

"Kali Mat" 1

Dear M. S. De Roerich

Almora U.P.

9-1-58

greeting to Naggar Royalty - from regal
Almora - and from a fierce Viking - Brother who
rejoices in his stronghold here - You live with
me here, and so there has been but little urge
to write - Silence is golden and specially its
quality here beyond Almora is rich - I have
sent you much winged gold, which may be
more useful than silver speeches and
mere scribble. The real is ceaseless
experience and maya is to cease that experience
in order to talk of it - ? We often assert and
argue because we are not sure enough, and
even artists in forms and in momentary
heightened consciousness - are their works not
often a *pis aller* a second best - an apology
for not being able to live their Reality as
artists in life - ? We are - Self-revealed
- everywhere, - Self-evident to the "trained"
intuitive perception - Could we but clarify
wake up into steady central Awareness -
and thus radiate - and see in effortless ease

How are you faring? I trust that health
and harmony suffuse the various relationships
and bodies, so that they prove pliable tools
for the Self in the work due - We are being
used and lead - so surely in the marvelous
play of life, and when we are in the light

we know - livingly the Dharmaic rightness, the inevitability and the Beauty of it all -.

The whole is also in the part and if we go deeply and centrally enough we can know - everything - all that we need to know - The Sun smiles knowing well its strength and also we its children can radiate and exchange the smile of life -.

Do you know our Almora realm? You would love it. The keynote is all round Harmony, - colour, lines and moods - vibrations, atmospheres, & climate all are ideal - in our vastness and serene peace - . We are rarely more civilised and officialised than you in Naggar, and but seldom do we see a "foreign" face even in Almora. About a dozen Western and Northern souls have made their lofty nests here, and they are accepted - at home and no longer "foreign". You may know some of them - special my near neighbours the painter artists Earl and Achsah Brewsters, who are about to have an exhibition of their paintings at Allahabad under the auspice of your Centre of Art and Culture.

They are free and cultured souls and I spend rich days in their lovely home - as model and as friend. Our German Buddhist Bracharya Govinda - and his mother you will know as painter and writers. Mrs Boshi Sen (Gertrude Emerson) and the interesting group of western born souls at Uttara Brindaban - some 15 miles northward.

Matangi Chacravarti - Krishna Prem (Prof Nixon)
 Prof. Poole - Capt Alexander & c.

Rabindranath Tagore spent last summer with us - and Mr. Arnold, elder son of Sir Edwin, rented Kali Mat - at holy 'Kasar Devi'. Dr W. M. Evans Wentz has bought the land - ideal for individual ashrams and yoga practices.

Since last I wrote you I have in Karna Jaga been giving pain, joyous birth to a well-born baby - sanctuary - on a lovely hill, crest among pine and cedars and within vast views of the Nanda Devi range - Westward there are gorgeous sunset hues over billowy blue infinites and other hermit peaks in sunny grey and green - blue and warm brown robes - are squatting serenely around in a ring - softly singing or stilly listening to the word - the pure unheard melodies of The Gods -

The days are freshly serene and at night we have sometimes a slight hoar frost - but it is never too cold for Vikings. The graceful minasa woods are just now in yellow fragrance - and other special friends on our ridge are the many untamed cherry trees, delicate and festive - in bloom and in spring during Oct. Nov, and chestnut trees with vine-red tips and rosy candles in spring and are just now, like golden flames - stilled in amazement at their own beauty -

Calendula marigolds - poppies and Ageratum
are still smiling around the baby cottage,
and my sunny silence-room is also tossed
in hues of gold and infinite blues -

a Himalayan canvas given by the Brewsters
strike a definite note, and some times, we have
other tones there, when we play to Himalaya
those four intimate last quartets by Beethoven,
played by the Lemas quartet ^{players} - and also harmonious
gay Mozart is accepted in clear resonance -

