly in unitive mode of experiencing unless that harmonious, hermaphroditic Wholeness is achieved within. We meet physically hermaphroditic types among fellow-pilgrims. Are they reversions, freaks or sports of perfection? Are they to be pitied or envied or neither?

Physique is, however, not so important. As the psyche is so much vaster and so much more important than the mere physical tools, which we use, so also the hermaphroditic psyche seems to be the one thing needful. What wars of sex, what agonies of readjustment could be avoided even in the external world, if our psyches were whole and did not need to flutter in search of their other halves, their lost integral Wholeness! What fears and jealousies, what trying to bind, to hold and to possess, could be eliminated if the individual found within himself or herself, that pearl of great prize! within the Memory of what and who we really Are!

Within is the kingdom, and there we again will find our lost harmony, our psychic Wholeness. Nowhere else can it be found. Powerful shakti-business, mate, family, society, nation, race, humanity the beloved and other extensions of divided and dual ego-consciousness are all but poor substitutes. To lose one's ego in these produces but an enlarged inflated ego.

Only within his own psyche, beyond ego-consciousness, does Man know himself simple and Whole as Adam before the fall, and with something added: Memory of a shadow which makes us the richer conscious of the Light of the Center, within.

The disease of divided consciousness and of growing pains are richly worthwhile. They are all within ourselves, and we need not blame anybody or anything outside for miseries. Probably we cannot experience the Natural state unless we are momentarily psychically whole, nor retain it livingly unless we remain so. The pattern is what egos would term the hermaphrodite: the male and the female truths and characteristics functioning complementary well within one psyche. The bodily tools may well remain male or female, but the psyche must be aware in harmonious wholeness of its Self, freely functioning in the unitive mode of experiencing.

Only in the Light of the Whole can Memory emerge freely, simply and purely; and is it not the conscious or unconscious aim and purpose, meaning and goal of all of our striving, all our shakti-antics and Yoga-practices: to re-become, to Be aware and to remain aware of our integral Wholeness, the hermaphrodite: the mystically united twin within our Self? The magic force in the golden unitive thread of intuitive Memory, leads us and draws us onward with dharmic speed to the Beyond, which is Within, and in Eternity's Sunrise, here and now. Memory reveals to us our Self.

Many new languages presented themselves for the Viking-boy to listen to and learn, many new dialects of human language came into his ken. The language of the living rhythm in trees, in animal mode of early childhood, but now noisy people encroached with their assertive explanations and with ideas, ideals and prejudices all in various desire-vibrations. Each individual seemed to have a language of its own, a vibrational and unconscious one, like each tree, each form in nature, but how noisy assertive and tiresome were the human with all their bubbling desires and their effervescent ego-willfulness in vital ego-antics!

It was not that I was critical and analytical in attitude, nor too consciously wearied to know the cause of my frequent depletion. The humans, like other forms of life, were "things" or Life-forms duly pertaining to them, but while the organic language of natural life did not disturb or drain my Silence; the noisy, willful language of the "unnatural" humans caught and held my attention and put silence and unitive awareness in abeyance. I saw vibrationally in reflex rather than in conscious sympathy; in sym I had to pathy. If there was a kind of violation, its cause was almost unconscious to me, and naturally utterly so to the emotional and mental "intruders". Their rhythms were parts of Life, languages that had to be learned or at least accepted and listened to. They were fellow beings who had to be accepted or at least had to be tolerated and endured.

So I listened vibrationally, and vicariously living thousands of lives, I learnt various languages of fellow beings; the rhythm and the terms in which they experienced life, or in which Life expressed its Self through them. "Mal gre Bon gre", tryingly or untryingly I learned the diverse languages vibrationally, but not to speak the language

of other individual fellow-pilgrims, as it would have been false to me, nor any urge or call to speak my own in wordiness.

Some languages were interesting, others seemed dull, but listening and learning were a useful kind of discipline conducive to flexibility, to tolerance and to patience. Was it not St. Paul who suffered fools gladly? One may suffer even intellectuals gladly. All languages are really interesting. All Life is lovable in changing forms. The wearisomeness to a passive listener is in the repetition of a sameness of surface-play, as oft-told reminiscence, or like a jazz-record on a gramophone going on and on and on. One has to attend it. It is no use saying "Ignore it! Withdraw attention! Concentrate! Shut out the noise!" The whole psychic body of the passive soul is open and exposed. "It must be." And must be accepted as our Self.

Interest deepened when one surface part (mind) listened to the word-language and attended to the action-language, while the deeper aspect is vibrationally sensing in and beyond these, the language of Being. A mood and wordy explanation may well be fluttering disease or conscious or unconscious disguises.

Vibrationally, vicariously and intuitively one can momentarily live the lives of thousands of fellow-pilgrims, and can know, not only their fleeting moods and antics, but their deeper rootedness. In Silence, in sympathy, in compassion, in becoming them vibrationally, if only for a moment in time, one can know them livingly, and this 'knowing' by identity is true knowledge of egos and of psyches, of the unitive Life in fellow-pilgrims as in all forms. "Tat Tvam Asi". This also is your Self.

Trying is no use. It is fatal, for will and desire creep into efforts and attempts, and they blur the vision. But in pure passivity and in Silence the consummation may Be. If the muddy water of the mind is let be, it clarifies. If emotional waves are stilled, the mirror will reflect simply that which we tried vainly to see and to know. We can know livingly, vibrationally by Self-identification.

It is well to be able to go in and go out of consciousness calmly, balancedly, stilly. In the deepest sense the Real, the All, the Everything, the Nothing is within. That which

conceives, recollects and recognizes Self outside is within or there would be no recognition, no conceiving.

But we seem to go out to play in the mode of extroversion, playing in ego-antics, assertive power politics and in the vivid joys and woes of surface-life of egos, and then we seem to exhale our experiences or to rest from our play with words and with deeds on the surface-waves of the "Leela".

When in childhood I retreated from playing, it was often to a liberating sense of ease and of right relatedness, and to a glad welcome from healing, living harmonies. Photographic plates with negative films were contemplated and made positive. In the dark cave Within, the pictures came clear, or they vanished by being exposed stilly and calmly, to infra-red and ultra-violet rays or to the cosmic radiation. Were the memories, the contacts and the correspondences valid and vital enough in such light? Were they "amusing" and worthwhile repeating? Needed they to be re-experienced or could the pictures well to be treasured or put into a waste-paper basket of oblivion? Had they real content and meaning or were they idle and trivial shadow-play on the screen?

From the background of Memory the febrile assertions and eager ego-antics (My own and others) often seemed futile, effervescent and tiresome queer dis-ease and yet to be mutely accepted and lived through! They had a meaning at least as contrasts, and one kept on playing. What is the break we call sleep and what is the sleep we call death but rest from the joys of playing in the surface-leela?, a healing of the wear and tear of ignorant playing in the learned ignorance?

The dream of life lasts a little longer than the dream of sleep, but both are unreal, and time and duraton are not very real. The less we are aware of Eternity, of Memory of Silence and of the Life that comprises life and death, the more sleep and the more deaths do we need, for the more so we dissipate in our sleep of ignorance in "what ye call life". The fall is a gradual affair and in my case, a prolonged one, a mystery as subtle as that of creation and growth. The unified consciousness became also double, though the psyche might play in different aspects and emphasis this or that changing mode. In my rhythm there was but little urge to mentalize, to understand, to assert what I "knew" nor any need to analyze the difference, and therefore, less trying, less

conflicts. The growing ego was not truculent, pugnacious, nor ambitious. In solitude there was but little opposition and so little chance of growing a robust ego, and in spite of school and people I had a goodly deal of solitude at work and at play, until the physical age of 14. There was no loneliness in solitude and work was a kind of play.

The play within was only slightly imaginative, fanciful or dreamy, or but rarely so, rather a living, unitive experiencing, a contemplative non-duality, livingly playful. The usual mode was not broody, nor stilled in meditation, nor fixed in concentration, nor busy in puzzling things out: A freedom which was neither introvert nor extrovert, thought-feelings rather than thoughtfulness, and at times, the unitive awareness beyond thought and beyond desires. All other modes were there interminglingly, but in solitude this was the one in which I felt freely at home in my self, in healing wholeness and in silent harmonies.

In my fourteenth year the world around and within crashed. The farm, my outside world was sold to and desecrated by strangers, and from that time I felt uprooted, or perhaps deeper at home within. I discovered my wings and my insertable roots and if later on I loved my various homes and was at home everywhere, it was as a traveller, unattached to a special place or to a particular home. Life is a pilgrimage, and in a sense we bring along with us, like a snail, our real home, our shell or shield of Silence. Also at 14, adolescence began to play havoc with Memory, and my exoteric structure of religious forms and dogmas, such as they were presented to me and imposed on me, all unravelled and all was a tangle, a chaos. But that is another tale, though even in this chaos of consciousness, were vivid gleams and calm recollection of Memory, the awareness of a Light which made the confusion less confounded.

From the age of 7 till 14, ego-consciousness was developed in a kind of self-defense or as a reflection of the mentality and the ego-desires of the humans around me; a contagious disease. Though it had strong and subtle root within, ego was also provoked, fostered and developed by much tuning in and listening in to the rhythm of fellow-pilgrims, when they were in close vibrational nearness. The ego was invoked in imitation, in reflexes and in self-defense, but also, in the same process, it was humbled, crucified and crushed. Many a time it crumbled, and this is very salutary and valuable. It is exactly what the illusory ego, strutting in bloated power-complexes, in shakti-antics

and conceit of agency, has to be in some form or other in inner realms, or in outer realms, or in both: humbled, crucified and crushed many a times until it dies naturally. Death is the secret of ego-free living.

There is no wooden cross, except as symbol. The cross of ego-life suffices until we, on it, regain our psychic Wholeness and accept it livingly. This implies the dissolving of ego or its co-ordination with other tools. "Spiritual suffering" is a contradiction in terms, as "assertive culture". It is our identification with the illusory ego and with the mere reflection which we call mind, which must be crushed, expurged, or outgrown. The whole does not assert.

Due to my passive receptivity and negative capabilities (marvelous tools in their own right use, but also in certain instances with their shadows and defect of their virtue), there was a steady succession of crucifications of ego as it emerged in childhood's contact with people. But wounds, lacerations and repressions were often healed in the concurrent flow of solitude in which lived Dr. Harmony and Sri Silence. There thoughts could rest and hurts be healed as the bruised ego ceased to will and assert. All thoughts are extroverted activity of the mind, and mind is extroverted until it may reflect purely. Still thoughts and they will not blur. Transcend ego-consciousness and be, Self-Aware. Go within with hurts and difficulties rather than lean on other fellow-pilgrim's love and advises. Let the Silence solve and heal and clarify. Who knows better than our Self the real cause and the real cure? Within, we may realize the meaning of our pains and our diseases, while fellow-pilgrims will kindly try to heal the symptoms and to console the ego. In facile sympathy we don't learn our lesson, but must have it repeated in some form or other until we do learn the real cause and cure.

Later on the "bigger" crucifixions were not "easy", but they were relatively brief. One gets the habit of dying and so, in time may make a good death. In a thwarted love I realized within a few weeks, clearly and fairly lastingly that it is our love which makes us rich, that it is the Life we love in the beloved form rather than the lantern through which it shines. It may not seem to shine on us, but having once seen it, we love forever. It is not reciprocity, reward or requittal that matters; not touch, gratification or possessive joys, nor ego-fulfilment that is essential, but just this steady seeing and contemplation of the ever living Beauty that is, and which is "ours" to the degree in

which we can appreciate, aye which in the deepest sense is our Self. The beauty we see around is really within our psyche. That which re-cognizes its Self is within.

Outside friends would have consoled and commiserated: "It is painful, but it will pass. We have been through it and can sympathize. Cheer up. There are as good fishes in the sea as ever came out of it." And so the ego-Play could go on glibly, and the same grievances, the same complications and the same ego-pity recur. Better than gushing sympathy and fussy bandaging of fellow-pilgrim's wounds is to enable them to help themselves and by example to teach them to deal with the cause of their trouble and grievances, and to look within for the cause. How we fuss in grievance-complexes! How we analyze and retell our symptoms! Our psychic disease is often clearly reflected in the diseases of our physical, emotional and mental tools, but symptoms are mistaken for cause. Within is the Source of the healing of nations, within is also the healing (or acceptance) of our mental, emotional and physical diseases.

An instance of concurrent dual consciousness ocured at the bodily age of 11 or 12, when I had a party of children. We were playing like other young animals. Suddenly in the midst of the game I was also outside it, I continued to play, a part of the game, but apart from it. A double consciousness or a plural one, like that of a later friend, who could work on or attend to 7 different planes of consciousness at the same time. I saw my body and the game progressing, saw the individual partakers subjectively, but also objectively, as actors driven by a force of which they thought themselves masters. I saw them vibrationally as they were, and also as they thought they were, egos known by name and form. "What are we all doing? We are being used; By what? What is the meaning of it all?"

Part of me continued to play and to talk as if automatically, and in ordinary efficiency, though in a queer wistful mood, and my "Soul" was not in the game. Soon one of the boys, seemed to notice me psychically. He was a year junior and I am sure we shared in the see-change. A wordless look and a later question from him made me certain. We were both momentarily "open" and double aware. Also we were both on the threshold of adolescence.

In Viking-realm there is but one exoteric religious language, though many individual dialects with varying and often warring emphasis on this or that aspect. People were too cultured (not civilized) and too comfortable to be intolerant. "The Living word" was more than the dead letter, and conduct and awareness of relationship were more than ideas and theories. (Gurndtvig.)

Later on, in expanded psyche, the different world-religions as they came within my ken with their various hues and terms and rhythm, seemed to be but different accent and changing emphasis in exoteric mode of the One free and immanent Life, sometimes called God. God is one. Religion is one and one Life which comprises death and life of egos and of bodies is one. Only expressions and dialects vary in beautiful differences. Why should we quarrel on our way home because our prejudices are not the same?

Exoteric dogmas, disputations and mental subtleties wearied me. Wordiness, and assertions soon became tiresome, and only Silence seemed completely clear and satisfying. Exoteric religion was lived and not argued, not dissected, analysed or "explained". Not what people professed to believe, but what they lived, was the test of their faith. Personally I felt no need of ritual, of imagery or of magic as medium, not even of the language of symbols. The mystic Silence was the satisfying medium: the silence of desire and thought. In the freedom of solitude God was clearly immanent. God simply was, and contented me unhidden by ideas, unblurred by words. I did not think of or to God. All was real and simple and in the mystic clarity there was no trying to explain or to understand the mystery of being and of becoming, the strange but utterly harmonious urge to live and to die. In that childhood unitive mode of experiencing God, that one Life, was aware as comprising and informing all the changing forms, and in that mode of being were no problems, no questions, no fear. These pertain to egos.

No wonder that with such Memory I resented the narrow dogmatic and didactic preaching of the holy, but rather bullying parson, who tried to confirm me in his faith. He had the language of the better, but not that of living Silence. He had the outer authority, the learning, the office and the force of wilfulness, but the steady farmers around did not seem impressed by the spirit of his living. His violent tempers,

intolerance and repressions which might well have been relieved and released by simple understanding and living acceptance. His fierce sublimations were not a success.

Against this well meaning and flaming pillar of faith, the viking boy was thrust at the age of 14, and the impact had blessed results, though encounter in itself was a painful rather than pleasant one. That compulsory confirmation was helpful chiefly unto revolt. I had to think, and the fabric of dogmas and churchianity began to unravel..If I successfully loosened a knot at one place, there was sure to be a tangle elsewhere. When the critical and analytical faculties begin to play rampantly, woe to the most beloved and most sacred. True seeing and real acceptance is intuitive, sympathetic, a synthesis in the light of Love, of unity-awareness.

I seemed unable to be taught, unable to accept livingly as faith for myself what was merely told and asserted from outside. Such mode and such language might be true and right for others but was not felt to be mine. The outward show of learning and of trying were not found very important. What mattered more was the mystic death into Life of the kingdom, here and now, and I remember responding to the holy parson, reading "Know ye not that ye must be born again? The ear of corn, unless it falls unto earth and dies, it cannot live" and the phrase "Thou fool! That which you soweth is not quickened unless it dies. I live, yet not I, but Christ in me."

But the parson's explanations and comments bewildered me, and perhaps I looked it, for he would pounce specially on me. I had to explain, i.e. had to repeat his explanations. I muttered and fluttered and stuttered confusedly, having no word-language in which I could even suggest to my tormentor that our ego-consciousness hides our Self-awareness, and that we must first waken up from the death or sleep of ignorance, of false Self-identification, before we can quicken into a steady living Awareness.

Pastor Gudme's stern bullying and his loud facile wordiness soon shut me up, and his interpretation prevailed as the Truth. He thundered hell-fire at me when I quoted, "Seek ye the Kingdom within" "Within what?" he bellowed and, shakingly but subdued, I suggested "Within all things". But he was quite sure that the devil was within me prompting me to express such wicked pantheistic notions. He preached and bullied like any dictator, but not at all subtly and suavely like a Jesuit. His sternness and wilfulness

was a blessing, though I resented it at the time. His hell-fire did not convince me, but he did confirm me, though not in his faith and dogma.

I had no word-language. My God was very still and positive, immanent and somehow akin to Silence, to feeling good, rich and vast in the harmony of the unbroken Perfection. No term no name and no trying were really needed when I was alone, and I did not have to express or to reveal in words to others, except in rare self-defense, not to myself. But fellow-pilgrims would assert and explain noisily in confusing names and terms. God was certainly in my beloved trees, in the farm-animals, in the fields and in the changing moods of nature, no less than in human fellow-pilgrims, rather more wholly and more dignified in the non-human friends and fellow beings, less divided, less noisy, less busy with explanations, with analyses and with "Progressing".

My God could be "Silent in seven languages" and could be still in Being as in busy doings. The term "God" more than sufficed when I was richly alone in the All. It is conveniently vague and short and ambiguous, and it seems to each individual exactly what he means it to mean, if he does not talk about it, and try to explain. "Chagun a son of Christ". Each one has his own Dharma, his own true rhythm and speed on the universal path. Our task is to find our own within and not to push others on to it, but to let them be true to their own. "To thine own Self be true". True charity is often in leaving one another alone. What folly and falseness and vanity in our assertiveness and our trying to share; What imposition; What conceit of agency; clever ego strutting in Shakti-business, in vain exhibitionism and in ideal antics.

