

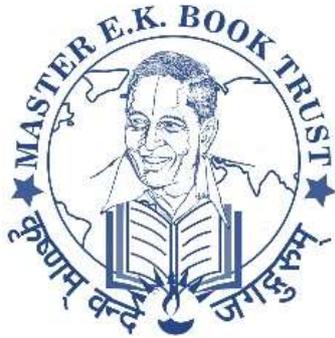
Master E.K.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL



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PREFACE

Every one of us has the following layers of consciousness which we can easily recognise: 1. The point of consciousness which we call the individuality. Around it all other things are centred. 2. The mind that recognises its own existence. 3. The mind that comes out through the senses and makes a contact with “others”. 4. The mind that knows and decides. 5. The mind that establishes its relationships with others. 6. The light that recognises itself existing in others. 7. The one who lives in all in the form of Love.

There are people who live in each of these seven layers of consciousness. A living being awakens as the central point of the globe of one’s own existence (individuality). It takes up its journey and awakens into the second layer and the third layer of its own existence. This process is what the Ancients call Evolution. It continues until it reaches the seventh, the outermost plane of consciousness, when it experiences the One Existence. This One Existence is liberation from the other six layers of consciousness. The

PREFACE

seventh layer, though it is absolute and beyond time and space, exists as the One Person who showers His Love upon the beings of all the other layers. This One Person can be called the Eternal Existence. There are people who come down to earth and live in a physical body with the awareness of this seventh plane. From time to time, they come down to earth. They invoke the same consciousness to others and they show us the way of life to be lived in order to live the Eternal Existence. They call it the Law. They establish it and return to their own planes of existence. They are all the forms of the One Existence, The One Guru, The World Teacher.

Each of these has his own way of invoking the living beings into the eternal life. Lord Krishna had His own way and He called it “the Music.” He could play the Music through His flute and invoke the souls into His Existence, the Existence. He made some of the souls around Him experience it. On sudden occasions, He made all those around Him experience it. He made the process a formula of liberation and a grand solution to all the problems of humanity. This happened more than five thousand years ago as the Puranas and the Mahabharata describe. Internal

PREFACE

evidences make it possible to have back calculations based on astronomical phenomena. The Mahabharata, the Bhagavata Purana, Harivamsa and Vishnu Purana give us the internal evidences. They can be recorded as follows:

1. Lord Krishna was born in the month of July, 3228 B.C. midnight at zero hours between the nineteenth and the twentieth.
2. He dropped His physical body on the eighteenth of February, 3102 B.C.
3. He lived along with his people in Dwaraka, a city built by Him on the shores of the present Gujarat. The city is no more and it went into the sea on the seventh day after Krishna's death.

The main characters of this book are taken from the Puranas. The ancient tradition that became the basis of the theosophical wisdom is taken as the basis of this book. The characters of Maitreya, Maru and Devapi are gathered from the Puranas and it is shown how they live through births and rebirths with the continuity of consciousness which enables them to have a continuous plan of their work. Their plan is called the plan of the Masters and it has no other

PREFACE

purpose except fulfilling the purpose of the World Teacher, whenever He wants to come down or whenever He wants to touch the Humanity with a new thrill. Maitreya is known by the same name in the modern age. He is also known as the Christ. Maru of the Puranas is known as Morya while Devapi is known as Kuthumi, Djwhalkhul, the Light of the present day, who is also known as Master D.K. and the Tibetan, was trained into discipleship by Maru and Devapi through centuries. This book presents the facts that took place five thousand years ago. This book describes the trend of things that made Djwhalkhul a Master.

The whole content of this book came to my mind as a flash within seconds and I started to dictate the book at 10:30 P.M. on 27-01-1973 and completed it by 05:30 P.M. on 10-02-1973.

The book came to me without any proposal from my side. Then I thought it was a single volume. Afterwards, I received the next volume, “Man Sacrifice”; then I received the book “The World Teacher.” According to the sequence of incidents they form part of the biography of Lord Krishna in the following order.

PREFACE

Volume 1: The World Teacher

Volume 6: The Music of the Soul

Volume 7: Man Sacrifice

Volumes 2, 3, 4 and 5 are still awaited. Volume 2 is almost completed and ready for publication. The names of other volumes, as I understand, are as follows: Volume 2: The Child's Play, Volume 3: The Law Personified, Volume 4: The Eagle Banner, Volume 5: The Conch

Each of these volumes is being published in original (Telugu language), from which they are being translated into English and are presented by the same author.

Visakhapatnam

26th July, 1983



E. KRISHNAMACHARYA

Contents

Chapter 1.....	1
Chapter 2.....	13
Chapter 3.....	22
Chapter 4.....	37
Chapter 5.....	54
Chapter 6.....	73
Chapter 7.....	89
Chapter 8.....	99
Chapter 9.....	112
Chapter 10.....	121
Chapter 11.....	131
Chapter 12.....	148
Chapter 13.....	165
Chapter 14.....	178
Chapter 15.....	185
Chapter 16.....	195
Chapter 17.....	200
Chapter 18.....	211
Chapter 19.....	218
Chapter 20.....	230
Chapter 21.....	246
Chapter 22.....	255
Chapter 23.....	268
Chapter 24.....	277
Chapter 25.....	299
Chapter 26.....	306
Chapter 27.....	313
GLOSSARY	325

Chapter 1

The sun-ball was sliding down the line of demarcation between the sea and the sky. The half-blind sparks of reflection were engaged in vain struggle with layers of darkness. It was all like a bloodshed of reflecting twilight on the surface of the ocean waves. The ocean was unable to contain the tragic scene in its bowels. The agony was expressed as the stir of deep waters. Winter breezes passed over the waves causing further disturbance. They were breaking the heads of the waves that honoured them, cradling and fondling. Those winter breezes crossed the boundaries of the sea and intruded into the kingdom of the planet earth. They were smashing the sand hills, causing revolutions of particles. They were giving a corpse-like touch to the trees and the tender creepers of the pruned gardens of Dwaraka. The whole scene appeared like the spell of a last sigh.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

A stalwart of unseen beauty was lying on the slab of a white marble amidst the groves of trees with his left arm under his head and right foot on his left knee. He gazed into the sky, visualizing something. The musk mark between his eyebrows was dribbling down, dissolved in a drop of sweat. It was like a comet on the western horizon, tinted with twilight. Sweat in winter breeze! Who could understand the lava that was concealed in the folds of his brows? A blue strip of silk was tied round his waist upon the golden-yellow undercloth. It was hanging down like the neck of a sleeping peacock. His necklace of pearls and diamonds was deranged, thrown a little aside, revealing the black mole on his chest. His tresses of hair reflected in the marble like a heap of sapphires. His crown with precious gems and a peacock feather was on the stone slab by his side. His half-closed lotus eyes seemed to grant permission for the sunset.

A hefty figure with pepper-salt hair and a black upper garment approached him in the dim twilight. He breathed rapidly and it produced the sound of the hiss of a cobra. For a while, he awaited response. There was no cognizance.

Chapter 1

Perhaps the reclining figure was absorbed in his own thoughts with half-closed eyes. Was he investigating into the disturbance of the world subjective?

“Krishna, Krishna”, the stranger addressed. Krishna opened his eyes and sat up with a smile.

“What do you contemplate?”

“The future of the Yadus.”

“Of what section of the Yadus? Our unfortunate fellows are now split into two groups, constantly fighting with each other.”

“All are part of myself, born and developed out of my own rib.”

“When a part of your tissue has grown cancerous, can you still call it a part of yourself? The present day Yadus are dangerously busy devouring each other like bacteria. What makes you feel for your people, whose total destruction is inevitable?”

“Do you believe, my brother, that I really claim the Yadus as my own?” said Krishna with a smile.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

“I do not know how you feel. As far as I am concerned, I lost all sympathy for them. I feel loathsome of their behaviour.”

“Excuse me, my dear brother, I have no aversion to anyone. That makes all the difference.”

“My brother innocent! Do you still hope to establish the Law? For whom do you bring down the Law to earth when there is a total fall and devastation?”

“A reaped harvest bears seed for the future. You can plough the land and sow the seed once again. The Lord of seasons is never tired of bearing fruit year after year. The dead will be born again as the new races of the future.”

“But, what about the present?”

“The present always slips into the mystery of time.”
Balarama sat by the side of Krishna. He embraced Krishna by the shoulder and spoke softly:

“My brother! is it not discouraging to see that your good intentions are repaid by evil deeds? What, in your view, is the cause of the unexpected turn?”

Chapter 1

“Enwrapped in frames of matter, living beings act as mortals. Your awareness seems obscured for the time. Remember that the entrance of Kali is a part of the great drama. My Law was established with the coronation of Yudhisthira, but the seed of the Kali age was also sown with it.”

“How can this happen in this venerable land of divine Karma? Where the magic spell of your Yoga is at work? How could Kali make an entrance into the midst of the Yadus who were protected by you?”

“The Yadus do not receive my protection, since they do not know self-surrender. They are simply my contemporaries. Their strong individuality and their spirit of independence invited Kali. This caused splits. The invasion of the Black Yavana was the beginning of the decline and fall of morality in this sacred land.”

The two brothers got up. They were strolling along the passage amidst the rows of trees. The click of Krishna’s footstep was playing music on the strings of dark silence. Balarama suddenly stopped and said:

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

“You had nicely contrived the death of the Black Yavana. In spite of it, you say, Kali could enter into our territory. How could it be?” As Krishna smiled, his betel-red teeth shone like rubies in the dark. “Kali needs no Black Yavana to enter. It was Kali who encouraged the Yavana to invade us. The death of the Yavana was the cause of the flare-up of Kali. Innumerable enemies entered into our land along with the Black Yavana.”

“You know the might and valour of our people. You could have warned us before.”

The dark sky with stars appeared like a perforated lid. The sparkles of the stars were moving hither and thither on the dark background. It must be the ocean of darkness. Krishna said, “The armies of Kali could not be attacked by valour. One among the three forces got mixed with the natives of our land. It is not possible to spot them out and eliminate, since they remained as part of our society. They slowly proceeded to instigate our own people against our land. If we are to fight them out, we have to eliminate the natives also. They induced thoughts of revolution and

Chapter 1

stimulated the natives to kill themselves in the name of various groups. The second force is that of sex. The Black Yavana injected thousands of unscrupulous young women into the nation. The culture of the youth was sexualised and it resulted in neurosis with a total loss of discrimination. This led to hatred and anger that proved suicidal. The third force is alcohol. It has knocked at our door also.”

Balarama felt shameful and turned his face aside. ***Krishna continued:*** “The Black Yavana stimulated these three forces against the natives and then made his exit.”

The brothers were coming out of the gates of the garden, when a holy person approached them and bowed down in veneration. He was tall and well-built. The complexion was of melted gold. Between the well-shaped lotus eyes, one could notice two lines curved upwards between the eyebrows. They met to form like a lotus bud. At the centre of the eyebrows, there was a golden glow that seemed to dispel darkness. Krishna received him with a smile and said: “Dear Maitreya! It is pleasant to see you now.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

“There is nothing that is unknown to the Lord.”

“Yes! It is known but it is to be known again and again.”

“My Lord! You are the incarnation of divine Magic and the Master behind the great Drama. I am not here to show my competence to speak.”

“Wherefor, then, is your presence?”

“You are the ultimate goal of everything. Again you question me why I am present.”

“Why are you present here, as if to preside over the world?”

“Thy will be done, if that be so. It is only your will that brought me here.”

“Yes. At my will you are here to preside over the Great Drama. Do you come from Badarikashram? If so, do you know anything about the welfare of our people there?”

“My Lord! Tell me, who are not your people? So long as your grace is showered, what else is possible except welfare and well-being?”

Chapter 1

“So, you have understood the trend of my grace”, Krishna questioned with a smile. Startled, Maitreya stood with folded hands. In full surrender, he uttered “Sri Hari.”

“The dwellers of the White Island always chant the name of Sri Hari and they are safe in His Presence. They are safe even during the dissolution of the worlds”, said Krishna.

Balarama interrupted and said: “Dear friend Maitreya! The teaching of your Grand Master Krishna seems to have carefully passed through the ears of the Yadus and reached the inhabitants of the White Island. They seem to have preserved it in their hearts.”

Krishna looked into the eyes of Maitreya and said: “And where are you bound to now? You belong to that group of sages who do not stay even for a short while at a particular place. Your stay anywhere is less than the duration of milking a cow.”

“You make us speak and you enjoy the play. We always speak something which you already know. In the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

past, I was coming here to go soon. Now, I have come to stay and enjoy the bliss of your presence.”

“You mean physical? At last, you have come to accept our divine reception.”

Balarama jokingly said, “Be careful of the words of your Guru, my dear, innocent Maitreya. Is it divine reception or deception? Mark the sound and catch your Master properly.”

Maitreya replied, “Even Narada could not escape from the deception of his divine play. His play is a blessing to us.”

Balarama continued, “Let alone Narada, now the Yadus bitterly experience the climax of His Drama. They are divided into two political groups, each trying to destroy the other. Our emperor Yudhisthira from the capital Hastina tried to integrate the groups, but for no use. The queen Draupadi also sent a special message imploring the two groups to avoid violence and come closer. The group under the club banner wanted a separate state. Slogans of revolution pierced through the streets of Dwaraka day and

Chapter 1

night. You see the Yadus destroying their own peace. False notions of personal freedom and independence are spreading like fire, proving a contagion to the neighbouring cities. The spirals of time unfold into incidents unpredictable.”

“All this is but the child’s play of the Lord”, said Maitreya.

“And be pleased with that reply”, continued Balarama. “The Yadus of the club banner group demand a separate state and are fighting to death. Streets are filled with corpses of the slain. One group destroys the cattle of the other. People burn their own houses in the name of their neighbours’ houses. They throw the milk of the cattle into the streets, killing children and torturing women in the name of vengeance. Drunk deep with fury of violence they have grown unimaginably destructive and crazy.”

They were walking along the streets of Dwaraka into the silence of the night. The scenes were ghastly and the streets were deserted. Burnt buildings and demolished decorations were under the screen of the darkness of the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

night. It was all dark since the street lights were destroyed. Guards were patrolling the streets with torches in their hands. They were mercilessly chasing the citizens and beating them when found suspicious.

Maitreya said, “Is it safe to go about the streets now?”

Krishna: “No fear. Kali cannot touch those who follow me.”

They passed through the main gate of the compound wall, well-guarded by a winkless patrol. As they entered the palace, the guards on either side bowed down in veneration.

Chapter 2

The city of Dwaraka was a dyke, built into the western ocean. The city was well-fortified by seven compound walls. The first one had nine gates. The main entrance was a very strong construction with skyscraping domes of gold. The rays of the morning sun came down in reflection from the domes of thousandfold brilliance and dazzled the eyes of the people. The domes imbedded spacious halls of marble in their bellies. There, the birds were singing in hymns in glory of the Lord. Melodious morning music was flowing down the halls.

Players of the drum and pipe were sending down sweet notes of consonance in Bhoopala composition. The music floated in the air into many thought-forms and entered the ears of the busy population, treading to and fro. Alas! No one seemed to mind the music. Every citizen carried an expression of discord! Thousands of people passed through the entrance gate, but each one was conscious of only

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

himself, to the complete exclusion of others. The two main doors of unimaginable size were wide open. The drum beat was coming down the domes and reverberating all along the highway. It seemed to sound safety but there was an expression of fear stamped on every face. The feeling on the various faces ranged from doubt to suspicion, from timidity to anger, from terror or error unto a total delusion. Some walked in staggering steps and looked breathing pity and helplessness. Some walked away in unmitigated anger...some were in desperate mood, as if ready to attack the opponent. Some showed the ferocity of a dreadful tiger in its attempt to catch the animal slipped from its jaws.

Looked from the main entrance, the highway stood straight. A beautiful traffic island, studded with marble and mosaic, was broken into pieces by the agitators. Plants and creepers with colourful flowers on either side of the road were destroyed. Crowds of people moved up and down. No one had the goodness to clean the roads for public convenience. Two municipal servant-maids began to clear off the roads. About ten people suddenly assaulted them rudely. They obstructed the road again by scattering the

Chapter 2

ruins. They were dressed like Yadus and imitated the natives in talk and accent. They had the native headdress and brow mark, characteristic of the inhabitants of Dwaraka. They had silver bangles and necklaces of large beads. They gathered and began to threaten the people in broken Ghurjari dialect. Their leader lifted up his handstaff and shouted: “If anyone has guts to oppose us, let him come forward! No one can face us. We come here to drive away slavery and to declare independence to the club banner. Our motto is ‘liberty, victory to the club banner!’ Down with the aristocrats, who live with many wives! Down with false Gods in human faces. Down with the tyranny of the white Yadus of the plough banner. May the club banner fly over the heads of all. We come to safeguard the rights of the club Yadus who are downtrodden.”

Gradually, they grew furious and began to beat the innocent pedestrians and the ladies who tried to better things. They were also beating old people and children among the crowds. Within a few minutes, it was all panic. Thousands of Yadus gathered round and witnessed the scene. No one opened his lips against the agitators. All

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

stood as silent spectators of violence. The agitators were quite limited in number while the spectators were in thousands. Still the public lacked in courage to oppose. “Yes! Kali can build barriers between man and man. As an individual, everyone is good and everyone is harmless. Every one desires civic life and protection. Unknown barriers develop between two citizens and keep them separate. This is what happens when groupism develops. In such a case, who can protect us?” A deep sense of remorse made its appearance in the collective mind: “Who is to protect us now? Who has protected us hitherto? Who protects the life of a frog on the stone and a plant on top of the hill? The same One made us sow the seed and soak it in water to germinate. He made the plant bear fruit. He made us eat the fruit and enjoy His presence in Dwaraka. Can’t we comprehend this much? O Lord of our hearts, you dwell in us and you save us only to forget you in time. You are our path and you are our dispensation. If we think of some other path as our own path, it is our fate and our doom. It is all but our weakness.” Tears dribbled down the cheeks of citizens, when they thought so.

Chapter 2

Ten policemen, well-fortified with weapons, flashed into the crowd and pierced through. All were strong and sturdy. They had headdress studded with diamonds. All were in red silk uniform. All were in long coats, belts of silk with daggers clipped. They carried metal spears, taller than themselves. All had big vertical brow marks and the state insignia of the wheel and conch. Their breastplates were decorated with the emblem of the eagle. They wore strong footwear and socks made of variegated viper skin. They stood like the true emblem of fearlessness. The public noticed them and made way in trembling terror. Some individuals took the road straight home without looking back. The ladies who were insulted followed the police in sobs and cries.

It was only a few seconds time before the police approached the criminals who stood dumb. One of the criminals shouted in crazy voice: “Long live club banner! Victory to the clubs! March on to independence!”

“Off, and be hanged. Don’t you have grains to eat on earth? Obey and follow us”, said one of the policemen.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Suddenly, the heroes of revolution drew out sharp swords from within their hand sticks. And they shouted “Away! Away from us. Do not come in the way of our independence. We are champions of liberty. If you have traces of patriotism left in your hearts, you follow our footsteps and join our group.”

With a twist of the wrist, the police could succeed in making the swords dropped. The heroes tried to struggle further, but they were tied by hands horizontally to the rods of spears and were thrashed. Then, they shouted in weeping rage: “Kill us and kill the heroes of independence! The sun of independence will rise red with our blood.”

The following conversation took place between a police officer and a revolutionist:

“What do you want?”

“Independence.”

“Who curbs your independence?”

“Yourself. You are binding us and you speak of independence.”

Chapter 2

“Your evil binds you. How is it that we do not bind all these people in the streets?”

“They are poor helpless creatures. They do not know what they want. We come here to safeguard their rights. Their liberty is our liberty. Their safety is our safety.”

“Indeed! It is for their safety that we bind you. If you had really desired to safeguard their interests, you would not have played violence upon them. You are traitors. We call the court of justice for your trial from among the people. We conduct the trial with the public as judges. They decide your fate. Our Lord of the tribes has ordered so.”

There were shouts from the crowd: “Sheer injustice! It is all against the will of the public. We do not approve of this. You are binding the innocents. We demand you to let them free. This is our verdict. If you do not accept and obey, we will declare our disapproval by killing ourselves. Public verdict is to be followed.”

It was all a big confusion. One police officer suddenly took decision and ordered: “Those who wish liberation of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the violators may segregate themselves from the crowd and come forward to represent.”

Immediately, about thirty people came forth. They were dressed in native attire, but they differed in colour and complexion from the natives of the province. They were jet black with iron bodies, well-formed of rough physical culture. Their stature was rather short, as it was not usual with the natives. Within seconds, the police surrounded them. Satanika, one of the police officers, addressed the bigger crowd, the public in general:

“I hope you are the true residents of the city. Can any one of you identify these black short ones? Is there anyone who can testify their identity?”

No one came forth. Then Satanika turned to the group of the thirty people, who stood aloof and said: “Respected sirs, now it is your duty to reveal your identity and relationship with the citizens.”

One of them replied: “We are not the natives of this city, we belong to the group of ten villages situated about a hundred miles away.”

Chapter 2

“In what way are you related to these intruders?”

“Our relationship is public justice. We do not allow injustice. It is our duty to protect our rights and our principles.”

“The public is in no way responsible for your principles. Now, the citizens are the judges, who give the verdict. I appeal to the citizens of Dwaraka. If no one of you bears testimony of their identity within three minutes, we take it as your permission to imprison them by the word of our Lord. If anyone has any objection, you can present within a three minutes’ pause.”

There was three minutes’ pause. No one came forth. In a flash, the thirty dwarfs jumped and escaped out into the crowd. In another flash, some among the public caught them, tied them hand and foot and brought them upon the platform. They were the police in the garb of the public.

Chapter 3

Stars twinkled through the window into the big hall. It was a beautiful hall of marble. The windows and the walls were studded with transparent crystal stone. The floor was polished smooth enough to receive reflection. The costly carpet spread upon the platform was soft and smooth like the back of a cat, except in those spots where diamonds were studded. Seven chairs with cushions and deer-skins were arranged in a crescent form. At the centre, there was a smooth cube platform made of black wood. Upon it was spread a translucent sky-blue silk sheet. Fine spirals of incense smoke sprung up from the lid-holes of an incense-jar arranged upon the silk sheet. The two edges of the silk-sheet were spread in lengthwise slant upon the carpet. Graceful pictures of needle work were arranged on either side of the slant of the silk cloth. On one side, there was the picture of the Lord in childhood, vanquishing the serpent. On the other side, it was the picture of the Lord, killing the demon, Putana. The glittering surface of the four walls was

Chapter 3

decorated by four art pictures of Krishna's life incidents. One picture was that of the four-faced Brahma taking away the cows. A second picture was the scene of Krishna arbitrating for peace in the hall of the blind king. The third one was the picture of the Lord, lifting the mountain on his little finger. The fourth one was the scene of initiating Arjuna into the secrets of the Bhagavadgita. Lamps in designed glasses were fixed deep in the holes of the walls.

“Parantapa! You see how foolish it was to think that the influence of Kali ended with the death of the sons of the blind king.”

Satanika broke silence, bending forward from his chair. “I remember well. After the Mahabharata war, our Master returned to Dwaraka straight from the coronation festival of Yudhisthira. Then, he addressed us, warning about internal security. Our friend Satagopa was wondering at the content of the speech. He doubted for a moment, if it was true or if our Lord just wanted to warn us to be cautious.”

Satagopa: “Since childhood we were trained by our Lord under His personal guidance. Only at the end of a

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

prolonged technical training in criminology, He recruited us into the administrative service of the city. Still, we find things mysterious and situations confusing under the magic spell of Kali.”

Satanika: “Among the intruders who violate law, I notice two different groups of people. The one is the foolish sheep-like, the natives of our city. Stimulating them into violence from the background, there is the second group, the black dwarfs, who do not belong to our province. Our Lord had warned us of these two different groups about forty days ago. It was on the occasion of the full-moon gathering. He had gathered forty of us into the compound of the harem garden.”

Parantapa: “Now I recollect. You were all invited in couples into the garden. It was supposed by the servants to be a gathering for moonlight dinner. It was considered private and the gates were locked.”

Satanika: “Now I narrate the remaining story. It was suddenly announced that the Lord was about to start his flute music near the water-spring pond. All the ladies rushed there and gathered round the pond. They sat down

Chapter 3

in meditation with half-closed eyes. In the meanwhile, our Lord could steal time to finish the talk. Then He explained about the foolish attitude of the citizens and the secret plot of the black dwarfs along with their programme of self-sacrifice. He also gave instructions to counter the plot.”

Parantapa: “Can we know something about the self-sacrifice programme of the black dwarfs? It is news to me. How is it that the Lord did not inform us about it?”

Satanika: “Since it is time now, He has instructed me to explain it to you. These black dwarfs come from the land of Yavana. They are the followers of Chin, the brother of the Black Yavana. The followers were well-trained in physical culture, weapons, explosives and wrestling with people, lions and tigers. They were also trained in self-torture, walking through fire, swimming under water, remaining static for a long time in chasms, etc. The wrestling experts of Gandhara have trained these dwarfs for big amounts of money. You know the mentality of the Gandhara people. The Yavana invader has brought eight different groups of intruders into our land. These black dwarfs belong to the eighth group. The remaining seven groups work in the background silently. The black dwarfs

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

are specially trained to intrude, burst forth and destroy social order by a continuous process of indoctrination. They cause fear among the public by producing confusion about the identity of the natives. When captured, they shout slogans and magnify the picture of their punishment. They gain sympathy of fools among the natives. They gain their point even by dying. If not captured, they serve for a long time. There is a Bharat political leader who works as an adviser to the Yavana ruler. He has organised training these dwarfs.”

Satagopa: “Can we know the name of the Bharat leader?”

Satanika: “Yes. His name is Rakta Sarma.”

Satagopa: “Rakta Sarma! I feel I have heard the name in some context. If I remember well, it is not his true name. Some time ago, I found his name among the list of persons handed over to me by Madhuvrata, to have a watch over.”

Madhuvrata: “I feel much encouraged by your alertness. I handed over the list of names to you by the order of our Lord. This name was included in it. I now give you some details about Rakta Sarma. He is the classmate

Chapter 3

of Sandipani, the teacher of our Lord. Now, he is old. He has constructed a secret centre of learning in the forests of the northwestern frontiers. Every season, he attracts trainees from among the students of the various universities of our land. He divides them into four groups. All of them are proficient in eighteen regional languages while each group is well-versed in a special technique. The motto of Rakta Sarma is to undermine the power of Yudhisthira. He took an oath that he would throw down Yudhisthira from power and put an end to him.

“The instructors of the training centre are experts in planning and maintaining secrecy. He calls the training centre ‘the school of ancient learning’, where Astrology and Astronomy are supposed to be taught. Some of his students are experts in the teachings of the Yavana. Rakta Sarma could appoint a Yavana hypnotist with some psychic powers. With his help, he could influence a section of the youth of Bharat. He trains his students with the slogans: ‘Heroes of independence, unite. Yavana land encourages independence. It gives protection to the natives of any land, if they want freedom. It parts with money and men for the independence of the individuals of any nation.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

It supplies weapons and army to help the good cause of any country.’ He has circulated pamphlets of these slogans among the schools, colleges and universities.”

The winter breeze made frequent visits through the window. Parantapa felt an instinct to peep through the window. Deep below, he could see the ocean as a big mass of darkness. Above, there was the expanse of the dark sky and the twinkling stars. Their hall was situated in the fifth floor. The whole building was a big, round, pillar-like tower on top of which there was a revolving lighthouse. It was situated six miles off the shore of Dwaraka in the sea. Between the shore and the tower house, there was a small inhabited island called “Prabhasa”. The next floor above their heads was the big dome of a revolving light. A ring of powerful illumination in blood-red colour was projected on the surface of the dark screen of the sea around the building. Around this blood-red ring of light, there was a wide belt of milk-like flood of illumination, making everything visible on the waves. The waves of the ocean were seen like spilt mercury in the belt of that light. The eagle eye of Parantapa could detect some spot, slowly approaching the building. “Samanaka”, he called without

Chapter 3

shifting his eye from the spot. The attender with a brass rod and headgear came and bowed down.

“Can you see the boat approaching?” Parantapa pointed out his finger through the window.

Samanaka: “Yes, sir! As soon as the boat left the shore, we received message from the island of Prabhasa. From the third floor, our patrol scouts are observing it, ready with weapons. They kept one boat ready in water downstairs. We await your orders.

Parantapa: “All of us carefully await the orders of our Lord. The night patrol youth can decide and dispose of the boat. They need not wait for our orders.”

“Yes sir!” said the attender and exited.

Parantapa returned to his chair. Madhuvrata continued the topic: “The hypnotist from the Yavana land has gathered the first group of his disciples. Many of them are among the sons of the orthodox Brahmins of our land. He could make them the faithful sons of the Yavana land. He showers honey-like affection upon his disciples and entraps them. He also uses wine and women. The youth in

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

his hands are like the cobras with the snake-charmer. This hypnotist is known by the name ‘Charvaka’.”

Satanika: “Do you know the original name of Rakta Sarma?”

Madhuvrata: “Yes. His true name is Brihaspati.”

Satagopa: “Really, he has spoiled a good name.”

Madhuvrata: “With the help of the good sentiments people carry with that name, he could attract many young people. He has started his own cult, ‘the path of Brihaspati’, in which he teaches anti-social elements. Young celibates from orthodox families approach him first by virtue of his name, and no sooner do they approach than they are being entrapped into the sensuous path of no return.”

Satanika: “I see! Then I know his path in all its detail. I got myself initiated into the secrets of his path.”

Parantapa: “What a fall! How on earth could it be possible?”

Satanika: “His literature has been circulated in manuscripts secretly in the city of Dwaraka of late. Thirty such books have been seized. Some celibates who are the

Chapter 3

sons of orthodox Brahmins possessed and studied them in secrecy. It is strange to notice that their fathers stand in key positions among the priests of our Lord. I think it is necessary for me to teach all of you the principles of this new cult. It has a direct bearing with the secret plot of the black dwarfs.

“The doctrines of Brihaspati read as follows: ‘The goal of every human being is personal freedom and liberty. Independence in action and thought is a must. Satisfaction of the five senses is true liberation. No one has any right to come in its way. To suppress the pleasure of the senses in the name of morality is a serious insult to nature. If anyone tries to induce the unnatural doctrine of morality in any other person, he can be killed, let it be the father, brother, son or friend.’ This is the first teaching of Brihaspati.” All the officers burst out into peals of laughter that escaped through the windows.

Madhuvrata: “Can I prove that I am equally proficient in the new cult as yourself, if not better? Now, you be the judge. The second lesson of Brihaspati is as follows: ‘Patriotism and tradition are enemies of independence. They come under primitive animal traits. They are signs of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

narrow-mindedness, since they are against the welfare of humanity at large. Relationships like father, mother, husband, wife, brother and sister are psychological bondages created by man. There is only one true relationship in nature and it is that of the male and female. All other relationships are man-made. They lead to bondage and hell. Impediment to happiness is hell. Nature creates living beings and brings them up. Nature has given us the mind and the five senses. Nature is the one true power, which festers woman to man. The evolving consciousness is the male element in creation. Consciousness is male and power is female. The union of male and female causes pleasure. Absorption of mind in pleasure is true liberation. No man-made rule should come in the way of liberation. Marriage is man-made and hence, it is a restriction. Marriage, as an institution, is unnatural and non-progressive. One who has the courage to break the bondage of marriage and family is the one chosen hero, who is fit to enjoy bliss and liberation.' This is the second teaching of the cult of Brihaspati."

Chapter 3

Parantapa: “It is really unbelievable that such a code of conduct, left-handed, could make its entrance into the sacred city of the Lord.”

Satanika: “We are all saved only because it has entered into this sacred city. Had it not drawn the attention of the Lord, the whole humanity would have been transformed into lethal bacteria. During the last harvest ritual conducted by our Lord in great splendour, I came to know that the Lord was conscious of this. At the end of the grand ritual, He honoured all the Brahmins of wisdom in added glory. Seven such priests were specially honoured by the Lord personally. The Lord and His queen Satya visited their houses personally. Then they examined the shrine rooms and had a conversation with their children, the followers of Brihaspati’s literature. The Lord seized the manuscripts from those students and submitted them to the Director of Education. As per the instructions of our Lord, the Director submitted the scripts to me for investigation.”

The door attendant returned and stood with salutations. When Satagopa enquired, he reported: “Sir! Five black dwarfs were approaching the lighthouse on the boat with weapons. Our people of the second floor captured

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

them and seized jars of wine, bars of gold and some paintings. We await your orders.”

Satagopa: “Are they imprisoned in the lighthouse?”

Door attendant: “No sir, our people did not like to allow these dwarfs to know the way into the tower house. The dwarfs were taken to the shore of the Dwaraka in another boat.”

Satagopa: “Let the paintings be brought here.”

Satanika: “In all probability, they must be of nudes. It is the procedure given in the fourth lesson of Brihaspati. It is believed that a trained proficiency in stimulating the beastly passions is necessary for the newly-admitted celibates. In the name of sex literature, it is necessary to stimulate the sleeping instincts in man to the fullest possible extent. Then the latent potentialities will awaken and work out the experience of liberation. The seed of happiness is the power of sex. Its location is called ‘Muladhara’. In the dormant state, the sex potentiality is termed ‘Kundalini’. If the potentialities of the five senses were nourished in profusion with the aid of nude pictures, the meeting of power and consciousness can be made

Chapter 3

splendorous. This is the fourth among the fallen lessons of Brihaspati.” The attendant came with the pictures, placed them on the wooden cube and went away. All the police officers examined the pictures carefully.