The "Cavatena" we can often hear every where
in life and all that music is also in our
silence, but nowhere but in the Himalayas
have I, in nature, felt the purity - freedom
and lofty strength corresponding with the rhythm
of the "Grosse Fuge" - But all these "last
works" of Beethoven seem to me bodied forth
from the realm of pure consciousness - or
Awareness - - They are playful - in feeling -
and like "The Tempest" - from beyond the shipwrecks
and the tragedies of dualities and divided
consciousness - and how wonderfully different
is not the playfulness and the simple gaiety
that comes after the fulfilment and the
living acceptance, compared with ^{that of} the earlier
comedies and trying surface play - The latter
is as if pain purified - in light and free and
serene - What daring mastery - and yet
serene naturalness to put that simply happy
folk-dance theme before the "Cavatena" and then
the "Grosse Fuge" - after -

But Beethoven in his final ^{period} ~~works~~ comprises and unifies all the trying, the contrasts and the paradoxes - — The play, the details and the sequence are all true - logical and supra-logical - in the grand and perfect whole, and that whole is also in the parts - .

The Self of Beethoven - Shakespeare - Rembrandt - Tchehov - etc. did win through at the last. The proof is to me in their accent, their touch - and in the quality - of their Silence. They had suffered a see change into something rich and strange, into awareness - and having, in the painful process of realised experiences happened to train their tools in the urge of expression, they had the technique and could not only Be - in awareness but reveal IT to those, who have ears to hear and ~~in~~ awareness to know.

must stop my chatter and sink into our rich silence - The quality of our Silence here is wonderbar - - One can nestle in, it - bathe in its refreshing fulness of bliss and of clear correspondence - Its fulness is not heaviness and reflection, but a lightness, a freedom - a completion - a life: charged embrace that refreshes - renews and heals -

It is the mystic, clear song of our lofty Himalaya sounding serenely, - all accepting, all: forgiving - all: praising, . Consummation est Through silence the Silence is verily reached - .

I am taking the Brewster exhibition to Allahabad - and may gallivant - or make Viking-raids in the plains of our India - for a while - may be, track on to Lahore or - South to the Mahars'hi at Tiruvannamalai and ^{San} Annabinda - - . I do hope to visit you at Naggar once more - My week with you is one of the loveliest memories in my rich pilgrimage in India - - and though you amply suffice - yet the greedy Viking would also love the "Darshan" of - other royal Beings at Uruvati, and in general see - and be aware of your living expressions and Being there - - . So expect Viking raid - some day -

May clear joy - central peace
and rich creative - fire - life be yours -

yours sincerely

Alfred Sorensen

"Sanyata" Kali' Mat.

Almora . U.P.

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Sunyata Kalimat

Almora U.P.

Sept 29-
1950

Dear Friend,

We are wet and well and again at ease to scribe you a greeting from our holy - Almora and its more natural hills and vallies-, hoping that our blessing will find you richⁱⁿ Life-, well in all the bodies, works and politics in the shadow-play, and with enough patience to decipre^A our Viking-Runes-.

Heavy monsoon, landslides, - earthquakes, thefts-, sabotages, refugees, famine-, so called religious fanaticism and rumblings of global wars-, even on the surface--, and yet-, except for Asam, the young Himalayas still stands serenely pointing to nearby heaven, guarding the Eternal Alaya-culture-, Swadharma- and darhan in the Self.

Eternity is here and now - even in cities. We simply awaken to be consciously free in innerstanding and to appreciate the beautiful differences and the dharmic rightness in things and in fellow-pilgrims.

Divisions are on the surface and are not real enough, and ~~Whether~~ India has a mature flair for the essence. The intuitive light leadeth and, in the Himalayan realm of consciousness, there is still the memory and the Experience of the darshan in our Self-.

This Experience in living Swadharma Is, irrespective of learning and intellect, wars and propaganda, and not least in and among the simple-, sane and un-educated fellow-pilgrims.

Recently we have been musing and writing on such almost illiterate Self-dependent and Self-Radiant psyches or simpletons as Kabir, Ananda Mai-, Rama Krishna, Ramana Maharshi, Brother Lawrence and Wei Lang, the 6th Patriarch in Zen Buddhism. Also we are translating or transcribing from Experience the Chinese classic "Tao Teh" - (the Simple Way) and some of Dr. Suzukis recently published books on Zen. It keeps us our from other mischief, and in Sunyata there is no trying-,

Have the perennial philosophers no such realised experiences, - since they have no simple word-symbols befitting such experiences as Nirvana, Sunyata, Dharma, Tao, Leela, Satori, Darshan, Teh and Jijimuge ? We usually have to leave these untranslated.