In childhood days I had no words for my awareness. There was no urge to express and therefore no language, but thus in memory, seem to have been vague, yet deeply rooted tendrils of feeling and of being, at the time. How good to have no "concern" to assert and to share. There is untrying interdependence. There is easy, healing and harmonious breathing in a love that receives in giving and gives in receiving.

In childhood's mode of experiencing God was Self revealed in all things. There was un-mental awareness of right correspondence, simple interchange, true relationship and interdependence beyond the veil of words. And in that living Awareness there was no enthusings, no trying, no praying, no Ideal beauty. It was all too real for ecstasy and

for rapture, too simple for intensity and for wonder, too rich or tears or for laughter, too deep for thought.

How do we know one another spiritually or even psychically, beyond name and shape? Egos reveal or betray themselves only, and their trying antics cease to satisfy. Egos anyway cannot share in unitive awareness. Trying and wordiness pertain to ego consciousness. Books are discarded husks of de-tensions, shells of wisdom, exhibition-tombs of ego-consciousness. They may be interesting records of stutterings on the way, but are rarely relevant to deeper experience of simple, living Awareness in which the soul is single and naked also of words.

Most satisfying is the mystic book of Nature that enfolds us, and also each of us has a copy of the equally sacred flesh-bound volume.

If one is livingly aware of the real communion going on all the time in interfusing harmonies within and around, one does not go out eagerly to have the vision blurred by desire-sediments of egos, by ideal assertiveness of likes and dislikes; of exhibitionism of power-complexes. If one goes out or comes out in the trying noises of ego, it is by way of contrasts, and of test to find and to know the Silence also there.

In the established and balanced unitive awareness of Immanence and of Transcendence, of Presence and of Being, ego ceases to usurp. There has been an awakening from the dream of becoming and of trying. It is known to be a dream. When we experience God and realize our Self livingly, our wordiness ceases, and we live at ease, "The time shall come and now is when ye shall worship God neither in temple nor in these mountain caves but in spirit and living truth", in the Silence of the cave within. Not worship nor wordship, but untrying worthship, which is simple, living Awareness.

Deep within the microcosm is the Memory of our Origin, of what we are and of where we, as egos, are going. The consciousness is pure reflection of this our real Being, which constitutes our true Memory in our pilgrimage through the wilderness of civilization, the jungle of emotionalism and wasteland of mentality with its sterile, "fate morgana" mirages. The light of Intuition leads and becomes us from the bridge of

reason. Throughout our stumblings in the darkness and delusions of ego-consciousness, that Light is and guides every soul.

From Eden past to Paradise to be through the illusion of time we stumble and stray, yet ever we are lead by the mystic-dark light. Again our intuitive wings slowly loose and unfold, and again we use them consciously. In the fulness of time we re-awaken and find our Self in Eternity's Sunrise here and now. We forget to remember, but we also Remember to forget. Ego-consciousness is Self-forgetting and the dawn of Awareness is the due Re-awakening of conscious Self-identity in the Light that never was on land or sea but ever is, though the Light of Sun and Star-suns may fade and cease to be.

Stilly, purely, and wordlessly we may be aware of It also in the ego-play and in the shakti-antics, in the Light of death and in the darkness of "what ye call life". The mystic Light is within, within all things and all changes. It is the real correspondence, the immediate untrying "rapport", and the mature soul is not deceived by ego-ideals and rosy-sweet sentimentality, nor is it dismayed by power-politics and by psychic storms. It remembers to re-collect its pure Memory.

Among fellow-pilgrims we seem to recognise the few who have come through the veils, who have arrived and who silently and untryingly radiate Memory. Even their words is the quality of their Silence. They have the fragrance of Memory. True clairvoyance is to see vibrationally and simply, the mystic Light radiating from all forms and functions. True clair-audience is to hear calmly the soundless voice in the Shunyata-Silence, in the mystic cave of inner realms. True death is to expose the ego-deformed consciousness to the Light of the whole consciousness, the pure Life, which we ARE.

Mencius, the chinese sage, who was a contemporary of Socrates, also held that "the whole of education consists in re-capturing Memory through intuitive faculties which in the stress of life have been allowed to atrophy". But our modern doctors of education and of Psychoanalyses, as well as our power-politicians and our professors of Divinity all know much better, and the very word intuition is taboo. "There ain't no such animal". The faculty of intuition is the cinderella of all faculties and is micked or ignored by rationalists, by factualists and by intellectualists and so it is no wonder that in them, it atrophies and that they have no conscious memory of psychic wholeness and

of intuitive synthesis. Psychology is in its infancy. Psychic awareness is ignored or it is degraded into merely seeing ghosts, elementals and other trivial phenomena. Psychic researchers seem unaware that they themselves are psyches, and that their psychic sensibilities are far vaster in scope and in importance than their Matter awareness and their mental consciousness. Most of us seem unaware of the psychic vibrations which are around us like the sunshine, the air and the darkness, in which we are and have our being, by which we are nourished, and which we breath, as we inhale and exhale the equally unseen air. Psychic storms we call earthquakes, famine, epidemics and wars, and our doctors try to cure the symptoms, while they ignore the cause.

The doctors of neurosis and psychosis pry and probe into sub-conscious, the immediate past, and cleverly they do mentalise and mess about in the somber and tiny regions of our vast storehouse of psychic memory and of psychic correspondences, finding in the torch-light of their sparkling intellect; Oedipus complex, psychic poison, unhealed scars and lies disguised as facts.

Semi-deified sex is put on throne of life and is worshipped in many disguises, but rarely in its deepest cosmic significance. Sublimise, sublimise: is the ideal cry. And again the learned ones seem to be scenting and pursuing the wrong track. Sublimise what? And who is the sublimiser? It is all very sublime and divine, but why not be factualist and face the source, find it and from there see the symptoms wholly? In the Light of psychic wholeness and of integral Being our dis-eases may be healed, understood or at least accepted. The trouble is not sex, but its abuses, the intellectualization, our sex-on-the-mind business, our ignorance, our fever and our fret; the cause of which is in psyche, which egos mock and doctors in their learned ignorance ignore or fear. The diagnosis of psycho-analysts often seem very infantile, and where are the psycho-synthesists who can ably diagnose man's diseases, their cause and cure? First we must be "saved" and livingly aware of our own vast psyche, and then only begin to diagnose and "save" fellow-pilgrims.

The idea and much less the truth of super-conscious realm of our Being is not accepted by the Western schools of Psychology, and the mystic realization of Life or of Self-awareness is to them a lower rather than a higher and more mature state of

consciousness. It must of necessity be so to mental humans until they are free from their learned inhibitions and can begin to experience livingly and wholly.

It is true that often and especially to artists, genius, intellectuals and women, the flashes of intuition are like lightening in a dark night, suddenly flickering unsteady and therefore unsatisfactory in regard to integral Being and to ego-transcendence. Also the psychic vision of ordinary seer-ship and mediumship are popularly mixed up with intuition and even with mysticism, and they may well be discredited. The clear, steady and simple light of intuition is not so easily acquired or rather awared and used; for it is here and ours all the time, neither attained not acquired. We simply awake into awareness when we have slept long enough. Maturity is all.

The Tantric gate to psychic sensibilities is broad and easy to unlock, but the path beyond has many pit-falls, specially to clever folks who think that they can play with the devil and be immune. That gate should be opened simply and freely, and our going should be natural and untrying. In positive passivity, in negative capability and in pure receptive and accepting attitude, intuition grows in grace as a trustworthy tool, a key to awareness. It must precede and predominate. Then afterwards, the critical analytical and mental tools may function confirmingly or at least rather harmlessly.

It is said that "Reason's extremity is Intuition's opportunity" but this seems only the flashy kind of intuition, and not the simple, steady light of the mature soul. Usurping intellect does seem to bar and hinder our awareness of intuition as the leading light, and if intellect breaks and mind is transcended, intuition may shine forth and take the lead, but rarely so unless the soul is mature and sure in pose and in balance. More often come muddle, pishgah-sights and confused madness. After all there is some method in madness of natural, simple mystic, who can calmly clearly, and sagely go out of the bondage of mind, out of thought and is free of time. It is a matter of simple poise, of harmonization of all our tools, rather than of "Reason's extremity".

Reason is a useful bridge between instinct and intuition, and few pilgrims in consciousness can dispose with it unless they know, and use their wings. Let us walk it, if need be, but we need not cling. Faith like reason must be left behind. When we know livingly, we no longer believe. When we experience God, we are silent and still,

cured of our fret, our fear and our trying. We are at ease in life, and also "what ye call love" is left behind. The less of creature the more of God-awareness; the more we lose our ego the more we realize that we are God. "He to whom the Eternal Word speaketh is set free from multitude of opinions, and in Solitude and in Silence we may find That whom we lose sight of in the multitude and the wordiness.

Knowledge, sight and speech could not find the lost pearl of great price for the Yellow emperor. They served but to hide it. When he ceased trying and left the search to Nothing, this positive non-striving of central action recovered the awareness of pearl. It was never lost, only our veils of learned ignorance conceal it. It is well hidden within each of us, - but there are cosmic radiations, silent rays, which pass stilly and unimpeded through lead and through reason. Beyond union there is unity, beyond the One is the Nought of Shunyata. Awareness is all. "Lift a stone and thou shalt find Me, cleave the wood and there I am, "Nay be still and know that thou are God."

To our myopic sight one tiny part of the spectrum is visible. One little part of consciousness reigns supreme, though there are now slight extensions and we make giddy excursions into the unconscious above and below. Instruments make us aware of infra-red and the ultra-violet rays or organic invisible spectrum, also we are dimly aware of the sub and super-conscious strata of our psychic being, but the extensions are small and rather artificial ones to most of us. Yet we can have vaster views in the vaster Silence. We can conspire and reflect a wider inclusive Light. We can know vibrationally by Self-identification in a realm "Where all that is has ever been as One and Whole".

There are X-rays and Y-rays, electro-magnetic radiation and queer cosmic rays, which can unconcernedly pass through granite and complex brain of a stuttering scientist. But to probe the super-mental realms of our psyche may be even more humiliating to egos, than is probing of the sub-conscious realms. The Light of intuition reveals psycho-synthesis, and in the unitive mode of experiencing is the preventive and the healing of psychosis and ego-antics. Super cosmic rays may have queer effects on intellectuals, may make them 'sit up' or may make them go happily out of their smart minds, instead of clinging to these tools and illusive Self-identifications. "Reason, in itself confounded, saw division grow together. Hearts remote yet not asunder, distance and no

space was seen. Single natures double name, neither two nor one was called. Love hath reason, reason none." Willy Shakespeare knew livingly that reason was the helper, reason is the bar. So is everything to which we cling unduly.

"He who bends to himself a joy
Doth his winged life destroy.
But he who kissed the joy as it flies,
Lives in Eternity's Sunrise."

Ego-memory is not truth, but persistence, a perpetuation of a momentary co-hesitation in the flux as seen through the coloured glass of prejudices and of emotionality. "The play is the thing", but the Real is the no-thing-ness, within and beyond the changing forms and functions in the Life-Leela.

In the intuitive mode of consciousness and gleams of unitive Memory our poets sing and know that "heaven lies about us in our infancy" and that it is ever about us and within us and that only awareness has wared due to the usurping ego-consciousness. Blinkers and shutters of false Self-identification dim, to ego, the pristine and ever present Light. "Shades of prison house begin to close" and "the trailing clouds of glory" fade into common day. We identify our Self with the shadows of our actual and factual world and the changing "body of our death" and other tools. God is externalised, and the psyche becomes the "Isis in search" after her lost wholeness. I! I! I! struts the ego and only mystic death can dissolve the ego-delusions and give re-birth into Awareness. Our birth into "What ye call life" is but a sleep and a forgetting, a kind of death. Some shadow fragments in the dream of human life now shade the pure consciousness in hues of joys and woes, of intensity and of weariness, of likes and of dislikes, "our noisy years seem a moment in the Being of eternal Silence, but "in a season on calm weather, though inland far we be, our souls have sight of the immortal sea, which brought us hither" and which we really Are.

The soul has Memory and our intuition will dissolve the shadows of mind and the sediments of desires. "Truth is within ourselves. It takes no rise from outward things, what ever you may believe. There is an inmost center in us all where truth abides in

fulness, and to know rather consists in opening out a way, whence the imprisoned splendour can escape, than in effecting entry for a light, supposed to be without."

Poets, genius and artists often have gleams of Memory, fleeting unbalanced and uncoordinated in the Whole. But the real Sage and mystic not only are that Memory, but are consciously, calmly and clearly aware of Being their Self, and thus free of the disease of becoming, free of the urge to assert and explain. Serenely they radiate without ideals, enthusing and trying, rid of duty-complex, fear and hope. Expectation is itself bondage. Vivid intensity and showy vitality are not modes of knowledge or of real Awareness. It is ignorance, a disease. In our timeless moments of Eternity we simply ARE most stillly, aware beyond both knowledge and ignorance. Sleep, dream and waking state are modes passing before the Self, and as egos "we are such stuff as dreams are made on and our little play is rounded by a sleep", the healing sleep that we call death.

All the mystic poets in all ages have stuttered their intimation of Memory, and in gleams of Self-Awareness their thought, though ego-born, became winged and fragrant with Memory. But though the art was the helper, art may well become the bar. Facile expression and trained tricks of Shakti-business may well become bondage.

"In such access of mind, in such clear visitation from the living God, thought was not. In joyousness it expired...in the still communion that transcends the perfect offices of prayer and praise." But elsewhere Wordsworth is very wordy, and trying ever to recapture Memory. He seems often to be laboriously trying to go beyond thought, beyond rapture, beyond ego-consciousness and to Be where Being is free and efforts are stilled.

The Whole does not enthuse. In the unitive mode of experiencing there is the sense of completion, of unbroken perfection and of achievement without doing. "To a mind that is still the whole universe surrenders" simply, untryingly, livingly. We can reflect and know our Self as more than all these Universes.

Percy Shelley "Shrieked in ecstasy" and so do many emotional saint and sickly genius. In mystic visitations also Friends may quake and novices may agitate in muddled trying

explanations, trying to tell their mystic experiences and to be even solemn about it, disregarding Blake's warning "Never seek to tell your love, love that can never be told" which may be equally applicable to our deepest joy, our richest and most real awareness. It is too real for telling, for tears and for thought. It never can be told in words, nor conveyed to anybody, nor to any Soul, who does not already know it livingly. Trying and spontaneous telling may help to clarify the experience, to ones self (one's ego) or it may make clear the impossibility of explaining to others. What has other egos and intellect to do with it? They only wriggle and twist thoughts, for they do not like to die, to be expurged, to be mutated or to be exposed to the invisible Sun of Being, the invisible Reality which we glibly call God. Better to have no need to clarify the illusory intellect and the equally illusory ego, better to have no urge to understand what we experience livingly, better to heal our dis-ease of wordiness and Be what we Are. We may tell in the language which seems Silence because it is full beyond words, The mystic Life-Awareness will tell itself untryingly. Our trying is fatal, futile and blurring. Silence knows and many pilgrims know and share in the eloquent language. One is never lonely, never lonesome, when one is alone in all Oneness.

John Keats may "Tease us out of thought as doth Eternity" and Willy Shakespeare may confirm that "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so" But how few of us have consciously, steadily and calmly been aware in Eternity here and now? How few have contemplated the Living Silence of Being, clearly out of time and free of thought and of desire? We have but a stunted and truncated vision of our Self. How few believe in mystic consummation in which the paradox, or antinomy of immanence and transcendence is simply solved and clear? "Thought was not" and "There shall be no more time". What do such phrases and "poetic lies" convey to fellow-pilgrims, who have not consciously been their Self beyond thought, beyond time, and trying? Is ego-transcendence the goal? Do we know it experientially, or do we merely profess and talk?

Out of one's thought, out of one's mind, out of the bonds of time and space, yet including these; it must be a demented state of affairs, a vacuum, a nirvana, a cessation of all that seems good and sensible to egos, though they themselves do queer things in order to "pass away time". Pass it on where? And where are we ourselves off to in the procession of assertively strutting egos, "most ignorant of what they are most assured,

and playing such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep", or is it laugh?

Men say time passes. Time says man pass. Whence? Whither? Aye all illusions pass. Whither are we all progressing in such vital hurry? What are egos becoming? Super-egos? Can they transcend ego-consciousness into awareness? If we are sincere pilgrims of Eternity with queer mystic urges and strange Memory why not enter the awareness of the Eternal now, immediately, in a moment of time? It is all so simple "to hold Infinity in the palm of hand, and Eternity in an hour". Enter untryingly, will without desire, still the waves of mind and the streams of thought. Then enter harmoniously, free of qualities and of ego-hues, naked of desires and disguise, the lightsome darkness, the radiant dark Light of Wholeness, of living Ease, of rich Silence. In the steady light of our intuition we can move lightly and can freely wing our way beyond ego-delusions and diseased tools to where we know livingly and simply that they are not we. All in the fullness of time, now and here.

In the wilful, intellectual, emotional approach, the ecstatic shrieks and vital enthusings are likely to occur and to re-occur. There are vivid pishah-sights and sudden rendings of the veils. There are signs from heaven, wonderous miracles and "siddhi tricks". But all these though indicative, are not very important phenomena. The "Darshan" so different from the expected is fleeting or dim because desire still remains. But rarely do shrieks or groans of ecstasy occur in passive clarification in the natural contemplation or in simple mystic consummation. The untrying stilling of mind and of desire is conducive to the simple calm dissolving of veils. As ego-consciousness dissolves, a gradual, natural and unsensational clarity of what Is, is experienced, and the pishah-sights of the promised land evoke no rhapsodies.

In the simple, untrying and living acceptance there is no submission and no exaltation, but a calm, joyous awareness of becoming and begoing, of rising and ceasing things or rather of the Life, which bubbles playfully in them for a while, the Life which we Are. The change or transposition, from that mode of experiencing to this and from this realm of values and of consciousness to that is harmoniously easy. There is hardly effort or choice in this journey in consciousness from Eternity to the mode, or moment, in time, which we call actual and factual in contrast to the true and the Real. No regret, no wish

to hold or to have. The Light is One there as here. Memory remains, and in the fulness of time we learn to make death. We learn not to cling to things and to ego-memories.

As intuition matures and we grow stronger wings, the see-change in consciousness happens easily and naturally. In the living contemplation of the soul, who has learned to shed ego-consciousness there is neither rigid trance nor need of solitude. Solitude is within, and the Real is the most natural. The actual, the factual and the ego-antics are modes of the Real and are true, right and inevitable on their level and in their time and place. All parts of the endless, unbroken perfection. All are accepted livingly, all is forgiven and there is nothing to forgive, nothing to regret.