Madhuvrata: “Satanika is right in his estimate. These pictures might have been painted by the trainees of the Yavana school. One of the four institutes of training started by the Yavana professor, Charvaka, is the School of Fine Arts. There they teach music, dance, architecture, organisation, conversation, hypnotism and mind control as regular courses. Many celibates, who are being attracted by these arts, await springing up like cobras to give their venomous sting to national consciousness. This is what the black dwarfs predicted. To that end, they worked for ten years. The result is the anti-social consciousness widespread and the antinational consciousness rampant on every part of the globe. The same elements caused splits in the Yadu state. The youth among the Yadus lost their heads in this sweep of anti-social education. They formed into a group under the club banner. They are polluting the atmosphere with slogans of personal independence. The black dwarfs are inducing the natives into wrong actions to

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

get drifted into the tide. They do it consciously to misdirect the youth. Charvaka was right in remarking many times that the Yadus were sheep-like. He also remarked that it was very easy to make them kill themselves. The shameless Rakta Sarma gave his approval and co-operation to the plan of Charvaka.”

Parantapa: “You say that this Rakta Sarma is a classmate of Sandipani, the teacher of our Lord.”

Madhuvrata: “Not only that. Both of them are colleagues and classmates of Vedavyasa.”

Parantapa: “Why should this fellow, Rakta Sarma, take to such a path?”

Madhuvrata: “There must be a secret cause.”

Satanika: “Except those who are on special duty, all others should sleep early. Hence, I request our staff to retire by now.”

Chapter 4

It was about four thirty in the afternoon. The sharp sunshine of winter was gradually being covered under thin layers of chillness. Creepers of chill breeze were sprouting and touching the thick foliage of the jungle. The springs of the cold breeze flew out of the branches of the big trees and permeated into small channels of the murmuring wind. The sounds of the eastern valley echoed in the western valley and created pleasant illusions. It was the scene of the forests in the valleys of the hill tracks of northwestern frontiers. It was in the neighbourhood of the Gandhara province. The mountains appeared variegated with clusters of trees in flower and fruit. It was a beautiful bird's-eye view of various designs in colour combinations, white, yellow, red and green. The valleys were of bottomless depth. The rugged pathways of unfathomable depth appeared like the folds of the bowels of the nether dragon of space. The colour splendours of the western sunshine reached the expanse of the colourful valleys and gave the appearance of the back skin of a big cheetah lying leisurely,

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

filling the space between heaven and earth. The stretched branches of some trees without leaves appeared like the roots of inverted trees, lying lazy. Between two big hills, there was a perpendicularly downward slope. Into the slope from above, there was a narrow footpath of many curves, which gave the appearance of a python hanging down with its belly exposed. Stones of different colours were arranged as footsteps, which gave the appearance of the scales on the belly of the python. A few people were going up and down the footpath. From a distance, they appeared like the wild ants crawling on the scales of the python. The footpath ended in a valley, in a twist of the steps that resembled the tail of the python. Towards the end of the tail, there was a thick grove of massive green trees. No one could imagine about the bottom of the valley that was in the depth of the grove. Even the hill tribes who inhabited the neighbourhood had no idea of it. A few of them had a dreadful recollection of the undisturbed freedom of the wild beast and the reptile.

A young lady and a youth came down the footpath and disappeared into the twist of steps. The lady was well-built and resistant. She had the complexion of a ripe guava fruit. A tight pant of sheep skin covered up to the ankles. A

Chapter 4

woollen tight-fitting upper garment covered up to the neck and wrists and exposed the beautiful curves of her body. Her dark, silken hair was combed into four neat plaits, two in front of the face hung down the temples, while the other two from the back, were hung upon the shoulders up to her chest. The crescent-shaped forehead, without any brow mark, gave the appearance of an expression of tenderness. The corners of eyes were decorated with lines of Anjan, which gave the appearance of the eyes of a young cobra.

The young man was of golden complexion with a well-formed chest and muscular cut. His waist was thin and graceful. He walked with agility and seemed not mindful of the cold weather. He had only a thick, saffron-coloured upper cloth on his shoulders. They walked hand in hand through the shades of the dense growth of trees, where the whistles of crickets were heard even during daytime.

“Let us rest a while on this flat stone, Chitrabhanu. It is time for you to play your flute”, the young lady said.

Chitrabhanu: “Prateechi! The climate looks not favourable. It is more chill today and fog is covering soon. We have almost come to my cottage. I will play flute for you there.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi: “If I come to your cottage, I cannot come out again. I have to spend the whole night there.”

Chitrabhanu: “It is a great favour to me. But for your company, I could not have stayed long here in the wilderness, amidst strange sounds of crickets and the many crawling serpents and scorpions.”

Prateechi: “It is all due to the grace of our Guru. His favour is of transcendental magnitude. He has given us the depth of happiness through his formula of independence and caused a great uplift to the poor human creatures of your land. He taught the happiness of civilized life to your people, who struggle hard in social bondage and limitation, dull and inactive as muddy water snakes. He brought down happiness skin-deep to your people.”

Chitrabhanu: “Henceforth, I do not use the words Brahmavarta and Dharmakshetra, it is shameful. It shows our narrow-mindedness and it is an insult to our Guru. It is ugly to use such terms. Charvaka’s doctrine of human welfare does not spare such terms of limitation. In the glory of his global doctrine, I forgot about my native land, Dwaraka. There, the people live in their own limitations, like frogs in the well. They recite the Vedas and other

Chapter 4

scriptures. They waste time in burning ghee and fuel in the name of rituals. They fold their sacred thread around their fingers, while counting the number of the recitals of the mantras. My father is one among them. I used to believe him as my god. I now feel like pitying him. I now understand how foolishly I would have wasted away my life as an obedient son of a superstitious father, had I not come over here.”

Prateechi: “Do many people behave like your father in your land?”

Chitrabhanu: “More than ninety percent. During the recent decades, their number increased. It is due to the mystic influence of Krishna. I do not like him, of course. I do accept that he is a peculiar being, a magician. Under his hypnotic spell, the Vedic doctrine springs up again in the minds of the multitudes and flows in floods. The tide has grown into a taste of the day and created many ritualistic schools.”

Prateechi: “What about your Krishna himself? Does he know anything of the Vedas?”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Chitrabhanu: “The question never exists to any one of his followers. They all believe that he is an embodiment of the Vedas.”

Prateechi: “O I see! Then, he has no need to read the Vedas, I think. He is a divine incarnation to you all. If not so, how is it possible for him to control you all? You, his disciples, are expected to live a life of austerities. He makes kill-joys of you, while he indulges in the heaven of happiness. He knows how to enjoy life. He could experience life almost as much as the Charvaka students do. And he has no time to read your Vedas. Whenever I come to know of the stories of that juggler, I understand how easy it is to deceive the people of your land. For such reasons it is that the Yavanas hold very low opinion of your people. It seems the humans of your sacred land are equal in intelligence to the sheep of our country.” Chitrabhanu nodded his head.

Prateechi: “It is nine months, since you came to this Ashram. Don’t you feel homesick?”

Chitrabhanu: “What about you?”

Prateechi: “We are detached. For the welfare of humanity, we have offered ourselves, bodies inclusive. We

Chapter 4

have no second thought about it. Our aim is to walk along the footsteps of our Guru. We do not cling to parents, home and belongings. We are not in the habit of hanging down the native rafters like the many children of your land. It is all due to the grace of Charvaka.”

Chitrabhanu: “Our people call your people untouchables. But, if we understand correctly, your philosophy is a philosophy of life. It is tinged with surrender and unselfishness. It is strange that our people do not understand it. Literally primitive is the race. If I have the power to do so, I prefer to burn away all the palm leaves of the old literature, which smoked their brains and I would educate the future generations into the doctrines of Charvaka.”

They approached a cottage. Chitrabhanu opened the door and entered. A lamp was burning on a pinewood dais. He lit four more lamps and arranged them in a row. Then, he invited Prateechi in. There were two wooden chairs near the dais. The platform was raised on either side. A wooden cot was furnished with soft, imported cushions and a bed, covered with a fine blanket with nudes printed upon it. The walls of the cottage were inlaid with tricoloured art pictures

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

of nudes in provocative gestures. Prateechi reclined into a chair and gently tilted a flask placed on the table to see if there was wine.

Chitrabhanu: “Shall I begin to play flute music as desired by you?”

Prateechi: “People narrate stories about the flute music of your Krishna. Even cows, birds, snakes and fish in the lake enjoy his music, it is said. Do you believe it so?”

Chitrabhanu: “Why? Do you feel attracted? Do you wish to enjoy it?”

Prateechi: “I repeat. Do you believe it so?”

Chitrabhanu: “So say his devotees. I do not know personally.”

Prateechi: “Is it that you do not know or you do not want to know?”

Chitrabhanu: “I never felt like listening to. From the beginning, I have an instinctive dislike for Krishna, his very name. I very much believe that he is a cheat. He enjoys all the pleasures. He uses all ladies for his enjoyment. Finally, he deserts all. All others should obey him. No one should imitate him. He prescribes monogamy to others

Chapter 4

while he enjoys many wives. Moreover, he indulges in the pleasure of others' ladies. He has no moral courage to accept it and to teach the same to others like our Guru Charvaka. My father worships Krishna and believes that he is God. Many times, he tried to induce me to the presence of Krishna.”

Prateechi: “What is the name of your father?”

Chitrabhanu: “Damasarma. We belong originally to the Brahmin village named Devadatta in the vicinity of Dwaraka. Our village stands projected into the sea. At the centre of the village, there is a lake, conch shaped. The great conch, Devadatta, which was blown by Arjuna in his battles, is said to have emerged out of that lake. So say the aged Tantric Brahmins of the village. Vedic wisdom comes down through generations in our family. Purnamisra, the Educational Officer of Dwaraka, honoured my father with a thousand gold coins and an invitation into the assembly of the scholars of Dwaraka. This happened forty years ago. As a result of this, our family was shifted to Dwaraka.

“In the patronage of Krishna, my father became a son of wealth. It took one year more for him before he could meet Krishna personally, though, from a distance. On three

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

different occasions, my father waited to meet Krishna in the morning service. He was made to wait downstairs, along with the multitude of the grand scholars, and was only able to see him offering a general blessing from the terrace. Literally my father could not meet Krishna on the three occasions. All the three times, he received presentations along with all the other scholars in abundance: fine silk robes, handstuffs decorated with gold, diamonds, studded gold rings, book stands and new copies of palm leaf manuscripts written personally by the sage Vaisampayana. He also received a hundred gold coins, turmeric, kumkum, a pair of costly betel sets and perfume bottles containing camphor, saffron, musk and lotus water. On each of the three occasions, he received all these things differently, specially favoured with the touch of Krishna. In my childhood, I used the perfumes brought by my father and I freely distributed them to my friends. After sometime, I began to doubt that they were having the spell of Krishna's magic to subjugate people. Since then, I stopped touching anything brought from Krishna's place. A fourth time, my father was invited to see Krishna and it was after one year. Then, he was admitted into the personal presence, when Krishna walked seven steps with him and

Chapter 4

spoke. Then, he cast his departing smile and slipped away. The smile of Krishna on that occasion gave my father a lifelong touch of a sweet spell. Even today, it keeps my father mad after the presence of Krishna. My father himself admits that his innermost nature underwent a transformation and he felt himself with the experience of a female at heart, when Krishna smiled. Since then, his intonation of Samaveda has attained the melody of feminine music. My father admires himself with pride about this. A close friend of mine warned me that whoever entered the aura of Krishna's presence would be a slave of Krishna for life. Of course, I do not believe in such things, but still, I feel it better to keep a safe distance. Whether we like him or not, we have to accept him as a strange, mysterious magician.”

Prateechi: “In our Ashram, we are not permitted to see pictures other than those of Charvaka. All of us should meditate upon the picture of our Guru and nothing else. Still, I feel curious to see the picture of Krishna. I believe that it is better to see and throw away such things instead of having a dread of them. Charvaka is not in favour of it, nor is anyone of his followers.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Chitrabhanu: “I believe that it is a weakness to avoid such things.”

Prateechi: “Then, why do you avoid the presence of Krishna? Have you no better estimate of yourself?”

Chitrabhanu: “I am talking of pictures. I am not afraid of anything. In fact, I have many pictures with me in my box. I remember that there is a picture of Krishna also. See, it has no influence upon me.”

Prateechi: “Do you have it now in your box?”

Chitrabhanu: “It must be lying somewhere in my cane box. I will show it after sometime. I have to send for it.”

Prateechi: “I feel like seeing it now.”

Chitrabhanu: “It is not a great thing.”

Saying so, he got up, opened the cane box and found the picture. He brought it out and gave it to Prateechi. It was a small picture engraved on a metal plate in many colours. Krishna was depicted as standing and playing his flute with his smile and his side-down look. Prateechi gazed at it without a wink for a long time. Light and shade touched her mind’s eye. An electric hint permeated her

Chapter 4

within the thousandth of a second. Something moved the innermost layers of her heart. It resulted in a prolonged sigh. There was a rheum in her eyes. She gently placed the picture on the wooden dais and slowly whispered: “Where is your flute music for me? You delay in fulfilling my desire.” Her voice quivered with a piteous note, which was never before with her. Chitrabhanu looked into her eyes curious, doubtful, riddlesome and sympathetic. Slowly he started playing music on his flute. It started low and went up into a continuity, a fusion of consciousness. As the first note touched her mind’s ear, it slipped into her heart. Heartbeat changed into a milder and stabler one, which culminated in total silence of mind. Who knows, how long went the duration? Chitrabhanu was startled, awakened as if from a deep sleep. He found his flute just slipped from his hands, lying in his lap. How long did he play on the flute? When did it stop? He knew not. After he came to senses, he faintly remembered that he might have been playing the music. Still, Prateechi did not return to her senses. How was it possible that she had not noticed the music stop? Chitrabhanu himself did not know when it stopped.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi was lying relaxed in the chair in half-closed eyes. Tears dribbled down her cheeks. Lips quivered and her head dropped on her shoulder. Her arms were hanging on her lap loose like tender lotus stalks. Protracted sigh of breath produced waves of respiration on her chest.

Chitrabhanu thought of waking her up. He waited long. He did not like to disturb her. He started to play the music again. Prateechi received a jerk of music and woke up. He stopped music and questioned: “Do you sleep?”

Prateechi: “No.”

Chitrabhanu: “Don’t you feel well?”

Prateechi: “No sleep, no discomfort, no awakening, no dream, but it is all a duration of experience. I cannot name it.”

Saying so, she stretched her hand slowly and took the picture of Krishna. Looking into it, she said: “Now, I slowly begin to recollect. All the while, the being of this picture was playing music on his flute, dancing on my breast. I now feel that it was endless time.”

A young man stood at the door and said: “Chitrabhanu! Don’t you know that flute music is strictly

Chapter 4

prohibited within the area of our Ashram? It is according to Charvaka's instructions. I am in charge of this unit and it is my duty to inform you. Of late, we hear flute music from your cottage in the evenings. Some more students bear witness of it. Some of the residential damsels feel attracted and enchanted. It is a life-taking risk, if it goes to the notice of our professors." Saying so, he went away.

Chitrabhanu: "What a pity! No one informed me about it. I feel something unreasonable. Our Guru does not restrict anything without a cause. There must be some dangerous motive behind this."

Prateechi: "I know it. It is not good to remark, but I cannot help remarking. It is the psychological weakness of our Guru. The logic behind this is that the flute reminds our young people about Krishna. I know this and I honoured it for a time. Now, after you came here, your flute music attracted me very much. Day after day, I am taken away by it. Day by day, the touch of its experience drags me into the unfathomable depths of the all-liberating bliss. I much reflected upon it and found that there was nothing wrong. So, I encouraged you to play your flute. We came to this Ashram to know what is independence and what is

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

enjoyment. In what way do we transgress our limits by enjoying flute music? I experience real liberation from the bondage of human consciousness. I also experience liberation, while listening to your flute music. Day by day, from my egocentric limitation, I feel I am not wrong. I do not find this liberation of final limitation in the methods prescribed by our Guru. Real concept of liberty is liberation from concept.

“It never leaves space to criticise and point out the defects of a race or to create differences among a group of people or to create impediment to the natural flow of any national culture. When the consciousness imbeds a destructive motive, it solidifies into an egocentric activity. Such a motive can never lead to the liberation of consciousness into the absolute independence which is much boasted of by our professors. It seems that the very nature of true independence is quite different from what they contrive. A revelation of this concept of liberation must be the final sacrament of a human soul. This is my concept of independence as it stands today. It is true to me up to date. I do not mind if it changes tomorrow. Many concepts have undergone much transformation through time. Even then, I cannot hope of any change in my present

Chapter 4

concept. This is because there is nothing left in the name of myself, since the time of my experiencing this flute music. Perhaps, there may be nothing to change. The plaster of mind can be shaped into many thought-forms of the concept which we call independence. These thought-forms are there, to be rounded up again and again into the original globule of the plaster. When the mind itself is melted and sublimated into non-existence, where is the possibility of a change? What lies behind? I am not able to find a need and a possibility to go beyond. I know only one thing. I know that I exist. But, I am now different. I am not what I was. Hence, I will be what I am. I call this eternity.”

Chapter 5

Eight towering hills of enormous height overlapped each other to form a big circular valley. The hills stood like the petals of a lotus around the valley of ten square miles. It was deep into the belly of the nether kingdom. Cedars of more than hundred years of age covered the valley in their groves of thick foliage. Vast lumps of darkness lay idle under the groves, grazing time in heaps of decades. Springs of water flowed down the rocks, talking with each other through darkness in murmurs. Skin-pricking chill slowly crawled with many a serpent and insect sighing through the noises of crickets. Through the groves, there were many concealed footways. On either side of each footway, there were thorny bushes with cedar and teak ever growing in brotherhood. Chirping sounds of innumerable birds were being multiplied by their echoes. The whole valley was divided into four sectors by the main paths. Each sector had a magnificent building, constructed in wood. On either side

Chapter 5

and back of each building, there were cottages arranged in rows. Between two rows of cottages, there was a small footpath. In front of each building, there was a big stadium with an elevation of playground in the centre. The elevation was a big square of fine, red sand. It was the gymnasium for the daily trainees. The whole scene was revealed in all its detail with full colours by the rays of the rising sun, as if out of the brush of an artist. Bells of magnificent size began to ring. Youths and damsels came forth in tight skin-fittings, ready to jump into the red sand. They stood in rows, well arranged. The professors of Hatha Yoga came down the steps of each building and stood before the rows. They stood in tight uniform of tiger skin and thick linen. Each of them had a meditation-staff and a Kamandalu in either hand. The disciples bowed down in veneration and thrice clasped their hands and uttered the chant of the Guru in one voice. It was their morning prayer:

“Salutations to you, Yavana teacher great;

Master of repute, beyond any dispute

Salutations to thee, Charvaka the prophet!

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

*Father of new thought, grand and perfect,
Saffron-robed and lofty,
Sceptre-handed and hefty,
You gave us all liberty sweet,
Lo! Old tyranny beats retreat,
Breaker of Vedic bondage old!
Iconoclast of custom, the accepted flaw,
You blow centuries like wind to give new law,
Though with every desire dost toy,
Hail, O! eternal habit of joy.”*

After the prayer was finished, the youths and damsels dispersed into small groups into the squares of red sand and started practising physical culture. Many branches of Hatha Yoga: High jump, running race, wrestling, grips, boxing, skill and other practices proceeded in all vigour. For some time, they exhibited their power of endurance by beating each other and also by beating themselves. Wrestling was conducted by mixed doubles. It was the rule that one youth and one young lady were to practise wrestling. The

Chapter 5

programme went on for one full hour, after which, they all proceeded to the swimming pool that was located to the northeast. The entrance gate of the swimming pool had two nudes, one of a male and the other of a female, two idols served as pillars of the gate. Besides, there were many little statues of nudes carved out of stone in many postures in the swimming pool. They were placed to stimulate the innermost beastly instincts of a human being. The faces of the statues were very beautiful and life-like, enough to allure the mind of the youth.

It was three hours after sunrise, when bells were heard from the classrooms. Beautiful damsels of Yavana, Gandhara, Barbara, Aparantika and Panchala nativity gathered in tight, colourful dresses. Walking hand in hand with them, there were sturdy youths of golden complexion clad in saffron silk. The youths belonged to the land of Brahma. Graceful smiles, merry laughter and jolly chitchat walked, through the pathways. All of them dispersed into four different groups of mixed doubles. They entered the four big buildings. Inside the halls, there were benches and

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

tables of cedar wood. Breakfast was kept arranged on the tables in leaf containers. Roots, fruits, sweets, cups of liquors, fruit juice, cooked beef and buffalo meat, well-spiced! Couples of pupils gathered in rows and began to break their fast, eating and chatting intervened. Jokes were breaking while cakes were cracking. Merriment ranged from smile to ghastly laughter.

“*Srutamanyu!* You studied advanced sciences in the Universities of Takshasila, Ujjayani and Hastina. I hope you feel our atmosphere quite queer and uncomfortable”, a Panchala damsel tickled a young man with a smile, blooming through the petal-shaped nostrils, which resembled the tender buds of a Champaka flower.

Srutamanyu: “Hema! You take pleasure always in playing jokes against me. You always complain that I have practised reciting the Vedas.”

Hema: “Don’t say Vedas. Say that they are metrical verses. You are a worse boor of metres.”

Srutamanyu: “That is all my old story. The Vedas did not satisfy my thirst for free-thinking. I came here, leaving

Chapter 5

them behind. I am no more a metrical boor. I am learning to grow modern.”

Hema: “Do you hope to quench your thirst here with us?” With a stroke of hand, she made the fruit in his hand fly up above and then she caught it direct between her teeth. Srutamanyu withdrew his hand and blushed red with face down.

Hema: “Poor boy, still you shirk! Of course it has been only two months since you came amidst us. Do you feel for the fall of the apple? Alright! I give my fruit to you to eat.” Srutamanyu gently stretched out his trembling hand.

Hema: “Not like that. Open your mouth.” Srutamanyu sat down on his ankles and opened his mouth. Hema stretched into his mouth the half-bitten fruit. Suddenly he turned his face aside. The skin on his ears grew red with rage.

Hema: “I see! the angels of this sacred land do not accept food half-tasted. Also, woman denotes bondage in your philosophy.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

“Their God Rama had long ago accepted the half-bitten fruit from the mouth of an old, hill tribe lady. They have themselves recorded it in their sacred book of man-god. So, there is nothing wrong in eating half-bitten fruit.” A Parasika lady spoke with a mischievous twist of lips and with a movement of eyebrows, like the toss of a scorpion tail.

Hema: “Now they have changed their god. He is not Rama, for the present their god is Krishna, the native of Dwaraka. Ruta! their tradition makes gods out of human beings according to the needs.”

Ruta: “It is polytheism. As the number of their gods multiplies in course of time they will have no time to worship them, one by one.”

Srutamanyu: “Why do you kill a snake that is already dead? I accept that those traditions are of no value. I have come to you to learn.”

Hema: “O my hell! You come to me? I cannot play the role of the Guru of a boor.”

Chapter 5

Srutamanyu: “Since you are more civilized than I, there is nothing wrong if you be my Guru.”

Hema: “I repeat. I cannot afford to be a Guru of a metrical boor.”

Ruta: “Is there no philosophy to your god Krishna? If there is, is it not an impediment for him to have polygamy?”

Srutamanyu: “I do not know all that. My mother and my maternal uncle are great devotees of Krishna. There are many pictures of Krishna in my house.”

Hema: “Is your god Krishna or his picture?”

Srutamanyu: “I do not know anything because I am not a devotee of Krishna.”

Ruta: “How is it that the people of your land are mad of worshipping pictures and idols?”

Prateechi approached them and made an interruption in an emotional tone: “Are we not worshipping the pictures of our Guru? It is the same with them. The difference is that we worship also the nudes while they do not.” Ruta

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

and Hema looked at Prateechi sharply. Ruta grew suspicious and went into a reflective mood.

Prateechi: “Our methods of cheap ridicule are an insult to our own Guru indirectly. What is the first instruction given to us? It is self-control and meaningfulness in speech. It is our duty to see that Charvaka does not receive a blemish.”

Hema: “Stop there. Do you remember that the use of words like duty and self-control is prohibited in our ashram? You know it and you still make use of such words. Is it not a blemish caused by you against our Guru?”

Srutamanyu: “We gather here in quest of unity, liberty and happiness which are not available else. Still you quarrel here among yourselves and show malice. I feel very much for it.”

Hema: “We shall play jokes with Chitrabhanu, the native of Dwaraka. Chitrabhanu! Would you please come here once? We have a doubt to be cleared.”

Chitrabhanu approached them with a glass of wine in his hand.

Chapter 5

Ruta: “We wish to know if your Krishna is a meat eater.”

Chitrabhanu: “I do not know anything of him. Still I do not think that he has taken an oath not to eat meat.”

Hema: “Does he accept spirituous drinks?”

Prateechi: “If you are very much interested to know, it is better to approach Krishna and ask him directly.”

The ringing of bells indicated the time for teaching. Every one finished his breakfast then and there and rushed into the big hall. They all sat in rows on the benches and there was strict silence. Ruta, Hema, Prateechi, Chitrabhanu and Srutamanyu sat in the same row.

Srutamanyu: “Chitrabhanu, what is the topic for today’s teaching?”

Chitrabhanu: “Don’t speak loud. Professor Lokayata is to enter within a few seconds and commence his discourse. It is about the methods of attacking the theories of the Vedic Law.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

All stood up and bowed their heads in veneration as Lokayata entered the class in majestic gait. He was the professor of sorcery, mind control, hypnotism and the process of inducing desired dreams. He was an adept in invoking powerful spirits like Tara, Bagala, Dream-Devil, Cold Elemental etc. He could walk quite safe, with ease, into the densest forests through the darkest nights, alone, barefooted. He controlled every serpent, scorpion, lion, tiger and elephant at will by his incantations. He could tread the head of any creature in case of revenge. As he walked through the jungle, hill and vale through the dark dreadful nights, he had two spirit-damsels called Sulabha and Sarala on either side, shedding pleasant blue rays to light his path. He was invited by Charvaka from his native land of Nepal to exercise his unparalleled infernal powers. He thoroughly studied all the Vedas, Vedanta and Purana with a view of attacking the traditional scholars. He held all the keys to criticise and disprove the theories of the ancient Scriptures. His charming tone of traditional Vedic recital enchanted and attracted the youth from the orthodox families. He could create unsolvable riddles to any scholar

Chapter 5

with his questions about the Upanishads. He required no books, since he could quote extempore from the Puranas to prove the discrepancies. He was an adept in alchemy and the use of mercury to stop old age. He was about one hundred and fifty years of age and was still tender like the fresh betel leaf. He knew the use of drugs for rejuvenation and also the elixir of life, as well as the philosopher's stone. He made use of them according to the requirement of the season in the year. His body was unbreakable as a diamond. At this age, he could entertain damsels in sprightly conversation and could keep company with them for an incredibly long period of time. The tip of his nose, bent inward, gave a deceptive appearance of smile to his face.

Lokayata entered the hall and settled in his chair with a sign of his left hand to the people to make them sit. In a melodious voice he started his teaching. It was highly scientific and psychological: "The land of Brahma is vast as a world within a world. It embeds diverse provinces, languages, races and traditions, really rich in variety. Physically speaking, they are all varied in tradition and

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

logic. But they have an undercurrent of live consciousness which binds them all in unity. They call this unifying spirit by the name Veda. All the different elements fit into it as parts of the whole. Krishna of Dwaraka has reawakened the spirit of Veda and called it Yoga.

“Wherefrom this unity is inherited by the sons of the land of Brahma? It is a top secret and it is too subtle a truth to be understood. It has been buried deep under the husks of ignorance and superstition. The grain of truth is that they inherited this unifying spirit from the Yavanas of old. It is true as daylight that there is no culture greater than the Vedic. Nobody can deny this. But the question is the origin of this unity. Where was this power living before they could inherit it and name it the Veda? They conveniently forgot about it. This is very bad. The people of this land have grown enough narrow-minded to try to prove that this very culture belongs to this land. They have indulged in many arguments and established many truths, piecemeal. The theory has given them the spark of progressive element but, at the same time, it is a blow and an insult to the human

Chapter 5

welfare at large on a global level. Our Yavana traditions are highly scientific and analytical. They allow no room for egoism and favouritism. Superstition, emotion and enthroned error cannot gain our appreciation. The very theory is detrimental to altruism and universal peace. Now, it remains our duty to disprove their theory and establish the truth. It is all false patriotism that causes much disservice. According to our theory, patriotism is a psychological weakness that proves that man is still a primitive animal. All the traditional families of the Vedic learning come from the ancient Yavana families who came down to this land through colonisation. The people who lived in this land before the advent of the Vedic culture were much uncivilized and uncultured. They lived in caves and they now call it penance. They were all civilized gradually through slow degrees by their contact with the Yavana culture. Now we have to create the true history according to a new programme. We are to give a blow to the old theories. We have to establish the argument that the original natives of this land were more civilized than the Yavanas who came here. It becomes readily palatable to

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

them and they accept it without much difficulty. Then, we have to create another theory that the Yavanas drove the natives away into the far south, south of Vindhya in course of time. This cuts the land politically into two strips, northern and southern. The whole race will be split into two races, constantly at war with each other. This is the method of balancing power and safeguarding the interest of human justice at large.

“Then the next step is to rouse the people of the south against the inhabitants of the north. We have to prove that there are serious defects in the Vedic theories and then popularise the idea that the Vedic theories are foreign to this land. As a first step, we have to popularise a comment upon their society and social structure. We have to show some defects in the system of division which they call the four classes. The class division of ancient India should be confused with the caste division of the present date. In course of time, the duties of the four classes have been already jumbled. There are misunderstandings among their own scholars about it. The duties of class division have

Chapter 5

degenerated into hereditary rights. It is against the theory of the Vedas and hence, it is undesirable and unprogressive. Now, we have to popularise that this undesirable state of affairs was there in the Vedas from the beginning. It is to establish that the Vedic culture is basically undesirable. Then, you can very easily convince the people that the Vedic theories are unpractical, unprogressive and incompatible with the human interests at large.

“Even today, there are people still living among them who remember the true theory. They know that the fourfold division of classes is according to one’s own aptitude, fitness and the nature of his duty. Krishna and Vedavyasa know it very well. They are struggling much to bring this to the notice of the public again and again. The division of the society into four classes is mainly based on the nature of the duties of the individual to the state. As long as this division operates, no one can cause any disturbance to the Vedic society and culture. Therefore, the next step is to cause serious disturbances to the state duties. Duties should

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

be made to be understood as professions. An educational system which destroys the sense of duty and creates a sense of employment should be introduced. It is very easy to do this, if we know the method. We can catch hold of a few intellectuals among them who do not understand the difference between national education and literacy. A few scholars who are mere literates should be bribed in the name of honouring the learned. Then, they leave off their duties to the State and get themselves employed by us. That means they are purchased. An employee means a dependent and a servant. These scholars among the Brahmins will be our lifelong servants. Give them some power over their own fellowmen. The natives of this land are sheep-like. They get fascinated by money, power and honour bestowed upon these Brahmin scholars and gradually get attracted to the idea of employment. One by one, they leave their family professions and their education and they begin to beg for employment. Wilfully, they cease to be masters and they become servants. It is all true and a psychological progress.

Chapter 5

“If we can succeed in converting the class duties into the professions of the castes, we can easily deprive the teaching class from their State duties of agriculture, cattle-tending, trade and defence. Krishna knows this secret and hence he improved the dignity and the social stature of agriculture and cattle-tending. He has renovated the age-old slogan of Manu: ‘Wherever there is agriculture, there is no poverty’ and ‘he will be punished who does not till the land’. We have to change the face of the slogan and popularise a false slogan in its place. That is: ‘Land belongs to those who till it’. This causes confusion and splits among the intellectuals and makes the labour class plunder the land of the owners. The whole society will disintegrate into little groups. We can engage one group to destroy another on the daily wages of malice and hatred. In the meanwhile, we can add to the local disturbances that already exist. This, in short, is the whole plan. Assimilate it and prove your efficiency by inventing protracted theories to supplement the plan. Competitive tests will be held to prove your efficiency in popularising these ideas. Remuneration will be paid to the winners in gold coins. Of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

course, you are not expected to use the gold for yourself. Love and sympathy are our fundamental principles. You should preserve the gold in the name of our Guru to help your relatives and friends in times of poverty and risk. They feel obliged to you and you can bring them gradually to our path. Human welfare is our motto. Now you can retire to your cottages.”