In Zen we find a delightful sense of fun-, a healing, balancing humour and playful freeness in wholeness.

Our Holinesses are often rigid, - solemn and aloof like Shaw's Ancients, - who rarely went beyond thought and consciousness of being - Ancients - or of being divine Holinesses -.

Our laughter is usually too mental.

Not so the gay chuckle of a babe-, - the fun in Zen and the free smile in our unitive Life-play.

Mahakaruna

is not the cosmic glue that we call love, but is pitifree, possessivefree passionfree com-passion, or simple Unity - or Identity-Awareness.

Joy in the Simple Way-.

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He is real and alive-, wisely experienced and free : a rarity even in this Himalayan realm. With the Knowledge - and Learning - he has or is the insight and the wisdom in and beyond it-. Innerstanding the Essence awarely - he is flexibly free to be kindly and playfully - objective in Inter-relatedness and Self-interdependence.

Some Holinesses seem to be so aloof or wordily stuck in their media-, blinkered, rigid and stiffened in mere knowledge and in the blinding conceit of agency.

Not so our A. -, but being on his own and needing books he may need some little financial - support-.

Swiss-born Lizelle Reymond (Madama Jean Herbert) might be inspirer and organiser and hostess of the proposed Ashram-home or Centre of Culture. You may know of her and her husband's work for India-, the research workers, translators

and publishing activities at Geneva-, and also their work in League of Nations and U.N. Lizelle has lived in India - for some years and her latest books - "The Life of Sister Nevidita" - (Margaret Noble), and "Sarada Devi, the Veiled Shakti" have been born - and are being completed here in Almora. She has experienced utterly simple Ashram life as support to 20 young Indian "Sisters" (Bramacharinis), and as she is greatly beloved by the simple folks- and even by Almora orthodoxy as - "one of us" -, she would with her wide experience and achievement in East and West, -, and her ability-, genuineness, insight and love-, be an ideal Sister-Hostess to such - small group of workers-, seekers, - researchers, translators - scholars and Himalayan Sages.

The Sadhujis - A and Sunyata would be likely to be the silent background, solitary in rich, unlonely aloneness-, - but freely available - and within call. The Ashram home or work-Centre would

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Our friend, Dr. Atreya of 'Yoga Vasista' fame, asked us to correct words and - rhythm and phrasology in the new edition of that work. We may do similar work in the future and should like to see that and other essentialised Hindu and Budhistic works, and experience in the intuitive and mystic Light, translated also into French, - German and Danish - and so accessible to also the 4 other, Scandinavian languages.

If we get some little help and encouragement - and it be our Dharma, we may form a small group-, ashram-home or research-study circle here in Almora. It is a suitable realm for such quiet-, unostentatious work - and the climatic, - psychic and natural -, (we disfavour the word-symbol spiritual as it is, like love and God-, so oft abused - by and in the Western mind), - conditions atmospherics and vibrations are very congenial-, and we have at least two excellent - co-workers - whose work is highly valued - in India and in the West.

One is our Indian Bhaiji A. He, like ourselves, - disfavours - titles such as Jogi, Maharaj-, Swamiji-, Holiness or any epithet except his Name, "which was his before his parents were born", as Zen so quaintly, - nicely and rightly puts it.

He may not like even 'Sadhuji, - but he is simple, - sensitive and not only experienced in the mystic death - and in Real relatedness - but he has the knowledge and versatile, erudition as well as the living - wisdom and the ability to express-, reveal and radiate.

He has translated the Rig Veda - and, to Sri Aurobindas admiration, he has translated - the voluminous creation "The Life Divine" (This into Bengali-, but of European languages - he knows French and English well enough to translate-). He was for 5 years our neighbour -, but also hidden and almost unknown-, preferring it so, as best for his work and Sadhana.

He has his tantric and Vedic - Sanskrit lore from perhaps 20 years in Assam jungles, where he was in religious order - (not Ramakrishna-) but is now free.

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We have again had a 'foreign body' in our intuitive eye, but now, all is clear in unlonely solitude. Chowji is by our lotus-feet, - safely in Samadhi and so out of impish mischief-, and we enjoy sister rain's soft patter and chuckling as do our tree-friends and jungle-family-.