When we consider livingly that there is no Real detachment, there can be no bonds of attachment, no fear of the unfamiliar and of the unknown. The soul is freely at Home in the One Life, aware on the various levels of values and different modes of experiencing, and at Home in the mystic Silence, also in phenomena and ego-noises.

There are many shapes of mystery, and all are good even the devil. In the mode of unitive experiencing we accept the various emphasis and the changing hues, we accept them livingly as our Self at play. Death is also Life, so why fuss and flutter? Why joy at arrival or grieve at departure? Why shrink in fear or shriek in joy? Only children who have ceased to be child-like and fellow-pilgrims who have forgotten Memory, flutter in mentality and assert memories. We can know livingly. We have Memory, antenatal Wisdom, and we recollect. This ego-scribble is but fragrance of my childhood's Memory put into a muddle of words, a dis-ease of wordiness and of explaining.

In the rich solitude of my childhood Life itself seemed a moving prayer, and so there was neither urge nor occasion for oral prayer and praise. What was there to pray for? Who was there to be praised or worshipped in words? In childhood I did not suffer from the disease of wordiness. I did not dissipate. To communicate, thoughts to one another become necessary only if the sense of duality exists. Only as egos do we desire to support, to lean on or to explain to one another in wordy nearness and in the illusion of sharing.

"Deep contemplation is Eternal speech. Silence is unceasing eloquence, that language of the Real seems interrupted by speaking." To the soul whose inner ear is attuned to the soundless Voice in the Silence, our wordy prayers for something or for somebody are not real enough. They pertain to the immature consciousness, to the blinkered state of duality.

In the state of prayerfulness all is well. Below the surface waves and the foam-flecks of beautiful differences is the harmonious untrying and unifying "rapport". The One Life is conscired immanent everywhere in the "Leela" and transcending it, we cease to play with words and with thoughts finding no bottom. "Measure not in words the immeasurable. Sink not the string of thought into the fathomless". There is no chart for what is most enduring. Thoughts break. Intellect is transcended and lo: Reality is aware of Itself. When the trickle of thought stops, agitating and blurring of the "Manas" lake, it becomes clear and calm to reflect the Word, the alone begotten Sun of Silence.

Who can make muddy water clear? But leave it alone, and stilly. It will clarify and reflect the Sun and the starry heavens. The living intuitive Wisdom, or direct experience of Reality, is independent of symbols, of thought, of sensation, of learning, of education, of position and of circumstances. When we transcend the questioning mind and our conceit of agency, we may be open to the Breath of Heaven, open to hear the mighty voice of the Silence within and even to know our identity with the universal cosmic Self.

The mature ego grows calm and clear, and stilly it dissolves. The intellect must say "yes" to this annihilation, for only thus can spirit travel free, and anguish rend itself in consummation, as "birds that break on April weeping tree". The silly clever intellect puzzles itself over what is and what is not planned. What can it know of things beyond itself? Its failures and its successes can only suggest and indicate that living Beyondness, which is also within, and when it has finished suggesting, it may be quiet, like a good and well used tool.

When Life itself is conscired and lived in a state of prayerfulness there is no need of words or of prayers. When one is intimately familiar with the book of Nature there is no need of words or of the book of words, and also one can livingly aware of one's own

and each individual's flesh-bound volume. Balanced introspection and extrospection, going out and going in, in calm harmonious poise, leads to awareness of the microcosm within, and in that awareness lo: Life is an open book, and he who "runs" and be "quick" may read livingly.

When troubles and problems and choice assailed me as a child, I nearly always instinctively went within and contemplated them from there. In solitude and in Silence the child instinctively sought Memory, and usually, in its mystic-clear light, the pains and the problems were healed or accepted. Slowly and quickly some kind of answers were forthcoming to my whither? my how? And my why? And by trial and error, by testing and success, one learns to move and to act in the Light of intuition. The guidance of the inner guru I came to find more real and more satisfying than the advises, the suggestions and the explaining from fellow-pilgrims in regard to my own steps on the "Tao". If one does not lean on outside advice, sympathy or love in regard to one's deepest problems and one's true direction one is less confused. One may go slower, one may at first stumble and fall, get hurts and scars, but one learns by one's own mistakes not to repeat them. One learns one's weakness and one's strength, and walking alone, the peace is one's own in natural rhythm and momentum, simple and unforced.

It is true that extrovert children of man need an outer Guru but always, that which re-cognises the Guru and the guidance as true is within ourselves, and in the fulness of time, each Chela realizes that the real Guru, like the real Kingdom of Self, is ever within. It is easy to be a Guru. They are many. The Life in everything may be our Guru. In the Psychological moment the most simple form may reveal its Self to us, and he who has one end in view makes all things serve. It is the re-cognition we lack, the insight, the single, naked sincerity of Being, and so it is that there are but few real Chelas. Many like to pass as Chelas, but few like to be "chelas". Ego is in the way. False Self-identification blocks our going, but we are all on the way, and our clarification, our freedom and our flair for balance and for direction are matters of maturity. In the Light of intuition the illusory ego dissolves and "Swaraj" Is. It is a matter of awakening rather than conquest, Guru was the helper. Guru is the bar.

During the intermediate period, the bodily age of 7 to 14, in which ego and mind usurped and grew with the body, I recall but two instances of having prayed officially, and sincerely and orally to a God in some vague heaven outside myself. These two fits of prayer ocured at the bodily age of 12 and at a crisis.

All cows in Viking land are tied by ropes, when in summer time they are let into fertile fields, and the peg to which the rope is tied is then "advanced", 4 or 5 times in the day, so as to allow cows more grass. One day in urge of freedom, one our cows got loose, had got into clover and had gobbled up a fatal lot of this. Fermentation set in and caused acute tension and war of expansion in Daisy´s tummy, and very quickly she was dying.

Like the little Nisse in the Anderson´s fairy tale, who in a crisis knew that to him the tattered poetry-book was more real than the "Banya" and his porridge, I also knew my values. Quickly I ran into the empty stable, there alone to pray fervently and almost loudly to God that the agonised cow might live. She was my intimate friend, and also we could ill afford to lose her economically. However God thought otherwise, and I was disappointed in Him, when I found Daisy dead and got a sound scolding from Ma for having absented myself, "galivanting instead of helping". My help I thought the most essential: to bring Daisy to the notice of the Almighty, who so easily could have saved us all from calamity. "Ask and it shall be given unto you" the grown-up children had preached at me, but they had not emphasised the Perfect Father, who is kind of neutral in war-time.

So this lesson in discrimination was in favor of Yogic skills in action and of being a practical ´factualist´. However, I must have forgiven God, for shortly afterwards I tried "Him" again in all sincerity, when a boy who for some years had been my dear companion on the farm, chose to will to go back to his blood-people in the city. In the privacy of the smelly chicken-house I secretly and vehemently implored God that Karl might not will to go. But the Lord of Hosts seemed to be a failure. "He" proved to be sublimely indifferent to whims and moods, and cravings of egos, and so I gave up my short-lived external image of an exoteric God, and turned instead to Hendrik Ibsen.

At that time the subjective child had begun to feel puzzled and vexed by the seeming falseness, the insincerities and sentimental weakness of the exoteric believers and "Professors" among my talkative fellow-pilgrims. It now seems that the awakening intolerance and the exercise of critical, analytical faculties were partly due to my misconception of the term "faith", which to most of the good folks around me must have meant something external, like an overcoat or an ideal disguise, something taught and reflected from books, from preachers and from teachers, while to me it meant something living, something akin to Knowledge: an almost doubtless conviction, which was simply lived and which conditioned our actions, our attitudes and our relationships. That their faith or truth were not mine mattered not. I was indignant that they were not true to their own Light and their wordy professions, and I felt impatient at the divergence between "faith" and the actual and factual daily doings of the faithful. The believers seemed make-believers, insincere theorists and talkers, who were so tiresome, because one naturally believed their words, and was constantly let down by their deeds. And so the Viking-child waxed resentfully and reacted in righteous wrath.

On their various changing levels of consciousness the good folks were no doubt true to the moment and to its moods, but the mind which just then grew on me was more single, more central or perhaps only more blinkered. It began to judge and to condemn. It responded to the battle-cry of the stern horse-man: "Nought or All". No compromise in essential truths, and was not "God" the truth of our Being? "What thou are be wholly and fully", no pretty disguises, no artificial play in insincere, ideal pose. So the child memorised Hendrik's challenge and recited it to the Silence.

"Soul be faithful unto the last;
The victory of victory is to lose all;
The sum total of your loss constitutes your winning
Eternally we possess only that which we have, lost."

Death is the secret of mystic living.

Fancy the solemn Viking boy at the mature age of 13 responding to such mystic defeatism, such paradoxical victory in death and loss. But there was a certain recognition of inner levels of consciousness and of self identification beyond that of

ego; that if we really believed livingly in "God" all is "His", all is "he", and we naturally lived, talked or was silent accordingly. No ideal, poetic lies or artistic, sentimental playing in words, for me, if you please. Words if they were not kept or were not true, became powers of evil, a kind of living lie in the soul hindering the harmonious Awareness and ease of Being.

Ego-desire, outward possessions, power-complexes, sufferings and deaths were nought compared with Reality of living immanent Life, or God,. in which we shared a Whole Eternity. What did the brief agonies and crucifixions of saints and martyrs signify in comparison? What did Job's slow trials in time matter in the Light of Eternity? Is not Spirit Real? Is not Eternity more real than time and changing bodies? Immanuel took large views, and he needed a few crucifixions to cure his solemnity and make him accept livingly the blinkers, the make-believe ideals, and the image-making love of fellow-pilgrims.

Memory had faded and the prison house of mind and of ego-consciousness was fast closing upon the growing boy. However, there was still an earnest of Memory, and it was not ideally but really, that he, unprompted by any fellow-beings and any outerforce, hailed the ego-surrender or ego-transcendence in the mystic death as it was depicted in Hendrik Ibsen's drama "Brand".

Some Ibsen Jubilee or death must have ocured at the time, and so brought Hendrik's. then stirring and controversial books to my notice through the daily or the weekly journals. Parents and people around me were all anti-Ibsen, but quietly I sold my boots and other odd essentials in a secondhand shop in the city, and so ,procured there the unbound "Collected works of Hendrik Ibsen", a marvellous exchange.

Great scoldings and fearful opposition from the angry wordy ones when they discovered me reading "Peer Gynt" and "When we dead awaken" written by that awfully wicked "Free-thinker". Thoughts, like cows, should be securely tied and or should run only in fixed grooves, (though not under the Pope's safe guidance) and to be a freethinker was then to be something horrible like the devil. Hendrik, like Mahatma Gandhi was a terrible pernicious and poisonous influence, but Emmanuel said but little, and let the storm blow over. He stayed quietly in his inner Light seemingly unknown to any living

soul rich rather than lonely in solitude, and, if sometimes lonely in noisy company, enduring it patiently.

"In solitude we may well find what we lose abroad." said the writer of "The Imitation of Christ", and "As often as I have been among men I have returned less a man." But the Silence was not far off. The passive and inoffensive child made few claims, and craved but little attention, and so he was not much "seen" or noticed, He was not vital nor "creative" in outer shakti-business. Silence was the lovely veil, which word-mongers have not the time nor the patience to see through. Silence hides Eternity to egos and so they fear it. Also their own antics, assertions and 'explanations' stir up further screens of dust and sediments.

The boy still laughed and wept, responded and played fairly and ordinarily in the surface leela, but there was ever that beyondness, which passeth show, and which must be veiled and ever remain unknown to egos, to ego-consciousness, to intellect, and which is revealed unto babes in Silence. The psyche has Memory and needs no telling, no explaining. The All is self-revealed. Awareness is all.

What mania for ego-expression is the so-called self-expression of modern education, fostered, led and duely coloured by "Mother-Sophies" and by dictator power-politicians, white, red, green brown and black? How few of the shakti-players have the power of maturity, or of Memory to reawaken into the ease of Being, and into the Awareness of the Eternal untrying and ever present Self-expression, here and now?

Partly due to lingering Memory I quietly escaped education, or rather it did not fall upon me, and I did not reach out for it, did not seek it and felt no urge or desire for its blessings. Likewise later on, I "escaped" "property", marriage, fame, ambition, art, organization, intellect and the like ties and protrudences, as apparently there was no need, this time, for the lessons they proffer and teach. But that is another story of "belonging" and of "becoming".

In childhood consciousness was but little urge to understand what I knew intuitively and no urge to "explain" to others, to be understood or to share ego needs, except those I had

to share in. My Memory and mode of experiencing could not be asserted, and sharing was everywhere, unblurred by trying.

Even fellow-beings in human forms (though not among egos) do we ever meet, now and then, the kindred ones, who are mutely and maturely aware, and with whom sharing, knowing and unclinging love simply Are, and are not depending on distance or death of bodies,. Nor relative, to time or to trying. In real "rapport" and in true sharing, Silence is the most real conductor, the clearest medium, but to the established few, even thought and words do not blur, do not matter. They too are part of the Unity and are livingly accepted and seen through. If the Silence did not play also in these and in all discords, limitations and noises, they would not be. Awareness is all.

"Vain are the thousand creeds that move men's heart, unutterably vain," in the Living Light of Awareness. Dogmas and beliefs, ideals and prejudices all make the clarification of consciousness into awareness difficult, aye impossible. Wonder and worry, enthusing and impatience, all the muddled waves of desire must all be stilled, and Life finds a way, aye, is the Way. The paradox of a transcendent yet immanent Self is reconciled in the realisation of mystical experience of Unitive Awareness.

"In contemplation we are more than man. Silence of the senses, Silence of the imagination, Silence of the intellect" says Dante and one may add: Silence of desire and thought. "When this Silence is attained, purgation is complete, because acceptance is achieved" and the Self is awared, and Self-aware.

In the Inner Light of Memory we can experience our Self as pure consciousness, as more than all these Universes.

Sunyata, 1943.

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-Foreword-

These retrospective musings bubble up in response to C. Bjan and Y. Mui's inquiry. These friends not only recognized Sunyaji's enlightened "holiness" and wholeness, but were curiously interested in how it all came about-, how it happened to be and how it could possibly survive in a predominantly mental and externalized civilization-, which seems to neglect, or ignore, the intuitive Light and the inner cult of Ur.

Only when a Maha Rishi recognized Emmanuel- and called him "Sunyata"- "a rare born mystic", he became aware of his Self as something rare and unusual. There was no memory of existence in other bodies-, and very few memories from the first seven years in this body-, but there was pre-ego consciousness, unmental (intuitive?) awareness- and a sense of harmony, unity, rightness and grace-awareness, already during those seven years, all so natural and unsought like the air we breathe. No contrast, no opposites, and no ego-mind to make divisions, desires and fears. He did not feel odd, queer, strange or "rare" in childhood and did not sense that anybody considered him so. His Silence was not offensive and his unassertive rhythm, like his father's, made nobody notice his consciousness- or his intuitive radiance, and it needed no recognition or understanding. He seemed to innerstand in a kind of unconscious, or at least unmental, Self-awareness. Only in retrospect, it seems, that Emmanuel was a rare phenomenon in an aggressive, competitive and noisy world play.

Still mind-free, ego-free and desire-free, Emmanuel was a patient, interested listener and he could respond to *[words missing]* ...attachment, but rather affectionate awareness. Unobtrusively he 'fitted in' and was usually accepted, liked or at least tolerated in the ego-noisy Life-play. He was conscientious and fairly competent at work and at interplay, freely at Home in Life and in the intuitive Light-awareness. In inherent Wisdom there is no eager reaching out for mere knowledge, mere power or mere happiness-. Karuna-Love is not the love we can make or fall into. It is really Self-radiance. Silence is the Reality out from which issue the WORD made flesh and phenomena- Swa Darshan is in Swa-Lila. Swa Dharma is our chief concern. We can awaken into Christ-consciousness- and experience, as did Joshua ben Joseph: "I AM the Tao-Way, the Reality-Truth-, the Light and the Eternal Life. Lo! I am always with you. So be of good cheer", egojis. Yes, the Self, the indwelling Christ Emmanuel,

innerstands and is always with us. Inherently we are the Tao, the Reality, the Eternal Life, the Grace awareness, but are not yet awake to aware, realize and experience IT. "We" are the non dual Experiencing- when "We" are not. Ego oblivion is Self-awareness. We may maturely awaken into Selfhood-, into Grace-awareness, into Sunya Silence. Wu! Sri Wuji says, "Satchitananda, Tat, twam, asi-." (Being-Awareness-Grace: That Thou Art.)

When Emanuel Sunya Bhai here is being called enlightened, whole, authentic or integrated, he feels like the Jewish Emmanuel, when he was acclaimed and said: Why do ye call me good? There is no one wholly good but the Father-Source." Sunya has not aimed at or achieved anything. He Be as he is- "Unbecoming". We are all essentially Atma Spirit. A Maha Atma is one who has awakened into consciously aware Selfhood. A Paramatma is beyond mind and thought, time and individual uniqueness- and may also be called Atyashrami- or Gnani in Turiya-realm.

Some mature western Mystics could also experience and truly say: "All that lives is holy; one whole Unity, and all is Alive... One Life-Spirit-Energy". They awared their kinship with all Life, with the unitive Life in all forms and manifestations. Life is the greatest Miracle; a non-dual mystery, and "Tat twam asi"- That thou art-.

A Christ conscious mystic could truly experience and say: "I am the Tao-Way, the Reality-Truth and the Eternal Life". Also Meister Eckhart could experience "God is nearer to me than I am to my Self". Christ is the Self and this indwelling Christ Emmanuel can awaken into divine Self-awareness- "The Cross on Golgata thou lookest to in vain-, if not within Thy self, it be set up again... If Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem was born, and not within thyself, it is forlorn". (in vain). Eckhart often proclaimed "The birth of Christ within". The inherent Emmanuel's re-awakening into Divine Self-awareness. Christ consciousness, our unitive Self, innerstands- ego-freely and the intuitive Light reveals Reality. The microcosm is within. Egojis may go thither with problems and woes. The Self is always present, Dear Egojis, says Wuji. "Seek, find and experience first the inner realm of Grace and you will aware It everywhere in Swa Lila. You will re-cognize your Self-, our Self-: THE SELF, in all the ever-cccchanging forms, says Wuji- Wu!