Chapter 6

It was few minutes after sunset. It was the fifth night after the new moon. Moon made its misty appearance from between the two hills into the valley. The moon was crooked and lustreless like a bunch of jasmine buds. Moonlight was not enough to flood into the valley. Moon reflected in the trembling surface of the swimming pool, like a lump of crushed banana fruit. The statues of the female nudes in the swimming pool were hiding in their shadows, trying to protect their sense of decency. A male nude among them stood up in water and slowly approached the shore. It was an old man coming out after a naked bath. He came up the steps of the swimming pool and wrapped a red robe around his lions, drew the edges of the robe around the shoulders and tied behind the neck. He took the black of a charcoal by the fingers of his left hand after scratching it on the rough stony surface of the stepping stone. He made

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

a brow mark of three crescent horizontal lines with it on his face. He stretched out his left hand and drew a big human skull from out of space. He decorated the face of the skull with a vertical brow mark of charcoal powder. Straight he proceeded to a bush and stood before a wide snake hole on a heap of anthills. “Pinjaraka! Your friend calls you out” he invoked. Something moved in the darkness from out of the snake hold. It appeared like thick muddy waters flowing down. It was a dull, stout serpent emerging from the hole with brown patches on black skin. It was about three metres in length. The serpent went round the old man once, touching his feet. It entered the bush and came out, bringing a wooden Kamandalu with the coil of its tail. It lifted the tail and handed over the Kamandalu to the old man. Faint notes of snake music were heard in the air. The serpent receded and disappeared into the snake hole while the moon sank down into the western horizon. The old man carried the Kamandalu in his left hand and the human skull in his right. Straight he approached a wild tree and said: “Come down, come down, my little scorpion. Hail my

Chapter 6

friend, monkey.” From under the tree, a black scorpion of half a metre length came forth with a herb root pressed by the sting of its tail and handed it over to him. As it crawled back and disappeared, a monkey with grey face and black mouth came down the branch of a tree, showing its teeth. It gave him a meditation staff and went up the tree. He took them all, turned back and disappeared into a footpath under a thick foliage.

He walked and walked through the depths of darkness and entered a cave. He walked through the bowels of the mountain in seven twists and entered a hall. Torches of cloth-wicks soaked in castor oil were burning in the walls of the big hall. Towards the end of the hall, there was a platform in the shape of a double triangle. Earthen lamps with wicks made of the nerves of cat were burning in a ring around the triangles. He filled up melted fat of python in the lamps. He stood south-faced before the platform. He smiled and said: “Sulabha, come down! Sarala, come down!”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

The two stone statues of beautiful young ladies slowly moved and proceeded towards him. As they came to the double triangle, they appeared delicate and beautiful in chubby smile, when they were exposed to the illumination. Their smile gave out a blue aura. They were clad in radiant blue sarees and garlands of blue flowers. Their eyebrows moved with a beautiful musk mark. They cast sparkling looks upon him and stood in veneration. There was a lotus-shaped wooden seat for meditation before the platform. The old man sat upon it in Padmasana and went into meditation with half-closed eyes. Sulabha and Sarala further illuminated the hall with additional lamps. The face of the old man shone and emanated a red aura of burning embers of charcoal. He invited Sarala to the platform. She approached and sat at the centre of the double triangle with a blue lotus in either hand. She sat without movement. Sulabha handed over to him a big plate of blue lotuses. In another plate, she brought musk, camphor, saffron, cloves, betel leaves, nuts, turmeric and kumkum. She also brought a golden vessel filled with cow milk. The old man lifted the

Chapter 6

empty Kamandalu and chanted spells when it was filled with water in mild perfume. He took water thrice into his left palm and sipped. He uttered some mystic sounds and said: “Let Krishna of Dwaraka be subjugated. May it be true thrice.” Saying so, he stretched his left hand into space and drew a small metal plate of Krishna’s picture, engraved in many colours. He placed the picture near the feet of Sarala and said: “May Krishna be subjugated and may his mind be controlled”. Then, he worshipped the feet of Sarala with the blue lotuses and the other articles brought by Sulabha. He uttered mantrams addressed to Sarala in mystic sounds. At the end of the worship, he handed over the golden vessel of milk to her. She stretched her hands gracefully, took the vessel and peeped into it, as she brought it to her lips. Before the vessel touched her lips, half of the milk disappeared. She looked into the vessel and smiled. Her eyes sparkled in bashful ecstasy and modesty. Her face expressed the feeling of a bride receiving the first touch of her lover. She was thrilled all over the body and handed over the vessel back to the old man with a graceful

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

smile revealing the well-set crescent of her teeth, shining in the brilliance of the lamps like a necklace with many little pearls. He did not notice Sarala returning the vessel without drinking the milk. He took the vessel in full devotion and drank the remaining milk. Sarala stood up and Sulabha receded and stood without a movement in their original places as statues of stone. The old man, Lokayata, stood up and came to the entrance of the cave. Hema and two young men were there waiting. The old man returned into the hall with them. All of them sat down near the double triangle.

Lokayata: “Hema! What did Ruta tell you?”

Hema: “She spoke of Prateechi’s peculiar behaviour. An undesirable change is taking place in Prateechi. It is being observed in her looks, replies and discussions. It is evident that the change is not psychic. It is of a deeper nature, a transformation of the deepest core. For one week we have found some distortion in her features and facial expressions. You taught me that the facial features of a person show change with a change in the mind. Today I

Chapter 6

and Ruta observed the lines in the hands of Prateechi without being noticed. A new set of fine lines resembling the whorls of a little conch are noticed under the little finger of her left hand.”

Lokayata: “What do you conclude?”

Hema: “New lines formed in the left hand of a woman show a change of her deeper nature, a change long-lasting. You taught this to us in the class of palmistry. The area under the little finger indicates marital relationship or some sweet experience. The whorl of the shape of a conch indicates absorption of mind. In the fold of the first phalange of her right thumb, we saw the lines of an island forming like a wheat grain. So, I thought that the absorption of mind might be caused by taking to alcohol.”

One among the two youths, sitting and listening, interrupted: “The surface of her palm is delicate, lotus-coloured and is without sweat. The whole hand carries only a few lines. Therefore, we cannot conclude that she gets addicted to drink. The psychological change may be of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

some other type, quite different from what you have estimated.”

Lokayata: “The conclusion of Sankhachuda is correct. Sankhachuda! The pupils of your Nagaland are always subtle in understanding. Further, Takshasila is famous for exceptionally good understanding of palmistry and the art of engraving. Tamralipti! What is your opinion?”

The second youth replied readily: “On the third horizontal line across the throat of Prateechi, I noticed a Damaru mark just making its appearance. It indicates an untimely death by violence.”

Sankhachuda: “The observation of the palmist and phrenologist of Takshasila about this mark is that the death would be caused by a fall from a height.”

Lokayata: “Since the very beginning, I have been warning all of you to have an eye over those who came from the vicinities of Dwaraka. The change that is occurring in Prateechi must be due to her association with

Chapter 6

Chitrabhanu. His flute music may prove detrimental to the peaceful life of our Ashram.”

Sankhachuda: “Last night, I had to peep into the cottage of Chitrabhanu and warn him in a few words. Then Prateechi was sitting in a chair in his cottage. It seemed that she was just coming to senses from a strange experience. I understood that she might have enjoyed Yoga. But, I could not find any traces of having direct contact with him.”

Hema: “Hitherto she was spending time only in inducing Chitrabhanu into excitement from a distance. From our conversation, I understood that she had no experience of Yoga with anyone. She says that her mind feels loathsome and indecent about such things.”

Lokayata: “Yes. I know that she is a lotus, untouched by a beetle as yet.”

Hema: “If you take up the case seriously, it is not impossible to make her accept pollution. You can easily change her mind by inducing a thought or a dream in her.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Lokayata: “It is not big thing. I would have achieved it long ago. There is something serious and dangerous about her. Remember that she is the granddaughter of Charvaka. The doctrine of human welfare boasted of by the Yavana is only a slogan. They are always careful about their own ladies. However much we show the spirit of equality, they use it to their advantage. When I first came to the Ashram and joined as a professor, I was foolish in teaching about mind control and thought reading to these Yavana professors. Now, they use it against me. They have always a watch over my mind and thoughts. They are always ready to detect some weak point in me and report to Charvaka. As long as I am in this cave, they cannot control my mind. My mind here is independent. I had to make my own arrangements, for which I used much of my tantric wisdom. If I try to influence Prateechi, it will be known to Charvaka immediately. He never accepts a black spot in the character of Prateechi. I informed you about this, because you are all natives of this land and I have a soft corner for you. I very much feel at heart that you are

Chapter 6

all deceived in the name of this Ashram. I therefore reveal this so that you may be very careful about your thoughts. Even if you recollect these things outside this cave, it is dangerous because it will be known.”

Tamralipti: “All these days you commanded our confidence, veneration and faithfulness. Respected sir, do you think you have helped us all these days? When you do not believe in your own doctrines, is it right for you to keep us under a tight thumb of belief?”

Lokayata: “Excuse me, my boy! I am myself not clear of it even today.”

Sankhachuda: “You are a master of many sciences. You wield innumerable powers. How is it possible, sir, that with all your experience and wisdom you work here in this Ashram?”

Hema: “In a split second, I am disillusioned of a horrible and prolonged nightmare.”

Tears dribbled down her cheeks. She continued: “My Lord! you have molested me and spoiled me lifelong with

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the help of your magic and herbs. I was pure as a virgin until I stepped into your influence, leaving the boundaries of Panchala. All right. No remorse be to the past. To the bottom of my conscience, I accept you as my husband.”

Tamralipti: “Respected sir! Please come out of this hell. Somehow, go to Nepal and start your own Ashram. We accept you as our Guru and venerate Hema as our spiritual mother. We follow you as your lifelong disciples. We give our full support to you.”

Lokayata: “If things could be solved so easily, I would have left this place long ago. What all you can do now is to have an eye over Prateechi. I report the changes occurring in her to Charvaka and safeguard my position for the present. There is nothing that we can mend now. I am really helpless. Be faithful to the Guru and save yourself by discharging your duties carefully. Due to some strange reasons, no one can escape from this Ashram. Anyone having a thought of escape goes into mysterious death.”

Hema: “Then instruct us as to what we have to do.”

Chapter 6

Lokayata: “Two dwarfs come down to our Ashram tomorrow morning. One among them, Chitang by name, brings palm leaf manuscripts in bundles on the back of donkeys. It is your duty to carry them safe to the fireplace and see that they are carefully burnt. Sankhachuda comes to assist you.”

Sankhachuda: “I hope they are the copies of the Vedic texts.”

Lokayata: “Yes. And also the copies of the Puranic texts. They are recently copied by the followers of Vedavyasa. Vedavyasa has finished writing Mahabharata up to the sixteenth book, named ‘Mausala Parva’. Krishna could gather the information about our scheme of collecting the palm leaf manuscripts and destroying them. He sent Maitreya to the island of Vedavyasa. Now, Maitreya is very busy getting the manuscripts of Mahabharata to Dwaraka, without being noticed by any one of us. Krishna has gathered many scholars and kept them busy in preparing numerous copies and dispersing them immediately to the various centres of the whole

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

country, I could not understand till now, through whom he is getting all these things done regularly. During the previous ritual of harvest gathering, Krishna arranged a big conference of scholars. He appointed them to prepare copies of the Mahabharata text, for which he paid them fatly. Further, he promised long life and prosperity to their families by doing so. He noticed the presence of mean fellows among Brahmins who were influenced by the movement of Charvaka.

“They could be bribed and purchased. He gathered them and honoured them specially. He caused honourable imprisonment to all of them in his royal palace and engaged them in the work of copying. Krishna was personally paying visits to their houses and arranging everything for their families. He could also spot out the sons of these Brahmins who were being influenced by the dwarfs of our squadron. From them, he seized copies of Charvaka literature. At the same time, Maitreya engaged his two disciples, Maru and Devapi, to distribute the copies of the Mahabharata in some centres of the country. Uddhava,

Chapter 6

another disciple of Krishna, is making tours with a new model blueprint of a popular ritualistic hall under the name of temple. He is getting temples constructed throughout the country according to the model. He also composed a new ritual of installing the images of Krishna and he called it the 'Science of Agama'. He is gathering local scholars to every temple and getting them trained to make regular recitals of the Mahabharata to the public in the evenings. For this, the scholars are paid and their families are maintained. You know that the Mahabharata text contains the Bhagavadgita. It is being taught to children and adults everywhere in the temples. A good administrator always remembers that mere intellectual scholars are slaves of money and can easily be purchased. Through recitals of the Puranas, Krishna is getting the Vedic doctrines popularised beyond the useless discussions of the scholars.

“Some Brahmin scholars that were influenced and bribed by the Charvaka workers, floated a new slogan: ‘The Vedas cannot be recited by ladies and the labour class’. There were serious discussions about it, all over the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

land. By this, we could succeed in rousing the Sudras against the Vedic doctrines. This gave a blow to the authority of the Vedic wisdom in some centres. But, the Purana movement of Krishna and Vedavyasa has wiped off this project and it is a great disappointment to the Charvakas. For the present, Charvaka is hunting the Vedic manuscripts of the country. It is a fight between the expansion scheme of Krishna and the anti-Vedic scheme of Charvaka. We cannot predict which of the two will destroy the other.”

Tamralipti: “Please explain, sir, what I should do.”

Lokayata: “The second dwarf, Pathang by name, comes to you directly tomorrow morning. You have to collect the palm-leaf manuscript of Charvaka literature from the cottage of Ruta and hand them over to him. You follow him and his donkey up to the owl cliff and meet your alchemy professor who will tell you what to do. You stay there overnight and return by sunset.”

Chapter 7

“Our Ashram is like a valley of death. Any difference in mental attitude leads one to an unaccountable and untraceable death. Even the risk involved cannot be suspected. I have been much worried about your behaviour since yesterday. At first, I was angry with you but since I began to understand you since last night, pity touches my heart about the danger that awaits you,” said Ruta to Prateechi, watchfully looking around. Prateechi sat on a marble seat under a small bush with fine flower mosaics. Ruta stood behind her back with one leg on the marble seat. Her right hand touched a bunch of flowers hanging upon her right shoulder from behind.

Prateechi: “There is no difference in my attitude. It is not possible with me. From the very beginning, I observe that you are jealous of me, trying to find out defects in me.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “I accept that what you say was not far from truth till yesterday. Believe me, I feel very much for you. There is no one except I who wish good to you. You are the only innocent creature in the whole Ashram. I pray, do not misunderstand me. There is no place for sympathy in our Ashram. Love, affection and finer feelings are considered to be sentimental weaknesses. We are taught to believe so and grow with these beliefs. I am conscious that I am going against the principles of Charvaka philosophy if I begin to sympathize with you. Yet, my conscience forces me to transgress the rules for you. Why, I do not know. Never did I notice hesitation and imbalance in you as much as I see it since yesterday. Your looks are heavy with some unhappy expression, as if seeking pity. The tenderness natural to the mind of a woman is not natural to the woman of our Ashram. The tenderness of a woman is accepted only to use trained expressions to attract young men according to Charvaka’s science of erotism. We are trained not to permit ourselves to be women in mind. We are permitted to develop as women in body.”

Chapter 7

Prateechi: “Yes, even in the practice of our meditation, we are taught to concentrate only to develop respect to our Gurus without any touch of devotion. Devotion is said to develop dependency and inefficiency. But still, as you say, my mind is going out of my control. Yesterday afternoon, Chitrabhanu was talking to me with the usual attachment and friendliness. Suddenly, he grew angry for nothing. He broke the conversation and went away abruptly. As he went, he walked away with repulsion and disagreeable expression. In the night, I went to his cottage and personally requested him to play music. Even after repeated requests, I received no reply. He seemed not inclined to talk to me. His eyes were red and looked puffed. They had a ruffled expression. I was much disturbed. In an insane mood, I stretched my body and relaxed in the chair. I stretched my right hand towards the dais for ...”

She stopped conversation in the middle of a sentence.

Ruta: “You stopped halfway. What for did you stretch your right hand towards the dais?”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi: “I groped as if searching for something. I stopped without understanding what for I searched. After ten minutes, I got up and said I was going to my cottage. With contracted eyebrows, Chitrabhanu nodded his head and said nothing. I grew dizzy and started to walk with a heavy heart. As I was leaving his door, he turned his face to the wall and said that his flute and Krishna’s picture were missing. I walked through the snow-dark distance lonely and entered my cottage. I was lying stretched on my bed and experienced great heat from within my navel upwards as if flaming. I struggled restlessly the whole night without a wink of sleep. Towards the early hours before dawn, sleep covered my surface mind.

“It was like the darkness of night that covered the waves of a stormy ocean. During the little sleep I had, I experienced the violence of a nightmare which came upon me like whirlwind with flames. I saw the flute of Chitrabhanu floating in air with the head of a snake that looked at me, stretching its tongue out. I heard some sounds of flute music in discord like the hissings of a snake. I was

Chapter 7

running round and round in the dream as the serpent followed me. I tried to run fast but I was running where I was. A very strong person with a jackal's head was carrying a big sheet of birch bark. He was spreading the page open before me and was enchanting some sounds. On the page, I saw the headline in big letters, 'Your future'. Under the headline, I found a human skull through which a lance was pierced. Under the skull, I found a corpse without a head, sitting in Padmasana. It was the corpse of a female and had two lotuses in two hands. It sat upon a double triangle around which there were lamps burning. At the feet of the corpse, there was a little picture, the picture of..."

Ruta: "The picture of what? It seems that the picture was the keynote of the whole dream. As far as I can understand, your future depends upon what was there in the picture."

Prateechi: "It was the picture of... No, I am not able to recollect it."

Ruta: "Is it true that you do not recollect it?"

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi: “Yes, ... yes ... I have to go to my cottage immediately.”

Ruta: “You can go leisurely. If at all it is true that you do not recollect what the picture contained, then, there is no future for you. In all probability, you may meet with an unnatural, untimely death.”

Prateechi: “The followers of Charvaka do not fear death.”

Ruta: “You are a fool. We are expected to sacrifice the body only to achieve some good purpose. Achieve something even by death, do not die without achieving what you want. This is one of the teachings of our Guru.”

Prateechi stood up abruptly. Ruta caught her by the hand.

Prateechi: “I want to go to my cottage and spend some time lonely.”

Ruta: “You can do it, but let me be with you.”

Chapter 7

Prateechi: “I am restless and mad. It seems my mind cannot bear the presence of any one. I feel very much like sleeping lonely.”

Ruta: “I do not stand in your way to sleep. Believe me, it is not good for you to spend time lonely for the present.”

Soft music was heard from the big hall. All the ladies were going round the meadow, rushing into the hall. They sat down on the benches. Ruta led Prateechi by the hand into the hall and they sat there. There were no males in the hall. Every Friday morning it was a training class for ladies, conducted in the building of the fine arts. All sat silent. Four young ladies were playing music on strings upon the platform. They were singing erotic songs of blunt and beastly trend. Suddenly all stood up. The lady professor, Vrishanandini, presented herself to conduct the class. The dais was cleared and she got up with a smile. A hefty stalwart of rough skin and massive curves, Vrishanandini waved her left hand, directing them to sit. She started her teaching: “Nature is feminine. Consciousness is masculine. Their union results in creation. Only this much was known

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

to the philosophers of this land before they had the wisdom of the Yavanas. In those days, they had no opportunities to learn more. There were no journey facilities in ancient days here in this land. Pupils from China, Trivistapa, Nepala and Brahmavarta came to the Yavana land on foot to learn various sciences. In course of time, they filled the gaps of their knowledge with ignorance and superstition. Naturally there were many mistakes and misconceptions left in their philosophy. We should not criticize them because they were ignorant.

“Sex attraction causes Consciousness and Nature to unite. True philosophy is nothing but the secret of this union. The pupils of Brahmavarta segregated philosophy from sex. The result is that the whole race of inhabitants became weak and inefficient. Experience of bliss is the culmination of sex attraction. Those who are weak by conviction and belief are not fit to experience bliss, which is far from those who multiply restrictions in the name of self-control. The concept of marriage is the first restriction and it is unnatural since it is man-made. This restriction has

Chapter 7

been embraced by the weaker races. Human beings are expected to discriminate and know the workings of Nature and mould their path of life accordingly. When marriage itself is unnatural, what to speak of celibacy and monogamy? It is all but the bitter fruit of insane thinking. Nature teaches its children to enjoy bliss. Courage is the qualification to enjoy bliss. It can be made possible only by personal independence. The stories of the lives of Sita, Savitri and Damayanti that are taken from your epics to teach in the classrooms are the symbols of uncultured and feared races. Such stories are enemies to human progress. The books prescribed in the classrooms contain such stories.

“Now observe the pairs of flowers peeping over the tender twigs of the creeper and the bush, tossing their heads in the gentle breeze of the morning sun. It is all the glory of Nature. Young couples should go round observing the mysteries of Nature before they can develop courage and conviction to enjoy life freely. It is only out of Yoga, in fearless freedom, that the birth of a heroic generation, long-

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

lived, sturdy and practical, becomes possible. Though childbirth is a natural phenomenon, it should not come in the way of yogic enjoyment, which is the biological birthright of the living beings. The capacity to regulate childbirth at will is the fruit of scientific knowledge. It requires a thorough study and definite knowledge of the various herbs that cause a sure control of conception and childbirth. The light of the grand sage of the modern age, Charvaka, sheds upon your fertile mind in the name of scientific secrets. It means a great opportunity which has been denied hitherto through ages. Even today, many of the common herd fall victims of difficulties due to lack of opportunities. The first step of your enjoyment is the practical teaching of sexobiology and the availability of the required herbs.

“Today’s instruction is over and you can retire with your boyfriends into the vast expanses of Nature after receiving the herbs for the whole week. As usual, your matron distributes herbs to you in the meditation hall. Next Friday we meet again.”

Chapter 8

The well-planned graceful city of Dwaraka had its beautiful opening towards the eastern boundaries with a luxurious and grand public garden, two miles in length and one mile in breadth. It was the visiting place of all the inhabitants at the end of the active routine of the day, which was a child's play to them. There were well-arranged divisions of flower gardens and fruit gardens in endless variety. The range of variety kept the garden the whole year green, sweet and colourful. People enjoyed their leisure in the spacious garden irrespective of age and social status. It provided enough space for the people of the whole city to live as one family during the holidays.

To the east of this public garden, there were some more houses with pleasant streets, straight and open. That part of the city was called "Kusasthali", the abode of the sacred grass. It was called "Agrahara", the abode of the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Brahmins. Every house was well-ventilated and beautifully built. Only one floor was permitted to be built for reasons of sanitation and meditational purity. Around each house, there was a spacious compound with a wall of many colours. From the entrance gate, there was an approach into the compound, which was beautified with fresh green rows of sacred plants of Tulasi. Behind, there were creepers, bushes and fruit trees. Small and tender plants of sharp aroma were grown in round units circumscribed by the sweet smelling creepers of Sugandhi. Towards either side of each building, there were vegetable plants. Towards the rear side, there was a cattle shed on one side and a heap of fodder on the other side. Still behind, there was a small pond of fresh water. In the moisture around the pond, there was the vegetation of many spiritual herbs like Brahmi. Still further, you found thick tufts of Kusa grass, touching the compound wall and towering above it. This gave the name Kusasthali to the area. If you stood at the main entrance gate before the house, you could have a direct look at the small shrine of Tulasi opposite to the back door. You could also notice the designs decorated with red and yellow

Chapter 8

spots painted with kumkum and turmeric. In the centre of the shrine, there was the triangular window with a ghee lamp burning. On the days of the full moon of every April, July, October and January, the municipality got the houses white-washed and painted from the public revenue. The streets were clean, wide and straight. Beautiful bullock carts, horse-drawn vehicles and big chariots form the traffic with the sounds of little bells jingling. Round and chubby milk-white bulls running before the carts made a pleasant spectacle.

Mighty and majestic horses were drawing the chariots. A short good-looking man, middle-aged, was going in a small cart with his face turned towards the back of the cart. His head was smoothly shaved in the front. To the back, there was a black tuft of hair hanging down in a knot. The diamonds in his earrings sparkled. Neatly painted vertical brow marks, moon white and saffron coloured added to the grace. His shoulders and the back were covered with milk-white upper garment with spreading folds in the edges, like the tender petals of the pendanus flower. Sacred threads

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

were hanging down the upper garment up to the waist below the right hand. He was not much beautiful, yet he was imposing. His face emanated a good aura. He had a short, straight nose, tip bent inward. Small, converging vertical arcs of folds between the eyebrows looked sharp and twinkling. He was of a pleasant, sober attitude. Though sitting bent in the cart, it was evident that he was short in stature. In his right hand, he gripped a thin cane staff in a slanting position, the head of the staff being decorated with a knob of gold. He sat on a silk cushion. There was a cane box before him in the cart.

The cart stopped before the entrance gate of a house. In slow grace, he got down from the cart and looked around. A stalwart servant with black big moustache like two question marks (on either side) approached him. He was having a widely diverging vertical brow mark. He came and carried the cane box into the house. The master stood there for a few seconds and looked on either side. Eight chariots and two bullock carts were parked before the house. The drivers approached him and saluted him in

Chapter 8

veneration. They had long, combed, curled hair resting on their shoulders. Thin vertical brow marks made their faces graceful. They wore orange coloured translucent long skirts covering their well-formed muscles. Eagle emblems on metal squares hung down their necks as talismans. The Brahmin greeted them with a smile, invited them into the house with a wave of hand and went inside.

He crossed two halls and came into the third central hall, then to the left into a room. It was their shrine room. A milk-white marble statue of Krishna in standing posture akimbo graced the centre of the room. Another statue of Krishna, reclining with his cheek in left palm, left elbow supporting, was there. The right hand was holding a cloth bag containing rice flakes. Hence, it must be the abode of Sudama, the classmate of Krishna. Once, when he was young, he was called “Kuchela”, the Brahmin in rags. His wife was standing before the statue with closed eyes. Both her hands were filled with blossomed jasmine flowers. After a few seconds, she opened her eyes in full tears of devotion and made an offering of the flowers across the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

statue. Some flowers dropped to the ground, some stood on the statue and some returned to her in a jerk. One flower stood on the crown of the statue.

“Vatsala! There are ten people waiting outside. They came on an official business as chariot drivers. Get the arrangements ready for them and ten more people for lunch. In the meanwhile, I will finish business with them,” said Sudama. Vatsala nodded her head in consent and went inside. Sudama came out to the first hall, where the drivers waited sitting on the carpet, knit in golden fabric. One of the drivers stood up and poured down the gold coins he brought in a big bag.

Sudama: “I hope all this gold is the gift of one of your fathers-in-law. Are they safe? Are they ready with new brides?”

One among them looked into the face of another in confusion. The other one replied: “Nothing like that. It is only a joke. Father-in-law is his pet name used for a black dwarf.”

Chapter 8

The driver who brought gold coins sat down again and said: “Yesterday I brought one box safe to the house of Hari Sarma for which he bribed me with ten coins. In the depths of the night, he was slowly walking in the shade of the beach road. I observed him, stopped my cart and whispered, ‘Sir! How far do you go?’ Immediately he got into my cart and closed the door. I took him as directed. We stopped at two spots. One was the narrow lane running south of the ten-lamp square.”

Sudama: “Yes, the lamp makers’ lane.”

Driver: “We stopped at a distance. The dwarf got down slowly after looking out carefully. He slipped into a narrow lane. After twenty minutes, he returned with another fellow, head and face completely veiled in black cloth. Both of them got into the cart and closed the door.”

Sudama: “I hope the name of the veiled fellow was Arunagiri, if you could enquire.”

Driver: “Exactly.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Sudama: “I also hope that the second spot where they stopped was the Bharani triangle, the meeting place of three roads.”

Driver: “Exactly. We stopped at the back door of the fourth gate. Arunagiri got down and entered the compound of a small house by the back door. After a few minutes, he returned with another fellow in veil. I could recognize him but I do not know the name. For some time, he was massaging the horses of Samba, Krishna’s son. For some time in the past, I remember him working for daily wages. He was blowing the fire in the blacksmith workshop of Tankadasa.”

Sudama: “Yes. His name is Srugaladasa. Really he is a black, lame jackal.”

Driver: “I left the three fellows according to their direction in the dark shadows of the cashew groves beyond the elephants’ stable in the beach road. Then, I found Hari Sarma, the son of the scholar, Vishnu Sarma. He was followed by that black dwarf. Both of them got into my cart on my humble request. The other two fellows disappeared

Chapter 8

into the shades of the trees. I could not imagine, wherefrom hailed Hari Sarma. By direction, I left them safe before the house of Hari Sarma. Then, the dwarf gave me ten coins of gold. I received them with humility, surprise and thankfulness. It was about two o'clock in the night. Hari Sarma called me and whispered: 'Tomorrow by the same time you be here. You can leave us at the beach road.' So sir, I will leave them safe tonight according to your instructions. The remaining gold coins belong to the earnings of the fellow-drivers. Listen to them also and we await your orders."

Sudama: "All of us await the orders of the Lord of the rotating wheel. No necessity to listen any more. Also you are relieved of the burden of taking Hari Sarma and the dwarf tonight. Leave them with me. I bribe you twice the amount."

All burst out into laughter.

Sudama: "I hoped that each one of you attempted to capture at least one dwarf. But, you ten, could catch only six of the fools. Each of the fools has been traced by more

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

than one of you. So, we can understand that the streets are not at all safe for them. This speaks of the efficient guard of our patrol scouts. After ten o'clock in the night, they are chasing these dwarfs to panic. Disease of worst pain is sometimes preferred to death. With a view of hiding themselves from the patrol scouts, they took shelter in your carts. Otherwise, they would have doubted you.

“All the six dwarfs entered the city in quest of gold. Arunagiri and Srugaladasa fixed up their terms to help them plundering the city. Their terms were fifty and fifty per cent. This was arranged three days back with these dwarfs. These two fellows, Arunagiri and Srugaladasa, could venture to push their heads and hands into the houses for robbery. Fools, they learned to drive themselves into death. Of course, it was not unnatural for them to get into the profession of theft. But, it was very mean and foolish for them to part with half of their hard-earned gold with the strangers who came from a foreign land. They could not understand that they would not gain anything by keeping such a relationship with the dwarfs against the natives. It

Chapter 8

was a funny bargain. It was like keeping one moustache for the lips and shaving the other to prepare a shawl. Now, your Hari Sarma was employed by these dwarfs to work as a night watcher. His duty was to transport gold from his own house and his relatives' houses. For that, he was promised a safe journey to the Ashram of Charvaka. Three of the fathers-in-law have already received due honours. Now, you cannot find them. You know the nine inspectors of police working under the seven assistants of Parantapa. One of them is Vyaghra Varma, literally a tiger. He sent two dwarfs alive into prison. The third dwarf strangled himself with his own thumb and died no sooner he was caught. So, he went straight to God. No one could imagine the cause. Now, three dwarfs are remaining. One of them was swimming in the night towards the island. Our scouts waited in the darkness and received him cordially. He is safe in the island now, to have his dinner with the police leisurely. Two more remain. One was going from the streets in the nights, making arrangements for the collection of gold. Since he has different pooling stations at different distances, our scouts wait until the collections

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

are completed. It is convenient to catch him at the end of his programme. See, our people are too busy. They have no time to visit all the pooling centres.

“Now about Hari Sarma. Giri follows Hari. Giri Sarma is my daughter’s son. He is an expert in the science of criminology and is already receiving his practical training under my brother Dama Sarma. Now, he is undergoing advanced training in the tower-house building during nights. Our learned police officer, Madhuvrata, made him well-versed in the secret literature of Charvaka and Brihaspati. One of the drivers smiled and looked into another’s face.

Sudama: “Now, by the grace of Madhuvrata, my grandson is attracted to the bad company of Hari Sarma. Now, he is the faithful disciple of Hari Sarma. Every night, he goes to him with many gifts of costly things like scented snuff, perfumes and chewing pills. Perfumes, all from my own house. Already ten days ago, a dwarf took pains to fix up the date and time for the successful escape of these two Sarmas to the Ashram of Charvaka. Tomorrow, they are

Chapter 8

leaving. It is a great honour to me to think of the grand voyage of my grandson into the wider world in quest of knowledge and experience. But, what to do? I cannot arrange a grand gathering to wish him bon voyage. Everything takes place in secrecy. My grandson is destined to gain fame and popularity within a closed circle. That means, our lips are sealed not to speak of it. We have no right to speak. What can we do? What is there in our hands and lips? It is only a good lunch and now it is waiting inside. Lunch is already served. Let us eat our square meal. Please get up, wash your feet and hands and enter the dining hall.” Saying so, Sudama directed them with a smile on his delicate lips that had the folds of the petals of the sesame flower.

Chapter 9

Hideous cries and shouting and very loud confusion of sounds were being heard from the southern street near the ten-lamp square. Two ladies in a flower shop were weeping and crying and stroking their chests. They stood in rags. The kumkum brow marks on their faces were wiped up into tapering tails that appeared like two comets red in twilight. Tears mixed with black paint of their eyes covered their noses and cheeks like lumps of darkness. One of them was wounded on the head and blood dripped down enough to make her upper garment wet. Beautiful garlands of flowers in colour combinations were broken into pieces and thrown across the street. The whole shop gave the appearance of a big tree all in flowers, thrown down to the ground. Four young men were playing monkey dance on the dais of the shop. One of them opened the cash box and took the money away. Another one was throwing out big baskets of flowers into the street with vengeance. All the passers-by gathered

Chapter 9

into a crowd around the shop. The road was blocked, packed with people. Vehicles stopped on either side, traffic jammed up to a long distance. The neighbours closed their shops and locked them. They stood before their shops dumbfounded, with bunches of keys and their own lives tightly gripped in their hands. Every one feared, as if he committed a great offence. All of them were shouting loud discussions of ethical lectures in non-stop eloquence, sweating and panting. No one could understand what others said. It was all an admixture of many sounds.

A group of policemen suddenly appeared in the middle of the crowd. Each of them was like a little elephant. They were twenty in all. They had sharp lances in their hands. The public had no time to notice them in their confusion. The policemen turned the lances back and began to beat the crowd. Thus, they could make a tight way to approach the shop. The victims of their blows fell down, got up and ran, piercing the crowd. Three policemen got hold of the four young men on the dais and controlled them. The young men were panting like hissing cobras, where they were

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

caught. They clipped their fists and cried out: “Independence to the Club Banner. We want separation of the Club Yadu state. We demand liberty to our people.”