"Notre soleil brille tanjours-", also in the dark nights of mystic Pralaya-, and über alles
gipflen ist ein ewig ruhe, Also in the Essence in all-things.

Sunyata is like a healing skin which has bodied itself forth protectively around our other bodies. So if another ego-body pushes itself into the Plenum-Void it is, in prolonged stay, felt as a foreign body in ones - unitive insight. Except for a visit it is apt to loam and blur in Unity-Awareness, craving, attention, thought-fuss and dissipating wordiness. Duality-consciousness really is the devil in Sunyata-Rhythm.

Assertive egos in constant nearness are apt to make one ego-conscious.

Our Viking-Sister - Anna O.- was here in a nearby cave-cottage for some weeks rest from the Prime Minister's busy house, - where she has been an inmate for 13 years. At 67 Annaji is still age-free and self-dependent, - freshly vital and radiant in rhythm.

Her touch is light, uncraving and gay-, - no grievance-complex or regrets, - no sin-complex or complaint against God, and so there was not much ego-fuss, and Annaji's presence did not tire or drain as does that of most ego-pilgrims in or near Sunyata cave - in prolonged presence.

Anna in Sanskrit implies 'food' and we enjoyed her fare and trotted over hills and dales-, visitating neighbours on our cranky ridge - and in holy Almora, to the great Ananda and fun of Sri Chow Chuji-, our Chinese Co-, who is a Zen masterji in canine disguise well hidden to egos-. Did we send his august image to impress you ? He is coloured - and asiatic-, with a touch of sadhu hue, but not at all Red or offensive even to Yankis.

Though not dangerously so - we are often mind-free, thought-free, carefree, word-free and dharm-free-, free in rather than rid of tools and concepts.

It is not a matter of asserting or sharing, proving or explaining, but of playing gaily in word-symbols befitting our experience.

In the terse 'Tao Teh' and in gay and intuitive Zen-radiance-, as in our Raman Maharshi's rhythm, - we find congenial word-symbols for our natural - effortfree experience in Babyhood in far off Jutland-, the mystic Uttara.

Paradoxes, antinomies and cross-thought puzzles - were even then mystic-clear and less tiresome than intellectual fire-works-, mental brilliance and verbose explanations. Sentimentalism and lovely wallowing in words are not a typical traits in the rhythm of the Aryan Jutes-. Our Reality cannot be expressed or shared-, except in hints and glimpses, - and with those who has already experienced - it - or at least has an inkling thereof.

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So we prefer aphorism to verbosity and intellectual sentimentality-, and Silence to wordy eloquence. "Reason was the helper. Reason is the bar ~~in~~ !"

Intuition and intelligence is more than intellect. Truth is unassertive and is more than facts-. Knowledge is not Wisdom-. Realism is not Reality. Paradoxes make for flexibility in and beyond mentation-, while rigidity and blinkered erudition often are signs of death-. In identity - we are free, and wise beyond knowledge and possessiveness. In I-identity there is no ego-density.

In translations ~~xxx~~ on Upanisadhic level we often find "Western" word-symbols too woody, negative and mental -, and we do muddle in general semantics clinging to changing word-symbols - and sticking in our media and in our ideally narrow groves of thought and of Life-, rather than freely living our experiences-, recognising and realising our ~~xxxxx~~ unitive truth in the beautiful differences.

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be functioning in simple Indian rhythm-, but in servant-freeness - and Self-dependence, - half a dozen or so hemales and females all in simple and harmonious setting-, co-operation and joyous ease: Swadharma is our real concern-, and blessed be they who find - (or awaken into) - Their unitive Self - and their joyous in the fulfilment of their task in Self-inter-dependence.

One or two small rented houses may be needed for some years - and so also a little income, in the beginning at least. All this is so far but a tentative plan-, but the "materialisation" - may will to be - in the new year, and happen beautifully-.

Lizella will organise - and create, but in freedom and ease, - as she is too free in sensitive insight herself - to constrain or force or even direct the dharma of fellow-pilgrims.

We are being used and lead - and guided--, from within and can drop our conceit of agency.

Let it drop-. Simply awaken and Be what we

ever Are---. Innerstand - consciously aware in Swadharma.