Emmanuel was not, this time, in search of identity, authenticity or external guru-guidance, but when Ramana Maharshi, in 1936, after the first Darshan, called him "a rare born mystic", he, in Himalayan solitude and silence, began to focus his simple, peasant childhood. What did the Maha Rishi mean by born mystic? And, later on, by his statement: "We are always aware Sunyata", which came upon Emmanuel unsolicited and utterly unexpected, but which he could-, and did take as recognition, initiation, mantra and name. He told nobody-, but gave the name Sunyata to the first cottage he built for himself in Himalayan Silence.

Other name-tags pushed upon him in India: Sadhu, Baba, Swami, Saint, Maharaj, Jivan Mukti, Mani Dharma and Bhagavan. He could ignore with a smile or with Behinji Ananda Mayee's wise words: "What I am to you, that I AM", or he remembered Spinoza: "What Paul says about Peter tells us more about Paul than about Peterji". In describing others we reveal ourselves, our light of consciousness. That which recognizes is within ourselves. Jove nods to Jove from within each of us. "Full of Zeus are the cities, full of Zeus are the harbours-, full of Zeus are all the ways of man"- . He who sees greatness passing by, himself is great. That which recognizes Wisdom, God, Self, Beauty, Grace, is within ourselves- is the indwelling eternal Self. It innerstands...

We innerstand- awarely? So when a Maha Rishi, after one brief interview could discern and recognize in Sadhu Emmanuel "one of the rare born mystics" and later say: "We are always aware, Sunyata", the Viking lad felt himself ego-humbly glorified like another Emmanuel on his ego-cross. "Elia! Elia" How hast thou glorified me!" and then the "Consummatum est". Christ was never crucified! Spiritual suffering is a contradiction in term-symbols. Spirit does not suffer: suffering is not spiritual. Behold the Ramana Maharshi! says our spiritual Wuji in the invisible Real.

In a body with excruciatingly painful, malignant cancer, Ramanaji could tell the clever doctors and other egojies: "I feel no pain: The tumor has come like you have come here". He had no ego-will-, mind or desire to cure bodyji- or to send us away-. When the cancered body was exhausted- he said: "Where can I go to? I AM always here-"

When Ramana Rishi, who rarely spoke, but simply and naturally radiated Wisdom, Maha-karuna and Grace awareness, could utter such words to- and about the silent Emmanuel, it was felt expedient to find out what was meant by "we", "Sunyata" and "born mystic". So in Himalayan vastness, solitude and Silence, Emmanuel, now Sunyata, focused the first 7 years of his solitary existence in rural Denmark. And he found certain, 'rare' characteristics and tendencies in circumstances and in innerstances: a sense of harmony, a balance of Yin and Yang and of so-called 'pairs of opposites': Unity-awareness, contentment and natural, calm and joyous ease in inter relatedness-. There was affectionate awareness, but so natural that it needed not be expressed in words and in endearments. There was a natural, passive and rather calm witness stance, which needed not be asserted and which requires no special response or recognition, requital or reciprocity. There can be word-free, mind-free, ego-free communion in the non-verbal, sensuous language of Silence. There is Self-radiant energy, magnetism and silent Grace-awareness. Wu!

Ego-Mind and lust- with their fears, desires and fuss, were, as yet, no trouble, no hindrance in the [*illegible word*] correspondance. Intelligence was there and also fair discernment, a certain natural empathy- and no felt need for other intimacy, fulfilment or happiness. ("Mere happiness", says The Anandaful Wuji.) There was ease in outer interrelatedness as in calm innerstances. Needs were fulfilled. Wants and desires were small and few. All was felt right as it was-, and life was at home in Life, in Swa Lila, though there was a certain diffidence or shyness in regard to strangers and to some mental and loudly assertive grown up humans. Their values, rhythm and antics were felt strange and discordant; yet Emmanuel was calmly interested in their word-play, though nearly always as a listener, a spectator and a silent, discerning-witness. For his own light of awareness he had no words- and no urge to express, so he kept wisely mum. Wu! He never felt lonely in solitude with tree-friends, animals and natural things. The present, and the Presence, were richly satisfying-.

Our unitive Self is always here. Awareness is all-. So there was no fear of the future or of insecurity, no lust or inordinate desires, no ambition to become this or that or to be a powerful grown up guy-. There was, as yet, no expressive, clever, presumptuous- egoji, and so, no frustration, no psychic kinks or physical disease, no emotional upheavals, no ego will, no quest for power and pelf, name and fame, no, not even for knowledge,

growth and potentials-, no ego-trips or ego-antics. Wu! There was no sin-complex or guilt-scars and no need of prayer, discipline, control or "surrender"-. There was still ego-freeness and no troublesome mind, says Wuji. No asana postures, yogic practice or special Sadhana. No ego-discipline was needed- no health or psychic therapy, father-confessor nor even for an outer trusted friend or confidant. No competition, no studying-, no clear aim or expectation, no personal or anthropomorphic God-image. But there was pre-ego consciousness and unmental, intuitive awareness. In retrospect it seems as if Emmanuel in childhood walked in God rather than, as Adam in pre-Eve Eden, walked with God "in the cool of the evening". "In Him we live and move and have our Being". But God is not a sexy He or She. Spirit is sex-free and usually form-free and we can be unconsciously intuitively aware. "To know God is to be God".

Consciousness was there in babyhood and unconscious awareness, but it was not mental and so not aware of itself, as there was not, as yet, any contrast or any fall into duality, into the mere knowledge of good and evil. Sri Wuji's concept of God is not a sexy He or Ma, nor as an androgynous hermaphrodite in anthropomorphic form. Spirit is usually form-free. Spirit can re-cognize Spirit and Spirit with Spirit communicates word-freely- So you must be spiritual to aware, recognize and experience God or Self-hood, says Wuji. He opines that a rare, born mystic is purely intuitive and mystic wisdom, already in pre-ego consciousness- as in the grace-awareness in the Divine Swa-Lila- Wu!

In the pre-ego consciousness there had been very little impositions, conditioning, training or studying- and no big dramatic or sensational event to fasten itself in memory, hardly any ego-memories in the first seven years. The solitary lad- providentially, escaped "headucation", exams and intelligence tests. He did not 'drop out' or run away from it, but it did not happen upon him and he certainly did not reach out to invite it. Inherent wisdom does not dissipate in wordiness or in trying. In the 1890's a rural school was different from one nowadays. Also on the farm there was no stress of civilization, in the way of mechanical, scientific or sport-noise, - in the activities and interests around the boy, but there was harmony and contentment in a fully satisfying, simple, sane and natural peasant-culture, an essential at-homeness and cult of Ur. Wu! No aggression, competition, tension or disease, but a calm, non-assertive at-homeness in the natural interplay around and within Emmanuel. Sri Wuji likes the symbol "tact", not in the sense of crafty diplomacy, but as being in tact and tune with circumstances and

innerstances, as they are. There was contentment in what IS. Acceptance of and participation in the natural phenomena - the wind and the weather, the seasons as they happened and passed by -, events and people, fellow way-farers, as also they changed - and passed by. There was a feeling of All-Rightness, of harmony and essential balance, a calm contentment in activities as in the inner solitude. No enthusing, no shouting, no power-play and no ego-fuss. Aloneness can be All-oneness and seemed so to Emmanuel until he, at seven years of body age, at school and with playmates, duly fell into duality-consciousness-, learned ignorance and blinkered ego-play. There seemed to be a schism, a loss of something valuable and real, but this was felt only during a brief while. The seeming duality of ego-consciousness and pre-ego consciousness, is only apparent-, not Real, and the seeming two can be co-existing and unclashing parts of a Whole. On the farm there was still ego-freeness and joyous ease. Beate Solitude-Sole Beatitude-, Wu!

Consciousness is One Whole. Ego-consciousness is a part, a part play, that can be transcended into post ego-consciousness. In the Silence of Depth-consciousness is the non-dual experiencing and Emmanuel intuited it unmentally and untaught by external Guru-guidance.

And, wisely, he did not try to express or assert his insight and his intuitive innerstanding in wordiness to egojies. There may be neither ability nor urge and effort to explain, to be recognized or for IT to be awared, understood, or overstood, nor for him Self to be known or even noticed by busy-bodies and mental egojies. Emmanuel freely innerstood and could be free in all ego-antics and ego-fuss, in the dis-eased civilization-, in it but not of it. It is Swa-Lila- and Swa Darshan in the Divine Swa Dharmic Self-interplay, also in activities as in the joyous, silent play in and beyond mind and thought and trying. Wei Wu Wei is spontaneity.

Twenty years in Denmark were enjoyed in simple peasant culture and then another twenty years in horticulture in England, as a poorly paid gardner, yet also there- innerly contented and at joyous ease in what IS. As a 'solitare' Emmanuel found no kindred depth consciousness in human fellow-wayfarers, but he discerned it in literature, especially in mystic poetry and partly in biography and travel in outer and inner realms, even in novels. The first real love affair was Hendrik Ibsen, Hans Anderson, Fruding,

and Bjomean. Then, in the wider world, Doestoievsky, Tolstoy and especially Anton Chekov, Edward Carpenter; Shakespeare, Goethe, Aeschylus and Auber Larsen "The Stone of the Wise". There were the contemporary English writers: Shaw, Wells, Masfield, Wilde, Galsworthy, Bennett, and later D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Rainer Maria Rilke and, of course, Shelley, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Whitman and many women writers: Emily Bronte, Sigrid Unset, Katherine Mansfield, Karen Blixen and Julian of Norwich-. Later on, the mystic sages of the West came into Emmanuel's ken: Meister Eckhart, Boehme, Ruesbrock, Angelous Selesus, St. John and St. Teresa and Brother Lawrence. In the middle twenties Theosophy and Eastern Wisdom happened: Taoism, Sufism, Budism and Advaita Vedanta. Also, some biographies and autobiographies, but no drug trips-, no stimulants and no shouting in ecstasy. Emanuel liked him Self "when he was sober". He did not study or analyse, but skipped, skimmed and sipped the honey that was palatable and forgot the rest. There was scarcely anybody or soul with whom to share or who would, or could, appreciate, but the silent guy needed no recognition, no listener and no intimate friend's understanding or innerstanding.

In India, and from Indians, this all came upon him unsought, unsolicited and unexpected. At Dartington Hall in Devonshire, the poet Rabindra Nath Tagore befriended the simple gardner and invited him to "come to Bharat to teach Silence". In India he was acclaimed as Sadhu, Saint, Swami, Baba, Maharaj, Mani Dharma, Bhagavan and Sri Nobody, with radiant halo and many coloured aura and magnetic lotus feet! Wu ha da !

He had not known and so had not aimed at such titles nor attained, achieved or mastered anything. But the rare, born mystic was re-cognized and befriended by intuitive Indians. Sri Ananda Mayee called him Bhaji, Sri Yashoda Mui, Surendra Nath. Rabindra Nath awarded the Sunya Silence in Turiya realm. Sir Jagadesh Bose, Sri Anirses and Sri Narayana befriended him and to the Jawaharlal Nehru family he was "Brother Emmanuel".

Sri Ramana Maharshi reminded him, "We are always aware, Sunyata". To the mature mystic the intuitive Light reveals Reality. Egojis need not feel lonely. The Self-Spirit innerstands and is ever here and in the invisible Real. We aware it first within and then

everywhere. The Self recognizes its Self. There are powers and presences who serve us all the time most faithfully. We may not perceive them, nevertheless, they are Real and active, - Spiritual friends like Wuji. In pure, intuitive consciousness we recognize and rejoice in Grace Awareness. As Witness- we still reflect the Swa Lila Self Interplay.

In all other religions we may discern the exoteric and the esoteric, the experience and the "insperience", the innerstanding and the understanding and overstanding. The Christ-conscious Jesus did preach, prophesy, and talk to and at his disciples and the multitudes. But only the very few he would talk with. Few innerstand in Graceness- or Grace awareness. In the esoteric communion with Sri Nicodemus, Joshua ben Joseph could say "Ye must be born again into Spirit and Truth and Grace-Awareness. Unless ye re-become as little children, ye can in no way and in no wise, re-enter the realm of Grace. Art thou a sage in Israel and unaware of such simple truth!"

Yes, seek, find and experience ye first this inner realm of Grace. In all the changing things and phenomena- experience THAT which does not change- and all mere things, mere knowledge, mere understanding and mere happiness, will be added unto you- spontaneously-.

Babes are not "born in sin" except into a sinful world. "Trailing clouds of glory do we come from heaven, which is our home". What is sin but unawareness, ignore-ance and blinkers which hinder Wholeness and Grace-awareness- and non-dual Self experiencing: The beyond, that is also within, the Sunya Plenum Void-. Wu! Babe's and small children's pure wisdom-radiance soon fades in contact with the mental grown ups -- Children's sin of unawareness, ignore-ance and ego-blinkers. It is due and behavelly fall into mere knowledge of good and evil and duality-fuss. Wu! The fall is from pre-ego consciousness into duality and ego-antics, ego-consciousness. A due and behavelly fall or transformation, ("upward fall", says Wuji) from which we can awake and arise into post-consciousness or Spiritual Self-hood. Wu!

Artists in Life can be consciously age-free, time-free, sex-free, ego-free, goal-free, carefree and death-free. The ego-mind is the chief hindrance to Self-awareness, but why tease, torture or kill mind, body and egojies, when we can be free in these marvelous tools as in the Graceful Self-interplay? It is Swa Lila, Swa Dharma and

Darshan. Just aware the false identification with bodies, minds and other tools, your ego-fuss and your attachment to the ever changing forms, concepts, ideas, images- and ego-conceit of agency-. Wu!

In affectionate awareness we can practice affectionate detachment from things, forms and phenomena- and egojies, says Wuji: Just aware your breath and your heartbeat, your digestion, assimilation, absorption of prana and other food-. It all goes on all day and night during 89 years without your fussy interference. That which projected all these universes can very well look after it without your advice and mental assistance. Life is the greatest miracle and Tat, Twam, Asi. Be spontaneous and at joyous ease in Swa Lila. Wu!

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Memory

Sri Shunyata

Before we descend into personalities, let us briefly relate our premises. From consciousness, in bodily childhood, we descend into ego-consciousness and duality-play. Gradually the veil of oblivion enfolds us- and we move and act in the dream of "what ye call life". The illusory ego emerges and gradually it usurps, or overshadows the pure, integral consciousness. The pristine Light seems to fade and in the false Self-identification we aware divisions and duality- and we experience dis-ease, accomplishments and sin-complexes. The plurality world of phenomena appears as real. Concepts and facts are perceived as reality and truth. The conceited egoji begins to have memory and it struts in shakti-business and conceit of agency.

Such pampered self-expressions is really ego-expressions, a chronic and acute dis-ease of assertive, aggressive and effervescent ego-souls, but the integral psyche remembers its unitive mode of experiencing and there can be intuitive awakening and gleams of integral Wholeness also in the civilized jungle of mentality, emotionality and factuality. The intuitive light reveals our Self. Trust your intuition advises Wuji and Raman Maharshi, in the light of Arunachalam.

Egoji in their blinkered conceit of agency flutter and fuss in a desire-charged word-language and in feverishly assertive and competitive doings, because they cannot Be. They have no roots and no real existence. Their progress and their 'becoming' are really towards death, while the few always awaken to be integrally and consciously aware in what we eternally are: The I AM and that there is no real progress, no real becoming or begoing, no real bondage and no death of the Real, which we ever Are. There can be re-awakening into the reality of Sunya-Silence and of Wholeness-awareness. Gradually we re-collect our pre-ego memory and the returning mode of pure consciousness.

We re-become aware of, and in, our Self, the Eternal, also in time, in ego-fuss and in power-play of phenomena. The noumena prevails - the veils of ego-consciousness lift

and pure consciousness re-becomes evident and self-radiant. "We" are simply the ego-free Self-awareness.

Our early ego-memories are usually very trivial, though clever doctors of psyches and of ailing Divinity analyse and interpret them and egojis may treasure and re-tell them, yet the earliest ego-memories may be of some interest if they reflect the descent into the shadows and the dis-ease of divided duality-consciousness. In the shadows may be gleams of intuitive Light, traces of lingering memory. Memories of contrasts, of conflicts and of acceptance may reveal the due ego-usurpation and the due re-awakening.

Was it an "upward fall" we suffered in the Garden of Eden, the realm of pure consciousness? Inevitable no doubt it was, a kind of death duly repeated in every pilgrim-soul in this Swa-leela. But the lingering memory of the Real remains and there is no death of the Real that we Are. In spite of the shadows of the prison-house and our false Self-identification with our bodies, the light of pure consciousness remains. The calm intuitive light is mystic-clear in the Hridaya-Guha, Heart-cave, depth consciousness or realm of grace, within. It ever guards the Memory of the Real, and it is not affected by the shakti-antics of egojis and their artful play in the learned ignorance. The mystic clear light remains. It never was, but ever IS.

We all have (or are) consciousness before we have ego-memories, and recollection of this may persist during our life-play in actualities, dualities and ego-consciousness. It can be co-existing and non-clashing with ego-antics as Consciousness is non-dual One and ego-consciousness is a mode, a passing phase in Swa-leela.

Sri Wuji's childhood happened to be solitary and long among natural harmonies on a simple farm, in one of the most peaceful and most successful of democracies in the Middle-west. It was in the 19th century, before wars, technical, mechanical and scientific gadgets prevailed. Before the body-age of 7 there were but 3 or 4 trivial ego-memories, but consciousness was there simple, integral and mystic-clear. There was a living, integral and intuitive awareness still pure and unconscious of itself; contrasts and differences and the mentality of fellow-wayfarers had not yet impinged or contaminated with their sediments, poison and fearful dis-ease. There was living, joyful ease and

grace as before the fall into mere knowledge of opposites and duality play, the child-like before it grows childish. This graceful consciousness is akin to Self-awareness and can be co-existing with the usurping ego-consciousness in the inter-play.

Only because the childhood was harmoniously quiet and long and because circumstances and innerstances, influences and inherent tendencies, were sahaja, calm and natural, as contrasted with the succeeding waves of ego-values and duality-play, it may be interesting to aware, what was reflected of, and in, that pre-ego-conscious realm, when the impact and the shadows of egojis did come. By reactions we may gauge the quality of the Light and the quality of the Silence that "brooded over the waters" Self-revealingly.