As they continued to cry out slogans in split voices, the police frowned and demanded them to stand silent. They continued to cry and shout. When one of the policemen gave a good blow with the back of his lance on the head of one, all the four suddenly stopped shouting. After a few moments, one of them cried again: “Violence should be curbed. Devilism of the police should be cruelly suppressed. Power, pride and cruelty should go down.” He stopped shouting again when the policeman showed the sharp tip of the lance. One policeman made the two ladies sit calmly and began to enquire.

One Lady: “Sir, I pray, listen to me. At first, this fellow with the black wart on his face came into the shop and enquired to purchase flowers. In the meanwhile, that second fellow, the monkey-faced one with protruding tooth, approached discussing and disputing with him. The two fellows argued and pretended fighting. They got up the

Chapter 9

dais and broke the well-arranged garlands. Then, the third fellow joined them. Then, the last fellow with the charred face joined them. When we tried to interfere, the fourth fellow broke my head with this broken arm of the chair.”

Saying so, she burst into weeps and sobs as she steamed out.

Police: “My dear young fellows, are you the natives of the city?”

One Young man: “Yes. We are Club Yadu leaders of the youth. Don’t think that we are cowards.”

Police: “Too much! Can you answer to the point? What do you want?”

Young man: “We want a separate state for the Club Yadus.”

Police: “Why do you beat the two ladies?”

Young man: “To rouse national consciousness.”

Police: “Can you understand that you are far from the sane end of your wits? Those who want a separate state have no business to beat people. You are criminals and not

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

at all politicians, since you beat ladies, children and old people. You can be classed as eunuchs. Are you the cause of this nonsense or did any one induce the plan to your brain?”

Young man: “Our leaders of independence are our ideals. We belong to their army.”

Police: “The same fate awaits your leaders also.”

Four policemen caught the young fellows tight. A fifth one addressed the public: “Respected citizens! Can any one of you recognise these fellows?” All kept silent.

Police: “They are the natives of this city. You know them, but you refuse to speak. Have you no responsibility to help us to protect your security? You want very much to enjoy the rights of a citizen. If you wish to escape from your duties as citizens, you are doomed. Then, you fall prey to such experiences of insecurity and lawlessness. This is a fine lesson to you from the lips of the angel of law. Please understand and co-operate.”

Chapter 9

One young man came out of the public and stood boldly. He said, “What you say is correct. These people fear the cruelty of the offenders and behave ungentlemanly. Someone has to take up the lead. I tell you what I know. This man with the big wart on his face is the son of Pinjaraka, the chariot-maker. I saw him yesterday evening with the same cheek of misbehaviour in the washermen street. He entered a house and took off a pack of washed clothes. People caught him and gave him kicks and blows. Then he said that he came to collect clothes for the aid of the disabled war heroes. The public let him go after giving some more kicks.”

Police: “You know your responsibilities. We leave the right to you to decide about these fellows.” Four more young people among the public came forward and discussed. One among them said: “You thrash them in our presence. We sentence them so.”

Four policemen thrashed the criminals with their lances on the knees, knee-folds, backs and hands. The criminals cried out weeping music, conducting drum dance

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

with clasped hands and imploring faces. Then, there was a flash! A big cart with closed doors, drawn by two sturdy horses, stopped before the scene suddenly. Two youths, strong and agile as lions, jumped from the cart. No sooner did the police look at them than the criminals escaped like deer and entered the cart with the two young men. Two other people threatened with sharp lances on horsebacks from behind the cart. The doors were shut and the cart proceeded quickly. The two horsemen with lances galloped on either side of the street. All stood aghast. The cart went round along many zigzag roads and stopped in the lane of the carpenters. The two young men who rescued the criminals got down and shut the doors again. The cart went away. The two young men stood there and were engaged in conversation: “Giri Sarma! I hope you remember our programme. We are going to start tonight. Now, with this incident, you might have understood the skill of our driver. This is the same experienced driver about whom I told you. This driver drives this big cart of two horses during daytime and another small closed cart during nights. Last night he took us to my house carefully. He could carry

Chapter 9

Arunagiri and Srugaladasa to the shelter of the cashew grove, and from there, he took me and our dwarf leader to my house. Now, he takes these four heroes straight to the cashew grove beyond the elephants' stable. There, he leaves them and disappears. Again in the midnight, he meets me at my house with small cart. From there, I will take our dwarf leader straight to the highway that leads to Mathura. One hour after midnight, you wait there, ready to start. From Mathura, our journey to the northwest frontiers is already arranged by stages. The five dwarfs stay back in the city to make arrangements to carry gold on the donkeys.”

Giri Sarma: “I fear that we have no good weapons to protect ourselves except the short staffs. Better be a bit cautious. The whole of the highway is alert with special police guard.”

Hari Sarma: “No one can stop our cart. The driver is well-experienced and is known to me long since. I instructed him to keep good explosives in our cart.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Giri Sarma: “I only repeat that it is risky, if we are known. I never fear for myself. I care only for you. Of course, nothing can harm you as long as there is breath in my nose.”

Hari Sarma: “You are still new to the path and you are inexperienced. Hence, you feel sensitive. If at all searched, our cart contains nothing but plantain fruits and coconuts. The dry ones among the coconuts are deadly explosive grenades. They are quite hundreds in number. When thrown, each smashes ten persons into ashes.”

Giri Sarma: “My goodness! Really, the Yavana brain is to be appreciated. It is a pity that our people cannot understand how much the Yavanas are advanced in civilisation. All right, I will now go to my grandfather’s house as my last visit. While returning, I will bring scented chewing pills and perfumed snuff for you.”

The two fellows vanished into two streets.

Chapter 10

The rays of the rising sun kissed the fresh green of the mountain tops. As the rays touched the leaves of the trees, they gave the touch of the tender fingers of a newborn child. Awakened by the life of the first rays, the surface of the green leaves made them appear as fresh red leaflets. There was a thick heap of dry leaves under a tree. Upon the heap, there was a young man sleeping. He was sleeping towards his left, with the mango-shaped muscle of his left arm used as his pillow.

An elderly man dressed in clean saffron robe looked at the sleeping man. His looks sparkled with love as he smiled. His lips were covered with thick black silken moustache and beard. As he smiled, his teeth glittered like ivory with the reflection of the sun's rays. His black, smooth beard was flowing down into many thin hairs with curls disappearing into the gentle morning breeze. Holding

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

his right palm upwards as a sign of blessing, he pointed out towards the sleeping young man and chanted the holy hymn of awakening in a melodious masculine tone:

“Awake, rightful child of the Holy Mother!

Awake with the growing morning dawn.

*Rise above the horizons, you the eternal child among
men*

Awake and fulfil your duties to the gods of the day.”

The young man woke up from deep sleep, opened his eyes and stood up in veneration with folded hands. He went straight to the small lake of gleaming crystal water. He walked the stony steps down, finished his morning bath and morning offering of handful of water to the Sun God. Then, he approached his Guru again.

Guru: “The selfsame glow of the morning sun may receive your offering and stimulate your will towards your contribution to the world. Now the time is auspicious. The moment has come. There is not much pause. You see a cave before you. It is one of the holy caves of the world.

Chapter 10

Through this, you have to go to the ethereal village, Sravasti. Bow down with folded hands and body prostrate to the space before you. Meditate the presence of Maitreya. The second gate will open. You enter and proceed. A boy will receive you and lead you to the mystic, invisible village, Kalapa. You can see sweet-smelling golden flames burning in clockwise direction on the altar. You can see hundreds of palm-leaf manuscripts burning into ashes in those flames. They are the copies of Charvaka literature carried by a dwarf on the back of a donkey to the professor of alchemy on the owl cliff. By this time, they may be waking from sleep, only to find the donkey with empty back. After the burning is complete, you will be taken into a third cave. It leads directly into the holy village, Shamballa. Now, we appoint you to fulfil a specific mission and hence you have no time to visit Shamballa for the present. If questioned, you can answer that you are sent by Devapi. A young sage will show you the way. He is a resident of Prayaga. He is undergoing training with Vaisampayana, the disciple of Vedavyasa, by the order of Lord Krishna. He is well-trained in two secret arts,

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

invisibility and space travel. He will hand over to you some bundles of palm-leaf manuscripts kept in a big box. They are copies of the sixth book of Mahabharata. They are copied by the hundred scholars of Prayaga under the personal supervision of Jaimini, a disciple of Vedavyasa. I need not explain to you the importance of the sixth volume, since it contains the direct message of Lord Krishna under the title of Bhagavadgita.

“Now Lokayata has a new scheme according to the old programme of Rakta Sarma. He came to know that we were doing the work of our Lord, the World Teacher. We formed into a team in getting the manuscripts of Vedavyasa multiplied into many copies and distributing them to the various scholars of different places. He could also understand that the Vedic message was being popularised among all sections of the public in the temples installed by Uddhava. Lokayata tried to destroy the manuscript of Mahabharata through the powers of black magic even while it was a single copy. Before he could do so, Vaisampayana could make five copies of it. One was sent

Chapter 10

to Dwaraka immediately, another to Kalapa and a third copy was sent to the Durga Caves of Agastya in the Blue Mountains. These three copies gave birth to three hundred copies.

“Presently, another scheme of Lokayata is working. He controlled the minds of some traditional Brahmin scholars. They were bribed to jumble the text of Mahabharata by adding new verses and new chapters as interpolations. These chapters contain seeds of the theories of Charvaka. In some temples, they are being popularised along with the original text. Besides, there is a big discussion that the whole text of Mahabharata does not belong to a single author and that it is a big confusion having no unity of thought. The manuscripts which are to be kept under your care in the big box are the genuine texts of Vedavyasa. The author named the collection ‘Jaya’.

“Your guide in the caves will give you a magic ring. If you wear it to the third finger of your right hand, you can travel in space by chanting the Gayatri Mantra. You can take the big box with you through space. You will go round

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the holy land of Bharat through space distributing these copies in required number at Avanti, Varanasi, Srinagar, Kanchi and Agastya's Ashram. Now you will go into deep sleep in the cave. You can wake up only after sunset. This is due to a mysterious cause which cannot be revealed to you immediately. After sunset, you will wake up and complete your tour programme. You should return to your cave about one hour before sunrise, to sleep. Until you complete our work, you will be sleeping during the day in the cave and conducting space travel with your box during the night. You should not wear the magic ring during the sleep hours. Be careful to take it off your finger before you sleep. You have to preserve it in your box that will be given to you. Again, you have to wear it during the nights before you start. A Yogi should keep awake when all the others go to sleep. Thus says our Lord Krishna. It has come true with you in a strange manner.”

The Youth: “By what name am I known in this work?”

Devapi: “Djwhalakhula.”

Chapter 10

Djwhalakhula: “Now, after a long time I am free from speaking untruth. This is because this name is given by you, my Master. I can mention it to anyone as my name.”

Devapi: “You think that you are free from speaking untruth. It does not matter much. When you are not responsible, a lie cannot affect you. All this is the work of God. He is responsible for what we are named. When the Lord, our World Teacher, came down as the Avatar of young Rama, he had many such doubts cleared. When his Guru wanted Rama to kill the lady demon, Tataka, Rama questioned his Guru if it was not against the Law to raise a weapon to kill a lady. Then the Guru cleared the doubt by explaining that it was not his work, it was the work of the Gods. Now, if you speak untruth, it is of the same type as that of Rama. You are not affected by it. I now descend into the Kulu valley and go to my work spot. You can meet me only after some days. I will be working through days and nights and I may not be available.”

Djwhalakhula: “I believe you are busy in driving cars and chariots in the streets of Dwaraka at night.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Devapi: “Yes, all the seven of us should carry the black dwarfs in our chariots and take them to the expected places in Dwaraka. Our Lord Krishna started this work and set an example to us all. He started it by driving the chariot of Arjuna in the war of eighteen days. Now, it is our duty to drive Krishna’s chariot in Dwaraka. I do not know how long we have to drive. We are also habituated to receive the bribes of the dwarfs. All the gold coins we receive from them, are to be carried to the house of Sudama of Dwaraka. Now, Sudama is the appointed officer of transport and also the Inspector General of Prisons. He has grown rich with the gold of the dwarfs. He has sent his grandson, Giri Sarma, to receive modern education in the northwest frontier. It is to specialize in the materialistic philosophy of Charvaka and his concept of liberty.”

Djwhalakhula: “Respected sir! Your sense of humour and sarcasm in speech is sometimes dangerous and misleading to the untrained minds. They may take it to be true. The same is the case with the language of all the Masters of Wisdom who work in your group.”

Chapter 10

Devapi: “Let it be. Henceforth, Giri Sarma will be learning to untie difficult knots.”

Djwhalakhula: “Untying the knots! Is it the knots of the bags of travellers or the skirts of beautiful damsels? It is according to Charvaka’s philosophy.”

Devapi: “Now, he can untie anything without scruple, since it is according to the instructions of his Guru.”

Djwhalakhula: “Yes. It is all the work of the gods.”

Devapi: “Yes, and also the work of devils.”

Djwhalakhula: “You mentioned the name of Giri Sarma today. I feel that I have heard it somewhere.”

Devapi: “Yes. You feel you have heard of everything. We too felt like that when we were young. We used to feel elevated by imagining that we had heard everything, seen all people and read all the books. You do not know Giri Sarma. He is a hard nut. He was a good boy in the beginning. He made a thorough study of the science of crime and punishment compiled by the sage Kamandaki. Of late, he has developed friendship with a spoiled child,

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Hari Sarma, who was a specialist in Charvakism. Through his instigations, Giri Sarma could complete the study of the various branches of Charvaka literature. I am your Guru, while Hari Sarma is his Guru. You too studied the Charvaka philosophy under my guidance and you do not remember it. Now, it is one hour after sunrise. Make haste and go ahead. May the path of God prove fruitful to you and fulfil your mission.”

Devapi got down into the northern valley while Djwhalakhula got down into the southern grove leading to the cave temple.

Chapter 11

Hari Sarma and Giri Sarma reached Charvaka's Ashram safely and were received by the staff and the students warmly. They were duly admitted and cottages were allotted to them separately. Hari Sarma woke up late into daybreak. The beams of warm sun peeped into the open window of the cottage and woke him up. He stretched out in a musical shout of yawning and stood up. He greeted himself as a stranger in the mirror. The mirror was made of a rectangular surface of alloy arranged, fixed on the wall. His eyelids were swollen a bit and the eyes red with thin delicate capillaries. He slept rather late in the night.

When the pupils noticed the arrival of the new members from Dwaraka, that too, the children of orthodox Brahmin families, it was a special object of curiosity for them. Some lady students, well-versed in the art of allurements and entrapping, paid a cordial visit to Hari

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Sarma's cottage, the previous night. They were very interested to see him. They declared a war of cordial romantic vocabulary with trained expressions of chaste damsels. They were keeping distance from him only to rouse his curiosity. During the soft conversations, they had thrown towards him thrifty smiles and costly phrases in limited syllabus. He showed better skill in responding and gained their appreciation in no time. He received repeated doses of hot drinks from the hands of each damsel separately. It was very late in the night when they took leave to meet again during the day. He thought that Giri Sarma might be still resting in his cottage, still in deep sleep. He settled in his cottage quite early last night. Hari Sarma started to the cottage of Giri Sarma to greet him good morning. It was about one and a half hour after sunrise. He found Giri Sarma ready after finishing preliminaries of morning routine. He was clean after bath and his prayer and sitting in a cane chair, looking through the window.

Chapter 11

Hari: “Very good morning, pleasant. I hope you slept early, you are very regular and tender in your habits, being the product of a disciplined Brahmin family. You keep good timings.”

Giri: “Nothing like that. Please sit down. It was more than two o’clock when I slept.”

Hari: “That means, some senior colleagues might have paid a visit to your cottage also.”

Giri: “Yes. They seem to have very queer ideas about the inhabitants of Dwaraka. They expect everyone to be a grim-teeth celibate. they may be expecting four-armed gods with a wheel and a conch in hands, and having a yellow silk robe from Dwaraka. They also expect us to be timid and unsocial with strangers.”

Hari: “Look, look! What a wonderful piece of art! Look at these nudes in the pool. And this is realistic art. The minute detail of the skin folds is reproduced. Nature is reflected as it is in these pictures.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Giri Sarma and Hari Sarma walked along the footpath in the meadow, straight to the swimming pool. Giri Sarma observed the water in the pool for a few seconds and said: “There seems to be pollution in this water. Let us prefer to take our bath in the mountain spring.”

Both of them were being closely observed by Ruta and Prateechi while going to the mountain spring and returning after their bath. The two dames were glittering like two butterflies, decorated and exposed to the morning sun amidst the verdant green. Their hair-dress, loose, thick-set and curly, was graced with a single lotus each, a little to the left. Their delicate feet walked upon the green carpet of fresh thick grass, studded with dew drops shining like emeralds. They greeted the two Sarmas with gleaming smile.

Ruta: “We hope you had a comfortable sleep. It seems you took your bath in the distant mountain spring. Please notice that there are many wild animals roaming about the valley. They do not harm those who are familiar. You, newcomers, should be a bit careful. Also please note that

Chapter 11

there is a rule of discipline in our Ashram that all the inhabitants should take bath only in the swimming pool. It is for our benefit. You might have thought that the water in the pool was polluted. It is not correct. It contains perfumes and flower essences. It also contains the juice of herbs that keep up health and youth. That is why it appears coloured. It is pure and it directly flows from the mountain spring. The pool is emptied twice a day and fresh water flows always. You will find your skin fragrant and healthy after every bath in the pool.”

The two Sarmas were half-covered and half-naked, since they were returning from their orthodox type of bath. Still, they had no delicacy when being addressed by the dames. As the conversation was going on, Hari Sarma was observing the faces of the two dames. The two Sarmas receded into their cottages and returned well-dressed to the square in the meadow. In the meanwhile, Ruta and Prateechi walked a long way and were returning slowly in leisurely conversation.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “There seems to be a disturbance in all the educational centres of Brahmavarta. The students believe in personal independence. They had a group gathering and they decided not to attend their classes. Almost all the schools and colleges are closed. They claim that the teachers should change their methods of teaching, according to the rules dictated by the students. They are going about the streets in groups and processions proclaiming their rules for the teachers. They have engraved the tenets of Charvaka upon wooden plates and they are exhibiting them in the streets. The security officers warned to arrest the students on point of discipline. Yudhisthira, the emperor of Bharat, stopped the police and followed a peaceful and more meaningful procedure. He convened gatherings of all students and parents at various centres and arranged congregational discussions. At first, the public did not seem to pay attention but gradually the students are being attracted by the goodness of the emperor. At the end of the conference, Yudhisthira placed the discipline of the city in the hands of the youth. The youth were made temporary administrative officers and the

Chapter 11

city was divided into zones. Yudhisthira said: ‘Citizens forget their duties and ignore the welfare of the youth. Henceforth, the youth will work out everything and they achieve better conditions. All should follow law and order under the direction of the youth.’ The proclamation gave a constructive turn to the minds of the youth. Now, the students are busy beautifying the streets and organising youth-gathering centres and children’s schools. They are constructing model buildings for schools. They have removed the old scholars as teachers and appointed educated youth to teach children. For this, they are given seals of recognition and a huge amount of money by the government. All the old scholars that were removed from the educational jobs are invited to the royal centres of learning. All comforts are given and they are appointed to copy manuscripts given to them.”

The tower bells of the Ashram were ringing. Youths and dames were being automatically attracted into the marble palace. It was a classroom of fine arts. Ruta and Prateechi were there.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “Did you sleep last night? How is your mind now? Is it peaceful?”

Prateechi: “I do not imagine what happens to me. Everything seems to belong to some other world. I feel different about myself. Day by day, I experience living in two different worlds simultaneously.”

Ruta: “Did you meet Chitrabhanu again in the evening? Do both of you go out these days?”

Prateechi: “Not at all. It is exactly the thing which I do not understand. Chitrabhanu never takes notice of my presence or absence. It is so from the day he lost his flute. Since then, I find him dejected and he prefers to be lonely. He keeps aloof and speaks to himself all the way.”

Ruta: “I am very sorry. What is wrong with him?”

Prateechi: “Every evening I walk up and down the same valley with a vacant mind. I try to meditate upon our Guru, but my mind seems to be forcefully carried away to some unknown and indescribable planes of loneliness. Again and again, the same scene forces itself into my mind

Chapter 11

through my heart. Strange to notice that it is always the same scene.”

Ruta: “Same scene? What is it? Can you describe the scene to me?”

Prateechi: “Here is our teacher, entering the classroom. Let us go to the class.”

Both of them entered the classroom and sat calmly. Ruta sat by the side of Hema. Prateechi sat behind Chitrabhanu. Chitrabhanu noticed it, got up and changed the seat to the side of Giri Sarma. Prateechi had tears in her eyes. Giri Sarma had a smile on his lips. All stood up. Professor Ganadasa entered the classroom in a serene mood. He got up on to the dais and moved his hand when all students sat down in their seats. Ganadasa started his welcome address to the newly-joined students:

“We welcome the newcomers. After the class is over, we expect the new friends to approach us and receive instruction. Today we speak about fine arts. Music, poetry, sculpture, painting and dancing are among the chief branches of fine arts which you are going to study. They

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

make the human life colourful. They give expansion to the human consciousness. They stimulate the dormant powers of the mind and improve the ability to live well and do things better. The attraction between man and woman is due to the magnetism of the physical cells. We call this sex attraction. It is a power bestowed by Nature. Sometimes, the mind is not ready to receive that power because of some innate weaknesses. Fine arts remove these weaknesses. These mental weaknesses which I have mentioned are the real inner enemies of the human beings. Can anyone tell me who the inner enemies are and how many of them exist?”

Hari Sarma had an impulse to stand up. Giri Sarma pressed his thumb and tried to stop him from talking. Hari Sarma neither understood nor cared the pinch of caution given by Giri Sarma. He stood up and enumerated the inner enemies of man in a traditional way. He said: “The inner enemies of the human mind are six in number. They are: lust, anger, coveted-ness, lure, indifference and jealousy.”

Chapter 11

A big uproar of laughter touched the top of the hall and echoed. All the students made a fool of Hari Sarma.

Ganadasa: “I am very sorry to say that it is the old theory about the inner enemies of man. I pity your ignorance. Where do you hail from, my poor innocent little cat?”

Hari Sarma: “Sir, I am from Dwaraka.”

Ganadasa: “Do the people of Dwaraka still believe in these old smoke-gathered theories? These are the theories that kept the human mind under the thumb of ignorance for centuries.”

Giri Sarma stood up instantaneously and cut the conversation in a sharp mild tone: “Not at all, respected professor! The most modern theories of Charvaka wisdom have already reached the hearts and minds of the young people of Dwaraka. Many of us are influenced by the Charvaka’s school of thought. Most of us know these theories and practice them in our daily life.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ganadasa: “Really happy to know of you. You say much about your Dwaraka. To know good things is always good. But, to have glorious thoughts about your own country, city or nationality is something primitive. We should not encourage it.

“Patriotism is a psychological limitation. It speaks of the primitive instincts of man. Is it advisable for two people to remember that they belong to the same country or same family? Does it contribute to expansion or unification? No, not at all. It is of a wider and more effective value for two young people to remember that they belong to the same ideology than to think of the same birthplace. Let it be. Now, can you enumerate the inner enemies of human mind according to the Charvaka philosophy?”

Giri Sarma: “They are six in number. Doubt, narrow-mindedness, fear, sorrow, tradition and relationship are the six enemies of man. This is what I know after reading the books of the great thinkers of the new age.”

Ganadasa: “When did you read and how long since have you been following these books?”

Chapter 11

Giri Sarma: “Almost all the youth of Dwaraka read these books and practice these beliefs nowadays. With my own hands, I prepared four copies of the manuscripts and circulated them effectively. I carefully studied and pondered on the pages of the celebrated works of Lokayata. I have great fascination for his book named ‘Contradiction of the Self’. I like very much the celebrated works of the venerable author, Ganadasa. With great admiration, I studied the following books: ‘The Six Enemies of Progress’, ‘The Doctrine of Lawlessness’ and the grand book ‘Pepper and Salt Theories Powdered’. The latest of his books I studied is, ‘Arguments, futile.’”

Ganadasa felt flattered. He smiled and questioned: “Do you know your venerable Ganadasa?”

Chitrabhanu whispered to Giri Sarma from the left: “He is the same Ganadasa, the professor whom you speak about.”

Giri Sarma pretended a big shock of surprise and joy. He assumed a broad face of smile and humility and he sat down.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ganadasa: “So, these fine arts are the best remedies to destroy the inner enemies of man. You feel excited when you see the beauty of the other sex. This excitement is itself a sign to prove that the fine arts are powerful. Sculpture and painting came out of this excitement, which we call ‘sex attraction’. One should get initiated into the fearlessness caused by a practice of these fine arts. Some individuals have these qualifications by birth. People do not understand the cause of this. Some people invented the ‘theory of rebirth’ because they could not explain the reason of some qualifications by birth. To make the theory of rebirth believable, they discovered a new term, the soul. Take powder of calcium in one hand and turmeric powder in the other. Add water and mix up the two. You find a red paste as the product. Just like that, Nature and Consciousness get mixed up in Creation to form the body. Thoughts and Conversations are the products of the union of Power and Consciousness. The pupils of the orthodox school are deceived. They understand the mind as something independent. Due to fear and ignorance, they believe that there was something within themselves, an

Chapter 11

unknown something, which they call the ‘Soul’. I only want to make you understand why some people are strong in mind by birth.

“Suppose there is a young couple, well-trained in fine arts and who could achieve fearlessness to accept sex as the source of all activity. It could be perfected and made stronger through fine arts. Then, the young couple grows healthy and strong and free from internal enemies. Then, they enjoy life with full freedom. A child born to such parents will have the strength and resistance required by birth. Such children are privileged to have good intelligence, understanding and the capacity to learn things quickly. Those couples who suffer from psychological fears, suppressed desires and inhibitions produce children who are mentally weak. By birth, such children are not ready to receive training into the fine arts. For such ones, we have to give a special training through slow degrees. We have to habituate them into the mind of fine arts and make them fit to receive the required initiation. This presupposes a scientific procedure to follow. About these

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

sciences that are to be applied in this connection, we propose to explain in our next lecture.”

Young people were coming out of the classroom in couples. Giri Sarma stood at a corner pondering seriously on the problem proposed by *Ganadasa*: “Really poor and defective are the main arguments put forth by this cheap mind of Ganadasa. Like the skulls in the burial ground, these arguments are full of holes. They are age-old and refuted arguments. Even a dog in the house of my Master, Madhuvrata, will bark out the defects of these arguments. One thing is very subtle and really deceiving. I myself found it difficult to know the defect of his reasoning. Calcium powder and turmeric powder produce red paste. Nature and Consciousness produce the Creation. Hence, no possibility of the existence of soul. Very much deceiving. Really how dangerous it is to the common man!

“This is a philosophy that finds no place for the soul. Really skilful is the stuff of the brain cells of this professor, Ganadasa. The more I think of it, the more I am inclined to believe it as true. It is really an art to deceive oneself and

Chapter 11

others. At the same time, it is evident that he is deceiving others, not himself.”

Giri Sarma came out of his thoughts and was standing in the grass. Hari Sarma was waiting for him. Both walked discussing the arguments of Ganadasa. A fine, soft rabbit of milk-white colour jumped before Giri Sarma, looked for a few seconds, moved its ears and skipped into the bushes.

Giri Sarma: “Oh! How beautiful and how nice!”

Hari Sarma: “What is it?”

Giri Sarma: “What a beautiful rabbit! Didn’t you see that? It jumped before our eyes and disappeared into the bushes.”

Hari Sarma: “How is it I did not notice at all? How could it escape my eyes?”

Chapter 12

A round, black, dome-shaped cliff of a mountain shot high, steep into the belly of the sky. It was of a height of about five times of a palm tree. Water rushed down the cliff in the volume of a big cloud. It poured down in a voluminous arc of water into the rugged rocks along the valley of unknown depth. The whole expanse of the valley was filled with the roar of water. A deep dark rock slab received the flow and dispersed it into many big streamlets down the rugged surface. The spray of the waterfall formed a fine cloud upon which many rainbows danced like nymphs along with the rotation of the angels of the sun's rays. A little lower down, at a distance in the valley, there was a black, smooth granite stone slab upon which Giri Sarma was sitting. His feet were hanging down, immersed to the ankles in the water that flowed. Ruta and Pratechi were sitting on either side.

Chapter 12

Giri Sarma: “Ruta, I too had the same belief for a very long time. I too believed that the power of sex was the power of Yoga. There was a time when I believed that sex was the real bliss. But now, I am once and for all free from the misconception and this is all due to the grace of my Guru, Madhuvrata. But once again I came here to believe in the theories of Charvaka. Here, we are not expected to talk of such things in our Ashram. We are prohibited to differentiate between sex enjoyment and bliss. So, I do not discuss these things. I am fighting very much with myself to forget my old beliefs.”

Ruta: “Don’t you worry. It is not a sin to try to understand the various theories and to examine them. Please do explain what you know. We live in an Ashram where people gather in search of personal independence.”

Giri Sarma: “Of course, nothing wrong if we discuss and explain things. Open-mindedness is the window of truth. But people begin to misunderstand here.”

Ruta: “Yes. You will be misunderstood if we discuss these things again with others in the Ashram. I promise that

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

I do not discuss these things anywhere. Sincerity is one of the keynotes of those who are trained by the Charvaka professors.”

Giri Sarma: “I am sorry. Prateechi is also here, listening to our conversation.”

Ruta: “She is a poor innocent child. I assure you the secrecy and safety on her behalf. I am really interested in your conversations. Always you speak of many new things in clear terms. You can speak out to us without any fear or reservation.”

Giri Sarma: “We should start believing someone. So, I believe you. Now, I explain the difference between bliss and sex attraction. Sex attraction is the magnetism that manifests through the physical cells of a living body. It causes excitement of the senses and mind. Yoga causes tranquillity to the same senses and mind. Excitement is no power. It is rather a disturbance and an uneconomic wastage of power. If mind can be compared with water, you can compare excitement with muddy water. However fine the mud particles are, water is quite different from the

Chapter 12

mud in its very nature. The water in the clouds that comes down as rain proves the difference. The living being in you and me is pure consciousness like the water in the clouds. The body is constituted to serve as an instrument of the inner man, who is pure consciousness. So, the body is not at all the person who lives in it.”

Prateechi: “Then, tell me wherefrom the body comes?”

Giri Sarma: “It is from the same dweller inside, who is pure consciousness. You wonder how it comes. You can observe the snail to know it. It is a worm in the shell. The shell is not the worm. Wherefrom the shell comes? The liquid that flows from the worm solidifies to form the shell for its own protection. In the same way, our physical body comes out of ourselves and forms a gross fabric around ourselves. Can you imagine how the ice block solidifies on the surface of water? In the same way, the body forms out of ourselves.

“If the body serves our purpose, then we live in freedom. If our desire binds us in the body, then life is an

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

imprisonment. If we misuse the body due to ignorance of the laws of Nature, then it becomes a limitation. The acts which bind us in that way are called 'Karmas'. Hence, the bondage due to desire is called the 'Bondage of Karma'. The mind also comes out of ourselves. After coming out, it lives independently, different from ourselves. Often, its interests are different from what we need. A block of ice is frozen from water. It is water but it floats upon the surface of water. It behaves quite differently from water. This is because of the change of state. Similarly, our mind floats around the original light who is the Indweller. Break the block of ice, it is broken into small pieces. Water has no quality of breakability. In the same way, the mind temporarily imbibes the qualities which we do not have. This conditioned behaviour of the mind is different from what we are in truth. It is something which is not true with us. It is called 'Maya', the great illusion. Consciousness along with Maya is called the 'Ego'. Exclusive of Maya, the Consciousness is pure in its original. It is called the 'Holy Spirit', the 'I AM' in all."

Chapter 12

Prateechi: “So, it is only the Soul that really exists. We now feel its presence as much true and natural as we felt it an illusion when explained by our professor. Our professors try to prove that there is no Soul. In fact, we feel its presence more natural and true.”

Giri Sarma: “It is not its presence. It is our presence. You will not only feel the presence of the Soul natural and true but also you will know it by yourself. Feeling the presence of the Soul is not enough to know it. You should be that. You will be that in course of time. This is because you are Soul. Some people believe that they have no Soul. They are wrong because they cannot explain who the believer is in them. Some people believe that they have a Soul. They are also wrong. Some people know that they are Soul and they are correct. You are a Soul and you have a body. When once you know this clearly, you will understand the relative values of all the parts of this wonderful machine, which you call your constitution. The order of importance of things is changed and rearranged.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “Do you believe that sex experience is a great sin?”

Giri Sarma: “Not at all. It has a proper place and it is venerable when it is known. It is one of the sacred duties of Nature to produce and preserve the species and their forms. Nature appoints us, the created beings, to perform the duty of producing the bodies. Nature is clever to see that we do it wholeheartedly. For this, Nature has given us sex attraction. It has created the difference in the structure of the male and female bodies. It has created the two polarities and the attraction. Animal magnetism is projected upon the mind when the mind feels sex attraction. With this, the living beings behave in terms of sex to produce bodies and to preserve the species. They do not know this. Nature makes them believe that they enjoy sex life. The enjoyment is Nature’s reward for the beings who work for it. Unless they believe they enjoy sex life, they cannot co-operate with Nature. Now you understand that the sex attraction is a bait thrown by Nature to make us believe that it is our own enjoyment. It is like administering

Chapter 12

medicine with sugar. Once you know this, the mission of sex becomes sacred. This can be achieved only when the element of sex is purified from the impurities of emotion and excitement.”