So we accept but from our Self if we are offered and receive some little support privately,- rather than from special religious orders organisation and cliches. The Sanatan Dharma will provide-. A ----- and Sunyata need not fear nor fuss.

Ananda Kumaraswami - befriended us and was coming to our Himalayan Alaya even before he rather suddenly left his body-; and how they have gone before:, - The rich and genuine Psyches, - such as Bapuji, - Jamna Lal, Ranjit S. Pandit and also Western born friends who valued and recognised Sunyata.

"Sanatan Dharma is not the private property of any time or place or people, but the birth-right of Humanity- "Ananda wrote and he did great work specially after 1934 to elucidate the inner meaning of universal word-symbols and specially interpretation of Vedic and pre-Vedic

After our recent contrast in surface-rhythm - pleasure and dis-ease in twoness, we can the richer enjoy, what the Vedic seers called - "the thrill of the joy - ~~xxxx~~ (Ananda) of Being Alone" -, all One in the ever radiant Naught (0) which comprises the I, and the Many - and their interplay in Self-interdependence-, in i-dentity and in I-freeness.

But a Chinese sage like Sri Chowji objects to 'thrills'. He says they have an ego-flavour as of sporty kicks, adolescent orgasm and mere ecstasy-
★ calm glow - or serene radiance is more like his mature play and experience in Sunyata-Ananda-.

These Vedic Rishi-fellows of old gave but one quality to the Plenum-Void - Sunyata, that of Sound (Shabd) or the word which bodied itself forth into Flesh - and is a daughter as well as a son, - or Sun-. Perhaps a modern Himalayan Rishi of agefree youngness - would grant to the Void, as we experience it in immediacy, also the quality of Radiance, and even that of Sahaja, the inherent implex-, "That which has been born with us" - (But dear Rishis - were we ever really

born -? ~~Or~~ or awakened into conscious Self-awareness and Self-experience ? Do we ever really die ?)

As our Viking-bhai, Sahajananda, has not yet descended upon Sri Himalaya from the mystic Uttara - (please do not confuse it with the 'mere' West-), - the Sound which at present alone accompany the all comprehending Sunyata is Sri Chowji, and the first bark of Life from the Great Hound of Heaven, the Matari who had been silently growing in the womb of the divine Mother-- was it 'Wow, wow !' or was it "Om, - Aum !" ? Only Sri Chowji knows, and very wisely he does not tell.

Perhaps it cannot be told - only experienced -
"A thought once uttered is untrue - and Chowji says -:
"Lorsque nous ~~parlons~~ parlons de dieu, ce n'est
pas ⁷² / dieu que nous parlons".

symbolism and cosmology. It is but identity-experience - in mature Self-interdependence, which enables us to awaken simply, - maturely and abidingly into our unitive Self - or conscious awareness.

Freely we innerstand - and are the Essence and so can play at joyous ease in the lovely stickiness of the cosmic glue, so-called Love-, which but poorly equates Maha Karuna - unless it - be piti-free, possessivefree and passion-free com-passion.

Attachment drops when we awaken to be aware that there is no real detachment, divisions or differences in the Essence-, the Sanatan Dharma.

Swadharma is our concern, and Duality-consciousness is the Devil in the Plenum-Void-, - the Sunyata-Experience.

How few fellow-pilgrims we meet who are free,- consciously free in ego, in tools and in phenomena, and much less beyond-, unconscious of freeness and bondage-, consciousness and unconsciousness-, eternal

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or otherwise.

But few are unassertively radiant in our
untive Self-, free in the problemful Leela. The
solution, or rather dissolution of our mind-made
problems is in the realm of jijnuge, in and
beyond duality and opposites. Our Freedom and
inherent wholeness (or holiness) in integral Psyche
is in and beyond mentation and fuss. We are equal
with the lowest.

Our scholastica and perenial Philosophers are
apt to muddle, twist and falsify the key-word symbols-
and make new ones befitting their pet theories
and lack of authentic experience. Words are but
a make-shift, - in changing meanings, and specially
in Himalayan realms and compared with the quality
of our eloquent Silence. They seem often a blurring
pest. So let us stop, Consumatum est-.

In yours case
yours sincerely

Suryata -