Intuitively we remember, but mentally or artfully we forget our Self, but the Self does not forget us. It plays in and with us and may enjoy the play of hide and seek, find and lose awareness of Self. Mentally and emotionally we may remember the ego-tricks, reactions and events pertaining to the dream world of facts and phenomena. Disguised in false Self-identification we play in "what ye call life". "We are such stuff as dreams are made on". The Screen is the Reality and Tat Twam Asi.

Egojis cannot possibly remember or value the Life which comprises, justifies and hallows birth and death, but as egos mature and grow silent and die, the fatal ego-consciousness fades and is transcended in the intuitive light of Self-awareness.

Intuitively we recollect our Self. The ego-veils dissolve and again we simply are the awareness and can thus play gaily, freely and at joyous ease in the unitive, graceful leela, this time consciously aware in a second innocence, second childhood, free among "The quick and the dead".

From which centre do we live? From standpoint of integral wisdom, or empirical wholeness-awareness, there is Unity in and beyond Yoga and union, beyond the consciousness of the One. There is the grace of Maha-karuna. While from the view point of ego-love there is duality, subject and object, wars of opposites, and the play of the many changing and illusory forms. My body, my soul, my life, my relationship, my possessions. Who is the Me, the I, I, I, who has a life, a soul, a mind and egoji - to lose and to cherish? It is our ego-consciousness ignorance, which causes our grief, our fear

and our flutter. Self-awareness and integral living do not create a new Being, it but removes the simple as well as the 'learned ignorance'.

The integral wholeness and the grace and peace, that passeth intellect and effort, are revealed as our true natural sahaja state. The simplest way to be rid of grief, of fear and of shakti-business is to awaken integrally and so be the Self, simply, livingly and consciously aware. A still embodied Himalayan Maharshi discerned and proclaimed Wuji as "one of the rare born mystics" and reminded him "we are always aware---". We may all be mystics, but we forget our Self - and the rarity may be in forgetting less quickly and less completely, or not at all. Did Wuji retain really Self-memory - also in ego-play? He says that he cannot be thankful enough for grace, though each blessed day he is grateful that things are as they Are and that "What IS" is as it is, that he is as he is: That I AM is That I AM. He has no resentment or grievance-complex against Sri Bhagwan, and so he plays time-freely, ego-freely and death-freely.

It is true that his inherent tendencies - as manifest in his earliest attitudes, reactions and acceptance of things, environment and happenings, were intuitively mystic, even before the ego-ridden mind and ego-consciousness came into play. In his pre-ego state of awareness, he remembers a quality of Light and of Silence kindred unto that of which we aware and experience in the realm or mode beyond mentality, beyond ego-memories, a realm beyond thought and trying.

Perhaps Wuji had been a contemplative in other realm and other life-spans and there learnt lessons and endured tests and trials, so that he could re-capitulate quickly and discern essence and Wholeness, so that there was little need - or urge - to become, to progress, evolve or flutter assertively in the external activities. In his childhood's consciousness- of Light and values there seems to have been a certain positive passivity, a negative capability and receptive sensibilities, a certain calm and mystic-clear centrality, made concentration unnecessary and was not inspired, evoked or swayed by the power-play and artful doings of fellow-beings. He was naturally kind, sunny and unneurotic and his fortunate background, "set and setting" allowed him to preserve these qualities. He had a natural, intuitive adjustment and akinness to nature, a kind of spiritual radar, which enabled him to make fairly light work of the business of living. He lived intuitively and could trust his intuition, which probably had been tested and

disciplined in earlier life-spans. Life was too real, too whole and too graceful for excitement, enthusiasm and ecstasy; nothing to be solemn or sanctimonious about. Deeply, and stillly and word-freely he 'knew' (awared intuitively) all the time, also during the wanderings in the wilderness of civilization and of mentality, and what luxury not having to explain. The otherness was the Real Life, "The clear, calm sea or akasha-vast, as contrast to the choppy waves, and the froth of the ideal and the actual, the doings and wordiness. Being was more real than doing and becoming.

Silence was more Real than artistic 'creation'. The natural life was more spiritual and divine than the ideal and the trying one which had to be predicated and wordily enthused about. In clear, tranquil Being-awareness it was all simple and self-evident. The calmly radiant Light of unitive (*illegible words*) ...Wuji was awareness, the non-dual experiencing, simply and untryingly. No ego-wilfulness, no ego-conceit of agency. Be your Self consciously and integrally and abidingly, Be as you Are. This seems better advise than: "Become what thou art" and "Egoji - know thyself". We cannot know our Self or even realise our Self. Our knowing and standing under are mental, not experimental or empirical knowledge, and who can realise i.e. make real, what is eternally Real? Egojis 'know' but not livingly, intuitively or in 'poorna', full comprehension. Intuitive insight is wisdom beyond knowledge, beyond thought and time and ego. We all have intuitive Memory of Reality but ego-memories of events and exploits, of likes and dislikes and of the play of opposites, play upon the screen of integral depth-consciousness. Ego-shadows hide the Self-Memory and veil the Real. Opinions, ideas and ideals at their best, are but queerly distorted intimations and intuitions of that Reality in which "we live move and have our Being" and which we are all the eternal while, here and now, yet blinkered and veiled by ego-fuss in the dream of life.

If we go stillly, purely and deeply enough within, we conscire, comprehend and aware everything livingly, even the Self, Kailash and Kaba, The Tao, the Christ, the Self, are all awared livingly in the mystic-clear Turiya or Shunya Hridaya-Guha. Livingly, word-freely, purely, we aware in integral consciousness. The Silence guards the living awareness. You remain silent and it speaks. Egojis speak and It is silent. One flicker of ego-consciousness can hide the whole of God-awareness. St. John "saw God-head

but dimly, because faith still remains". He had to be "rid of every mist and stain of creature."

"To the pure all is pure." In the Light of Self-awareness our beliefs, our hopes and even our faith are sediments. They are the bars and hindrances - even "what ye call love" seems impure and murky in the radiance of Mahakaruna.

Though quiet and unassertive and introspective Wuji, even as a child, seemed to other ego-souls to be intelligent and practical enough in actualities and contented to be good, kind listener. He had early to help in farm work and later to earn his livelihood by handling earth and stone, trees and animals. With these there was living contact, a rapport and a correspondence, much less trying than with human fellow-beings; effort-free ease. But even among people around him there was usually the harmony of be and let be, live and let live, with little attempt at imposition and conditioning. The parents and neighbors were not very mental, artistic or learned. They were too near to nature and natural healthy activities to be psychologically dis-eased by theorizing, by power-antics or by idealistic gushing. Simple, sane and un'headuated' folks. Some of them wore wooden-soled clogs and were steadily balanced in habits and rhythm, so there was but little danger of a flight to heaven beyond the clouds, but some of them did find the way to the Heaven of Grace within their own psyche. Most farmers around Wuji in the last century were simple naturalists and Universalists in close, vibrational and magnetic touch with the earth and crops they cultivated, with the rhythm of changing seasons and the mystery of growth and decay. "A rising thing is a ceasing thing" and opposites are complementary whole, like two faces of a coin, but one can have a sure, mystic-clear, though unexpressed and unexplained awareness and acceptance of that "which IS". The ineffable, invisible Real and It's All-rightness. Artistic and artful expression is often a civilized dis-ease and not a cult of Ur or wholeness. Self- "Kulture" is in mature, integral awareness and Self-experiencing, while civili-sation may be a (due) dis-ease of mechanism, technology, scientific power-fuss and ego-antics, says Wuji.

The religion prevalent in Wuji's childhood setting was democratic tolerance, kindness and helpfulness, rather than dogmas, rituals and preaching of gospel-truth. There was a certain ballast and balance as on the middle way: Also economically, few had too much and fewer too little, but what people have and do may have of least influence than what

they are. So Wuji's childhood was spent in simple, natural and harmonious surrounding. He could not have chosen a better one, nor better parents.. "Always take peasant birth" says Wuji, and be near to the ground. The natural life is divine enough. Surely some of us are wise before we are born and so have a graceful prarabdhakarma - in the interplay.

It was not that his parents and associates understood "born mystic" except in their deepest Silence, the consciousness that is too deep for words and thoughts, but they did not fuss unduly in wilfulness or demands. They had the courtesy and charity and culture to interfere but little and to refrain from impositions, conditioning, and "benevolent bullying." There was but little attempt in shakti-business or power-play and few superfluous words were dissipated. In the ease of harmony there is no need for wordiness. The mental mania of trying to understand that which is known and experienced intuitively is a dis-ease. Silence is the eloquent language of the Real. Wuji innerstands.

So in the natural, calm background of childhood, there seemed, to him, to be no clear divisions and no startling changes in value and in consciousness. No strangeness even in the unfamiliar, no gushing enthusiasm and no wobbly mood of despair and boredom, fear - or envy -, but a simple intuitive acceptance of the One Life in the everchanging forms, a feeling of grace in the All-rightness of Being. In, between and beyond everything Life plays at joyous ease. :All and everything was alive, the stones, the trees, the good earth, -the air, the darkness, the everchanging modes of light and even fellow egojis, in strutting assertive and aggressive play, mystically right and lovably alive in the same life, unitive, vast and whole.

This dissolving of veils became an oft-repeated occurrence also in youth and mature age and the veils did not seem very thick or very real. The key to their dissolution seemed to be ego-stillness, not the Silence of sounds or even ego noises, (though outer harmony was conducive to clarification), but the silence of desire and of thought, the cessation of ego-consciousness. Ego is the veil, unreal but quite effective as a nuisance value. In the simple, time-free mode of integral awareness - it was as if I had lost its 'me' and was freely at home and at right play in life. There was no desire, no regret no wilfulness and no fear. All was simple and organic in the mode of becoming and begoing and of

unimpeded inter-play, unthought, unheld and beyond effort. Awareness IS. You and me are lost.

If sometimes life in forms came to Wuji in mystic-clarity - it was never surprisingly, startlingly or clingingly. He did not try to enter that mode of awareness or to retain it. "Do not want to remain in Sahaj Samadhi", Ramana Maharshi, later on, reminded him, but there had been no urge or desire to retain or to hold on or to re-experience. If the mystic, intuitive and unitive awareness was psychedelic, there was no sickly, vivid, intense or sentimental, in feeling and effect - no psychedelic clair-voyance, clair-audience or hallucinating about it - as in magic, siddhic and tantric tricks or in immature drug-imbibing. There was no effort, no conscious choice and no vivid intensity, no "shrieks of ecstasy", but simple, natural and intuitive awareness.

One mode of awareness was accepted and was felt as right and due as another, but, still, in the veils of duality and the choppy -frictional ego-play of "what ye call life", was the memory of the most real;. The carefree, desirefree, fearfree and death-free mode of unitive experiencing. In this natural mode of awareness all is accepted and there is nothing to regret repent or forgive. "Sin is behovely". Blinkers, ignorance and unawareness are due and behovable in the divine Self-interplay. It is Swaleela, and the so-called 'pairs of opposites' are complementary and constitute a whole. The concept "God" could not be without the devil as play-mate; there would be no play.

"Native red in tooth and claw" and the bullying, vulgarisation and brutalisation of fellow-men, suffering, torture, crime and the change of mode, which we call death: yes all is accepted livingly and simply as part of the unbroken perfection, a due and lovable mode in the whole-unitive Self. "If there is pain, let it be". It is also the Self and the Self is "Poorna" (perfect). Discord and seeming limitations are due part of a wider harmony, a vaster, and realer perfection, and are right and beautiful and lovable at their due time and place. "There is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so", so simply transcend thoughts and time and trying: Renounce egoji. Wu!

This sense of belonging, of at-homeness and of being lonely or alone in solitude, persisted and, in later periods of 'asuric' attacks and salutary ego-crucifixions, intuitive light and healing repose were often found in the inner Silence. Aloneness could often

be all-oneness and ego-free grace. The real acceptance and Real awareness have but little to do with submission, with tolerance or with 'putting up' with things, but rather they are related to vibrational Being, to sympathy, empathy and Self-I-dentification. Awareness of kinness breeds kindness and love.

Pride and humility played but little part in Wuji's rhythm and light of awareness in childhood days and in later interplay. There was no inferiority or superiority complex and no regrets or sin-complex or grievance-complex against Bhagwan. But a certain sensitive shyness prevailed in childhood, a tendency to withdraw, rather than seek company or friends, as if he sensed the discordant, lustful ego-vibrations, the febrile assertions, aggressions and 'benevolent bullying' of which he seemed to become an easy, passive victim. Patient enough when caught, but not seeking wordy intercourse, Wuji had neither the wish nor the faculty of facile and glib word-expression. He had nothing to express in wordiness and so he became a listener, as receptive, kindly and intelligently as he could manage.

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A Wuji "Biography".

Sri Shunya.

(Transcriber's note: This third one was written at age 84, and he repeats things written in the previous two. Ego-memory was not a faculty that he devoted much attention to, and we doubt that he ever enjoyed re-reading and editing what he previously wrote!)

"The strongest man is he who stands most alone!" This is a refrain Sri Wuji remembers from his childhood's consciousness in the Uttar, the "Ultima Tula". His body was but 13 years young at the time that Hendrik Ibsen's writing swam into his ken. He was solitary, happily alone, and without oral expression for his conscious awareness, the mystic pre-ego consciousness. Nor was there any urge to express, explain -share with or learn from others. Ego-consciousness was'nt very bumptious or assertive. In the pre-ego consciousness it does not exist and in duality-consciousness he was somehow free in it, as the integral consciousness was also there, co-existing and unclashing in actualities, ego-values and ego-fuss. He did not seek or accept external guidance, advise or help, but may instinctively or intuitively have sought and reached out for a kindred consciousness, kindred values, and ,kindred Life-awareness. In near by human fellow-travellers in consciousness he found no expression and no response and he did not mind this, as he seemed happy and whole in himself, alone - but not lonely or lonesome, when freely alone in harmonious nature. Aloneness can be allone-ness. The strongest, (not the most powerful) human being is he, or she, who is wholly integral and needs no human, better or worse half, or fragment, for fulfilment and grace.

At the age of 14 he found respòne and recognition in Gustav Flaubert's mystic grail poems and in some of Ibse's plays. After 70 years interval he still remembers the paradoxical lines: "Soul be faithful unto the last. The victory of victory is to lose everything. The loss of all constitutes your winning. Eternally you have (or are) all that you have lost". Also Sri Wuji remembers from that time, last century, Ibsen's last play, "When we dead awaken", which then reminded him of the Christ-conscious Jew's discerning: "The quick and the dead" among the so-called living and advised egojis, "Let the dead bury the dead". In gospel truths he found some essential statements, such as "Seek, find and experience ye first the inner realm of grace and all other things (and

No-thingness) will be automatically added unto you" and the quite vedantic statement "What ye have done unto the least among you, that also ye have done unto me", the indwelling Emmanuel Christ within all.

Sri Wuji as a baby, as child and adolescent, was quite an interesting guy, though perhaps not a subject or a 'case;' to the clever psycho-therapists, the learned doctors of psyches and of ailing Divinity, as there was no sin-complex or other psychic schisms, kinks or dis-ease, but rather an ego-free, word-free and sin-free consciousness, co-existing and unclashing with the usurping ego-consciousness and duality values in the Swaleela. Ananda bubbled up, in a kind of wholeness and Unity awareness, yet also, in ego-woes and ego-fuss in actualities. Consciousness, like Reality, is integral and divisions are mental and arbitrary, says Wuji.

The essential silent Maharshi at Arunachalam could discern wholeness and name him Sri Shunyata - "one of the rare, born mystics", and he reminded him "we are always aware Shunya". Who and what are - "We", and are we always consciously and integrally and essentially aware? Aware of, or in what? It is all innerstood and mystic-clear.

Rabindranath Tagore at Dartington Hall by the river Dart, and after listening to Beethoven's last quatret in F major, said unto Wuji: "Come to Bharat, to our Shantiniketan, Abode of peace in Bengal, to teach the music of Silence to the emotional Brethren there." The Yoga of Silence, like intuitive Yoga, Gupta Yoga and Maha Yoga, cannot be taught in wordiness or in academic lore, but by Being It, by the language of free, mystic transmission. Perhaps the intuitive Poet sensed a quality of Silence in the untaught, un'headuated' gardner, which would be appreciated and acclaimed by the Indian Brethren. Dakshinamurti had taught his fellow rishis in Silence - and the Christ-conscious Ramana Maharshi's chief radiance was in Silence. "Graceful Silence is the language of the Real" he said. It is in poetry and paradoxes that we come closer to the ineffable Silence of our Self, the Silence of mind, ego-wilfulness, and the freedom of desires.

Rabindranath Tagore's casual invitation to come to Shantiniketan and teach Silence in Bharat certainly gave Wuji - the idea, the notion of the possibility of such journey -and

push to go, alone and in simple trust, to India. At Dartington Hall the same year, 1929, he had experienced a major and salutary 'death' (Of ego) and a fulfillment of certain relationships. The kind of death in Life, which implies a re-birth into greater wholeness-awareness and grace. If we learn the art and craft of dying, now and then, from time to Eternity, it can become a salutary habit, conducive to psychic health and wholeness-, all-acceptance. Wuji was free to sally forth into the unknown, without plan and conscious purpose, -all in delightful uncertainty and with intuitive faith -that all is well. All weather is good weather, all happenings are to be accepted, enjoyed or at least endured - with good cheer -"step by step as thou goest the way will open unto thee". There is sure guidance. The inner Emmanuel also said, "Lo! I AM -always with ye, so be of good cheer." There was the inner Light of intuition and mystic clarity on the Way, we are the Way.

Shantiniketan was the goal of peregrinage, but the other thing was to sense, intuit and experience the Way, the journey and the various new realms of awareness, of consciousness and of culture. There was no axe to grind, no grade to make, no greed to give and to get, this or that, no quest of Yoga or of Bhoga, no craving for Guru or guidance, but just to move solitary through the various realms and sense one's perceptions and receptions, one's acceptance and reactions in the inter-play and interrelationship. Wuji was not lonely or lonesome in solitude. Aloneness - could be all-Oneness. Wu!

There was a vague notion of 3 months of holidays, of solitary wandering in cities, valleys and mountains in the simplest and cheapest manner possible, yet not in the later Hippie fashion. Wuji had not renounced anything, nor had he opted out of western conditioned values and he accepted all forms and phenomena on the Way. And so they also seemed to accept him at least let him Be. There were no friends or acquaintances on the Way to India and none in India -except the casual invitation to teach Silence. No letters of introduction - no help or hospitality to be expected anywhere except at Tagore's Abode of Peace.