Prateechi: “Is there any real difference between sex satisfaction and bliss?”

Giri Sarma: “In essence they differ. First of all, please understand that the pure Consciousness which is ourselves and which we call Soul is not subject to limitation. The mind, senses and the body are subject to the limitation of changes of state and behaviour. When Consciousness is touched by mind and senses, it sends out a layer of itself to enjoy. This layer becomes different from pure Consciousness. It is conditioned by the observer who observes through the window of mind and coloured glasses which we call the ‘Senses’. Then the Consciousness is conditioned by the environment and it gets involvement, which we call ‘Desire’. When experiencing itself, it is beyond conditioning and beyond change of state. The state of involvement causes bondage. The experience beyond

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

this involvement is bliss or liberation. It is the real state of tranquillity. One who lives in such a state observes the above changes like a drama or poetry. He allows the mind and senses to enjoy, through the instrumentation of the body, but he never gets conditioned by the enjoyment. Such an experience can be made with all the creation and it is called 'Bliss'. In this state, the Consciousness is stable and sweet to itself.

“Sex attraction causes excitement in which the mind is agitated. The mind seeks bliss through external contact and is disappointed. Hence, it is agitated and excited. Through force of habit, this excitement is understood and interpreted as happiness. In the sex act also, the mind gets an instantaneous state of liberation. The liberation is not due to the conditioning of the senses, but it is due to the original brilliance of the inner Consciousness. Hence, it works as an intoxication or sleep to the mind and senses. The literature of the Charvaka School describes this as bliss. Even during the experience of real bliss, the mind is merged and there is a state of absorption. But the

Chapter 12

Consciousness is aware, enjoying it. During the state of intoxication through alcohol or sex, the inner man is cut off from Consciousness and hence the wise people call it a 'fall' of Consciousness. According to the science of erotism taught by the traditional schools of Brahmavarta, Kama is a pious impulse used by Nature for progeny. The sex element is called a 'Father God', a guide of the creatures in the Indian Scriptures. The truth of this can be known and the true enjoyment of sex can be experienced only by those who have gained mastery over the senses and mind.

“There is a discrepancy in the theory of Charvaka. It teaches that sex life should be enjoyed. It demands a control of child birth. What scientific explanation can bring a compromise between these two theories? Now, you examine the theory of the land of Brahma. When child birth is realised and no more required, then the couple is trained to create a higher centre of attraction than sex to the mind. Thereby the mind is above the conditioning of sex. There is a passive attitude towards sex, without necessity to fight

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

it out. Such a state is called ‘Brahmacharya’ or ‘celibacy’. In such a state, man and woman move close and free without any restrictions. Still they find neither the necessity nor the instinct to have the sex act. They are not subject to sex desire though they move together. They live like children and also as life companions. All the females of Dwaraka experience the same thing with their husbands. All those who desire the presence of Krishna live with him in the same way. It is wonderful to know that even the males of Dwaraka experience the same higher attraction for Krishna’s presence as the ladies with Him experience. It is attraction without attachment. Attraction is to the Consciousness, while attachment is to the mind and matter.”

Ruta: “Does Krishna have sex life with His wives?”

Hari Sarma: “Whenever a wife wanted a child, Krishna brought His Consciousness down to the level of sex. Even during the sex act, such a couple does not lose the touch of higher Consciousness. They receive sex also as any other useful activity in life. In such cases, there is no

Chapter 12

special attachment of mind for sex and hence there are no ‘love disappointments’, as the ignorant name them. They make sex life possible according to the need of child birth. They too enjoy the state as observers without being involved. You have heard of Vedavyasa, who is a lifelong celibate. He was ordered to produce a child each to the widow queens, which he did. Still he remains as a lifelong bachelor.”

Ruta: “What about the argument of Ganadasa against the existence of the Soul?”

Giri Sarma: “You mean the example of calcium and turmeric producing red pigment? Yes, it is true that the white and yellow powders produce red pigment when mixed with water. They need a person who mixes them up. The argument proves that there is someone in Nature who is using the instruments of Nature to mix up Power and Consciousness. This someone is called the ‘Soul’. The argument and the example given by our learned professor themselves prove the existence of the Soul, though he believes that it disproves.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi: “Some say that a celibate should not have the presence of ladies at all in the environment. What is your opinion about it?”

Giri Sarma: “It is true only during the period of probation. Without undergoing a training through a specified period, no one will be a master of any subject. The practice of celibacy becomes necessary until the mind is distilled and sublimated. One who cannot achieve this stage when one is young, cannot dream of achieving it while the vitality is in its years of decrease. Brahmacharya is prescribed for a period of probation before the age of marriage.”

Ruta: “Some say that to see the face of a woman and to talk to her are considered sinful for a Brahmachari in your land. Is it true?”

Giri Sarma: “There are people who believe so. They are called ‘pseudo-celibates’ by the inhabitants of Dwaraka. Starvation or suppression of sex can never be equal to the transcending of sex. Pseudo-celibates are those who try to take pride in suppressing the mind by crushing

Chapter 12

down the senses. No restriction or suppression is allowed in the Yoga practice of Dwaraka citizens. Ladies move freely as close relatives with males, well-decorated and make themselves pleasant to look at. It is considered auspicious to see a decorated lady in the morning. Giving oil bath and brow mark are daily performed as rituals by ladies to the celibates who live in the house as the students of their husbands in the Ashrams. As far as Dwaraka is concerned, no healthy person feels the attraction of sex, except during the times of impregnation. When once the mind is touched by Soul Consciousness, it becomes one with the Soul. Since then, the mind of the disciple nourishes the senses with Soul experience. All this is kept active by the presence of the Guru of the Ashram.”

Prateechi: “By presence do you mean the nearness to the Guru?”

Giri Sarma: “No. nearness is physical, while presence is spiritual. See how the magnet influences the piece of iron even from a distance. Similarly, the Guru wields a

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

magnetic influence over the disciples of his Ashram. This is what is called ‘Presence’.”

Prateechi: “Is it possible that Krishna wields such an influence by giving his presence to the Gurus of the various Ashrams?”

Giri Sarma: “They say yes.”

Prateechi: “Presence! It is something which I cannot imagine. I feel some strange sensation. Seeking peace of mind, I am coming to this place daily for the last few days. I come by the same time. I have been feeling a strange sensation during this hour for six days. My eyes get closed. My mind is not under my control. It is going somewhere, yonder and yonder to the unknown spaces. My eyes are being automatically closed. Through my closed eyes, I see the same scene within myself again and again. Beyond the depths of the skies, I see two mountains of towering and unseen heights. In-between, I find a deep valley exposed directly to the arch of space. From beyond the arch, I hear flute music. The music grows more and more distinct until I get drowned and lost in the Consciousness of the sound.

Chapter 12

I feel I am now being carried away. I cannot speak anymore...”

The eyelids of Prateechi were closed. The eyelids of Ruta and Giri Sarma were also closed involuntarily. No one could notice what happened. It was quite dark when Prateechi could open her eyes. The chirping of the woodland birds returning home after sunset was gradually noticed. Ruta was still in closed eyes. Giri Sarma was not found. He might have gone to his cottage. Prateechi held Ruta by the shoulders, shook her and woke her up.

Prateechi: “What happened to you?”

Ruta: “I have seen the same scene which you have described.”

Prateechi: “Did you hear the flute music?”

Ruta: “I cannot recollect anything. I feel faintly that I have heard the music.”

Prateechi: “Did you close your eyes out of curiosity?”

Ruta: “Curiosity is against my nature. My eyelids were closed and I could not open them. Now I feel, I

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

recollect something of it. I saw a shapeless shape which was the blue of the deep skies. A continuous stream of Consciousness filled me which I can understand as the music of the flute. It gave a new touch to my Consciousness. Is this the meaning of happiness? A thousand attractions of sex and the senses do not stand even as a speck before this experience. How can I interpret this? What is its meaning? And what is its purpose? What and how is it possible that it visits me uninvited?"

Chapter 13

An abode was carved in the shape of cave. It was the village named Kalapa. It was the hall within the cave. A doorway led into a room. There was a big wooden box in the room. Djwhalakhula was sleeping on the box. He suddenly got up and looked through the window. He saw the constellation of Antares descending towards the western horizon. He stood up, opened the box and took out the ring. He had it to his right hand, third finger. There was a stone bench at a distance before him. Upon the bench, there was a sage sitting in Padmasana in meditation. His name was Maru. Maru and Devapi worked together to contribute to the plan of the Lord. At present, they were busy day and night. During the daytime, they attended to their duties in the city of Dwaraka. During the nights, they drove chariots in the guise of hired drivers. They invited and entrapped into their chariots any stranger roaming about the streets of Dwaraka. They entrapped also those

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

natives who were led by the strangers. They picked up many dwarfs among the foreigners along with the native fools that were led by them. They carried those people in their chariots safe to the house of Sudama. Sudama was the Chief Officer of prisons in the city. He was a classmate of Krishna, when they studied under Sandipani in the art of criminology and the code of punishment. Since then Krishna showered his grace upon Sudama. He had Sudama specially trained by Satagopa in the subject of city defence and the practical procedure of detection. Satagopa belonged to the village of Ghosan, the birth place of Sri Krishna. Satagopa was the brother-in-law of Nanda, the adopted father of Krishna. They belonged to the merchant community.

Before the coming of the World Teacher as Krishna, there was a group descent of Devas and Rishis who paved the way for the Lord. All of them were born as human beings in the surrounding villages. Among the Rishis, Sanatsujata was born as Satagopa. Maru was born as Madhuvrata. Devapi was born as Satanika.

Chapter 13

At present they were all engaged in the defence of Dwaraka. The well-armed cavalry and infantry were under their control. Each of them controlled the units of three zones and was responsible for the defence and security of the whole province. All of them were alert to set that the schemes of administration in Dwaraka were carried out smooth and uninterrupted. In times of war, there were four war generals who took over the province and acted independently. They were Balarama, Satyaki, Pradyumna and Aniruddha. In times of peace, Satanika, Parantapa, Madhuvrata and Satagopa were in charge of the province. Each of them was being assisted by three zonal officers who were given all powers. These three souls took to a long period of severe penance along with Sudama at Badarikashram. This happened during their previous birth. They lived on water and air for many years and subjected their bodies to holy tortures. When the Lord came down as Krishna, they were attracted as his colleagues. They were born in orthodox Brahmin families and spent their student life as the colleagues of the Lord. They specialised in criminology and the code of punishments, with a special

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

training of detection, under their Guru, Sandipani. Due to the cruel act of self-torture in the previous birth, they had to lead a life of utter poverty with almost nothing to eat during the early years of the present birth. After sometime, Krishna showered his blessings upon them and invited them to his service at Dwaraka.

Of all the four, Sudama was most popular as a peacemaker and a philosopher. No one could suspect that he could be the head of the crime branch and prisons. Hence, Lord Krishna gave all the powers of those branches to him. He also appointed him openly as the highest officer of the provincial transport. Madhuvrata was busy day and night due to the disturbances in Dwaraka caused by the black dwarfs who worked against the integration of the national cause. These dwarfs were imported by Kalayavana from the land of Yunan through the antinational mediation of Rakta Sarma. To the outer world, he was Madhuvrata and to himself, he was Maru. Maru was the spiritual code name given to him by the Lord, the World Teacher, and it will be used through his births and rebirths. In this present birth, his parents called him Madhuvrata and he was known by

Chapter 13

that name officially. It was quite common with all these Masters who were initiated into the Lord's Plan that they had two names. They were distributed along the globe as bands of workers. They knew each other by the code names, while others knew them only by the name given by their parents.

Once again let us recapitulate. Madhuvrata was Maru, Satanika was Devapi.* During the present agitation caused by the movement of the antinational heroes, these Masters were particularly busy. That night Maru was having a special programme, waiting for his time. It was almost night and he sat in Samadhi with his eyes open.

Djwhalakhula: “Namaskarams.”

Maru: “Prosper in the Presence of the Lord. Your Guru Devapi and I were at Dwaraka until a few minutes ago. We were going round the streets on horses with lances in our hands. Have you ever been to Dwaraka?”

* In the twentieth century, Maru is called Morya and Devapi is called Kuthumi. They are the lights who led the spiritual movement. H. P. Blavatsky and Alice A. Bailey were under the discipleship of Djwhalkhul, who is a direct disciple of the two Masters

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula: “No, sir.”

Maru: “Today you are going to follow me to Dwaraka. Your Guru is still there. Lord Krishna has planned for a big sacrifice ritual during the coming full moon. For the past seven days, he has been clearing the ground and purifying the space around. For this purpose, he has been filling up the space with the vibrations of his flute music during sunrise, sunset, noon and midnight. Tonight, he walks in the streets of Dwaraka barefooted, until before sunrise. All the streets were made clean and were being beautified. People sprinkled water with perfumes and sandalwood all over the streets. They engraved spiritual designs upon which the Lord places his foot as he walks. The streets were illuminated all along. Your Guru is very happy about you and your work. He appreciates you for having properly distributed the sacred manuscripts among the centres of Avanti, Kasi, Kashmira, Kanchi and the Ashram of Agastya last night. He asked me to bring you to Dwaraka.”

Djwhalakhula: “It is a great blessing to all the people that the Lord of the hosts will walk along the streets. At the same time, I fear one thing. All the people of Dwaraka will

Chapter 13

be in the streets throughout the night. There will be ladies, children and old people among them. Nowadays, the atmosphere of Dwaraka is unsafe due to the political disturbances. Is it good for the people to get exposed to risk?”

Maru: “We appreciate your kindness. At the same time, we know only one thing, that is to obey the orders of the Lord.”

Djwhalakhula: “Last night, I have been to Varanasi. One of the disciples of Vyasa narrated a strange incident. Three great scholars came to the literary congregation held at Varanasi yesterday. They came from Nepala. They argued very strongly that Sudras and ladies as well as the uninitiated persons should not be allowed to chant the Vedas and the Upanishads. Some scholars accepted it while others opposed. Now two parties were formed and this was the beginning of a big disturbance.”

Maru: “The influence of Kali is spreading like quicksilver.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula: “The disciples of Agastya Ashram narrated another incident. Some scholars in the south formed into a group with a campaign against the Bhagavadgita. They argued that there was nothing new in the Bhagavadgita. The sentences of the Upanishads were simply repeated, parrot-like.”

Maru: “Lazy minds indulge in arguments of ‘the zero and the egg’. The Lord comes down again and again to lay the same Law on earth. If anyone tries to bring in a new law which is different from the same old Law of Nature, he must be wrong. Whenever man loses his presence of mind, he goes into despondency. What he wants is only a recollection of what he knows. It is not a new teaching that he wants, but it is a new orientation of the already known facts. Arjuna was in such a state when Krishna gave his teaching of the Bhagavadgita. So, it was a reorientation of the truths that existed already in the Vedas and the Upanishads. To a fool, all the books of the world contain nothing but a repetition of the same alphabet. From A to Z, he reads the same letters since he cannot make out the

Chapter 13

words, sentences and the import. How can such a scholar get at the meaning of the Bhagavadgita?”

Djwhalakhula: “The Puranas, composed by Vedavyasa, contain many stories of different Yugas and Kalpas. The names of the same sages occur in all these stories. How can these persons live through Yugas and Kalpas? This shows that Vedavyasa has fabricated his own fiction in the name of historical incidents. This is another charge made against the Puranas by these scholars.”

Maru: “Mere scholars die as their physical bodies. They do not understand that there is life after death. Hence their logic ends with their death. This is all due to the influence of the materialistic philosophy of Charvaka. It is good to the scientific mind to wait until it can realize that people do not die with their physical bodies. On the higher regions of spiritual evolution, there are people who remember themselves and their work through a series of births and deaths, through centuries. They are the group of adepts who are called the ‘Immortals’. In them, recollection unfolds through births and deaths along Yugas. They are always engaged in the continuous work of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the betterment of humanity and they have no personal time and personal life. The Vedas and the Puranas speak of such people and describe their work in detail. Then with what name each of them has to be referred to? Everyone has a separate name given by his parents in each birth. Through hundreds of births, he has hundreds of names. By what name should he be known?

“It is convenient to have a code name that runs through all these births. It is a matter of convenience. This is according to the tradition of the Scriptures. The names of the sages we see in the Vedas, Upanishads and Puranas are all such code names. What to speak of others? Take our own cases. Devapi and I stand as characters in the Puranas of Vedavyasa. We were described in the Vishnu Purana written by Parasara, the father of Vedavyasa. We were not living in these bodies when we were trained by Parasara. Still, we remember that we are the same. It is a matter of experience and it cannot be understood by theories and hypotheses. You are going to know it shortly. Even in this life, we are known by two different names in different places for different purposes. Here I am Maru. In Dwaraka,

Chapter 13

I am Madhuvrata. Devapi here is Satanika in Dwaraka. Always there are people who disbelieve and behave mean. They produce thoughts that confuse the innocent beings. They play black magic out of their logic. To save souls from this black magic and to achieve the higher steps of evolution to humanity, Nature has the white magic of producing some souls who recollect themselves through centuries and ages. The music of the flute of the Lord is the Divine Magic that sets things right above all the values.”

Djwhalakhula: “I am going to experience the flute music of the Lord of the hosts this night. It is all due to the grace of your blessed self and my venerable Master, Devapi. I feel blessed. To be able to listen to the music of the Lord is the result of the good deeds of the Soul through a series of lives. So says Vedavyasa in his Scriptures. Since the time I have gone through these lines of Vedavyasa, my mind has gradually grown alert and curious about the experience. In the language of Vedavyasa, my mind is like a Gopi, the cowherd woman, mad after the Lord. But I fear that curiosity is not good. One day my Master said that curiosity was an obstacle to Yoga. Then, I tried to

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

neutralise my curiosity and wait without anticipation. I could overcome the weakness of trying to peep into the future. But, of late, my Guru made me practice sleeping during daytime. This is definitely a transgression of the rules of Yoga. As my Guru accepted one transgression for me, I began to develop the second transgression, that is my curiosity to experience the music of the Lord. It has grown so intensely day by day that, during my today's sleep, I remember that I had a dream of hearing the flute music. Suddenly I woke up.”

Maru: “Who knows the truth, my boy? It is quite possible that you might have been tuned to the music of the Lord through telepathy. The Lord is playing his flute from Dwaraka regularly. Distance is no bar to the grace of the Lord. At present we are ordered by Parasara to stick to the cave abodes of Kalapa and Shamballa and conduct the rituals of white magic continuously. Yet, we try to steal time to slip off to Dwaraka and experience the music of the Lord during the full moon of Vaisakh and Kartika*. We

* *Vaisakh is the full moon during the month of Taurus or Gemini.
Kartika is the full moon during the month of Scorpio or Sagittarius.*

Chapter 13

always request the Lord to grant us permission during those days. Of course, it is curiosity. What to speak of our curiosity, when our Lord Maitreya, who is next to the Lord Himself, is no exception. There are times and occasions when Maitreya himself tries to get exemption to skip off to Dwaraka. I do not know if I transgress my limits, if I reveal to you that our Lord Maitreya tries to find some work in Dwaraka again and again to throw himself into the Presence of the Lord. Now it is time for us to start. Are you ready with your ring?”

Djwhalakhula: “Yes, sir! I am ready.”

Maru: “Do not take off the ring from your finger anywhere on the way. We have to go round Dwaraka amidst the big crowds. So, we have to walk invisibly. Otherwise, it is not convenient for us to enjoy the physical proximity of the Lord.”

Chapter 14

It was like a cowherd lady of Brindavan, clad in shimmering white. It was as if she carried milk in a pot and sprinkled it in drizzles and showers from the blue expanses of the sky. It was the splendour of moonshine in Dwaraka. The entire population of the city bathed in moonlight. People were moving like many little angels and fairies dispersing their expectant looks with eyes blossoming on the arranged petals of white lotuses. Domes of illumination dispersed little beams of light that found their way like the many golden-silver needles dazzling the eyes of the people. Volumes of sonorous sounds from the blowing conches floated slantingly through space and produced bundles of vibrations that stood suspended in the shape of conches. Thousands of faces appeared in reflection over the dazzling convex surface of each dome. Krishna was found amidst them. This whole scene was received as total internal reflection in the eyes of the observers. Each dome received

Chapter 14

Krishna and the citizens in reflection. Many Krishnas lured the eyes of all. The one Krishna walked through the streets and escaped the eyes of all. As the eyes saw the dome and looked at Krishna, they could only see the dome in their mind. As they saw Krishna and the dome, they saw Him only in the domes. They saw Krishna between soul and soul. They saw souls between Krishna and Krishna. Everyone was a soul to himself, while everything was Krishna except himself. With a smile on their lips, ecstasy in the faces and sighs in rapture, the males stood and received Krishna like the many ladies who received their lover after a prolonged separation. In looks of mischief and innocence, in their involuntary and sprightly prattle and in the pride of capturing Krishna with their side looks, many virgins looked like the many replicas of the queen, Satya. Behind them, from within the doorways, looking in silence of lure and appreciation which was shown out in the tender vibrations of their nostrils, the many newly-married girls appeared like the many souls of the queen, Rukmini. Their mothers-in-law pushed them gently aside, looked through steady, fearless, pure and experienced looks, immersed in

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

ponder with their index fingers upon their noses, and appeared like the many forms of Radha at the time of the Lord lifting the hill of Govardhan. Little girls found the doorways already occupied and hence unapproachable to them. They were clinging to the windows and peeping through the holes of the windows. Their looks ran and embraced Krishna tight enough to produce a jerk in him.

Their eyes were seen through the windows like the eyes of many calves that jumped along the streets of Dwaraka. The little boys found it impossible to throw their looks through the windows. They ran to the terraces and climbed up the parapet walls and shouted looking at Krishna like the many armies of monkeys in Kishkindha. Conversations floated through the layers of space in Dwaraka:

“We see the bare feet of the Lord. They are long habituated to the wooden footwear. Still, they have no warts or any impressions. Look, look how delicate and tender they appear.”

Chapter 14

“His fine robe of golden fabric just touches the ground before his feet. Yet, no trace of dust touches the garment.”

“The satin knot of the waist cloth causes folds upon the delicate skin above the navel of the Lord. See the lines of folds forming like the lotus bud.”

“Is it not wonderful that the waist of a lion produces the gait of an elephant?”

“Look at the delicate fingers of the Lord! Don’t you think that the golden rings with gemstones press the skin?”

“See the graceful lines across the wrist. The Lord escaped my eyes while I looked at his wrist. I could not have the grace of looking at his face.”

“I could see his necklace only.”

“I could, at all, see his shoulder jewel.”

“The three graceful lines across his throat are the only impressions of the Lord that I could receive.”

“Many little rays of reflection flashed into my eyes from his earrings. In the meanwhile, the Lord skipped off.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

“His lips kissed my looks.”

“The tip of his nose has cast its smile upon my face.”

“I blush to speak. His eyebrows spoke to me through sign and wonder.”

“The musk-camphor brow mark of the Lord melts dissolved in the dew drops and slowly descends in red streak along his nose. Then, I found something crawling down my nose. When I touched my nose, I found red droplets of sweat!”

“The flaming glitter of many diamonds in his crown revolved in my eyes.”

“The peacock jewel in his crown enchanted my eyes.”

I tried to look into his eyes... His eyes! ... His eyes! ... I do not remember what has happened! I see, I could not see.

The feet of Krishna walked through the streets of Dwaraka slow and gentle. Whatever was seen by anyone, was fixed in his eyes and the mind. People could see the same thing when they saw each other. Everyone saw

Chapter 14

Krishna when he saw another person. Arrays of peacock crowns floated in the houses. Golden yellow garments appeared in the couches. Lotus-like feet sparkled upon footstools. Krishnas were eating in the dining halls. Krishnas were serving the cows in the cattle sheds. Husband looked at the wife and felt a sigh of divine ecstasy. Mother looked at the child and felt herself like an ocean of milk. Son looked at the father and melted into an ocean of devotion.

Krishna walked through the streets of Dwaraka. As he passed nearby, the Lord looked into the eyes of Djwhalakhula and smiled. The eyes of Djwhalakhula were filled with tears of joy and were closed. After a pause, he opened his eyes and looked. The Lord looked again and smiled. Myriads and myriads of living beings revolved through the unfolding series of cosmos and disappeared. His eyes were again closed. After a pause, he opened his eyes and looked. The Lord looked and smiled. There was the dazzling brilliance of a thousand lightnings in the shape of the Lord of the size of the thumb. Djwhalakhula had his

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

eyes closed. He opened again and looked. He saw the smiling face once again, gently walking down the path. Djwhalakhula looked into the eyes of Maru. Maru looked above into the sky. Devapi and Djwhalakhula also looked into the sky. A sage appeared there, all in smile, playing notes of music on the strings of his Veena. As he smiled, he uttered: “Vasudeva! Narayana! Sri Krishna!*” As he chanted these words, he bowed down in veneration and disappeared.

** Vasudeva means the Lord of the Hosts. Narayana is the Lord Most High and the Lord of the Heavens. Sri Krishna is the Lord descended into man. The three put together form the spiritual trinity of God.*

Chapter 15

The province of the Yadus suffered from many political internal disturbances since the time of the division of the province in two. The antinational group of people called their part of the province by the name, the “Club Province”. The nationalists called their piece of land, the “Blue Province”. The Clubs contrived many underground plots against the Blues. They were always being instigated by the foreign elements of the border lands and were continuously planning to plunder the land of the Blues. Their mind was always working upon the gold from the Blue province. Some of those from Krishna’s family circle were influenced by the antinational leaders and joined the Clubs against the administrative power and defence of Dwaraka. Among such ones, Samba and Gada were there. Samba was the son of Krishna and Gada was a cousin of Krishna. They invited a group of the mountain tribes and trained them into fighters against the civilians. They

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

selected twelve of these trained fighters and made them ministers of the new province. Gada was made the king and Samba was made the educational minister. They announced independence overnight with themselves as the leaders of the Clubs. The trained fighters were of a mixed race born to the slave women from Yunan by the youth of Gandhara. On the day of the coronation of Yudhisthira, Ekalavya disappeared and styled himself as the leader of the trained army fighters. He found a good opportunity to take revenge upon Krishna. Rakta Sarma had vengeance against Yudhisthira since the death of his friend, the Gandhara ruler, Sakuni. He invited the army of Ekalavya and trained them in many crafts of war. He made a regular army and kept it ready against the Blues of Dwaraka. He started the campaign by infiltrating the armies in groups of ten into the Blue Province. They entered Dwaraka as workers by daily wages of technical hard labour and got absorbed into many districts. They proved serviceable to the civilians and could establish permanent ties with some of the native families. They began to train the student folk

Chapter 15

into their secret literature and alcoholism through the cultural clubs they had established.

As a second wave, there was the importation of young and beautiful ladies trained in free dancing in the Ashram of Yavanacharya. All these young ladies were sharp, graceful and adepts in music, dancing and social behaviour. Gada and Samba were captured by them and there were bundles of gold, pooled by these ladies in Dwaraka. With that gold, they carved out a respectable society of the trained fighters against the province. They prepared a strong network of the mixed society. It was with their help that Gada and Samba could rebel against the government and declare independence of the Clubs. Gada and Samba were well-versed in the literature of the Charvakas. They made many reforms in the educational scheme. They prepared textbooks for various classes, which were intended to sexualise the society and to create restlessness in the name of culture. They started schools and appointed their own learned teachers. Money was being showered lavishly upon the students and the teachers in the name of aid. Efficient students were being encouraged into the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Charvaka school of thought by this money. As a next step, they prepared additional groups of trained fighters and infiltrated them into the areas of Dwaraka and its twin city, Kusasthali. They influenced some fools among the native youth, who shouted for the independence of the Club state against the government. The term independence was used to shield the violence which they played against the poor and helpless citizens.

As a next step, they elected Ekalavya as war minister. Suddenly, one night, they invaded Dwaraka with an army of the infiltrators and some war generals of mixed nativity. Balarama and Satyaki gathered the armies and attacked Ekalavya and his army of rebels from opposite directions. Ekalavya had to meet with defeat. Some of the rebels were taken captives, while others were taken to the sea by boats and were drowned. Ekalavya was taken prisoner and was carried blindfolded to the submerged hall, the down floor of the lighthouse tower in the sea near Dwaraka. Two of the rebel captives were allowed to escape so that the news of the captivity of Ekalavya might reach their leaders. Having known the news, Gada and Samba sent a group of

Chapter 15

people for arbitration to Krishna. The ten people who came as arbitrators reached Dwaraka on the same day when Krishna walked the streets of Dwaraka. They could not get interview with Krishna on the very same day. They went round Dwaraka and observed everything. They had also the opportunity of witnessing the splendour of Krishna going round the streets of Dwaraka. They saw that everything was good and that life was free and happy in Dwaraka. They understood that the socio-spiritual order of Krishna included real government of the people. They found nothing but satisfaction among the people. Their eyes dazzled to see the free flow of gold coins among the public of the city without any restrictions. All the time, they were traced by the intelligence officers. Consequently, they were taken safe in the chariots of Satanika and Madhuvrata. They were given good residence and honour as guests but with restricted movements. Before dawn, they were taken to the lighthouse tower and kept in the hall of the second floor. They were made to wait for someone whom they did not know. After a short while, Satanika presented himself before them and declared: “Now your life is secure in our

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

hands. It requires no efforts to kill you. But the Lord is always in favour of life. Had you belonged to the enemies, you would have been no more by this time. We give you half-an-hour time. Consider well and decide what you want. Give it in writing on this leaf with your signatures. If what you want is not objectionable, we will honour it. Try to digest the goodness of the Lord, who always confers freedom upon those who are in bondage and limitation.”

Within half-an-hour, they all came to a conclusion and gave in writing. “We want real independence, happiness and peace. We promise we try for nothing else.” Satanika received the leaves with signatures and said: “Having come to Dwaraka as arbitrators, you tried to conceal your identity and mix up with the public. Such people are to be hanged to death according to the criminal code of Kamandaki. But, you remember, I believe, that the same blood flows through your veins and my veins. Our blood is the same, it is the presence of our Lord of the Hosts. Our Lord will be happy to know your lawful decision. We will present you to the Lord along with a rightful presentation of your attitude that saves you. We take responsibility for your security. Let us

Chapter 15

know if you can be presented before the Lord as those who want to serve.”

They all gave their acceptance. On the same day, it was proposed that they should be appointed as the ten officers of security over the province of the Clubs. The proposal was presented before the assembly of the day. It would be presented before Krishna to decide.

The same afternoon, there was a big gathering of the public in one of the palaces of Krishna. All the streets of Dwaraka still glittered in the splendours of the decorations of the previous night. Green mango leaves were hung across the doorways. Sacred designs were painted along the path before every entrance gate. People of all professions, clad in colours, went round in procession, enrapt with music, dance and demonstrations. All streets poured down streams of people at the main gate of the fortress. There was the magnificent, seven-storeyed building that received all. The name of the building was Visvagarbha, meaning the Cosmic Globe. Each floor of the building included a big gathering hall. Auspicious music of the pipe and the drum, along with the tender melodies of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the voices and stringed instruments was being uttered by the whole building and dissolved into the space to be distributed in all directions. The whole splendour of the building offered its presence as Saraswati, the deity of learning. Royal civic youths stood in pairs at the nine gates of the city to receive the entrants with welcome and to greet the outgoers with farewell. All were received with the honour of the guests. Lunch was being served simultaneously in the seven floors of the Cosmic Globe.

When the call came, Satanika led the ten arbitrators on boats to Dwaraka. They were made to walk over flowers in the streets as they approached the Cosmic Globe. Krishna was there in the seventh floor with His eight queens. Satanika led the arbitrators direct and made them bow down to the feet of the Lord. Then, he presented them with the following introduction: “My Lord, may you be pleased to receive! These are the ten arbitrators who came to represent the province of the Clubs. They represent that Gada and Samba demand the release of Ekalavya. The Lord has decided that Gada and Samba are antinational and that Ekalavya was a traitor. These arbitrators have accepted

Chapter 15

our declaration. We find them good in behaviour and they are above guilt. They declare to follow the law of our city and they are open and fearless about it. I, therefore, present them to the service of the Lord and I testify their character. I place my decision before you that these ten people are fit to receive the Grace of the Lord.”

Krishna: “Welcome to the new guests. Today you are my guests. By the power of your love for your country, I confer upon you the power to protect the law against injustice. Satyaki will follow you with ten units of army. With his aid, you are ordered to take captives of the rebels and the ministers among the Clubs and bring them to Dwaraka tomorrow before sunset. Henceforth, the future of the province is in your hands. Satanika will also follow you with his band of bodyguards.”

The arbitrators were touched with joy which could not be expressed. They gazed at the figure of Krishna and went into a trance-like state. One of them stood up with folded hands and said:

“O Lord, the Hero of the Scriptures! Vedavyasa glorified you as Veda personified. I went through the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Scriptures composed by Vedavyasa. I found in them the prayer of Bhishma addressed to you during his last hour of breath. Since the time I have read that prayer, I cherish the desire to see you. In the meanwhile, a wave of ignorance passed over us and it is this. The way you overlooked our defects and excused us, speaks of your eternal nature of protecting the good and the weak people alike. Crushing the wicked and protecting the helpless are the two traits which serve you like your two arms. We very much wish to continue to experience the sweetness of your protection along with the brotherhood of Dwaraka under your right hand, which is the banner of fearlessness. I am a native of Hastina. Vidura, the great Light of Devotion, initiated me into the meditation of your name, when I was a boy.”