So the simple "Mali" guy sallied forth slowly through the known France and Italy and then to the unknown Greece, Patras, Korinth, Athens and the Eulisian Mysteries. Then

to Alexandria, Cairo, Haifa and Tyre to Beiruth, Balbeck, Damascus and down to the Lake of Galilee, Nazareth, Jerusalem, Bethlehem and Jericho -and back to Port Said.

From Port Said by boat to Colombo. There was no hurry no obstacles on the solitary pilgrimage. Each day and each place were enjoyed and felt intuitively, Egoji was not bumptious or assertive and there was no strong dislikes or likes or predilections, but positive passivity, negative capability and sensitive, intuitive appreciation. No critical attitude, yet a certain apprehension of the external present India. The terrorists in Bengal. Bina Das had just shot at Jackson in Kalcutta and India was in political ferment, according to the press. Sri Wuji had safely 'died' and so had no fear of dying. Still he did not feel like T. S. Elliot's Magi. "I should be glad of another death".

A whole month was happily spent in Sri Lanka mostly in Kandy, Neuralia and anuradhapur. From there Wuji entered Bharat by the back door, Rameshwaram, Madura, Manjore and Madras-Adyar, and thence 3 days slow-train to Calcutta -and eventually Shantiniketan. 3 months had nearly passed by and the going was still good, but heat came upon the plain in April and, as there was no call, urge and need to return to Europe, and as Rabindranath and also Sir (*illegible*) Bose, had summer-residence in Darjeeling, Sri Wuji went thither during his first summer and Monsoon in India and to the first darshan of the snowy-pure Himalayas. The monsoon however was so damp and misty that Kinchinjunga was but rarely visible from Mayavati and Himavati. In October Sri Wuji descended to Calcutta at Puja-time and the whole month of November was spent in Burma, in Rangoon and on the river Irravady up to Mandalay and Bhamo by the Chinese frontier. Then the return to Calcutta and again -Santiniketan for some months, vaguely intuiting a return journey to West. Dr. Harry and Rebecca Timbers (Quakers) gave him written introductions to their Indian friends in Benares, Agra and Mathura. Until then Wuji had been diffident in accepting hospitality from Indians, but from that time he moved alone - in all-Indian setting. Already in Adyar he had donned Indian dress (Kurta and pyjama). On arriving at Howrah station from the South, Oswald Field (Anglo-Indian) invited him to his flat, but said urgently: "For Christ's sake put your shirt inside your trousers". With the 'native' it was different. His simplicity, adaptability and non-critical attitude, his unassuming mien and intuitive, friendly 'innerstanding' made him welcome, (invited or uninvited) guest -everywhere among Indians.

"We do not feel you here" (as a stranger or as an inconvenience). Be our guest as long as you like, where will you move from here? You must stay with our friends there. Kindly accept the fare thither. A sadhu gives by accepting, only his blessings are solicited. So Wuji never needed hotels as shelter or money for body's need of food fuss. That intuitive flair for the Real and freindliness, hospitality and gratitude were there towards -a simple, desire-free, lustfree and almost ego-free fellow-pilgrim from abroad, who could accept their simplicity and be at home with them. Sri Wuji had no axe to grind, no grade to make, no ambition to shine or to teach, nothing special to give or to get, except friendliness, effort-free acceptance and harmonious interplay.

Remember it was in the 1930s, no hippies, no tourists, no grab or greed for money values, no imitation of "Yankee Way of Life". Sri Wuji was not western conditioned in consciousness or in habits, learned or very respectable. He had no face to lose, no pride and no possessions to guard. In truth, egoji was not very bumptious or 'swell'. If he could respond gracefully to the three "G" strings, Gita, God and Gandhi, he could be gracefully at home with Indians, wherever he was invited -and gracefully at home with his solitary Self in all forms and interplay. There was no sin-complex- no grievance complex against Bhagvan no conflict between Yin and Yang or between innerstances and circumstances.

Everywhere in India Wuji was called "Sadhu", the Silent Sadhu, Suren Sena, Sunya Sadhu or Sohan Singh, even Mani Dharam and Vishnu Murti. Mohammadens called him Sufi or simply Fakir. This later, term-symbol he knew from Asia Minor or West Asia, but chiefly in the sense of magician, dervish or spell-binder, which did not seem to befit his type at all. But Fakir at its best is really the same as Sadhu, which he was told meant natural, simple, meek, ego-humble, unassuming and guile-free. This seemed alright, but that being a simpleton, an uneducated, unlearned no-body, could be a virtue and worship-ful in India, seemed at first strange and wonderful.

But simplicity, effort-free acceptance and glad recognition of what IS, at joyous ease in action and reaction and Self interplay means: no dis-ease, no itchy lust or craving, the freedom of no desire, no ambition to be different from What IS. Wuji had no sin-complex or guilt-complex. He was gracefully and very selfishly content with being,

with what he was and is. He was almost ego-free in the interplay. "Sadhu" is often translated into "holy man", but it should be whole rather than holy, anandaful rather than merely happy. However, Wuji was born so - and could not help it. It was no achievement, attainment, conquest or acquirement and so nothing to assert or to be 'proud' or swell and puffed about. In his sahaja natural guise Wuji seemed to meet intuitive contacts and friends wherever he went in India. He never stayed in hotels and very rarely in Dharamshalas. He was not very westerned conditioned in values, mind or habits and remember, in the early 30s, there were no hippiejis in Bharat and very few tourists. The officials were officious and stand-offish and did not offer or accept hospitality or familiarity in ordinary homes of the 'natives'. Wuji accepted and was accepted. He was often told, "we do not feel you here - (as a stranger or as an inconvenience), You are a Bharati , one of us. A Sahdu gives by accepting. We only need your blessing, your grace, your love."

So it felt nice to be recognised and considered as a Sadhu, a born Sadhu, a born mystic. No discipline, no ambition to become or to achieve, and no Guru-chasing or seeking were needed. "You have achieved perhaps in earlier life-span, you are in grace, an ego-free, Self-aware Mahatmaji." Saints recognise Wuji as one of them. Gyanis likewise a local "Avatar" Sri Ananda Mayi Ma called him Bhajji, Jhawahar Lal Nehru said, "He has paid us (Bharat) the highest compliment by becoming (or rather being) one of us." He also said that sometimes Sadhus (some of them) were frauds and thieves and parasites, but Wuji was a silent sadhu unasserting, accepting, happy and harm-free.

So Wuji was acclaimed as sage and saint and got names galore fastened upon him - Mani Dharma by Buddhists -sunya by the Advaita Vedantists, Vishnumurti by the Vaishnavites, Sohan Singh, Surya Sen, Silent Sadhu, Mahaja Sufi and many others to which, to fellow-wayfarers seemed fitting. The names, his peasant mother had fastened upon his body, were (unknown to her) meaningful enough: Ananada Intuitive Light, the indwelling Christ -and Serenity. All right, "what I AM to you -that I AM." And Wuji's egoji was not flattered or elated, nor dismayed or resentful by decorative or mocking appellations. Only when he saw Sadhu or Swami translated into European languages as saint and Holiness he felt that, though Saints and Holiness swarm in India, in Europe there is but one Holiness: Sri Pope, the vicar of God, and to be a cannonized saint there, one has to be safely dead for years or centuries (St. Joan). Holiness seemed to befit

Wuji no more than Fakir (in the sense of trickster in magic and occult crafts). He might feel whole, integral and yet at joyous ease, but not holy and not saint, in the western sense of these epithets. Holy Emmanuel and Heilige Sorensen would evoke and provoke "Kobenhavner Grinet". But then Sadhu is a general term-symbol and may mean simple, unassuming and often solitary living, and almost desirefree outlook and insight and it does not denote Yogi, Swami, Sanyasi, Chela or folks, who aim at holiness, Mahatmahood or Paramhansa Transcendentism on lotus feet or on intuitive wing. Of the 20 different kinds or modes of samadhi Wuji preferred Sahaja Samadhi, but he accepted all the different name tags proffered, for the time-being, but adopted only the name that the intuitive Christ-conscious Ramana Maharshi initiated him with. Sunyata means No-thing-ness and is what 'we' (as egoji) all really Are. Essentially we are name-free birth-free and death-free. When we are ego-free, I AM suffices.

So, Wuji toddled along in Bharat during first five years of the 1930 in delightful uncertainty, home-free and yet at home, and at joyous ease with the ever friendly 'natives' - whenever he moved - never in hotel and never soliciting but accepting hospitality and food wherever it was gladly offered - and mostly with simple folks and fellow-wayfarers, but also at times at Asharams with Gurujis, Acharyas and intellectuals. He did not seek the so-called great ones but let them happen upon him if and when it was to be, and it did happen. Bapuji Gandhi and Jawahar Lal Nehru family offered him their homes like the first Indian celebrity he met and there were others like Kashmiri Pandits, Runjru, Sapru, Kaul, Nehru, Maksar etc. S Radhakrishnan. Dr. (*illegible*) treya, Bhagwandas and his sons at Benares, Kaviraj and holiness like Sri Ananda Mayi Ma, Ramdas, Sri Narayana and Raman Maharshi who named him Sunyata "a born mystic -always aware" and to the general population he was the born Sadhu, a Swami, a Paramhansa Swan, who soared beyond ego and duality mode of values. A Self-conscious Bhagwan: a sufi -Rishi- Sage (and also a mere saint) - who all give -by accepting. So Wuji was never in quest of a guru and guidance -teachers or any kind of Yogas or of Samadhi -nor learned ignorance.

Five years went happily in the aimless and joyful peregrination before he met and stayed with Bapuji Gandhi and Ramana Maharshi but always moved in Indian setting, dress and company, though also often in solitary ananda. He was not very western conditioned in consciousness habits and values, and had now "gone native". Wu ha da!

Charles Andrews was the only Britisher, who had befriended the simpleton at Shantiniketan and there were the Canadian quakers Harry and Rebecca Timbers, who at Sriniketan first gave introductions to Indian friends. In 1935-36 the Jawaharlal Nehru family offered Wuji their homes in Himalaya and Allahabad and the same year he first by invitation went to stay with Bapuji Gandhi at Maganwadi, Wardha, and also with the Christ conscious Ramana Maharshi at Arunachalam and with Sri Ramdas at Mangalore and Sri Aurobindo at Pondi.

On his return from Arunachalam Sri Wuji visited Bapuji Gandhi at Maganwadi and there sang the praise of the Christ or Self-conscious Ramana Maharshi as a modern Advaita Rishi -and shortly afterwards, Mahadev Desai, J. C. Vumarappa, as well as Rajendra Prasad and Jamna Nal Bajaj went to have darshan of the Sage of Arunachalam. Wuji stayed with Bapuji Gandhi and his sons 4 times and likewise 4 periods of 2 weeks each with Ramana Maharshi at Arunachalam, and there, unasking and unsoliciting, got silent recognition, mantra and name also, by Ramana Maharshi called "one of the rare born mystic".

In 1936 Sri Wuji projected his own individual hermitage: sanctuary, or cave-home, in Himalaya, Karuna-Kutir, in which he lived richly and solitarily during 20 years -on Rupees 10, 15 to 20 monthly allowance from Indian sources, gifts freely offered and freely accepted from simple fellow-wayfarers, offered to a natural Sadhu as to their Self in that form. Yes, "unearned income", like many western conditioned egojis living unearned income -but with a difference.

In the Uttar West he could not accept money or provision-gifts and he felt acutely sensitive if he had to ask a favour from anyone. Yet in India (except from Anglo-Indians and "Angrezis" western conditioned way-farers) a gift to a Sadhu (a simple, pure and whole psyche) is a gift from their Self to their Self in the other form - not to be returned in kind. Acceptance in that spirit and friendly smile are a Blessing, and a Grace -and all that is hoped for and sometimes expected - by the giver. In Hindi -and in Tamil there is no equivalent word for "Thank you". This English is considered, formal and insincere by Indians.

"Come to Bharat and teach your Silence to our emotional Bengalis". You are a Sadhu, "one of the rare born mystics". You are one of us -in intuitive insight, innerstances and values. You are a Bharati and you pay us the highest compliment -by having become so-". Wuji does not feel that he has 'become' anything or has renounced anything. He regrets nothing and has no ambitions to become this or that or to be anything different from What IS. There was no sin-complex -and no quest of grace, of freedom, salvation or even of quickened awakening or maturing insight and oversight. No quest of guidance -achievement or attainment, no ego-discipline in order to control or conquer, no Yoga practice for power or health, no external Guru-guidance. No lust to give or get, no desire for name or fame, for power or possessions, no lust for sex, drugs, drinks, or spiced food. So many negatives - but just this blessed ability to be himself -contented, fulfilled, anandaful and kind. 'Appy and 'Armless, says Cockney Wuji: "Why renounce, repine -regret or condemn, when one can accept all and Be free in all one's tools and trials -all circumstances, innerstances and all Self-interplay?" he asks. He is thought-free and so he did not meditate in the sense of concentration, or shutting out thoughts or externalities. In the depth-concentration, "Forgoing ego - the universe grows". Ego-oblivion is Self-awareness. A state of ego-free contemplation or Sahaja Samadhi is easily induced or awared and also in solitary activities and dharmic play. Wuji never practiced Japa Yoga, tantric tricks or Kundalini rousing power-antics, nor Puja rituals.

Who is there to pray to? And what for? Sri Bhagwan is a Sabjanawalla and Prarabdha fulfils its Self, through egoji. Yes Sri Wuji was and is very pleased with, and in, Him Self - and agree that "whatsoever ye have done unto one of the least among you, that have ye done unto ME".

Wuji is equal with the lowest. Egoji and mind were not very swell, bumptious or aggressive. He agrees with Meister Eckhart when he says, "All our Being depends on one thing alone, to become as nothing". Ramana likewise said unto egojis: "You will find that your highest glory is where you cease to exist". The Sunya No-thing-ness is also the plenum-void, the Sunya fulness - and Ananda grace. We are that already and so need not "become" what we are-. Awakening into conscious, integral Self-awareness is all. Ego-oblivion is Self-awareness. Only the Eternal is Real-enough and Tat Tvam Asi. Awaken maturely and abidingly to Be it. Awarely, consciously aware, in integral

consciousness. "Seek -find and experience ye first the inner realm of grace and all other things will be naturally added in intuitive awareness." Intuitively seek find experience THAT which does not pass -in that which passes. The all is within your Self. The Eternal is in time- the whole in the part-play, the Sea in the dewdrop. The quint-essence is in all things and all egojis and the microcosm is within.

Health and harmony in bodies and in consciousness are our natural estate, yet we rarely sense, appreciate or consciously enjoy it until it is impaired or lost. It is likewise with God, Grace or Christ or Self. It is all around us and within egojis. Awareness is all.

There is the mature, abiding awakening into intuitive conscious and integral awareness of, and in, the unitive Self everywhere -and of the pure guidance and grace. How to be grateful enough for grace": asks Wuji, and to whom? or to what? Grace is not a thing or a quality we can earn, get or possess. It is what we ever Are-essentially and integrally. In the unitive light and grace of depth-consciousness we aware that "we" are time-free, ego-free and death-free - and so more than human, mortal egojis.

Sri Himalaya is gracious in all its moods during the 6 seasons and not least during the so-called winter, when the swarming Hippiejis are fairly tame and subdued. No mechanical jars, radio or television, no discontent or grievance complex against Sri Bhagwan, no mental or emotional strife, friction or power antics. So Wuji, in Himalayan rhythm, can enjoy each day as it comes along, aye each moment's grace,-in gratitude and joyous ease. No-dis-ease and very few human noises.

The real Silence is not of sound, however, or even human noises, but cravings-, desires and ego-willfulness. "Thy will be done" is not a prayer but a simple statement of awareness. The Will is ever being done, and ego-freeness is conducive of the grace that is joyous-ease in all due karmic and dharmic activities and all inter-relatedness -in Swaleela.

The Titiksa mode of approach and effort-free acceptance -of the All-rightness and the sure guidance in the Life-play is psychically salutary. We must endure our coming hither and going hence, Ripeness is all. Be patient and ego-humble to mature and so

awaken integrally. Let prarabdha karma fulfil itself in and through egoji. Swadharma has to be awared and endured - if not enjoyed and better so willy than nilly.

Such was Wuji's intuitive light of consciousness and values -already in babyhood - though there was no conscious awareness-, concept or expression of this -and none needed, no urge to express or explain, or even to get explanation or interference from other egojis. The pre-ego-consciousness was integral and as there were no contrasts -it could not be conscious of its Self -until ego-consciousness duly usurped and to some extent blurred the inner light. Still the two modes of values co-existed, unclashingly anandaful, and not mere happiness, ecstasies or fitful Samadhi, but something abiding, suffusing and graceful. The intuitive light prevailed and the mental was no trouble (nor emotional and physical tools) so ananda bubbled up healthily -also in the due ego-deaths (some minor and some crucial and salutary),. The art and craft of dying can be very salutary. One can learn to die now and then - from time to eternity -and thus experience that there is no real death. No death of the Real that we ever Are, the I AM, BEING-AWARENESS, Grace.

How did all this that is Wuji came about? What is the origin or source of the persona-mask or concept called Wuji ? We may have to go millenium back in the illusion called time, but we still only focus his appearance in this present life-span and the tendencies - and intuitive awareness he was endowed with as a babe (pre-ego consciousness) and his childhood's surroundings, circumstances and innerstances. He has revealed quite a lot to us from time to other, and though his term-symbols and word-play often seem typical Wu-language. It is all mystic clear to him -probably because the intuitive light was there within and around him and enlightened his conscious and unconscious awareness, and his steps and directions- on the Way, the simple Tao. So there was no need or urge to lean upon other way-farers, or to ask their advise. In positive passivity and negative capability the questions and problems, if any were answered and solved -from within -in the light of integral depth consciousness. Ego-consciousness duly emerged and usurped - but not until 7 years of body age and never wholly. Egoji was not assertive or bumptious in likes and dislikes - or in craving wilfulness - nor in any lusty curiosity to know, to excel or to become this or that. He was singularly contented and at ease and is very pleased in and with him Self. So although there were deaths galore, minor ones and crucial, and salutary ones, there were no outer, dramatic, emotional and tragic

events. No ambition, no inner urge to become 'learned', swell or "proud to meet Ye" - and so no frustration, no envy, no inferior or superior complex, no sin-complex and no grievance complex against Bhagwan. There was singularly little imposition of conditioning -but acceptance and awareness of the essential All-rightness of things and events and of sure guidance.

How to be consciously and abidingly aware of and in - the Ananda Grace that is within and all around egoji? How to be grateful enough for grace -for unity awareness, Self-awareness, Ananda awareness. Ego oblivion is Self-awareness. We can be ego-still and ego-free and so ananda bubbles up. We can live spontaneously (in Self-controlled spontaneity and joyous ease) says Wuji -no trying, no wanting even to remain in Sahaja Samadhi, no ego desire, lust or predilections. The Para Brahman is in every one and evrything -and one has only to look within himself to realise this. The Real Guru is within; the indwelling Christ Emmanuel and no human can be the real Guru. The human mortal egoji is born with his Guru -the Self and the Maha Nam within. It is ego that prompts a man to assume the role of Guru for accumulation of mundane values. Guruism is a source of exploitation of the innocent man in the name of religion (or of spirituality says Wuji).

At present he consciously and innerly enjoys the pure akasa, the serene Himalyan days and nights. The snowy Devi-peaks, a hundred miles distant, seem to be very near in the Krishna-blue akasa. Like the blessed poor in spirit, they are always with us, though not always visible to the physical eye. We can hear the Silence from where issued the word made Flesh and Phenomena (Swaleela) and Be it -at joyous ease. Brahman exists as I AM, in every thing and every being. The Upanishadic saying 'I am Brahman' simply means Brahman exists as "I" and not i am Brahman. It seems that Himalayan nature at present practices Stillness and Silence -desire freely and fulfilled in contentment and grace. No shakti-business and few human noises. BE STILL and experience your integral Self, the I AM - or integral, pure consciousness, says Wuji.

The westerned conditioned Hippiejis do continue to swarm around Wuji, many of them as a contrast, or dis-ease and a nuisance value. They try to throw the Baby out along with the bath water and to engage in un-Himalayan activities, (or Yankee activities in Himalaya, Wu.) Yoga is in fashion among the adolescent and childish youths -specially

Hatha yoga -and the dangerous Tantra and Kundalini, occult magic black and white, in power-lust and ego-megalomania, but there are also some, whom Wuji calls ex-hippies, who have come safe and whole through and beyond the -druggy, sexy, confused and destructive ego-antics and psychotic stages. They are born more mature and intuitive and so escape the pit-falls, the ego-power lusts and the many bloated 'masters', who succumb to Guru-dis-ease. And as ever, there are some mature and pure psyches, who sincerely teach, practice and live -Maha Yoga, intuitive Yoga, Gupta Yoga, contemplative Yoga and Silent Yoga.

Like the local Lamajis, we have been balked regarding ego-correspondence ever since our return from Middle West. Ego-free sister, Leela of Greece does not respond to ego-letter except to fellow-travelers, who are 'on the way'. We also cannot cope with the demands for account of egoji's doings, prejudices, predilections and whims. Wuji considers Being to be more important than doings, ego-antics and lusty power-play. Wu: integral awareness is One, and, as the Wu-language appears in the "Call Divine", he has subscribed to this monthly for friends in India and abroad..Sri Shahadri usually, in editorial and elsewhere, inserts a slice of Wu-consciousness in these issues. There can be word-free, effort-free and ego-free correspondence in Being awareness and grace. "Lo: I AM always with ye." So BE of good cheer", says the indwelling Christ Emmanuel.

So we let biographical notes regarding the mystic and intuitive Wuji bubble up spontaneously. At first he was very gruff and harsh towards us and the idea. Reluctant and grudgingly, but now, graciously, he has given its permission to happen, as it like the "Memories, Dreams and Reflections" the autobiography of Dr. Carl Jung, written at his body age of 83, will be about innerstances, rather than circumstances, about intuited and experienced realities, rather than about actualities, ego-antics, predilictions and fond prejudices. Carl Jung remarked: "Space flights are merely an escape, a fleeing away from one's Self, because it is easier to go to the moon, than it is to penetrate one's own being." But why penetrate? But awaken maturely ego-freely and abidingly into integral Self-awareness and anandaful Being.Wu!

The mystic pre-ego-consciousness is, to His wholeness Sri Wuji, more important than the pre-natal memories, as it is ego-free and integral and can be co-existing and

unclashing with and in -the duly usurping ego-consciousness, the power-play and ego-fuss in the essentially anandaful life-play. Swa-leela Consciousness (like Self, Life, God or Grace) is one, and integral non-dual One or Sunya No-thing-ness. Ego-consciousness is a due part-play. (A dis-eased, blinkered and dull phase or mode, says Wuji). The clever doctors of ailing Divinity and of psyches are often mentologists, - and discourse in "learned ignorance" about soul and Self and Suchness, and about the Holy-Ghost and the Ghostly Whole.Wu!

They prate about super-, sub and supra-mental consciousness, collective consciousness and Unconscious awareness-, and there are paranoia, psychosis and schizophrenia galore, - all arbitrary names for modes of integral consciousness - that we are. In ego-free contemplation, Sahaja Samadhi and various Satories-, we can touch essence and Ur-ground of all. In mind-free dreamfree sleep there is unconscious, unmental awareness - as also in body-death and in the many various modes of Samadhis. Certain drugs may also induce ego-freeness-, inner space-travel - and the mystic, integral experiencing, - but few egojis are mature to die into It except momentarily and temporarily, says Wuji.

In the ego-play he may mention 'affectionate detachment" - rather than rejection or non-attachment-, but, essentially there is no real divisions, no Real detachment, no real choice for egojis and no Real death of the Reality that we ever Are.. Sri Wuji may play lightly in word-symbols such as delightful uncertainty, Self-controlled spontaneity,- the wisdom of insecurity, the freedom of no desire-, no ego wilfulness and no conceit of agency. It is his mystical, paradoxical Wu-language. He says that in poetry and Paradoxes we get near to the ineffable Silence, out from which issued the Word-made Flesh and Phenomena - and divine Self-interplay. He plays lightly in terms and word-symbols, as there is nothing to be solemn, sanctimonious or Pandit-faced about in Swa-leela -Wu!

"The Sun has spots",say the learned scientists, and the spots, like the scientists, may be part of the Unbroken Perfection and divine All-rightness. Why focus the spots and the seeming faults and blemishes of things and of fellow-wayfarers in destructive criticisms and condemnation? - and not aware the essence, the wholeness and the Self-radiance - of the Sun and every blessed Son of Man-, everything and everybody? Why harbour

grievance-complex against Sri Bhagwan? He (or she or It) must love egoji since so many are projected in the Life-play, the Swa-leela. They, hippiejis and all, are just as they are allowed to be, to behave in their prarabdha-karma-, and are lovable and 'right' in their own way, rhythm and inter-play. Why renounce and regret, repine and flounder in hate, resentment-, fear, suspicion and mockery-, when one can accept and enjoy everything as one's Self -? Re-cognise the Unity-, the All-rightness, the Self-interdependence and the Self-radiance of every thing and every body-, also in dis-eased, discordant and megalomaniac egojis, says Wuji.

Recently he has been subjected to a kind of asuric attack from a westerned-conditioned Hippie-Head, who is allied witha Naga Mahant, tantric tricks and black magic against our Ridge-Harmony, and also allied with the mighty Bhagwan Sri Dollar! Wu!
However His Wholeness and Sri Essence seem to be immune to the assaults-, so the missiles may 'return' to the sender, like a faulty addressed letter. If God did not have the Devil as play-mate, there would be no play-, he would also have to be invented. It is by contrasts and differences that we appreciate God-, Grace or Self and Be more consciously aware of Reality-.Wu!

Sri Wuji was startled by the word 'always'. Are we always consciously aware? he mused, and who or what are "we"? We suggested that "we" are consciousness, integral consciousness,-and that in depth-contemplation or depth-consciousness, we are always integrally and consciously aware. In ego-freeness "we" are the Awareness, the integral and non-dual experiencing, or IT is us: Wu! "Your highest glory, egoji, is where you cease to exist".

Pre-ego-consciousness is integral but naturally not conscious of its Self, not consciously aware as there are no real contrasts. It is by contrasts and difference that we are aware and realise.It is by experience of, and in, Hell that we realise or aware heaven within, all things and our Self everywhere. It is through our illusory sin-complex that we realise the ever-present grace of wholeness and psychic health/. It is through playing with the devil, the asuras and the powerful black, tantric magicians, that we realise God--,purity and integral grace.. It is as contrast to ego-play (lustful, wilful, and divisionful) that we aware and experience Selfhood,Unity and mature abiding Grace. So "sin is behovely":

Blinkers, ignorance and unawareness are behovable in the graceful, anandaful Swa-leela. "How to be grateful enough for grace"? asks Sri Wuji, "and to whom?" Wu.

Egojis are not interested in pre-ego consciousness, but Sri Wuji finds it, and the recollection of it as a state of experience, and living awareness, more important than memories of "past lives", earlier life-spans and egoji's exploit in these, specially as this integral pre-ego consciousness was, and is, coexisting and unclashing with the duly usurping ego-consciousness -and duality-values..It is not egoji that remembers, or recollects, as it was not there, not even as a shadow. It is rather the integral Self that remembers its Self -in the state of Unconscious awareness - and ego-consciousness is a due part-play in it. At one level of consciousness duality divisions and ego-play, reigns supreme. In another mode of awareness these do not matter and are not Real - enough. One is free in them aware that the play is Swa-leela and that the interplay is anandaful and graceful. There is unity, harmony and all-suffusing grace in Swa-leela. In truth there is a third stage, or mode of Self awareness, in which egoji does not exist - even as a shadow or a nuisance value, but Sri Wuji will not explain this to egojis. Those who know this (experimentally) - know, and those who do not know - cannot be told. So mum's is the word. Already in the 1920s Sri Wuji sighed: " O! for the luxury of not having to explain."

However the second mode of conscious awareness, in which egoji, sex, and duality "do not matter", can be experienced, practised and lived --and even expressed in word-symbols, though, of course lightly, playfully and in Self-controlled Spontaneity - not lustfully willfully or tryingly. Effort, reason and egojis that were helpers in duality play and in the ego-fuss, are bars and hinderances- to mature, abiding, integral and conscious Self-awareness and graceful anandaful Self-interplay. Wu!

Sri Wuji has lived playfully and intuitively Himalayan India during 42 years and is thus half a Bharat-wala. As such as a Guru-free and Chela-free Sadhu, he has accepted and treated by Indian brethren on the strength of what he IS--, or seems to them to BE--- a Real Sadhu. "What I am to you that I AM-" says our local Avatar Sri Anandamayi Ma. Rabindranath Tagore, by the river Dart in Devonshire called a simple, uneducated peasant boy to Bharat and his abode of Peace-, there to teach his Silence, the graceful

Sunya-Silence-, and he has chiefly done by Being IT. There is the language of Being (whole rather than holy) and there is the intuitive Self-radiant language of Silence, a la Dakshinamurti and his Christ-conscious Sri Ramana Maharshi, who discerned and recognised in Sri Wuji "one of the rare born mystics". These languages, these words free communions and transmissions, are known and lived in Himalayan India - and so Sri Wuji has lived his solitary and anandaful Sadhana, and Indian Fellow-wayfarers respect his rhythm and light of awareness, his prarabdha karma --and Swadharma. Not so the swarming Hippiejis and shakti Hippie-heads and other western- conditioned souls in Himalaya, most of whom do not conceive the concept: Sadhu, sadhana, sahaja samadhi or ego-freeness, or they fear the aloneness that can be all-oneness. In the ego-chatter there are often semantic muddles, misunderstandings and non-understandings of words used and abused. A sense of humour can be a saving grace if our various brands of fun and light play do not clash rather than being mutually perceived and innerstood. Often only our prejudices and predilections meet - or clash, says Wuji. Wu suffices. Wu!

(Illegible sentence)... them. There has been 35 years of friendly relationship and grateful, intuitive interplay. He awares that when you in intuitive contemplation, contact the ego-free depth-consciousness or indwelling Christ-essence all is accepted, all is forgiven - and it seems strange not to forgive and not to love in empathy, compassion and "participation mystique". The Self, God, Christ or grace is awared - everywhere - and there is nothing to forgive or to regret. The sense or awareness of the All-rightness prevails and it is strange not to rejoice and to love the All as one Self in this and that form and Self-interplay.

Officially Sri Wuji is in Mouna, word-silence, within the Turiya sanctuary, though there is vow-freeness as well as ego-freeness, and in company, of human, mortal egojis, he is chiefly a listener - of the Sunya Silence in and beyond all egojis, who are vociferously asserting their blinkered, subjective truths, impulses and whims. If, on tape records we happen to hear our voice we are often surprised and dismayed at the timber, lilt and cadence-quality, as ordinarily, we do not hear or mark these. Our laughter and what makes us laugh, often betray a swell and bumptious egoji (see Henri Bergson's "Psychology of Laughter"). We may aware and realise our differences, beautiful and rightful differences, but these may not be complementary and even

compatible,incapable of co-existing or of being true at the same time.. Your play, role or project at present may be 'right', because it is your prarabdha-karma to act and project yourself (egoji) so. Ours may be different and diferently right. Wu!

You cannot make use of the impersonal Sunya,or Turiya- (*missing words*) in the mature Himalayan Silence, is here and now in outer and inner sanctuaries. Like Grace it is within our Self and all around egojis, and can be awared if we let no fear, suspicion, hate and ego-wilfulness blur and dull It. Drop egoji, says Wuji, or be ego-free.Let's accept things and fellow-wayfarers as they are- and Be at joyous ease discerning their essence,- their rightness and their wholeness. No accusations, re-criminations or destructive antics, but discriminate and aware sensitively how our actions, reactions and ego-projections affect fellow way-farers and their rightful dharma. What we hate is as binding as what we love. Accept gratefully,ego-humbly in the Titiksa mode - and, also probe and take guidance from our deepest,intuitive contemplation in depth-consciousness. Though there may be doubts and "delightful uncertainty" at times - be faithful and true to your Self and the intuitive light unto your Self-, egoji" Wu!

"To thine own Self be true and it will follow - as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man." Find your own i-dentity: Who am I? Why am I here? Whence and whither-? Swadharma is our chief,true and real concern. But one thing is needful: The ego-free experiencing - and there is no problems, fears or conceit of agency. Ego oblivion is Self-awareness-- and is also death-freeness. There is egoji's prarabdha karma, but "step by step as thou goest the way will open unto thee." "Lo! I AM always with you, so BE of good cheer," says the indwelling Emmanuel Christ - or the Self. "Your highest glory, is where you cease to exist." Wu!

Space flights and objective research in externalities are merely an escape, fleeing away from our Self and everybody's Self, the universal, central essence ,the Chjrist -or Emmanuel, that is always with us - egojis. It is easier to go to Mars or to the moon than it to aware and experience one's own Being and central essence. To recognise, aware and experience God, Self - Grace or ego-free consciousness is to be It - consciously. That which recognises is within ourselves,aye is our Self. We do not realise (i.e. make Real) that which Is - Ever Real. But one can awaken maturely to re-cognise and experience one's essential nature, one's integral and universal Self, or indwelling

Christ. Court the ego-free depth-consciousness, advises Sri Wuji. It is true that we can seek, find and experience -THAT which does not pass in that which passes-, but It must be awared first within our Self -and then everywhere. That which re-cognises is within-: It ever innerstands.

Do we have TO RENOUNCE AND DESPISE THIS LOVABLE, beautiful and anandaful world to become spiritual -or to be saved, liberated or illumined? asks Wuji. He again quotes Siddhartha Gautam Buddha. Buddha said: "Do not complain or cry or pray, but open your intuitive eye and aware things and your Self essentially and integrally.. The Light is all around us you and within, and It is so beautiful, so wonderful and so far beyond anything you have ever imagined or dreamt of, and It is - for ever and ever". The Christ-conscious Jesus ben Joseph concurred: "If thine intuitive eye be single and whole, thy whole body, aye all bodies will be awared as brimful of Self-radiant Light."

The natural, the sahaja, intuitive simple and spontaneous is the spiritual ,says Wuji. Samsara is Nirvana. The whole is in the part-play. The sea is in the dew-drop - and the Microcosm is within. Aware your Self, the Eternal - in the temporal and the everchanging phenomena. Your Self is All, the No-thing-ness, the invisible and the visible Real - in all forms and Self-interplay. You cannot renounce your Self, but you can renounce egoji or realise and experience your Self in egoji and, so, Be free in it and in illuminate, effort-free Self-awareness. Wu!

The Real Guru is the Self, the indwelling Christ, though egoji may crave a visible, personal and individual Guru -God for guidance and support. Hence the Guru is initially sought in the outer world of activities and affairs, and found with form and name and locus in the temporal order, in some human form and with some personal identity, but, with the mature awakening "There is need neither for the Guru nor for the disciple -apart from the Self, or the Being of and in the Self." It carries the need of those, who are in constant and abiding unity with it. "Seek, find and experience ye first the inner realm of grace and needs will be added unto you." No need to go elsewhere for this consummation. "Consummatum est.", not only on the ego-cross but all the eternal while, conscious awareness is all. No special robe or distinction - or pretension of Guru-ship for the supreme, integral consciousness in human form -moving

unassumingly and unpresumptively among us. Truth cannot be achieved or possessed by egojis. It is with us and in us since we came into this LIFE-PLAY. Swaleela.

The Guru-Sisya concept is prevalent to-day, but Para-Brahman is in every one and one has only to look within to experience this. No human being can be Real Guru. It is egoji that prompts a man to assume the role of Guru. Ramana Maharshi never posed as a Yogi, Guru or orthodox initiator to any body. Likewise J.K. and Ananda Mayi. "Aham Brahmasmi" and "Soham" are anticipatory declarations: The experiencing is anandaful Silence.

Reasoning or intellect, can neither give an answer, nor reach the goal - of Self-inquiry. It can prove to itself its own inadequacy for the purpose. "You are not only a part of everything, You are everything. You alone Are", says Wuji. This one experiences when mature and sincere, sustained effort reaches ITS LIMIT, COMES SO TO SPEAK to the brink and grace takes over. One must dare the Cloud of Unknowing, or the existential leap into the Unknown, the integral depth-consciousness. Egoji must be ripe, ready and mature to say Yes to its own annihilation. Ego oblivion is Self-awareness.