Krishna sat with the ten arbitrators on one side and his queens on the other side and gave orders for serving the lunch.

Chapter 16

It was four hours after sunrise. The tower of Charvaka Ashram was reverberating with the sounds of the bells. Ganadasa was giving his discourse to the students in the marble hall: “Yesterday, I was explaining to you about some sciences that enable us to find the fitness of those who receive training in the fine arts. First of all, we have to find out the fitness of the student to a particular subject. There are special sciences to know this fitness. They are astrology, phrenology and palmistry. By knowing these sciences, we can know the mental traits and inclinations of every person and also his capacity to feel and experience. But these sciences should be practiced only by trained minds. There are many dangers if these sciences are known to the general public, who have no trained mind. If anyone who does not belong to our ideology speaks of these subjects, you have to discourage him by denouncing these sciences as false superstitions. As far as possible, you have

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

to create a disbelief in these sciences. In my opinion, it is safe and safer if more and more people do not believe in these sciences. Here, we follow a particular way of teaching these sciences according to the desirability of each student.”

Giri Sarma stood up and said, “Gurudeva! The people of Brahmavarta believe that the science of astrology is one of the six keys of the Vedic wisdom. But we read in our modern literature that astrology came from the land of the Yavanas. Please explain, which of the two theories is true and please expel our ignorance.”

Ganadasa: “It is a well-known established fact that astrology was born among the Yavanas and is borrowed by the people of Brahmavarta. The division of the twelve signs of the Zodiac and the nine planets was made by the Yavanas.”

Giri Sarma: “In your grand work under the title ‘Arguments Futile’, I carefully studied and followed your arguments about this aspect. The division of the seven days of the week beginning with Sunday must also have its origin from the Yavanas. I looked for the arguments in

Chapter 16

favour in your book. I found it was not explained anywhere else. May I know the reason, sir? I believe, you will explain it in the form of a separate book in the near future.”

Ganadasa: “Really, it is a pleasure to see that you have studied these books so much. We feel inspired and encouraged to find disciples shrewd enough to recognise the depth and the painstaking efforts of the Gurus. Now I will give you the clue of my theory about the origin of the seven days of the week. In the beginning, it took seven days for Nature to unfold into the creation from the original Consciousness. The pattern of the seven days in the week has been borrowed from that original concept.”

Giri Sarma: “Gurudeva! The Vedas describe the seven planes of existence in the Creation. I wish to believe that this is borrowed from the same source.”

Ganadasa: “Certainly my boy! Nature is of six folds, the five Bhutas and the mind. Purusha, the Consciousness, is the seventh principle. The reaction of Prakriti to Purusha causes all this Creation. Thus says Charvaka, the Great.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Giri Sarma: “The five Bhutas constitute the human body. Does the theory of Charvaka accept the existence of Consciousness different from the body and mind?”

Ganadasa: “Exactly so. You have understood the theory quite clearly.”

Giri Sarma: “Then, I believe that the people of Brahmavarta call this seventh principle of Consciousness, the ‘Soul’.”

Ganadasa: “But the Charvaka theory has no place for Soul. We have to call it only ‘Purusha, the Consciousness’.”

Giri Sarma: “It seems to me but a difference in names. I believe that different theories are born because of different terms being used to denote the same thing.”

Ganadasa: “Not only that, something depends upon the clarity of the observer also.”

Giri Sarma: “Gurudeva! Are we required to believe that truth differs with a different observer?”

Ganadasa: “My boy! Even the stalwarts of our theory differ at this point.”

Chapter 16

Giri Sarma: “Is it wrong to understand that the understanding of everyone is true only to himself?”

Ganadasa: “It is the one thing that cannot be decided yet. I wish all the students should have the same sincerity and aptitude for truth like you. It is the straight path to personal experience.”

Prateechi: “Lokayata says that we, the students, have to believe and practice the tenets of our Ashram in toto and that we should not discuss them. This is the reason why we kept silent all these days.”

Ganadasa: “These are very delicate matters. Everyone should understand things for himself and use his discretion, behaving according to the situation. Our today’s topic is only about the fine arts and their fitness. From tomorrow, I will start teaching the aphorisms of palmistry composed by Lokayata. Now you can retire.”

Chapter 17

It was about one hour before sunset. Giri Sarma was sitting on the stone tablet in the valley. As usual, the small mountain stream was flowing over his feet. He was gazing into the living layers of Nature's green. Ruta and Prateechi came there, searching for him. They approached him slowly and sat down on either side.

Giri Sarma: “It is a surprise to me that the people of the Charvaka school believe in such things as astrology and palmistry. As far as my knowledge of Charvaka literature goes, I find nothing but criticism and disbelief in astrology, palmistry, hypnotism, somnology, omens, phrenology and other allied subjects. They are described as subjects for practice by the timid and incompetent people of Brahmavarta.”

Prateechi: “The people of our Ashram honour these sciences secretly. It is because they do not like others

Chapter 17

studying these sciences and using them with mastery. Hence, they dissuade others and put forth arguments to make belief lost. You find such arguments in their works.”

Giri Sarma: “This is the cheap way of playing upon other people’s ignorance by all those who believe in domination and establishing institutions to wield power over others. It is fundamentally criminal and sinful to believe in the theory of domination. Sometimes, even the name of God is used for political purposes.”

Prateechi: “Can we suppose that the administrative politics of the Yadus also include such feature?”

Giri Sarma: “I cannot speak for the Yadus as a whole. As far as I know, there is no necessity for such patterns of diplomacy under the rule of Krishna. He too wields an influence over the minds of all those who follow Him. But His influence is an entrapping network of soul-synthesising perfection. It is rather a fishing of souls.”

Ruta: “Our Lokayata also is an adept in mind control. He controls all the living beings within and around our Ashram with his mind. He also controls the movements of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the lions and the tigers of the forest down to the serpent and the scorpion. He also holds many devils, demons and disembodied souls under his grip and makes them all walk in an array on a single string. He has control over our minds. If he wishes so, it is not difficult for him to follow our daily conversations. Is it the same thing that your Krishna exercises? Does the synthetic network or the fishing of the souls, when you speak of Krishna, control also the serpents and the scorpions?”

Giri Sarma: “Powers are of two types. It is very important to note the difference, if only you choose to live happily. One is the power of Nature that manifests through the physical frame and senses. The second is the power of witchcraft. The first type of power manifests according to the need. It is the power that always waits to manifest itself through Krishna. It can never be acquired by any witchcraft or spell. Those who practice the Tantra in quest of power can never acquire this power. The powers of Lokayata were acquired from the science of witchcraft, which he practiced under great stress of the laborious methods. Those who

Chapter 17

experience the Presence of Krishna know the difference well. There are matchless adepts of the tantric craft in Dwaraka also. As they witness the Presence of Krishna, they immediately recognise the difference between the two types of powers. One more thing to notice is that the acquired powers are of two types, Rajasic and Tamasic.”

Ruta: “Explain these terms.”

Giri Sarma: “In nature, there are three potentialities which always make their manifestation. One is the power that is required to galvanize the bodies, mind and the many machines produced by the human being. It is called ‘Rajas’. The second is the power to crystalize energy and thoughts and preserve them as forms or seeds of energy. It is inertia which keeps things stick to their own properties. It is called ‘Tamas’. The first one is appointed by Nature to create, while the second one, to preserve. The first one reacts with the second one when it is time to destroy. The second one reacts with the first one when it is time to imprison or block energies. When the two types of powers tranquilize one another, then there is the third state, the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

state of equilibrium. It is called 'Satva'. The physical matter and the mind are brought to the stage of existence by Satva. When Consciousness is more active than form, it is called, 'Rajas'. The person having this will have the desire to dominate, hold the power and rule over others. When it is more active with Tamas, it leads to hoarding, secrecy and questionable procedure. All the powers acquired through tantric craft belong to either the Rajasic or Tamasic nature. Such people try to control others physically and mentally. But remember that the same Consciousness exists in all living beings as the divine Spark. Therefore, there is a point of saturation to those powers. Beyond that point, there is a critical degree of Consciousness, from which it begins to react against these powers. Then the magician of witchcraft has to seek measures to protect himself from this reaction through day and night. The desired happiness becomes impossible by this inevitable alertness. This is the reason why the people who worship power will have a fall in the end. Let it be through political means, psychic means or tantric means, they fail in the end. They do not have peace of mind before

Chapter 17

they have a fall. The stories of the fall of demons and giants in the Scriptures indicate this fact.”

Ruta: “In what way do Krishna’s powers differ from them?”

Giri Sarma: “The Consciousness that acts in the Satva state works in equilibrium. It automatically maintains a sense of equality with the Consciousness of others and induces the same Consciousness in others. This keeps up the veneration and love towards other beings. Such a Consciousness never desires to have a control over others. Then, it is natural to establish a favourable attitude in the core of others and this is called the spirit of ‘Universal Love’. The magical spell of Krishna is all pure Love and nothing else. He looks around Himself, when the environment is filled with the magnetism of Love. The music of His flute, in particular, gives the presence of ‘Love’ to other beings.”

Hema came there in search of these people.

Hema: “Ruta, how is it that you are not found by this time every day?”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “Your theory of the presence of Love is so sweet that it has been haunting me throughout the night yesterday. You told me that the presence of Krishna was the influence caused by Him.”

Hema also sat down in silence, since her coming was not much noticed by the others.

Giri Sarma: “When Krishna plays his flute, it is Himself who expands into the vicinity in the form of his music. What to speak of human beings? All the cows, calves, birds and the serpents and scorpions are enchanted and they move with ecstatic dance. The power has no tendency to control, it tends to cause perfection in others. You will feel a warm embrace of Consciousness. Men, woman, beasts and birds are all the loved ones to this state of experience.”

Prateechi: “My head begins to reel.”

Hema: “I too feel the same thing from the moment I came and sat down here. There may be some poisonous trees nearby.”

Chapter 17

Giri Sarma: “It is the experience of yesterday that is again visiting us. It is how I feel.”

Ruta: “My eyelids grow heavy. Some touch embraces me just as it was yesterday.”

Hema: “It is as if someone is holding me tight in an embrace.”

All closed their eyes. No one knew what happened. When they came to consciousness, it was almost night and the birds were returning to their abodes, chirping. Ruta, Hema and Prateechi found themselves in darkness. Giri Sarma was not to be seen.

Prateechi: “Where is Giri Sarma? Yesterday also he created such a state to us and disappeared when we came to consciousness.”

Hema: “He seems to be a wizard.”

Ruta: “Hema, did you close your eyes wantonly?”

Hema: “As long as I am in consciousness, I feel always curious to see something. It is not in my nature to sit with eyes closed. But then my eyes became heavy and

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

were closed without my own knowledge. Afterwards, I did not know anything. The mind went into a sleep-like state. Still, I remember that I was conscious all through.”

Ruta: “Did you see anything during that state?”

Hema: “With your question, I slowly recollect now. I saw a beautiful scene. I saw two mountains from a great distance. There was a valley in-between. From the yonder depth of the valley, I felt someone calling me. Through slow degrees, the call grew more distinct and seemed to approach me. It was strange to notice that there were no words in the call. I felt that it was a call. A stream of Consciousness crept near me and came seeking me. It grew into music and then into a musical spell and then into some distinct sound of music. It kissed my Consciousness to the core. It was as if embracing my Consciousness tight. Now, I retain the impression that I was experiencing some music for a very long time.”

Prateechi: “All feel the same experience. It cannot be imaginary or accidental.”

Chapter 17

Hema: “Does this fellow, Giri Sarma, know anything of necromancy? If so, it is possible that he has created such a state of hypnosis to all of us.”

Prateechi: “I used to feel the experience every day and it was since the time before the arrival of Giri Sarma to our Ashram. I can clearly see that he is not the cause of this experience. I remember that it started with Chitrabhanu, playing his flute for the first time in our Ashram. That was my first experience. Since that time, I have been getting it every day.”

Hema: “However, it is not desirable to believe people who come from Dwaraka. Lokayata is warning us from the very beginning.”

Prateechi: “I am sorry I forgot to notice that you are a close disciple of Lokayata. He has always a soft corner for you.”

Hema grew wild suddenly. Her furious eyes flashed out embers of anger tinged with sparks of insult.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Hema: “If your experiences reach the mind of Lokayata, he will peel off your skin.”

Prateechi: “It is not very difficult when you are here. But at the same time you should also remember that his mind can understand that you too had the experience today. Then he is sure to prepare two shoes for him, one with my skin and another with your skin.”

Ruta: “Prateechi! I say you lost your head. Do not speak anymore.”

Chapter 18

It was a thick green valley near Sravasti. Djwhalakhula suddenly woke up from sleep and sat down. He was surprised to see the surroundings. For a few moments, he could not understand where he was. Gradually he could compose himself and understand the spot, but he could not understand still, how he could reach the spot and when he began to sleep there. He pondered over the matter but he could not recollect. However, he walked quickly towards the caves leading to the village of Kalapa. It was two days before full moon and a beautiful rabbit of milk-white colour jumped before him in moonlight and entered the bushes. Djwhalakhula was startled to see it. He felt that it was the second time he saw it. He faintly remembered that he saw the same scene exactly some time before, somewhere else. Why was the mind working double? He felt strange and mysterious about it. He went into his room directly where there was the wooden box. He opened the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

box, took out the ring and had it to his right hand. Maru was sitting on the tiger skin spread over the stone tablet.

Maru: “Wherefrom do you come?”

Djwhalakhula: “From under a tree in this valley.”

Maru: “Do you remember your experiencing the presence of Lord Krishna at Dwaraka last night?”

Djwhalakhula: “Yes, I do remember, sir.”

Maru: “I think it was for the first time you saw Krishna.”

Djwhalakhula: “Yes, sir! But I did not feel so.”

Maru: “Can you picture the experience in your mind now?”

Djwhalakhula: “Impossible. I was at the loss to believe if I had the experience or not. It was the scene which I saw clearly with my own eyes. Still I am not able to recapitulate it. It was like a very clear dream.”

Maru: “Do you remember to have observed the face of Krishna closely?”

Chapter 18

Djwhalakhula: “Three times I observed His face very close. Three times my eyes were closed. The first time I saw Krishna walking by foot, my eyes were filled with tears of joy. The second time, I opened my eyes and they were again closed when I saw living beings flashing forth in cosmic succession and receding. A third time, I saw the figure of Krishna with a brilliance of thousand lightnings. Then, He was of the size of my index finger. When I saw again, there was Krishna walking in the street.”

Maru: “So, you have noticed the fact that there are three Krishnas in one Krishna. Narada and Vedavyasa noticed Krishna walking by foot. They call Him ‘Sankarshana, the Lord of the Hosts’. The scene of the living beings flashing forth and receding was the scene of His cosmic form. They call it ‘Vasudeva, the Living Lord’. The shape with the brilliance of a thousand lightnings is called ‘Narayana’ or the ‘Lord Most High’. All these three planes of the Lord’s existence manifest through everything He does in His daily incidents. Some conversations are uttered from one plane, while others from other planes. The

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

conversations coming from Krishna who walks on earth are all trickish, funny and mischievous. The conversations of Vasudeva assume the procedure of the Law and contribute to the destruction of the wicked and the protection of the good. The conversations of Narayana externalise the experience of His spiritual Synthesis. How he speaks and in what situation He speaks and from which plane cannot be known to Narada even. Vyasa bows down in wonder. Then, how can I and your Guru comprehend? Our Guru, Lord Maitreya, is the only one who can communicate with the Lord through all the three planes in accordance.”

Djwhalakhula: “How is it that our Lord Maitreya was not present in the scene last night?”

Maru: “What stops him? He was already there and you could not recognise him. Do you remember a person with a white turban, holding the white umbrella to the Lord? It was our Lord Maitreya. Narada was there, Vyasa was there with his four disciples. Only one noble soul was not there. It was Agastya, who was very busy making scribes copy the stanzas of the new composition of Vyasa

Chapter 18

in the caves of Nilagiri. A group of Dravidian scholars attempted to burn the very first copy of the new composition of Vedavyasa.”

Djwhalakhula: “How can the curiosity of Agastya to see the Lord on the present occasion be satisfied?”

Maru: “My boy, he is beyond curiosity. He never crosses the Vindhya mountains to come to the north, even if the heavens explode.”

Djwhalakhula: “What is the name of the new Scripture that Vedavyasa is composing?”

Maru: “Vyasa himself does not know. One day, after he composed the composition of Mahabharata, he was taking a nap in the early hours before dawn. Then he received some stanzas through a dream. The stanzas were full of the incidents of Krishna’s life. Vyasa came to consciousness when he could recollect a portion of the stanzas. He tried to recollect the whole text, but he could not. He grew despondent, then Narada gave his presence to him and made him recollect his own poems and compose them.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula: “What a delicate and graceful body Krishna has! What is the type of food he takes? I understand that the members of His family are entitled to use meat and wine.”

Maru: “Spiritually speaking, wine should never be touched by anyone. It is a great sin even though it is a fact that Balarama takes wine. Meat can be the food of not only kings but also Brahmins. At the same time, it is a matter of experience that the mind rejects Rajasic and Tamasic foods as it gets evolved into spiritual culture. Meat is a Rajasic food. Even though it is not a sin, there is some difficulty with it to the spiritualist. Until the food is digested and assimilated, the astral influence of the killed animals haunts the eater. Krishna never touched meat or wine. Trickish as He is, He never makes a mention of it. Since His childhood, the cells of His body have been nourished with milk, curds, butter, ghee, fruits, vegetables and volatile substances. Now, you get ready with your box. Your Guru has entrusted you with a big task of distributing the manuscripts. When you are appointed for some work

Chapter 18

and engaged in it, you can listen when we talk, but you are not expected to entertain conversations by yourself. It is one of the keynotes of Raja Yoga. That regulation should develop as second nature and should be discharged as child's play.”

Djwhalakhula: “Namaskarams. Today I am ordered to go to Prayaga to meet Sumanta, the disciple of Vedavyasa in the Black Island. My programme will be decided by him henceforth.”

Maru: “It is well and good. When I was remarking that you should not entertain conversations, there was one question which came to the surface of your mind. It again melted away into the depth of your mind. It is about the four classes of society and also the doctrine of rebirth. I will explain it to you tomorrow.”

Djwhalakhula sat on his box and disappeared with it.

Chapter 19

It was flaming in darkness all around. Thick, elongated reddish flames of torches with wicks soaked in castor oil were fixed to the walls of the dark hall in the cave. The flames were spitting out granules of burning incense with sounds. The volume of thick darkness in the cave temple was filled with the exciting glow of the torches. Sulabha and Sarala proceeded slowly with intoxicating smiles on their lips. They brought the big wooden seat with the sixteen-petaled lotus engraved on it. Lokayata graced the seat in ritualistic splendour. Sulabha and Sarala lighted the rows of wicks on the altar decorated with double triangles. Lokayata's face emitted a glow which was seen in the light of the wicks. Sulabha brought a vessel filled with wine and placed it at the centre of the altar. Lokayata stretched his right hand into space and took out a stout, deadly venomous cobra of two metres length, which he caught hung by the tail. It cast furious looks and showed out its tongue

Chapter 19

repeatedly, raising its head towards the tail. Lokayata whipped it. The venomous cobra made a prolonged sigh of hiss, which became visible in the air in the form of translucent ray of light. Lokayata soaked the head of the cobra in the wine of the container and slowly coiled the cobra down completely. Then, he left it there as a close spiral and covered the container with a lid full of holes. He took another container from Sarala and poured wine from above upon the holes of the lid. Then, he lighted it with the flame of a torch, when there was a thin blue flame produced due to the spirits he mixed. The blue flame began to blow out many little, narrow blue flames in hissing sounds. They began to create the illusion of many little serpents dancing. They produced dancing shades in colours along the walls of the cave temple. Lo! There were many little serpents of different colours like the rainbow spokes creeping, crawling and dancing up and down the floor and along the walls. Some serpents fluttered in groups and some twined in couples. Lokayata raised his hands and made spells and incantations to invoke spirits. It was exactly midnight.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi was in deep sleep in her cottage. Suddenly she sat up on her bed, disturbed. Her mind felt emptied. Inside the head, there was a sensation of whirlwind going at a high speed. All the walls of the cottage appeared to move and revolve in speed. She saw big serpents of many colours crawling and creeping. Two serpents crept up her body and twined around her tight. She grew wild and began to revolve like a whirlwind. With maddened looks, she opened the door of the cottage and threw herself out, and revolved like a whirlwind. She rolled on and on in a delirious state and ran at a high speed. The speed took her right up to the mountain cliff in the thick forest. She was strongly attracted to a spot on the summit of the cliff. Then she turned round and round and slipped into the roaring waters of the mountain stream and hurled down the valley and disappeared into the water.

All the while, Lokayata was looking into the space of the cave temple. Suddenly he closed his eyes and bent his head down as he saw the last scene of Prateechi falling down from the cliff through his mind's eye. Sulabha and

Chapter 19

Sarala closed their eyes with an insane cry. Then they looked at Lokayata in silence. Their eyes cast angry and loathsome looks. They felt wild about what he did. Lokayata removed the wine container from the altar and cleaned it. He invited Sarala to sit down to perform the ritual of worship. Sarala stood in silence, showing her disobedience. Lokayata roared and frowned thrice in command and demand. No response was there from Sarala. Her face showed indifference to his anger.

Then Lokayata sent back Sulabha and Sarala. They resumed their places in the form of statues, Lokayata stood suffocated and drenched in sweat. Big droplets of sweat dribbled down his face and body. His sighing reminded him of the hissing of the serpents. With a reserved cruel look, he stretched out his hands into space. He held space between his two hands tightly and pulled it out with all his strength. He could draw out a bison by the horns. Again he stretched his right hand into space and drew out a heavy sword. With it, he could cut the head of the bison by the neck. Blood sprang up in an upward jet. From within the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

jet of blood, there appeared in space, the face of a red, robust lady, well decorated. The face was smiling, round and graceful with little curls of hair. Lokayata invited her to the altar. She accepted and sat down stable in the lotus posture. Lokayata sat on his wooden seat and drew out a flute and a small picture of Krishna from space. They were attracted by him previously from the cottage of Chitrabhanu. He placed them near the feet of the lady and performed ritual worship. After sipping water thrice, he uttered some spells and said: “Subjugate Krishna. Bind him and bring him to me.” He performed a prolonged ritual offering at the end of which he offered the flesh of the bison in a plate and the cut pieces of some fish in another. She refused the offering and he took it aside. He washed his hands and brought a container with milk. He handed it over to her. It was full when he offered. Half of the milk disappeared when she took it into her hand. She looked into the container and saw a smiling face in reflection. It was not her face. She shivered with ecstasy and made a deep sigh looking at the smiling face reflected in the milk. Her lips quivered and there were droplets of romantic sweat on

Chapter 19

her face. With great joy and satisfaction, she sipped the remaining half of the milk and handed over the empty vessel to Lokayata. Lokayata's head began to reel. His eyelids grew heavy and his eyes were closed. His mind travelled into unknown depths of space. He felt as if he travelled through dark eternities. He saw two mountains at a distance and a valley in-between. Sweet notes of flute music were heard from the other side of the valley. Then he did not know what happened. It was already morning when he came to his senses. He got up and looked around. He tried to recollect what had happened.

Everything was like a dream to him. He could recollect the scene of Krishna playing on His flute for a moment. He felt proud that he could control the mind of Krishna. His ultimate desire seemed fulfilled. His art of mind control touched his fulfilment. His mind danced with joy and was out of his control. Now he thought that the way was clear for him to approach Charvaka and Rakta Sarma. One year ago, he received a letter from Charvaka that he could see

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Charvaka only when he would be powerful enough to control the mind of Krishna.

He walked out of the cave temple a few yards but suddenly he was afraid of coming out of the cave. Last night, he was overpowered by emotion and did not remember what he did. In his anger, he took full revenge on Prateechi. Now, after the dawn, he was free from the spell of his emotion and was disillusioned. He could recollect that Prateechi was the granddaughter of Charvaka. What awaits him when Charvaka knows it? It will be decided between Charvaka and himself. Either of the two should die. There could be no compromise between the two hereafter. As long as Lokayata was in the cave, Charvaka could not know his mind. The moment he came out, his mind was under the control of Charvaka. Now, he suspected that Charvaka would sense the incidents in no time. Henceforth it was an open fight. Power was the only factor that would decide their future. Or Charvaka might excuse him in admiration of his achievement to subjugate

Chapter 19

Krishna. With these thoughts, he comforted his mind for a few seconds.

Again the mind swung to the other extreme. Charvaka was a traitor. He had no human values, no friend and no associate. He had learned mental control from him and proved a traitor by controlling his mind. Under such conditions, was it possible for Charvaka to excuse him? It was time to come out of the cave at any cost. If necessary, he had to use all his dark powers to destroy Charvaka. Then he should face the enmity of Rakta Sarma also. In case of necessity, he should destroy Rakta Sarma also. At present, Lokayata's powers were conditioned and limited. They would not work well when he was out of the cave temple. From the time of his practicing demoncraft, his powers did not work during daytime. He was at a loss to understand what to do. He was an adept and a past master of all the Vedas with practical keys. But it was something of the past. Later, he was habituated to devil worship and hence the power of Gayatri left him. He was conscious of it. From the level of the worship of the angels of inspiration, he fell into

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

the level of the spirits of emotion. He tied himself by limitation. Transgression after attaining realisation admits no excuse. Now he was in the position of a street juggler who produces gold coins and begs money from the audience. His mind experienced its dawn from illusion. He could attract the mind of Krishna while he feared the mind of Charvaka. He laughed to himself while he wept for his own faults.

Every deed bears its own fruit and it is the law of retribution. He knew the Karma theory long ago. Now, he had to reap what he had sown. Charvaka also committed many crimes. Was there no retribution for him? Did his Karma bind him not? Does Karma chase only those who know and believe in the Karma theory? Charvaka was a patriot of his own theory. He had an object and justification of selflessness for his crimes. He had no personal motives and what all he did was with an open mind. There was no tinge of selfishness in his procedure. It was all to support his cause, which he believed true. He believed in the welfare of the Yavanas and had nothing else in his mind.

Chapter 19

He was in no way different from a fighter in the battle. The gates of heaven would be wide open to Charvaka. Then what about himself?

Now, Lokayata was well-prepared in his mind to receive his due for what he had done in the past. He came out of the cave undisturbed. It was two hours past sunrise. The morning sun struck hard on his unwashed face as he approached the footpath in the meadow. He saw Hema approaching him straight. Bathed and well-decorated, she glittered like a sharp angel. There was no one else in the vicinity.

Hema: “Namaskarams my Lord, the Lord of my heart.”

Lokayata grew pale. He said: “If you address me so, I feel it worse than the shot of an arrow into my heart.”

Hema: “I address you so because you molested me with your black magic. Once again I repeat, I live away this life, my filthy life, as your wife. I promise I address you so only when we are alone.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Lokayata: “Even then, why do you address me in a way that pinches my heart?”

Hema: “I do accept that it pricks your heart. There is no worse pain than to face truth and I wish you to face truth.”

Her eyes flashed out a cruel spark of chastity. A man of great learning and much experience, Lokayata could not look straight into her eyes.

Lokayata: “And what is the news?”

Hema: “Only one thing is there to report. It is about the retreat of my life. It is yourself.”

Lokayata: “Do you intend killing me today with your words?”

Hema: “Do you have a conscience? Do you have a human being in you?”

Lokayata looked low towards the feet of Hema.

Hema: “If you have one, you believe and follow the tenets of Charvaka. In that case, you can accept me and declare me as your wife in the presence of all. You have no

Chapter 19

business to fear your dirty old age and the well-minded society of humanity in declaring your own procedure and living up to it, facing the same society. Live above fear and weakness and be privileged to enjoy life with me. If you do not really believe in Charvaka's tenets simply because you are an orthodox Brahmin, you have to bow down your head to receive the fruit of what you have done, and accept me as your wife in an orthodox marriage ritual.”

Lokayata wanted to rush forth and escape. Hema stopped him and continued:

“If you have no courage to face the public and die a timid and shameless death, I do not mind. Even then I declare myself as your widow and live through my full span as your wife. You timid flirt! How can you hope to know the heart of a real woman? The woman of Panchala, generally, do not stoop to tread a filthy path. If there be, at all, a bitch like me, let the tragedy end with me.”

Chapter 20

The morning sunshine was reflecting upon a beautiful three-storeyed building of milk-white colour with a golden yellow tower. The southern windows were opened to the beautiful scene of the green ripples of a great sheet of water. It was the Arabian sea, towards which the windows of the building pointed. It is a beautiful spot in the heart of Dwaraka, in the middle of a well-pruned garden all in fruit and flower. Tender creepers of jasmine covered the many arches in lattice work. The footpath which ran down the arches was cleaned. Many little flowers, dropping from the creepers, fell sprinkled like stars on the ground. Maid attendants were going round walking and running in sprightly conversations and peals of laughter. They appeared like the many arrows of Cupid, being directed hither and thither. The ground around the building was purified with sandalwood water and was covered with a single layer of flowers under a Parijatha tree. The tender

Chapter 20

fingers of a young maid, decorated red with Kurantaka nail paint, were picking up the glittering red stalks of the Parijatha flowers delicately. She was gathering the flowers into the vase in her left hand. Another maid sat on a stone platform under the shade of a tree. She drew her bangles tight up the arms and was grinding a mixture of perfumes with a stone grinder, preparing bathing powder. Another maid was gathering the paste from the grinder, mixing it with the fine powder of Tulasi and mango leaves. She made it into a paste with lotus water. An old lady, decorated with kumkum on her brow and flowers in her hair, removed the diamond rings from her fingers and tied them carefully to the corner of her upper garment. She took a pack of perfumed hair oil and was slowly climbing the stairs up. She was singing as she was climbing the steps: “Where was the child lie? Where does he lie concealed, the darling child, the mystic child, all in child-like behaviour?”

“The child who knows everything and who does not know anything. The child in beams of smiles and luring in looks, the child all in prattle of truth and music in breath.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

She came upstairs. There was a revolving spring of water, sprinkling lotus water in a thin spray. She stood in the open verandah before the bath room. She peeped in with a childly smile and said: “O Satya, the darling queen of the loving husband! It is time for the Lord to take bath. Please bring the bathing chair and place it here. Unless you bring it, your husband is not inclined to get up from bed and come forth to take his bath.”

Satya brought the bathing seat and placed it in the verandah. Then, she went into the room where Krishna was lying on the smooth volume of bed made of the tender quills of swans. She said: “Get up, my Lord! How is it you sleep again? All the night you were alert, going round, and in the morning hours you are still relaxed. Who can awake those who close eyes in false sleep?” Krishna got up gently and set his smooth, curly hair aside his ears. He said: “Satya, I get up this morning only to see your face. But I am hungry. Last night, I came across an old man in a dream. He gave me a small quantity of milk which was not sufficient. Moreover, it smelled like bison meat. I was

Chapter 20

afraid of him and drank the milk without saying a single word. Then he demanded my flute music, which I was playing throughout the night against the very little quantity of bad milk he gave.”

Krishna got up gently and came to the bathing seat. The old lady applied perfumed oil in abundance to the hair.

Krishna continued: “I had another dream earlier than the one described. A young and innocent Gopi jumped from the cliff of a very high mountain directly upon my heart.”

Satya: “Even at this age, my Lord never loses His glamour for cowherd girls!”

Saying so, she patted the cheek of Krishna with her tender palm having little designs of Kurantaka red paste.

Krishna: “Your father tried to possess the rich gem which he got from the Sun God. You, the rich ladies of the city, try to possess me. The cowherd ladies of the village do not have the tendency to possess me. They always offer

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

themselves unto me while you, my rich wife, try to possess me to the exclusion of others.”

Satya: “Possessiveness is the tendency of those who know the value of a thing.”

All the maidens came and gave a tender oil massage to Krishna’s shoulders. Satya pressed his hair with perfumed cleaning paste. After the wash, the maidens smeared the hair with tender towels. Satya exposed the hair to fragrant incense. The old lady decorated the eyelids of Krishna with anjan. Satya prepared an ointment of musk and camphor in her left hand, took it with a silver rod and made a brow mark on the face of the Lord. She brought a mirror and held it before His face.

Krishna: “There is no need of a mirror. I already looked for the image in your face and looks.”

Satya: “And you think that I am flattered by these words.”

One maiden brought a gold tumbler full of milk with a little pepper, saffron and camphor. The other maidens

Chapter 20

decorated the Lord. Krishna sat on his couch and said: “Someone awaits me. Invite him inside.”

Within a few moments, Maitreya came into His presence and bowed down to Him. Krishna received the salutation with a smile and said: “Maitreya, dear! It is a pleasant surprise that you are here now.”

Maitreya: “There is nothing surprising and nothing that is not known.”

Krishna: “Yes, it is known only to be repeated.”

Maitreya: “Which role do you play today? Is it the God in Man? Is it the Lord of the Hosts or is it the God Most High?”

Krishna: “There are as many roles to play as there are pairs of eyes around me to see.”

Maitreya: “Not to speak of our eyes, now let us come to the point. I hear nowadays that the Lord is enforcing His presence anywhere. He likes without a rule and a rhyme.”

Krishna: “Enforcing my presence is always my pleasure. When it is my pleasure and grace, there is no

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

place for a rule and a rhyme. Grace is the only independence I have. These sages enforce rules even upon God. We find only one place where rules are not enforced upon us. It is Charvaka Ashram. Everything is free there. Freedom is the keynote. If you, sages, speak of stipulations and regulations, even though this much independence of my pleasure is denied, it is too difficult. Then we have to seek a place in the Ashram of Charvaka for us to experience happiness.”

Maitreya: “That is good. But we hear some strange news about your pleasure and happiness. Nowadays the people of Charvaka Ashram feel a vertigo daily. It may be a vertigo of your presence. If it is offered when desired, it is good. For the moment it is offered when not desired. Then the heads begin to reel. This is the experience of your flute music with some people.”

Krishna: “Maitreya! People complain, of late, that I favour the cowherd ladies and the pastoral illiterates. This is the allegation of the sages. It is the main reason why we

Chapter 20

seek freedom and personal independence. For that, we began to find a place in the Ashram of Charvaka.”

Maitreya: “This is all a child’s play to you. You are a child playing with souls. O Lord of the Hosts, is it not yet time for the completion of the destruction of the enemies? Lokayata is transgressing his limits and is taking steps of offence against the Lord. He means even infringing the work of the Lord. Are we to believe that this is also a part of your child’s play?”

Krishna: “You speak of enemies and destruction of evil ones. First of all, we should have the evil in us to take note of the presence of evil ones before we destroy them. All evil starts from the point of recognising the presence of evil. When it is vanquished, everything is vanquished. Everyone is as true as the other, since all are true as myself.”

Maitreya: “The sons of the Lord go on working against the Lord. Are they not evil?”

Krishna: “Nothing is too difficult unless it is accepted as difficult. Now, nothing is lost, we propose to grace our

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

presence even to them. You yourself remark that there is no rule and rhyme in showering my grace. It was only yesterday that I begot ten of them as the newborn children of my presence. Now they are given power over the province of the Clubs. From tomorrow, Gada and Samba will be taken as the children of grace once again.”

Maitreya: “Can we understand that Kali would be destroyed with this step?”

Krishna: “It is only now the dawn of the age of Kali. Just as all others are living, Kali also has a right to live. He cannot be killed by killing individuals. Therefore, I do not propose to kill anyone.”

Maitreya: “Then, what is the way to lead people into your path?”

Krishna: “The only way is to offer my presence to everyone, one after the other.”

Maitreya: “Yoga is to be practiced by everyone, isn’t it? Yoga is to be practised through eight steps to receive your grace and that is what we know.”

Chapter 20

Krishna: “It is only for you, Yogis, and your disciples. For those whom you call wicked, there is no necessity to practice the Yoga path in the Kali age.”

Maitreya: “Then, what is the path required for them? Is it the path of devotion which you propose for them now?”

Krishna: “Devotion is the headache of Narada and those who are trained by him to play the strings of music in singing the glory of my name. Of late, Vedavyasa is being brainwashed into the path of devotion by Narada. With his four disciples, Vyasa has to go round the temples, singing my name. He will have the orchestra of Uddhava and his followers.”

Maitreya: “So, you propose to offer a new path. Is it in the shape of the utterance of the mantram of Vishnu?”

Krishna: “Parasara, the father of Vedavyasa, had the pleasure of spinning the sound of Vishnu as a mantram. His disciples and followers could not inherit it. They inherited only the burnt prints of the conch and the wheel on their shoulders.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

“There is another path, the path of the God-Men who work out the anatomy of God into many theories. They are the scholars and the scientific theologians who wag their tails mutually at war for the ever changing definition of God, poor God, who is fed-up with them.”

Maitreya: “You wash off all these alternatives. Then what is left behind? What is the true path which you want to show now?”

Krishna: “Clever as you are, you can try to imagine my new path. The path in fact is not new, the generation is always new to the path.”

Maitreya: “It is only after you liberate the path into a spark of your proposal that we can comprehend it and receive. Before you externalise, we have nothing to imagine.”

Krishna: “The real path to transcend the spirit of the Kali age has been just proposed by me and not yet externalised. Through the power of the Music of the Soul, I propose to grace my presence. This is my path for the age. I touch the strings of the subconscious current of everyone

Chapter 20

that he may learn to be awakened gradually into my presence and get himself tuned to me. I will be heard in the form of music which everyone knows and recognises as His own presence. I awaken man as the seed of God and I pervade the whole Brahmavarta through this. Kali is a juggler of souls, a magician against whom I am the musician of the souls. There is no use of killing the physical vehicles to redeem the souls. There is the mind in-between, carrying the impression of incidents from birth to birth. Whenever a body is killed in war, the mind registers the incident in the form of a tendency to fight and the same mind is born when the person is reborn. It goes from bad to worse and hence I do not propose to kill.”

Maitreya: “In that case, what made it inevitable for the Lord to propose the great destruction in the name of the Mahabharata war?”

Krishna: “I neither proposed nor objected to the destruction. I was only a passive witness. I did not object to people taking delight in killing themselves. In man consciousness, man proposes and God disposes in the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

shape of time. When man is raised into My Consciousness, then I propose and I dispose. When I propose, I never propose killing. At the same time, man is as free as myself to propose the prison of his psychological pattern; or he is entirely free to prepare his weapon of destruction against his own physical existence. I neither encourage nor discourage as long as man continues to propose. In the experience of my presence in him, I wait until he seeks. All the thousands of groups of the human minds who killed themselves in the Mahabharata war carry the web of their war pattern in their minds through their future births. In the coming centuries, they will appear again and again as warmongers and anarchists, while Kali rejoices in them.

“I continue to give my presence and awaken these numbers on an individual scale. In the meanwhile, they continue to create conflicts and cause destruction to their bodies many times. Still there is no loss in total. I started my music of the souls playing from the hearts of the souls who live in the Charvaka Ashram. The music of my grace continues in the name of God. For this, I do not make it

Chapter 20

inevitable that I come down into physical reappearance again and again. It is enough if I have the soul of an accomplished being as my vehicle. Through that soul, I continue to pervade into the beings. I do this up to the end of the Kali age. I chose your consciousness as the pure vehicle of the present sacrifice of mine. Maru and Devapi continue to pave my way by attracting souls to God life and give them the proper rectification required to get tuned into my presence.

“From time to time, it is also necessary to galvanize training methods into the fitness of the changing psychological patterns and also to render the whole pattern of my work approachable and understandable by the people of the various languages through centuries. This part of the work will be taken up by Djwhalakhula under the direction of Maru and Devapi.

“Within a few years, it comes to pass that the city of Dwaraka will be submerged under the waves of the western sea. I build the musical pattern of the city of souls with nine gates. I build this pattern on the subtler musical planes with

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

vibrations of rhythm. It lives suspended in the Akasa as a detailed print. According to necessity, it travels from land to land and will be inherited from race to race under the guidance of the planetary rulers who work out my plan. I continue to guide you to travel with it along with my tribes who travel from nation to nation, from race to race through centuries.

“Now it is your duty to carry the accomplished souls along with you safe to the other shore of the western sea. The rest of the people of Dwaraka who manage to escape death continue to travel along the spiral of rebirths leisurely. After the city is submerged, you have to take the accomplished souls with you. I will guide you to lead the journey as your own star and the star of your tribe. Your light carries my presence and you are to lead the accomplished souls.

“Behold! I speak to you in sign and symbol. Be guided by my sign. The spirit of Kali sprouts wherever there is the worship of money, power and passion. My presence will be there wherever there is the worship of agriculture and

Chapter 20

cattle. It is for our tribes who cross the ocean not to leave the cattle and the ritual of agriculture. The thick rugs of fur which the shepherds wear along their shoulders should stand as the sign of liberation for the tribe that is to follow you. Let them be recognised by this sign. Sometimes, I come down to earth in a physical body and sometimes not. But the Music of My Soul continues to be the bond of my love to liberate people from the bondage of their limitations. Now, you stand up and take your steps along my path.”

Maitreya stood up, full of God. Tears of ecstasy rolled down his eyes along his cheeks. His hair stood up and he fell prostrate at the feet of the Lord.

Chapter 21

A few minutes before dawn, Giri Sarma got a dream. It was about a lady whom he could not recognise. She jumped from a lofty mountain cliff into the downpour of a mountain stream. Some familiar person sat in a valley, chanting some mantrams. Flames rose upon a pyre. Giri Sarma took the body of the lady from the pyre and flew with wings like a bird above the clusters of the trees and alighted before a cave. He also saw the moon amidst clouds. The face of Prateechi smiled in the moon and talked to him.

Giri Sarma woke up, disturbed from the dream. He sat up on his bed and rubbed his eyes. He ran out of his cottage and looked at the morning moon who was about to set on the western horizon. The voice of Prateechi in his dream was ringing in his ears still indistinctly. As the voice tried to emerge from his dream into his consciousness, Giri Sarma tried to recollect what she spoke in the dream. She

Chapter 21

questioned something in his dream. Half of the question melted away into oblivion. The other half was lingering in the undercurrents of his dream consciousness, which was already fading. With great difficulty he could make out the question of *Prateechi*:

“Do I survive after my body is destroyed?”

The question was made to consolidate in his mind with great care and brought into a tangible shape. It was two days before full moon, the moon light was fading into daybreak. Sparkles of moon beam tickled down the space like the many Parijatha flowers. Giri Sarma stood absorbed in the question of his dream until it was full daybreak. He walked a few steps forward and attempted to go somewhere. He again walked a few steps back and wanted to proceed in the other direction. Again he stood thinking. The sun was rising in the east and the moon was setting in the west. He saw two ladies talking and approaching him along the footpath in the meadow, approaching Hari Sarma.

Ruta: “Do you come directly from your cottage?”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Hari Sarma: “Yes.”

Ruta: “Do you know anything about Prateechi?”

Hari Sarma: “No, why do you enquire so?”

Ruta: “Last night I was in her cottage. I slept by her side in her bed. Now, I do not find her there.”

Hari Sarma: “Strange!”

They both approached Giri Sarma.

Ruta: “Did you find Prateechi?”

Giri Sarma: “No.”

Ruta: “She is not found in her cottage.”

The four people went to others’ cottages. They approached each cottage enquiring about Prateechi. Gradually the students of all cottages gathered together and searched for her in all the buildings and the marble hall as well. They enquired the cooks and the watchmen in charge. They enquired the servants also. People gathered in small groups in the meadow and began to discuss something about Prateechi. They came to a decision to inform the matter to Lokayata immediately. Hema was found

Chapter 21

approaching them. All people gathered around her and informed that Prateechi was not found. Hema's face expressed sharp look of anger. Ruta's eyes expressed some doubt.

Chitrabhanu: “We have to find out what happened to Prateechi. Let us go to Lokayata immediately and inform him.”

Hema: “I do not think it is possible to meet him now. He left on a journey into the caves of the Hemagiri mountains. I think he has gone to meet Charvaka on the occasion of the full moon tomorrow. Since yesterday, he has been insisting upon his going to Charvaka since he could not see him on the full moon day of Marghasirsha* last year.”

Chitrabhanu: “Is it possible that our Lokayata has taken Prateechi also with him to see Charvaka?”

Hema: “No, he has not taken her. I saw him starting alone.”

* *The full moon day during the solar month of Sagittarius. It occurs between 21st of November and 21st of December.*

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “She slept in her own cottage. I was there with her. I slept with her in her bed. She was not there when I got up in the morning.”

Hari Sarma: “Lokayata knows everything. By this time, he might have grasped something about her.”

Chitrabhanu: “May or may not be possible. We have to do what we can. Let us approach Ganadasa and inform him immediately. Let us also inform Vrishanandini and try to search for Prateechi everywhere.”

They all went in a group to the residence of Ganadasa. Ganadasa came downstairs and understood the situation. Immediately he made a gathering of all people in the marble hall. Ganadasa and Vrishanandini sat on the dais. Ganadasa stood and spoke: “There was no occasion when someone had any shortcoming till now in our Ashram. Nor was there any possibility of danger to anyone within the premises of our Ashram. It is equally impossible for anyone to cross the boundaries of the Ashram and walk out. Sixteen elementals are guarding the outskirts of the Ashram night and day. Everyday our Lokayata can count the number of everyone, even of the serpents and scorpions

Chapter 21

within the Ashram limits. Under these circumstances, it is a very serious matter to note that one person is missing. More serious it is when we know that it is Prateechi, the granddaughter of Charvaka. All of us have a great concern about her.”

All looked at each other’s face. Ganadasa sat down. Vrishanandini stood up and addressed: “Prateechi is a girl of very delicate mind. I have a special attachment for her. We do not know what serious disturbance in her mind due to an unknown cause has precipitated this incident. If anyone of you knows anything of her, please stand up and inform.”

Chitrabhanu: “For about ten days, her mind has been disturbed. I do not know why.”

Sankhachuda: “Before that, Prateechi and Chitrabhanu used to meet in the evenings and go round the valley. Suddenly Chitrabhanu stopped talking to her. That was the beginning of her disturbed mind.”

Tamralipti: “Before that, for some days, Chitrabhanu used to play flute music and entertain her in the evenings.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ganadasa: “Flute music? It is prohibited in our Ashram. Chitrabhanu! Where could you get a flute?”

Chitrabhanu: “I regularly practiced flute music in Dwaraka. As I escaped from my house, I brought my flute with me.”

All the people in the hall felt a sort of vertigo. Their eyelids grew heavy, eyes closed. No one knew what had happened. After a long pause of about forty-five minutes, people came to senses. Everyone tried to recollect that he or she was sitting gathered in the marble hall. Then they could recapitulate that the gathering was to discuss about Prateechi. Vrishanandini stood up and tried to speak something. Her lips quivered. Droplets of sweat appeared on the wings of her nose. Ganadasa made her sit, whispered in her ears and stood up to speak a few words. He staggered but withstood to stand with some difficulty. Each one in the hall was just coming out of a deep intoxication similar to that of a very strong liquor. Ganadasa stood firm and again tried to speak out. His lips quivered. He smiled a bit, out of his senses. It was like the smile of a maiden in her first love. He had to sit down. Ruta and Hema were sitting side by

Chapter 21

side. Each looked into the other's face. Hema lifted her index finger to the back of her head in some recollection and tried to explain something. Her lips quivered. A smile escaped through. It was like the smile of a maiden when her sweetheart approached her for the first time, lifted her head holding her chin and looking into her eyes. She could not speak. It was an expression of bashfulness which knew no reason. Sankhachuda and Tamralipti sat side by side. Sankhachuda lifted his index finger, looked aside and said: "The flute! The flute!" Then his lips quivered. He could not speak. Tamralipti tried to recollect something in looks of wonder. He lifted his index finger and said: "Yes, I remember. That flute, that very flute." His lips quivered and his voice shivered. His cheeks perspired and he had a thrill, he could not speak.

Ganadasa tried to withstand and stood up gently. He asked the audience: "Do you experience anything? Do you witness any scene? Do you hear anything?" Then Hari Sarma stood up and said: "My eyes reeled and it was as if spectra revolved. My body came out of senses and my nerves were as if playing the role of the strings in a musical

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

instrument, played by someone. I felt the pain of too much happiness. I felt I was happy. I saw a scene. I saw two mountains from a great distance and a valley in-between. From the yonder depths of the valley, I could hear some flute music...”

His voice shivered. Tears rolled down his eyes. He stood up gazing into space. Each of the disciples stood up and said: “I too witnessed the same scene. I too heard the same music.” Each stood up gazing into space. The voice of everyone shivered. The eyes of everyone were full of tears. Vrishanandini stood up and said: “I too witnessed the scene. I too heard the same music. Even now, I feel I hear the music.” Saying so, she was screwed down to her seat. Ganadasa stood up and said: “This is something mysterious. It is the magic spell of some unknown element controlling the subconsciousness of us all. I cannot believe such thing but I do not believe myself even at this juncture.” Saying so, he sat down.

Chapter 22

Lokayata was on his expedition for an ingress into the deep forests of Charvaka's kingdom. He walked to the frontier mountains, Pariyatra, and entered the thick valley. He looked around him and made sure that none was there. He closed his eyes and mentally verified if he was quite alone. Then he took out a pair of shoes from his bag. The shoes were made of human skin. He put them on, closed his eyes in meditation and said, "O my mystic bird, the queen of the magic spells, the angel of the golden shoes, help me." Then he flew into the air and travelled above the mountains and forests. He crossed three valleys and alighted on the cliff of the fourth, called the golden cliff. He took off the shoes, put them in the bag again and placed the bag in the hole of a big tree.

He approached the mouth of a cave. The gate was guarded by the head of bison of enormous size with four

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

tusks. He bowed down to it, closed his eyes and went into meditation. The bison head yawned and there was the sound of the voice of the bison. It was hideous. The bison's head protruded its tongue out and it was enough for four people to sit upon. Lokayata sat upon the tongue and the bison withdrew the tongue as the gates were again closed. Inside, it was a dark cave. Lokayata took a big lump of camphor in his hand, as big as that of an elephant head, he lighted it and in the light he saw a human skull. He bowed down to the skull and the second gate was open. Inside, there was an old lake of stagnant waters of unknown depth. He chanted some mantrams, then a crocodile came to the shore. Lokayata sat upon its back, then it took him to other shore. The third gate was kept open. As he entered and groped in darkness, he could find a stout rope hanging down to the bottom of the mountain from the very cliff. The chasm was cut on the model of the vertebral column and the rope hung down in the middle of it like Sushumna. He gripped the rope tight with his two hands and took a leap hanging down the rope. He was sliding and sliding down the rope for a very long time before his feet touched

Chapter 22

the ground amidst the unthinkable thickness of the infernal darkness. He walked and walked, feeling the space before him with his hands stretched out.

He finally entered the series of the subterranean halls lived by the hierarchy of beings that were known only to themselves. He entered the main hall, wherein he received rays of light shining forth from the many gemstones, galvanized by the wizard consciousness that ruled over them. In that light, he entered the hall of the infernal administrative cabinet. It was the capital of the many forces that rule the nether worlds of the very existence of the earth. There was a big platform of a circular shape, all covered with carpets of blood-red colour, studded with the gemstones called cat's eyes, all in mammoth size. They sparkled as they looked at Lokayata. There was a big throne, of gold, solid gold, all studded with emeralds and bloodstones. On either side of the throne there were three chairs of gold, smaller in size. All the seven chairs were vacant and there was no one there. Lokayata felt awestruck and aghast. He looked around and found no signs of

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

response. He made some incantations but everything was silent. It was cold as death inside. Then he chanted prayers that reverberated in the vacant silence. His own voice was heard by him, echoed ten times from ten directions. Then he approached a wall where there was the thousand-petaled lotus engraved. At the centre of the lotus, there was a hole through which messages were communicated. He shouted to the hole: “My homage and adoration to Charvaka, the king of the material worlds.” Out of his own voice he received the reply: “Charvaka is no more. He is dead.”

Lokayata found himself no better than a corpse. In a moment he was all emotion and he burnt within himself in excitement. He respired more and more quickly as he perspired into a bath of sweat, until he burst out into sobs of weep and laugh jumbled. A wheel of insane ideas gathered round his head and began to rotate. As it gained speed, he heard his own thoughts shouting to himself, louder and louder: “Charvaka is dead. Charvaka is no more. Alas, alas! Done away with Charvaka. It is very good. I am safe. But who is there to save me? Is it possible

Chapter 22

that Charvaka is dead? I doubt and I fear. I wish that it is possible and I rejoice. I indulge in my own insane joy. I doubt to the core if Charvaka is here and he is trying to detect the germ of the bottom of my conscience. It cannot be. I wish it shall not. Who knows? Everything is possible. The whole creation is the very consciousness of a created being, haunted by everything as possibility. The self-multiplying myriads and myriads of alternatives emerge as thoughts to haunt and haunt and chase the very existence. Do I meet the time of total destruction or do I meet utter fearlessness? Both seem made as one.” The speed of the wheel began to decrease and disappeared in himself. Again another wheel of his own thoughts emerged as a whirlpool around him and engulfed him in increasing speed: “Now, Charvaka is dead. Then Rakta Sarma is my only refuge. He is my future and the future of my Ashram. Charvaka’s Ashram is my Ashram henceforth. But I fear that Rakta Sarma knows all the plans of Charvaka. I also fear that Charvaka lives in the spirit of Rakta Sarma. According to Rakta Sarma, the plan is not complete. The accomplishment lies in the ruin and death of Yudhisthira.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Lokayata approached the thousand-petaled lotus once again and shouted into the hole: “I wish to see Brihaspati, Rakta Sarma, who is the Lord Executive of the kingdom of Anarchy.” He received the reply: “Three months ago, Brihaspati left his physical sheath.” Lokayata again shouted into the hole: “How long is it after the death of Charvaka?” And he received the reply: “Nine lunar months will be completed by tomorrow the full moon.”

Again, there is a spectacular spectrum of thoughts revolving around the head of Lokayata. The voices gained momentum until they shouted to ring in his years: “What a pitiable wonder that these two devils of Charvaka and Rakta Sarma kept us under the thumb of their spell, even after their death! What a fallen creature I am! I know all the Vedas and the holy literature. I tasted the bliss of cosmic existence. How is it possible that I had such a fall which made me work through years of sin and also for nine months to gain the appreciation of the dead. The embryo of my sin is well-developed through these nine months after the death of these two wicked souls. Now it is time for me

Chapter 22

to deliver the full-grown child of my evil deeds. Had I known this, nine months ago, I would not have cooked the future of my disciples in the cauldron of my sins. I poisoned the pool of wisdom and infiltrated many vigorous souls in youthful minds. Many of the young people were sacrificed by me on the altar of sex and anti-social element. I wish it ceases to influence them anymore. If at all there is a progressive element in the nature of creation, let it save them and let the effect of my bad karma destroy me to the core. I invite my own end with my own mission when I feel redeemed. There is nothing better that I can wish for my irreparable ego. O! The Lords of the Mantrams and the syllables of the Vedas! You lie in me assimilated. Why do you forgive me for such a long time to the utter detriment of the cause of humanity? O Gayatri, the Mother of Vedas! Is your power in me more enfeebled than that of mine? If at all you feel indifferent to punish a wretched soul of myself, then, what security do you vouchsafe for the welfare of humanity? Is it decreed that the tidal wave of the saline ocean of my sins transgresses the boundaries of the law of earth and affects the sweetness of human life...?”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Then he heard from the hole within the thousand-petaled lotus: “Here comes Brihaspati, Rakta Sarma.”

Lokayata looked around in vacant looks of stupid fear. His lips were parched, his tongue dried and his face grew pale. He exclaimed involuntarily: “Hail Rakta Sarma! The future of Charvaka Ashram sprouts red again. The core of my heart welcomes my Gurudeva, the blessed Rakta Sarma.”

Lokayata looked around again. Lo! There was Rakta Sarma sitting on the golden throne studded with bloodstones on the altar of glittering diamonds. His eyes sparkled with embers of vengeance. The few hairs on his head stood dry and erect like the remnants of grass on a burnt cliff. His skin was of the colour of melted gold and all in wrinkles. His cheeks hung like rags in folds. His brow hung down folded on the root of his nose. His ears hung like the two bats on the branch of a dried tree.

Lokayata’s face was enlivened with sudden hope and blossomed with a violent smile of gushing veneration. He bowed down to the very floor before Rakta Sarma and

Chapter 22

threw his head upon the feet of Rakta Sarma. His head dashed to the floor only to know that the feet of Rakta Sarma were absent. Lokayata got up suddenly and found Rakta Sarma rising from the throne and floating in space without feet. It was the devil of Rakta Sarma that was slowly advancing towards him. Lokayata grew senseless and regained senses instantaneously due to his intense fear. As the devil was approaching, Lokayata began to recede. He heard the shouts of the imaginary voice of Rakta Sarma: “You are a dupe! You are an opportunist. I have my own justification and code to my cruelty whereas you do not have. Your deceit is self-deceit since you have no justification. My vengeance stands unsatiated. I still feel young in my bloodthirsty mission. I now suck your blood off. Hold fast.”

Lokayata began to run up and down in panic. The devil waited and held Lokayata, gripping his throat tight. Lokayata gave out a piteous cry like that of a cock when being cut by the neck. He fell unconscious with his head drooping forward. He felt that he was already killed.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Instantaneously he understood that he was not killed because he knew himself and he remembered that he was being killed. His very presence of mind touched itself and he knew that he was still living. As he closed his eyes tight, he felt a strange vertigo. His eyelids grew heavy. He did not know what happened. He did not know how much time passed before he regained his consciousness.

As he became conscious, he found himself lying on the ground upon his belly, with his tongue touching the floor carpet. Slowly he ventured to open his eyes. There was no devil. He looked around but there was no devil. He looked above and below; there was no devil. In the meanwhile, what had happened? Who could know it, when he himself did not know? He tried to recollect the thousands of moments that passed during his semiconscious slumber. Slow and imperceptible he began to recollect. He had an experience which resembled a dream. His body perspired, his lips quivered. He found his eyes full of tears.

He could understand that he witnessed a scene in his dream. It was the scene of two mountains at a distance with

Chapter 22

a valley in-between. From the yonder depth of the valley, he could perceive a streak of flute music approaching him. He could see the flute that he had attracted from the cottage of Chitrabhanu. The vision was distinct. It was the same flute and he saw the self-same picture of Lord Krishna which he had attracted from the cottage of Chitrabhanu. He could see the smiling eyes of Krishna peeping sidewise into his own eyes, his hands holding the flute and standing with his tender feet, one crossing the other. Light flew as sight from his lovely eyes. Behind the Lord, there was the milk-white cow, like a big lump of butter.

The scene stood suspended in the eyes of Lokayata. His mind bent down in bashful shame. Now his mind invited the Lord like a war hero to garland him in wedding. Lokayata very much wished that he should perform the worship ritual of Lord Krishna. He stretched his hand into space and attracted the flute and the picture of Krishna. He placed the picture upon the golden throne of Charvaka and invoked the presence of Sulabha and Sarala. They came forward in graceful attire and enchanting smiles. They

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

brought flowers, fruits, milk, perfumes and twigs of Tulasi for the Puja ritual. Lokayata took a Kamandalu with water, sipped the water thrice from his right hand and started the Puja ritual, imploring the welfare of the three planes of creation. He performed the sixteen steps of the Lord's worship in due and ancient form. At the end of the Puja, he gave an offering of milk in a tumbler. The Lord in the picture did not take anything from the milk offered. Lokayata finished the Puja and fell prostrate at the feet of the Lord with clasped hands and said:

“You are the utterance beyond all the alphabet of this creation. You are the knowable beyond all knowables. You are the pattern of all the forces at rest, in equilibrium. You are unspendable and eternal. You are the only security and protection of your Law working through us. You are the eternal pattern of person and personality.”

He took the offered milk three times into his right hand and sipped thrice. He kept the remaining milk and the remnants of worship secure in his hands and turned back

Chapter 22

home. As he walked through the hall, he heard his own thoughts reaching his mind as voices:

“How can we understand this Love that is unasked for?”

“Who can trace the boundaries of this Love, unbound?”

“Is there a rule and rhyme to the grace that is being showered?”

Chapter 23

Lokayata returned to the Ashram when it was two hours before sunset. All the disciples were sitting in the meadow along with Ganadasa, Vrishanandini and others. They were discussing about Prateechi in vacant looks and enfeebled faces. None touched a morsel of food, or even water in the whole Ashram. All burst out into sobs and screams and wild cries of sorrow when they saw Lokayata approaching. They stood up, ran to him and surrounded him. In shivering voices and impeded speech, they narrated the tragic disappearance of Prateechi. Lokayata bent his head and hid his face in silence. At length, he made all people sit around him. He sat and spoke out:

“Your Lokayata of yesterday is no more. He is dead. I am reborn and I now stand before you as a new person. I do not hide the truth. Listen to what I say, patiently to the end. Then you can propose to cut my body into pieces. You can pull out my tongue and throw the pieces of my body to

Chapter 23

vultures. Last night, I invoked the Red Devil of death by the power of my witchcraft. I invoked the Serpent Devil against Prateechi and had her killed. Prateechi is no more. Decisions follow the conditioning of mind according to the past deeds of an individual. No one is an exception and I am no exception. One has to taste the fruits of one's past deeds in order to be purified and redeemed. It is the meanest and the cruelest sin that I have committed. Now I expose my body to be cut to pieces by you.”

Hema suddenly stood up from among the crowd. She burst out into uncontrollable, panicky cries of fear that the people there might hurt Lokayata. She ran towards Lokayata in a staggering gait like a banana tree exposed to the stormy wind.

Hema: “The bounds of Karma cannot be transgressed. I married Lokayata since my mind accepted him as my husband. I beg you all to show pity on me, not to destroy the hope of my life. You kill me and leave him, or you can kill him after killing me.”

All stood wonderstruck.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Giri Sarma: “What a pity! The time of death to one is the time of marriage to another. Prateechi seems still walking before my eyes. Our minds do not accept that she is dead.”

Ruta stood up with tears flowing down her tender cheeks. She cried in suffocating sobs before she could speak: “No one knows where Prateechi was born. No one knows how she was brought up. We all know that she was finished. It is quite probable that the parents of this poor innocent child might be expressing some inexpressible anguish, twisting their very bowels. She may be receiving their tears through reflection, the cause being unknown.”

Hema: “That much of suffering might have been experienced already by all our parents when we escaped and ran to this Ashram. All of us came without informing and all of us became dead to our parents. We now experience this much of sorrow by mere association. Our parents might have experienced this pain thousandfold.”

Lokayata: “I know how Prateechi was born and how she was brought up. The incidents that lead to the birth of this poor, innocent soul were as true as they were strange,

Chapter 23

stranger than fiction. Now I explain to you how she was born. There was a son to Charvaka who worked among the infantry of the Black Yavana. He was promoted as lieutenant and followed the Black Yavana along with Charvaka. One day, he was on duty as a spy in guise. By nightfall, he was going about the streets of Hastina in the guise of a beggar. The secret police of Hastina sensed him by his strange accent and chased him. He ran from street to lane and from nook to corner to hide himself from the police. He could come out of the city limits and entered the colony of fishermen. As he looked back, he found police still chasing him.

“He disappeared into the shade of a street corner and was not found anymore. He crept in darkness through some distance and entered a little hut. Inside, he saw a fisherman lady who was young. She took pity and allowed him to hide himself in her hut. The ways of fate are strange and mysterious. Their looks met in the night and they wanted to marry each other. She gave birth to this poor child Prateechi. The mother died when the child was three years old. She was taken by the father and since then she was

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

brought up among the males of the army in the North-West Ghats. After a certain age, Charvaka allowed her to stay in our Ashram. We know her since she was eighteen. Prateechi's mother was the granddaughter of the brother of Satyavati. Satyavati was the daughter of the king of the fishermen. We know her as the mother of Vedavyasa.

“I now tell you what I know about the character and conduct of Prateechi. True to my conscience, Prateechi was innocent and flawless. By the environment in which she was brought up, she did not know the difference between man and woman. By virtue of her spiritual training in her past births, she did not have the tinge of sex attraction. She knew only how to attract people by gestures, conversations and smiles. It was due to the environment in which she was placed and not due to any temperamental defect. All the youthful behaviour she showed was a void show. I can assure you all that she died as a virgin. The memory stands to the adoration of all of us. Her father was killed by Arjuna in the battle before the performance of the horse sacrifice by Yudhisthira. Charvaka had a great attachment towards her, his granddaughter. Love, attachment and affection as

Chapter 23

well as devotion are considered to be serious disqualifications of human nature according to the tenets of our Ashram. But the tenets of Charvaka were framed only for the people of Brahmavarta. Charvaka himself did not believe in his own theories, though he enforced them upon the youthful souls of Brahmavarta to achieve his own ends. He had a strong feeling that his granddaughter should be pure and unspoiled. Another news that may shock you all is about the death of Charvaka. The incident occurred nine months ago. Rakta Sarma, who is known as Brihaspati in our literature, died three months ago and is still hovering in the deserted caves of the golden valley. Today I was caught by him in the cave. On the spot, I was saved under strange circumstances. It was all a new experience. I grew unconscious, captured by the devil of Rakta Sarma. A scene suddenly flashed before my unconscious mind. I remember the scene quite clearly. I saw two mountains at a distance and a valley in-between. From the yonder depth of the valley, I heard flute music approaching me and pacifying my brutal nature. I saw the picture of Krishna playing his flute. I also saw the flute and Krishna's picture

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

which I had attracted from the cottage of Chitrabhanu through my witchcraft. Then the devil disappeared and I was saved. I installed the picture of Krishna and the flute upon the throne of Charvaka in the cave temple and I performed Puja ritual to the lotus feet of the Lord in due and ancient form. I offered milk to Him and I brought the offered milk to you all. You accept the offering and wash off my sins.”

Lokayata distributed the milk in the tumbler to all the people. All sat down in the meadow around Lokayata in a circle. Lokayata stood at the centre and called Chitrabhanu near. He returned the flute and Krishna’s picture to Chitrabhanu.

Sankhachuda stood up clasping his hands in veneration and said: “Gurudeva! You remember Tamralipti and I requested you to build a new Ashram to redeem the spoiled souls. We promised you long time back that we support you and accept you as our Guru. Now that Charvaka is dead and Rakta Sarma is no more, we inherit this Ashram with you as our Guru. This is all but your grace and our luck. You permit us all to change the name of our

Chapter 23

Ashram in accordance with the change of the spirit. From today onwards, let us call this Siddhashram. We accept you as our Guru and Hema as your wife, our revered mother. Tamralipti and I keep up our promise that we support you everywhere.”