The Vichara is not asking the question.-"Who am I" in so many words, and giving intellectual replies. It means rather turning inwards with a sincere urge to aware and to experience one's Real I-identity, remaining intuitively alert in a state as free from thought as possible -(be free in them, when they arise. Let them pass). They only hide the integral, invisible and ineffable Real, which can be aware and experienced. Wu! The Christ-conscious, or Self-aware Ramana Maharshi dispels doubts now as before if you turn to him in all sincerity. He is our Self and Is -- like Grace or Christ, all around and within egojis. Awareness is all -conscious, integral and abiding Self-awareness.

"What happens when you make serious quest for Self-awareness is that (*the*) I-thought, (*as*) a thought, disappears. Something else from the depth-consciousness takes hold of you - and it is not the ego-i, which commences the quest. It is not the ego, but the import of I, the real, universal Self. Sadhana, at a certain stage, is a succession of ups and downs and each down may lift us up higher-,depending how we may tackle it. "The dark night of the soul may reveal the intuitive Light that never was on land or sea,

because it ever Is. "The cloud of unknowing" is an inevitable mode of experience in which we unknow egoji and its 'learned ignorance'. One reaches out with the ego-mind and intellect, as far as they can go - and then remains positively passive in intuitive alertness and "relaxed as if under water-, letting the sea of thought-waves pass over one." So can thought waves pass till all is quiet, serene and Self-illuminated. BE STILL to experience the I AM.

Wuji's God is absolute and unrestricted as "He" pleases and as you think, conceive or imagine, and the God of religious belief is subject to limitations - for "She" is the God who is contained in the heart of things and of humans. But the absolute God is not contained in any thing. If the worshipper understands or innerstands the saying of Junaid, "The colour of the water is the colour of the vessel containing it", he would not interfere with the beliefs of others but would perceive and aware God in every form and in every belief. I AM not this body. It grows old, and its structure changes. It disintegrates, but I AM still I. I AM not these thoughts, they come and go, they pass through my mind and go out, but are not me. The ego-ridden mind and mind-ridden egoji what is the difference? asks Wuji.

What then am I? If it were a mere mental question, it would not be much value. The entire mind must focus its Source, and keep it steady poised in intuitive Self-awareness. It is hard for a 'mental' person to perceive that his own 'self' (egoji) his intelligence, his I-ness, is not him, but that all IS the universal Self, Self-luminous Infinite Now. Owing to the "I am the body" or "I am the mind" ideas, death is feared as being the loss of self-identity. Birth and death pertain to the body and the ego-mind only. Ideas, concepts and names are superimposed on the Self. Once news of some body's death was brought to Ramana Maharshi. He said: "Good! The dead are in deed happy. They have got rid of the troublesome overgrowth, the body-, (the mind, the ego). The dead man does not grieve." The survivors grieve for the man that is dead-, but really for their own egojis.

As egojis we live in parts and particulars, in successions and divisions, never integrally in wholeness-awareness or in purely intuitive consciousness. Ego-consciousness is a process in time-succession and therefore not a reality at all-, but "anata". The immortal and invisible Real is never a part of it-, yet in it, form-freely, time-freely and ego-freely. Thinker, thinking and thought is a process ever proceeding, but never arriving, because a

process of becoming never becomes. Yet there can be a non-mental and experiential knowing, or conscious awareness, in the state called BEING-AWARENESS-GRACE. Henri Bergson's deep longing was for the full revelation of intuitive immediacy. He stated: "All forms are a snapshot - a view of transition". But while thinking he had got rid of space, he was caught in a kind of dynamics and also absoluteness of time. Time being inherently succession could never be duration. The tragedy is that human egojis do not know what is binding and blinding them. "He who awares (only) the space time illusion around him as real goes from death to death". (Gautam Buddha) -,i.e, from birth to birth, from life span to life span in ego-consciousness and in duality-play. The word-symbol Buddha denotes the fully awakened one. The whole, complete, integral, intuitively enlightened MAN. This of course includes woman; The feminine truth and light of awareness awakened wholly into the intuitive light of conscious Self-awareness.

The Self-revealing intuitive light, "that never was on land or sea", because it ever IS, is not dual. The Real is not dual, though it plays in and illuminates actuality. Life is not dual though it plays in ever changing forms and phenomena. Death and Birth are complementary opposites, while Life, Light, Self, Karuna-Love (or Co-passion) and Ananda-Grace, has no opposites, but plays in all the complementary opposites. Consciousness also is singular, not plural. Egos aware many different bodies and things and think of consciousness as plural. Ego-consciousness is a phase, a due, blinkered dis-ease, in the whole says Wuji, and yet the Light that led astray was Light from Heaven.

If all the suns and stars were to be extinct, still the Source of Life would bubble up as eternally as it does. You who would fathom all the forms, and functions of Life, but forget its Source, seek just for once thy Self, thy God: Be ego-still. In the Jewish Bible of Jehovah (Je ho-wa I AM) says, "Be still and experience that I AM is God." Stillness is the requisite for the realisation, or rather re-cognition of the Self as God and Grace. Ramana Maharshi said, "The whole Vedanta is contained in the two Biblical statements "I AM THAT I AM" and "Be still and experience that I AM is God." Not only seek, find and experiment, but Be the experiencing. Wu!

Thus spoke Wuji: Do ye get our thoughts, written and unwritten? As you are here in the cosy Hridaya-Guha, they have not far to go. All our real friends are here, so we do

not specially crave their body-presence. You may be clairvoyant and clairaudient in the invisible Real -and intuition will help you to keep ego-freely and consciously Self-aware. Self-conscious Presence is more than speech and activity. Being is more than doing. Silent,prayerful and graceful Love is more than body-presence and ego-cravings to do -and to be good. All is well. All is good because "God" is All. If you are destined or chosen to do a particular thing, it will be done and better so without your ego-conceit of agency. Be still to reflect purely that which IS. Its will is ever being done, also through egojis. Stillness, wholeness- (unicity) and Voidness are then apprehended as synonymous expression symbolized and described as crystal-ball mirror, the full, solid Emptiness, purely reflecting - that which IS:"

Sri Wuji is a delightful and unobtrusive play-fellow -and keeps the viking body fit and untired at 82 -servant-freely -time-freely and almost ego-freely we enjoy every blessed day in Himalayan activities; and at intuitive, joyous ease. The "asuric" attack by a megalomaniac Yankee Gal and Hippie-head has been withstood and survived also at joyous ease. Ghosts - or Wuji -made her vanish from the sanctuary during a whole month, and a lovely,graceful Peace descended upon it and us. In delightful, word-free and ego-free solitude we build walls and hedges from 6 to 9 A.M. and generally tidied and cleared up the destructive Hippie-mess. The Yankee Hippie-head, who bought the Himalayan sanctuaries may destroy it all again, when in the mood of such exercises in Hippie truth and Yankee culture - and in her case 'Naga- antics,.'

Hippijis do swarm and are often a discord in the Himalayan Harmonies. Cats and chicks usually also keep dogs that bark and bite - and there is often the Hippie-mess around them and within -themselves. Hippie-heads not the least so in relationship with the 'natives', whose guests they are. They are tolerated though they are usually blinkered in westerned conditioned values. No objectivity -no empathy, no co-passion - or Unity-awareness - in the ego-hippie cult. Often the baby is thrown out along with the bath-water, and only a swell, confused egoji is left. Wu!

Still it is by contrasts and differences that we appreciate and value things and events. How to be grateful enough for grace if there were not at times, these dis-graceful and unhimalayan activities around us by the western conditioned hippies and their shakti-hippie-heads? They have their nuisance-value, says Wuji, but we suspect him of being

knee-deep in love with some of the young cats and chicks. Some he calls ex-huppies- and they open and are appreciative of his spirit-wuality-, his silent vibration and radiance. Some human,mortal egojis seem to be born more mature now-a-days, more intuitive and viable in the changing values,-more aware of essence and wholeness and so able to survive and even profit by the experiences in the druggy, sexy, adolescent stage--, and so be - artists in life - if not in forms. Intuitively they aware their inner I- dentity, the quint-essence and the unitive Whole,and so can conciously Self-aware also in actualities and dharmic activities ,time freee,ego-free and so also dharma-free and death-free. Wu! "Knee-deep in love", no we remember that Sri Wuji does not favour - or deal in the kind of love that egojis can make or fall into. His 'love' is Karuna-, Empathy-, Co-passion. He awares and loves our Self -everywhere. Wu!

The mountain city a thousand feet below our hillcrest aerie or eyrie, when we discend upon it, feels civilised noisy and stuffy. So we appreciate the cool breath from the snowy devi-peaks -on the serene ridge-crest; the mature, Nature-silence and dancing and singing in musical symphony and Nanda devi gives gracious darshan

As a due contrast to Hippie folks and other westerned conditioned fellow-way farers, also native avatars, Maharshis and Paramhamsajis begin to appear here among the already swarming Saints, Swamis,, Sadhus and Tantric Avatarjis. Sri Ramdas, Sri Gangotri Baba and Sri Nim Kharoli Baba have 'visited' us, and, last week this Viking- body -Wuji and I , bouncend the 9 mountains miles on bare lotus feet, no less than 5 consecutive after-noons, twice to have the darshan of a new avatar Haida Khan, whose chief attendant happened to be a Big Dane, now 'kristened' Mitto Nath. The 108 Holiness seems to be at home in a body of 20 or 25 years. He has been in the outer world only some 18 months. Sri Wuji was charmed by his eyes, his smile and his Silence, in truth, by his whole Being, appearance, deportment and ego-free or ego-humble mein. He kept wisely mum, but M. praised his voice and his saving grace of humour. He seemed to us a Bhaiji without guile or pose: whole and at--Home in his bojdies and his dharmic Life-play. May his wholeness be immune from Guru-disease. Perfect Poise is Sahaja Samadhi and the Guru, who is God incarnate, works from within each of us. Grace is another name for God. SI-VA is Being-awareness, Grace - and Tat Twam Asi-. Soham. Wu! GNOTHI SEUTON.

There are many impersonal and time-free emissions which have bubbled up in Sri Wuji's Himalayan, contemplative consciousness --during the last 20 years. They do not date much, but really wrote themselves through him in spontaneous contemplation after 50 years of inability and non-urge to express or explain the ineffable, which cannot be known, but can be experienced and lived at joyous ease. At first they were evoked by a few friends in the Uttara, who favoured the born mystic's rhythm and Wu-language, but with no thought of publication or of understanding, reply or response. Written to our Self, the naughty word-symbols I, ME MINE do not occur. We innerstand.

Sri Wuj's ego was not very swell, bumptious or aggressive even in childhood and adolescence and there was no ego-urge to express, explain or assert. Already in the early - 1920 he sighed: Oh! for the luxury of not having to explain. So during 50 years the un-headucated peasant-boy, mind and ego were chiefly listeners -to the song of life in things and in fellow pilgrims, sometimes in integral and intuitive empathy and 'participacion mystique'. There was as Sri Ramana Maharshi discerned and stated, a pre-ego-consciousness - and so no personal God-concept, father-complex or sin-complex, and no quest of any Guru-guidance, ego-salvation or 'Mukta-medicine', no sense of mental, arbitrary divisions, as in Dr. Carl Jung's autobiography: The No. 1 and No. 2 consciousness. These can be, and are, -co-existing and unclashing. Ego-consciousness is a due part or phase in integral Consciousness: A necessary dis-ease says Wuji.

"Sin (i.e. ignorance, blinkers and unawareness or egoji) are behovely, in the Life-play and all is well that to egojis seems most wrong-. All is good, because God is all. If there is pain let it be: It is also the Self and the Self is perfect".

It is in poetry and paradoxes and ego-free Silence that we get nearest to the ineffable-, name-free, that yet can be experienced and lived. Sri Rabindranath Tagore was the first Indian, who discerned, in the simple 'Mali' "a silent Sadhu" and urged him to come to his Home in Bharat -"To teach Silence". Ramana Maharshi, Ananda Mayi Ma, Ram Das, Sri Narayana, and other V.I.P.'s re-ognised his Being's Presence and its word-free Silence (not so the holy divine Ma in Pondi, nor J.K.). Now it gets recognition from westerned conditioned egojis. In Ramana Maharshi's body-presence 4 times, a few weeks each time, Sri Wuji asked him no questions, as there were no quests or

problems, no dis-ease and no dis-grace..But, the Bhagwan questioned Sri Wuji at the first darshan - and later there came upon him the direct, word-free and integral Self-radiance, that many egojis felt as graceful Ananda--,and once also the unasked, unsolicited and utterly unexpected 5 English word-symbols, which could be taken as recognition, initiation, mantra and nama.

The first darshan in 1936 would suffice, as that ego-free consciousness was, and is, awared and experienced in Sri Himalaya, when we are freely alone in all-oneness, but Wuji had not before intuited and experienced It so fully in any human fellow-pilgrim's body or egoji. The 4 'visitations' and subsequent events were to happen and, as R. M. says: There is no Real choice in prarabdhakarma. The timing, the meetings and the events are all due in the All-rightness of Swaleela. Sri Ramana is our Self -within and -everywhere.

Neither Ramana Maharshi, nor Sri Wuji were body-less, mind-less, sexless or egoless, but were free in these good and due tools in the divine Self-interplay. The intuitive Light reveals that bondage and egoji are delusive. "If thine intuitive eye be single and whole, thy whole body -(aye all bodies) will be awared as brimful of Self-radiant Light." "To the pure all is pure." (Christ.)

Sri Wuji favours Thomas Traherne's "Centuries of Meditation". To Thomas: "Eternity was manifested in the Light of Day and something infinite behind everything appeared, which talked with my expectations and moved my desire-". "So that with much ado I was corrupted, and made to learn the dirty devices of the world, which now I unlearn, and become, as it were, a little child again, that I may re-enter the realm of Grace."

Here two hundred years before Freud, is the idea that the infant has pre-ego consciousness, a sense of unity and integral Oneness with all, that it sees and feels. But from Freud's irreligious viewpoint any return to this state is regressive -, a weak and wishful abandonment of the restrictions and responsibilities of civilised, adult manhood, despite the fact that mystics in all ages have sought and regained this consciousness - often enough through the most arduous disciplines, and a few like Wuji are naturally born mystics. (*illegible words*) Jesus: "Unless you die and be born again ye can in no

way re-aware and re-enter the realm of grace. Art thou a sage in Israel, Nicodemus, and 'know' not this esoteric truth experimentally?"

It seems entirely to have escaped Freud's thought, that there might be an adult version of this vision, or mode of awareness, maturer than the infant's -and aware in its Self-, and, as in Wuji's life-play, co-existing and unclashing with ego and duality-consciousness. It might thus be that, ordinarily through the confusion of civilised education -(Wuji says he escaped headeducation and industrialised and scientific conditioning), this mode of vision and of wholeness-awareness is not cultivated and lapses therefore in to atrophy. This way of awaring the world comes too often to people of high sensibility and culture for it to be dismissed as regression or delusion. It can even now be induced temporarily by drugs and various Yogas.

Further more it becomes clearer and clearer, even to the austere view-point of the physicist and biologist, that the way in which we ordinarily interpret the reports of our senses are learned and to some extent conventional, products of education rather than of the organism itself, biologically considered.. If in physical fact man and his environment constitute some sort of unified or polarised field, why do we not feel or aware and intuit this to be so instead of feeling ourselves to be rather alien beings confronting a world? In the Genesis myth Adam and Eve fell from Grace because they attained "The knowledge of good and evil", which says in the plainest way, that they became distracted from Eden through concern with what is advantageous and disadvantageous in the environment. The Hebrew word for good and evil, in this context, mean precisely: The useful and the useless" for survival and what is not.

It would seem then that the fall from Grace and wholeness-awareness comes through an obsessive concern and continuous preoccupation with ego-pleasure and ego-survival, and thus it is logical for the awakener, or the re-gainer of paradise, to say: "Whosoever would save his life shall lose it". "Gnothi Seuton"-: Man know thy Self". "To thine own Self be true - and it will follow, as the night the day, thou canst not be false to any man." Others are thy Self or, as Ramana says, "There were no others". There is wrong identification of the Self with the body, the mind and senses,. If you proceed to discard them it is Neti. This can only be done by holding on to That which cannot be discarded. That is Iti alone". "The realm of grace is not awared by

observation, neither shall ye say "Lo here! Lo there, for the realm of Grace is within you-," said the indwelling Christ Emmanuel. It is awared or awakened into - within and then re-cognised everywhere. Mental and intellectual knowledge and under-standing is not enough. The realm of Grace, or (if you are a royalist) the kingdom of God) must be awared in the intuitive Light" that never was on land or sea", as it ever IS. It can be 'known' intuitively, emprically, experimentally, and is the experiencing in empathy, "participacion mystique" says Wuji.

The state of empathy is a kind of ego-oblivion or ego-freeness and is a salutary practice, says Wuji. If we can let egoji 'die' thus -from time to other, or from (*time*) to eternity, we can know, not mentally but in experimental truth, that there is no real death, no death of the Real that we ever are. Life is a non-dual integral whole -and not the opposite of death. Birth and death are complementary and alternating opposites.

Few human mortal egojis are naturally ripe and ready to accept and to experience the ego-death, or ego-freeness ,so crucial, salutary and abidingly as was the boy Venkata Ramana at the body age of 16 -and without outer Guru-guidance -or Yogic desires. Pre-natal and pre-ego maturity seem to be indicated, as also in the born mystic Sri Wuji. But in sincerity, patience and ego-humility one can court and experience the ego-freeness, that is also death-freeness, specially in solitude, -in the aloneness that is All-oneness. This is implied in Sri Mohammad's advise: "Die before you die". The art and craft of dying makes Artists in Life.

In "Bardo Thodol" "The Tibetan Book of the Dead", this yogic skill in action and in living is taught. The book is actually acclaimed by the Hippie-Heads and by them made into a manual of practising ego-death or ego-freeness, here and now, and this may be the esoteric import and meaning of "Bardo Thodol". "The Yogic art and craft of dying into integral Life-awareness, the tranmission from ego-'death' to the rebirth or reawakening, into total awareness. The one essential chapter - in the "Tibetan Book of the Great Liberation" (or awakening), that is entitled "The Yoga of Knowing the Mind" - --really belongs to "Bardo Thodol and is quintessential, summary of the whole book. You cannot 'know' or 'see' the Mind , your Self or Reality-, but the Experiencing can be lived at joyous, graceful ease. The individual organism is not merely itself bounded rigidly by its own skin, mind and ego-consciousness. Its identity is also the whole field

which in mystic term-symbols is to say that it is one with the universe and with the system of immortal Life-and-Death. Concern with individual survival fades away -and the dust of busy anxiety settles.

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