Lokayata was too glad to accept the proposal. Hema stood up and attempted to say something. She burst out in her sorrow and could not speak for a long time. However, she composed herself and said in broken words: “Poor and helpless Prateechi loved flute music more than anything else in this world. Chitrabhanu’s flute was stolen and since then Prateechi’s mind was dead. We are trained in this Ashram not to believe the existence of soul and not to believe that one exists after physical death. We find the fact sounding strange though it is inherent in our blood. Still I feel that Prateechi is among us and is walking amidst us invisible. My heart strongly feels her presence. If it is really true that the soul continues to live after the death of the body, I request you to permit Chitrabhanu playing his flute amidst us so that the soul of Prateechi may rest in peace.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Lokayata found the suggestion quite reasonable and human. He readily requested Chitrabhanu to play flute music in memory of Prateechi. Chitrabhanu started playing his flute. Within a few moments no one of them existed mentally. No one knew what happened. When they came to senses, it was late into the night. When Chitrabhanu came to senses, he found his flute lying in his lap. Each one slowly woke up from flute music and slowly stood up. Each one approached his cottage, drunk deep in music and walked intoxicated. Everyone noticed the absence of Giri Sarma conspicuously. But the idea did not linger long in the mind of anyone. Also they did not remember another thing, that they did not eat and drink throughout the whole day. Even though the power of fasting held sway over their bodies, the music of Chitrabhanu held a greater sway over the minds, feeding their souls.

Chapter 24

Djwhalakhula woke up from sleep on the big wooden box in the caves of Kalapa. He expected that Maru would be sitting on the tiger skin spread over the stone tablet. When he rubbed his eyes and gazed, he could not see Maru. There was some lady sleeping on the tiger skin. Djwhalakhula approached her and gazed. She was a stranger but he felt he might have seen her somewhere. She moved slowly and sat down, rubbing her eyes. She was all wonder and surprise to see Djwhalakhula there. She questioned:

“Giri Sarma, where are we? How could you find me and where?”

Djwhalakhula: “Before I can answer, you tell me who you are and how you could come here?”

Lady: “How could you bring me here while I was sleeping? I experienced a bad dream. I saw many snakes

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

twining around me. I dreamt that I fell down into a valley of unfathomable depth through a mountain stream.”

Djwhalakhula: “My God! I doubt if she is sane. Even then how could she come here?”

Lady: “I repeat once again, how is it that we are here? Giri Sarma, why don’t you reply?”

Djwhalakhula: “I do not understand who is Giri Sarma or Hari Sarma. I was sleeping on this wooden box. When I woke up, I saw you. First tell me your name and who you are.”

Lady: “Are you mad? At least tell me where Ruta is.”

Djwhalakhula: “What a hell of confusion! With all my head applied, I cannot understand anything. The most difficult aphorisms of Agni Yoga taught by Maru seem to be easier than this riddle. First of all, how is it possible that there is no one here who knows this lady? Revered Master Maru told me that I had no tour this night and that since all the Ashram was made peaceful, he would dictate the commentary on his aphorisms about the cosmic fire. I do

Chapter 24

not know where he has gone. O venerable queen of Utopia! Tell me where your story begins!”

Just then Maru entered with a smile. He enquired: “It seems my dear disciple is making his way into some involvements. Can I believe that the number of my disciples increases day by day by your presence, my boy?”

Djwhalakhula: “Master, you are the only one who can save me from the situation! Did you ever see me not able to understand anything? Now I am. Who is this cub sitting on the tiger’s skin?”

Maru: “I was waiting to ask you about it. It was you who brought her and you are to explain matters to me. I feel delicate to question since my good disciple brought her in.”

Djwhalakhula: “You mean I brought her? Master, we are too little for you to play jokes upon.”

Maru: “Yes, but she says that your name is Giri Sarma. She also says that you are her colleague in the Charvaka’s Ashram.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula felt a vertigo in his head. He sat down and closed his eyes. He heard some flute music from a distance. He saw the scene, two mountains at a distance and a valley in-between. He saw himself sitting on the stone tablet by the side of the mountain stream. He could recollect that there were two ladies sitting on his either side. He could also recollect that the name of one was Ruta and the other Prateechi. He expected that there was also someone named Hema. He opened his eyes and stood in a pondering mood for a few moments.

Djwhalakhula: “Gurudeva, do you know my name?”

Maru: “you are Giri Sarma and I am Maru Sarma. The first one is informed by her while the second one is known to me.”

Djwhalakhula: “I find everything deceiving. Is my name Giri Sarma? Am I not Djwhalakhula?”

Maru: “It is for you to decide and tell me.”

Djwhalakhula: “I feel that both are correct.”

Chapter 24

Maru: “True to the letter. During daytime you are Giri Sarma and in the night you are Djwhalakhula. Now it is night and you are Djwhalakhula.

“Last night before dawn you were coming with your box through a valley by the air. You saw her tumbling down the valley into a mountain stream. By virtue of your ring, you could fly and hold her. You carried her safe upon your box and brought her into the cave. When it was dawn, you got up in Charvaka Ashram as Giri Sarma. She could regain her consciousness only this evening.”

Djwhalakhula: “Then what about myself? I remember myself now as Giri Sarma, the daughter’s son of Sudama in Dwaraka. I well remember the days of childhood when I was brought up in Dwaraka. I do remember that I lost my mother when I was three. Again I remember also that my name is Djwhalakhula.”

Maru: “It is programmed by Lord Maitreya that today you will be initiated into a new awakening. It was twelve births ago that Devapi enrolled you as his disciple. Three births ago, he appeared before you for the first time and took you into his direct service. Till now, every death

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

washed off your memories along with the brain cells. Only one spiritual training carried the seed tendencies as a continuity of part of your Consciousness. This spiritual Consciousness runs through like the thread running through the many flowers in a garland. Every birth was named separately by the corresponding parents. Apart from that, we give a code name to the disciples at the time of enrolment. This code name runs through the series of rebirths and you are known by this name. The code name given to you was Djwhalakhula. Spiritual practice belongs to the Soul and it continues through all these births. On the mental plane, you had your own programme in each birth separately. But it was washed off by the consecutive deaths of the physical bodies. For the Soul programme, we hold the responsibility. For the programme of the mind, you are responsible. It is the programme of our Grand Master to link up the two layers of consciousness to you in this birth. The Soul programme of a disciple is called the spiritual plan and the mental programme of each birth is called the human career. Today the two are linked up in you. Now you have crossed the portals of the third initiation.”

Chapter 24

Djwhalakhula: “By the light of your grace I know it now. I have a few doubts lingering. What was the training given to me by making me sleep during the day and awakened during night?”

Maru: “You sleep here during daytime because you are to be active in the Charvaka Ashram. That is part of the training you have to receive. There you are known as Giri Sarma.”

Djwhalakhula: “Did I live there with my physical body?”

Maru: “All these days you had your physical body only in the Charvaka Ashram. It was so even while you were with your relatives in Dwaraka. To all of them, you are known as Giri Sarma since it is the name of your physical identity. No physical body is required for the work you have to do as Djwhalakhula. Even this box of wood and the ring of gold are not physical. The present body of yours is capable of precipitating a physical sheath then and there according to the need of the situation. It happens automatically even without your knowledge. Same is the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

case with all the disciples of Vedavyasa in the mystic island, Krishnadwipa.”

Djwhalakhula: “Last night before the dawn, I saved Prateechi in her physical body. I could not recollect the incident until you pointed out.”

Maru: “Your mind was under our control continuously. This is the true meaning of the term austerity. Memory and recollection are only the vibratory activities of the mind. Until the vibration is permitted to take place, there will be no recollection even of the immediate past. You know people losing memory suddenly by a shock. There is a thought-tight wall between one incident and another. It is only the vibration of the mental matter that can pierce through this wall. You can exist between one thought and another. When the thought exists, you do not exist as yourself but you are transformed into thought. Thought is the vibration of Nature while you are beyond Nature. The thought-tight wall is what we know as death. Sleep is also a period of death. For the disciples who are initiated into the order of the Hierarchy, there will be the abode of Consciousness made of thought-tight walls. This

Chapter 24

abode forms the individual room to practice soul perfection through a training of Yoga. There are some more facts which you are permitted to know now. You said you lost your mother when you were three years old. She was reborn as Prateechi. She is to receive the instructions on the mental plane through you in this birth. This instruction is a preparation to the first initiation. It is your duty to purify and rearrange the mental matter by introducing right concepts about sex, bliss, rebirth and soul. During the last seven days, you did it to some extent. Henceforth there will be an inseparable connection between you both. It continues through some births to come. Relationships begin with mundane affairs and culminate in the awakening of Brahma-vidya.”

Djwhalakhula: “I believe that the list of relationships on the mundane plane is complete for this birth.”

Maru: “It is good to believe so, but there is a lot to be added in future. Don’t you remember that you are to be married?”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula: “I want to take the permission of my Guru and remain unmarried. I want to lead a life of Brahmacharya.”

Maru: “Do you want Brahmacharya or do you want to live unmarried? Let there be no confusion between the two. They are quite different from each other. Now the age of Kali is running. It seems to me that disciples take their desires granted as boons by their Gurus. We do not know what more awaits us in the age of Kali.”

Djwhalakhula: “I stand to be excused and corrected. We, the youngsters, keep committing mistakes even after knowing certain things.”

Maru: “I want to clarify one more thing to you. The other day, you were explaining to Ruta and Prateechi about the mental traits of the four classes in the society. You said that the soul nature is the factor that decides the place of an individual in one of the four classes and that it is not the birth. What you said is true about the division of society into the four classes. There is still something to be known to you.

Chapter 24

“Lord Krishna has explained the division according to the quality of the soul and due to the Karma of the soul. The quality of the soul is explained as the predominance of one of the three qualities, mainly dynamism, inertia and poise. Karma is explained as the result of our past deeds. This explanation is partially true. There is another and a more subtle point in this connection. When you understand Karma as the result of the past deeds, it means not only of the past years but also of the previous births. I hope you accept the fact that when the mind is trained to do some type of work from the very childhood, it gains a special efficiency and skill in that work. This efficiency and skill will be more pronounced when the work is hereditary and runs through the Pitrus, the intelligences that prepare the traits of heredity in the blood.

“Do you know that some birds weave their nests in a particular model? When a child bird is kept away from the parents since childhood for some time and then allowed to weave its nest, it weaves exactly in the way the parents did. The children of the polar swan can return directly to the abode of the parents and the grandparents though they are

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

born away from the abode. There are two factors to be observed in the human thought mechanism. One is the intelligence that can be trained by the parents. The other is Nature's recollection that comes through heredity. When the two factors are tuned to the same type of training in any piece of work, the efficiency will be greater. Such an efficiency can be applied to one's own profession for the welfare of the society.

“The conclusion is that the four classes of the society run through heredity also. You can allow the four classes through heredity but you should be ready to relax the rights or duties of heredity to transfer the individual from one class to another when there is a marked difference in the quality and temperament. Generally speaking, souls are attracted to the parents who can develop in their children the nature that is complementary to the previous trait. In case of curse or malediction or in case of the results of a serious crime or offence, then the soul will be attracted to a parent who is equally a criminal of an exactly dissimilar nature. The result is incompatibility, conflict and sorrow, which causes a continuous purge of the criminal tendency

Chapter 24

of both the fellows. The life incidents give them the required training through sorrow and conflict. With this one exception we can accept the influence of heredity upon the four classes. At the same time, we should not be narrow to enforce hereditary causes to decide the class of an individual. The Manu has codified this in a beautiful manner and always tries to arrange the human society into various groups according to the principles of heredity and individuality.”

Djwhalakhula: “Then how is it possible that the Book of Manu contains passages that enforce heredity only as the cause of class division?”

Maru: “My boy, the teachings of Manu are different from the Book composed by scholars in the name of Manu. The direct teachings of Manu are imparted by spiritual masters to disciples in all times. Also they are found in the Puranas and Itihasas composed by Vedavyasa. The scholars learn it from mouth to mouth, adding a few lines according to their own convenience and liking. This is also due to the influence of Kali.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula: “How is it possible for us to know what was really taught by Manu in the days of the remote past?”

Maru: “Who told you that the Manu lived in the remote past? He is there amidst us, taking reincarnations with the Lord and paving the way of the Lord whenever He is to come down to Earth. Even today, the Vaivaswata Manu exists in the physical body along with his band of workers. There comes a day when you see him. Our Lord of the Hosts is the starting point of the Eternal Law. Two spiritual orders start from Him and run parallel. One is called the Spiritual Hierarchy and the other is called the Order of Shamballa. For the first, our Maitreya is the spiritual head and for the second, the Vaivaswata Manu is the leader. I am the direct example to accept that an individual can leave one class and join another when the higher Law demands. I was a Kshatriya by birth, being the son of Sighra Varma, who is the son of Agni Varma, who belonged to the solar lineage of kings. I am allowed to leave the ruler class and join the Brahmin class. This was because I am found perfect in the initiation of Yoga. Again

Chapter 24

I am expected to be a ruler in the future when the Kali age ends. Your Guru Devapi belongs to the lunar lineage of kings. He is the son of the Pratipa and the brother of Santanu. He is admitted into Brahminhood since he is accomplished in Raja yoga. We both offered our lives to the work of paving the way for the Lord's descent as Krishna. Your Guru became a Brahmin and began initiating people of all the four classes into the Vedas. Then there was an opposition from a group of Brahmin scholars who were influenced by Kali in the name of bribe and reservation of seats to high jobs. They wanted to spoil the work of Devapi by enforcing rulership upon him. Then he began to teach atheism and anarchy. Again the same group of Brahmins decided that Devapi should not be made a king. This is the way in which your Guru had the tact to escape from the conspiracy of the scholars and stands as a true Brahmin. Now we are working together for the Lord.”

Prateechi: “No one among our elders ever cared to explain these things to us in time. As a consequence of the active nature of our young blood, we had to resort to the gross materialistic ways of living that are being dinned into

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

our ears. These scholars and educationalists waste away their lives, busily engaged in intellectual pride, spiritual aristocracy, jealousies and quarrels for power and position. These scholars of Brahmavarta are purchased for money and now they are with broken backbones of morality. They do not at all feel concerned about the welfare and national integration of their own land. Thousands of young people are being carried away from the right path like me.”

Maru: “In the work of our Lord we find no time to waste in criticism of useless people. We are concerned only with paving the way by making people ready for work. Whenever there is real work, there is following and there is accomplishment. Opinions have no place in real work. In fact, opinions come from the nature of those that are influenced by Kali. You should keep yourself off from the ravages of public opinion and also off the burden of your own opinions. If anyone criticises your path or methods, you are expected not to take notice of it but to mind your own business, which presents itself before you clearly day by day. This is the only method by which Kali can be neutralised.

Chapter 24

“My boy, Djwhalakhula, listen to me attentively. Listen to your plan henceforth. Our present mission is the preparation of souls to receive the Music of Soul played by the Lord through centuries into posterity. This is the approach required to practice Yoga for the present wave of mankind. Do not be tempted to argue or to propagate that this is a new path of Yoga. The path is new to the new generation, it is not new to itself. Yoga is the age-old wisdom of mankind but we are new to it. Whoever gets the first touch of the Soul music will find that the associations of his past Karma are speedily neutralised. The tendencies of their past Karma, which are sleeping in them as the death-cold blocks of ice, will melt away as if by the touch of the rising sun. Due to the presence of you both, the Charvaka Ashram is transformed into Siddhashram.”

Djwhalakhula: “Is it true that Charvaka and Rakta Sarma are dead?”

Maru: “Yes, it is true. Both of them had total annihilation up to the core of their personality and this is achieved as a result of the ritualistic work conducted by the Masters of the White Island.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Prateechi: “Was it not possible that the Soul music of the Lord could influence Charvaka and Rakta Sarma also?”

Maru: “It is only eight days ago that the Lord proposed the method of transmitting His music through Soul music. Charvaka and Rakta Sarma had died before the Lord proposed His new approach. Who can question why the Lord did not propose it earlier? Moreover, this is the fate of the damned souls throughout the ages. Always they escape the chance of getting good things of the Earth.”

Djwhalakhula: “Gurudeva, why does Rakta Sarma bear such an irresistibly subtle vengeance against the path of Wisdom?”

Maru: “It is a strange thing and he is a strange phenomenon by himself. Through some rebirths, he followed the method of crushing down his senses in the name of subjugation of the senses. He followed the practice of self-torture and he believed that it was the yogic path. The mistake of one birth had its fruit that chased him through rebirths like a hound. As a result, he acquired a physical body that was fit neither for the path nor for the enjoyment of happiness in this birth. The mind was

Chapter 24

unsatiated and the senses starved due to his congenital inefficiency of the physical vehicle. Instead of following a path in life, he carved out a philosophy of his own that exists entirely on the psychological and psychic planes. His theory was made a cage of psychology in which his consciousness was entangled. Life became a field of tension to him. Society stood before him as a field to take revenge.

“Here are two of the main tenets of his teachings. The first is that the whole life of a human being forms a nucleus of the unfulfilled, cumulative desire and lives with that nucleus as the centre of the living activity. The second tenet is that all the behaviour of a human being and all the theories that are created and honoured by the human consciousness are the result of only one activity and that is the desire and attraction of sex. Of these two tenets, the first one is partially correct and the second one is totally wrong. Since his physical body was not fit to enjoy sex life, he became the victim of his own theory. As a consequence, his philosophy is fabricated around the nucleus of sex attraction. Djwhalakhula, my boy, you have known what is

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

to be known today. Your present duty is to take back Prateechi safe to Siddhashram.”

Djwhalakhula: “It is possible for me to go to the Ashram only during daytime, when I begin to sleep here.”

Maru: “No question of sleep during daytime or nighttime henceforth, your day sleeping is over. See how your thinking is conditioned by force of habit. At every step, we are to neutralize mental conditioning by our constant awareness of living.”

Prateechi: “Giri Sarma, is it possible that the grace of the Lord of the Hosts will be showered upon all the colleagues of our Ashram?”

Djwhalakhula: “It is already showered. Now the whole Ashram reverberates with the flute music of the Lord through the flute of Chitrabhanu. All are fully intoxicated and no one seems to have any bodily consciousness.”

Maru: “Finally, I indicate to you the tidings of the future. The Masters of the White Island will be coming and going to Siddhashram. As a result of that, the western

Chapter 24

hemisphere will be gradually exposed to the Music of the Soul. About three thousand years from now, the Lord comes down to earth into the body of another accomplished Light. Prateechi will be born as his mother. There is another blessed soul in your Ashram and she is Ruta. She will be born after five thousand years in the western hemisphere. She will explain the doctrine of the Lord and expose it to the light of day. She makes it easy for the people to understand the ways and methods of the creation that are working as the play of the Lord. The records of the rebirths of all the souls of your group through future centuries will be written down as prophecies in palm-leaf manuscripts and will be kept in the Ashram of Agastya. They will be revealed according to the need and desirability. Now this is enough to know. Get up and take her back to Siddhashram. Tomorrow will be the full moon day of Margasirsha. Our Lord of the Hosts will perform the grandest of the sacrifices. He will permeate into all in the form of his flute music. It is called Visvajit, which means the sacrifice of overcoming the world.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Djwhalakhula: “So we have the chance of going to Dwaraka once again to see the Lord.”

Maru: “No question of going to Dwaraka. Everyone is to receive the Lord’s Presence then and there. Take care not to be hindered by curiosity. In the days of old, our Lord gave his first Presence to Narada as the God Most High. Narada could not retain the Presence continuously since his mind hindered him in the shape of curiosity. Then Narada could not bear the separation from the Lord. He ran across many forests, hills and valleys, yet he could not get the Presence of the Lord in that life. This was the incident that occurred when Narada was born as the son of a servant maid. Narada wanted Vyasa to narrate this incident in the beginning of his latest work in order to warn the readers of the dangers of curiosity. Curiosity should totally vanish and practice should fill the gap. Now you can start.”

Chapter 25

The row of mountains encircling the Siddhashram bathed in the midnight moonshine. It was the midnight before full moon and everything appeared soaked in milk. From above the ring of the mountains, Giri Sarma and Prateechi alighted from the wuthering skies. They were fully drenched in mist. When seen through the mist, the whole Siddhashram scene appeared as if through an iridescent veil. Dew drops shine hanging on the delicate hair of Prateechi like many little pearls. As their feet touched the ground they walked along the footpath in the meadow. They went in chitchat and smile to each and every cottage. They woke up the colleagues, one by one. One was taken aback by seeing Prateechi. One student stood pondering. One lady wanted to speak but she burst out into weeping when she saw Prateechi. Another girl panted and shivered to know if it was Prateechi or her ghost. From a distance, Ruta shouted with all her heart and almost jumped

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

upon Prateechi while embracing her. Thus Giri Sarma went from cottage to cottage awakening and gathering all people together like the needle and thread gathering flowers. They all went to the residences of Lokayata, Ganadasa and Vrishanandini and woke them up in their big noise of joy. All the persons of the Ashram gathered around Prateechi in the meadow. The same question was repeated by one and all but no one seemed to care for the answer in his uncontrollable joy. Questions and answers were being prattled and it took more than an hour before everyone could gather what had happened.

Lokayata: “During the early years of my spiritual career, I heard of the holy people who live in the cave temples of Sravasti. Those were the days when I was trying hard to acquire spiritual powers. I made many an expedition into valleys of the Himalayas but I could find no one whom people called the spiritual Masters. I have heard the names of Maitreya, Maru and Devapi, but since I was disappointed to find them, I was inclined to conclude that they were fictitious characters. As Giri Sarma narrated

Chapter 25

his experience with the Masters, I feel everything like a sweet and happy dream.”

Giri Sarma: “Sir, can you believe that Prateechi is safe here now in her physical body and that it is not a dream?”

Ganadasa: “The other day we all witnessed the flute music and the scene of the valley between two mountains. We all experienced the ecstasy of the Music of the Soul when we were touched by it.”

Lokayata: “Sometimes, I do not believe my own existence. I have some strange theories in my mind. At times, I feel that the whole life I have spent till now is a big dream and that I will be awakened from the dream someday into the reality of existence. There are many dreamers like me in the land of Brahma. They are the self-styled philosophers among the scholars who not only believe but also preach in all seriousness that the whole of the human career is but a dream. Since I know that my theory is only imagination, there is no danger about it. But with those people who name it philosophy there is everything dangerous. Many of the young students of spiritualism are

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

led astray into the pure speculative philosophy which is of no earthly use either to oneself or to the others.”

Ganadasa: “But I do believe that dreams are also true, as true as physical existence as far as the experience is concerned. That which is not true cannot have its influence over the mind and senses. When we filter the distortion of the senses and neutralise the refraction of the mind, all that exists around us is only one thing, and that is reality.”

Ruta: “A strange scene to enjoy reality. All of you enact the role of a big dream in which each of you plays your own role. I fear this is called the science of psychology. This is one of the leading sciences of the Ashram of Charvaka. Students pursue it with all their intelligence until they are at a loss to understand the difference between their experience and a dream. According to the tenets of Charvaka, every physical entity is true in its existence. Now, Prateechi is living in physical body before us and hence it is true.”

Giri Sarma: “There is a real and a more happy dream in store for us which we should not miss tomorrow. It is a

Chapter 25

rare opportunity and we are expected to take advantage of it spiritually. Tomorrow will be the full moon day of Margaseersha. Sri Krishna will offer His Presence through the music of His flute and fill the layers of our Consciousness with His Presence. During the days of His childhood, Krishna used to play His flute; then all the cows, calves and cowherds went into raptures. Even the birds, snakes and trees were filled by His presence through His music. All the living beings used to gather around Him enchanted by His flute music. Now the Lord has proposed a new path to offer His Presence. No one need to go to Him physically. It is enough if everyone lives in the awareness of His Consciousness. The Lord Himself travels in space in the form of the flute music and gives the touch of His presence.”

Chitrabhanu: “I can understand this because I know the experience. Krishna gave this experience first to me and Prateechi. When I was playing flute music and Prateechi was sitting in my cottage, we lost ourselves. I knew for some time that I was playing music but I came to know that

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

it was not my music. For some time, I was not existing when the music alone existed. Then I came to consciousness and could understand only that I was under the influence of some music which was not mine. That was the beginning and gradually the music could influence everyone in our Ashram.”

Lokayata: “But it was a different experience with me. It tired me and purged me unto the core of my existence. I was in my moments of departure from the physical body when my mind could hear the flute music. Then I came back to my senses and I was saved by the grace of that music. It was the real spiritual initiation to the very centre of my existence. During my youthful years, I studied many tantric books of Tibet. Many types of initiations were described in those scientific books. Some received initiation by birth, some by death, some during serious illness, some during the moments of intense sorrow and some will have it during the moments of fear of life.”

Giri Sarma: “The initiation of Krishna is as delicate as it is pleasant. It is but an experience from beginning to

Chapter 25

culmination. The process is rather skilful and harmless. No one experiences any discomfort, except those who rebel against their own conscience wilfully. Now, let us make haste to take bath in the great music sacrifice of Krishna tomorrow.”

Chapter 26

All the people of Siddhashram worked together to clean the area of the meadow and to sprinkle perfumed water. The water from the swimming pool was gathered in big containers. Lokayata chanted some spells and precipitated enormous quantities of perfumes, gemstones, twigs of Tulasi, heaps of sacred herbs, flowers of jasmine in baskets. He gathered Parijatha and Champaka flowers in wide plates. The disciples made a powder of the perfumes and mixed it in the water of the containers. They sprinkled it and made the ground even. The ladies made beautiful designs in colours of spectrum all around. They arranged incense holders in a circle. Heaps of fruits were gathered at the centre. Betel leaves and nuts were arranged in sets for puja along with musk and camphor. They erected a spacious pandal with a cloth decoration under it. Banana trees with fruits were erected along the pillars. It was before

Chapter 26

dawn when all of them took their holy bath in the swimming pool.

Hari Sarma: “We have to remove these nude figures from the swimming pool, otherwise there will be a hindrance to the Presence of the Lord tomorrow.”

Giri Sarma: “Krishna is the one who knows best and who is least frightened by such things. It is enough if we live above sex. We need not find fault with these figures. If you feel that you still want a change, we can break them and throw them away, but not now. If we want a change in the environment, it means we want a change in our point of view.”

Vrishanandini smiled and said, “Lord Krishna is always fond of playing with ladies. It is said that He stood on a tree with the stolen garments of Gopis when they were taking bath in the pond. When implored, He demanded that they should come out exposed and salute Him with hands raised. So, this is not something that is new to Him. Lord Krishna’s music may create a thrill in these nudes even and

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

they too may have a chance of listening flute music like us.”

Lokayata: “It is not impossible. I myself can manage that these nudes experience it. I can do it with my little powers of witchcraft.”

Hema: “Can it be explained what the powers of magic are and in what way they function? What will happen when the phenomena take place?”

Lokayata: “There is nothing mysterious about these powers. They are as natural or even less natural than the powers of Nature that produce the living beings in creation. What all you have to do is to propose life in these statues and believe that every atom is brimming with life.”

Ruta: “What is that we should do to propose life in these statues? Is it to believe that these statues are living?”

Lokayata: “Mere belief is not enough. Belief belongs to the mind and can be readily disturbed with the aberrations of mind. Proposing life is different from believing that there is life. Proposing life is an

Chapter 26

understanding in the right sense that there is life in these statues.”

Prateechi: “Is it to meditate that there is life in them?”

Lokayata: “Even that is not enough. There is a tuning of your consciousness which keeps your body, life force and mind in oneness. This keeps you as a human being. You have to propose this oneness so that you may be able to make the life of the atoms in an object get tuned to produce the activities of a living organism.”

Hari Sarma: “I am not able to comprehend.”

Lokayata: “Take the example of these nudes. They are made up of stone. There are minerals in the stone. There are atoms in the minerals. There are units that are smaller than the atoms in them. They are made up of the vibrations of space. They are nothing but the fundamental units of consciousness. Consciousness is the I AM in you. You have to live with this awareness with the nudes. As long as you can maintain this awareness, you can induce life to the statue.”

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Ruta: “How to achieve such powers?”

Lokayata: “There is a specific process. It is of two different parts. One is by gathering required material and arranging it in a scientific manner by which you synthesise the vibrations of sound, touch, shape, taste and smell. Those who know it are called Tantrics. I know everything about this Tantric science with all its detail better than anyone in the present day. Similarly, if you kill a living being suddenly and spill the blood you can use the life force that is springing from the blood to attract the power of the five senses and to make a manifestation of that power into a strange phenomenon. This method is called witchcraft. You can direct the vital force escaping from the blood into a form of life which, when properly directed, will serve you in the required manner. Also you can make the shape appear before your eyes and you can touch it and enjoy its presence. Such created beings are called Yakshas. All this belongs to one part of magic. This is called the lesser magic. You have to kill a living being on every occasion to have such powers. There is nothing wrong in killing to eat.

Chapter 26

To kill for curiosity or to produce powers is among the greatest of sins and hence it has its own results. The killed being will possess the mind of the magician for a while. In course of time, the magician goes back in his mental evolution. He imbibes animal traits. Gradually he grows beastly and becomes a prey to one of his senses.

“Those who worship the devils imbibe the nature of devils and those who worship the divine intelligences imbibe the nature of the divine intelligences. Those who worship the I AM in all will be absorbed into the very core of God nature. So says Krishna in his Bhagavadgita. However much scientific it may be, the Tantric method is unusual and risky.

“Now, there is the second method and that is the practice of Universal Love. As you go on practicing it and applying it to the other beings around you, these powers begin to manifest automatically, in a quite natural way. The progress of such a practitioner does not stop with these powers. The progress continues multi-dimensionally until it causes release from every bondage of self-conditioning.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Its ultimate result is the great liberation of one's own consciousness into the Consciousness of the Omnipresent One.”

Hari Sarma: “Your close disciples speak in wonder that you control the beasts of the Earth and venomous creatures of the forest and also the inanimate objects. We wish to see you exhibiting your power to us once.”

Lokayata: “Curiosity is a very undesirable trait. I am now changed and my conscience does not permit to control anything around me. Since you desire very much to see, I will show you my powers today for the last time on the grand occasion of the great sacrifice of the Lord. With that, I offer myself up, with all my powers, and make renouncement into the Cosmic Consciousness of the Omnipresent.”

Chapter 27

It was twenty minutes before the dawn of the full moon day. The western ocean that surrounded Dwaraka on three sides was more lively and alert in its tidal waves. It was caressing its darling child, Dwaraka, with its thousands of softy milky fingers, its waves. Lady Dawn loosened her tied hair of darkness in the horizon. One by one, the stars slipped away like the many flowers from her hair. Streaks of dawn glittered on the surface of the rising waves of the ocean. The people of the cowherd village of Brindavan were invited to Dwaraka and all the ladies were invited into the harem of the Lord. They looked through the doorways and windows, casting the sparkling beams of their motherly love towards Krishna. Devaki, the mother of Krishna, anointed him thrice with perfumed oil. Yasoda, the adopted mother of Krishna, applied butter to His tender body and gave Him oil bath. Satya, the beloved wife of Krishna, decorated Him with the brow mark. Rukmini, the

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

eldest wife, beautified His eyes with streaks of anjan. Jambavati and Mitravinda, two of his other wives, tied shoulder jewels. Lakshana and Bhadra beautified His ears with earrings. Kalindi and Nagnajiti garlanded Him. Vasudeva, Krishna's father, placed the glorious crown of twelve gemstones on Krishna's head. Nanda, the adopted father, brought a round milk-white cow with its back towards Krishna.

Purusha Sukta, the song of the Cosmic Person, was being chanted by the thousands of Brahmins. Thousand melodious voices of the ladies chanted the hymn of the Holy Mother in the Samaveda style. Youths from the solar and lunar families of the rulers waved milk-white tassels of Chemari tails to the Lord. Sandipani sprinkled holy rice with turmeric while chanting his blessings. The whole space was filled by the sound of the Vedic utterances like waves. Experts in ritual stood in their appointed places to make a beautiful form of the Cosmic Person. A big altar was erected in the expanse before the Cosmic Globe.

The altar was made smooth with cow dung and decorated by designs of chalk and colour. Various herbs

Chapter 27

were soaked in ghee and burnt upon the altar, which produced a high charge of Consciousness in the environment. The cosmic intelligences that were being stimulated through the holy flame floated in the air and spread over the city in the form of the great blessings. The sign of the Winged Globe fluttered on the flag hoisted above the tower of the Cosmic Globe. The Lord sat down gracefully on the splendorous golden throne studded with diamonds, showing the sign of offering and the sign of protection with his hands. His eight queens occupied the eight seats around him.

Lord Krishna stood up and worshipped the feet of Devaki and Vasudeva. Then He worshipped the feet of Nanda and Yasoda. He bowed down in veneration to them and resumed His seat. Each of the qualified invitees was being honoured by the Lord with jewels, weapons, new clothes and crowns as they approached Him. Each received the honours and returned to their seats in an orderly way. Holy Brahmins who upheld the Eternal Law of the Lord were honoured by Him and came down carrying betel leaves, gold coins, diamond rings, new garments and palm-

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

leaf manuscripts of the Scriptures. They chanted the Vedic hymns softly and melodiously as they came down. Princes were honoured with crowns and swords and returned from the tight embrace of the arms of the Lord. Sages who were the Grand Masters of the White Island kissed the brow of the Lord one by one and came down. Maitreya was honoured, being touched at the heart, by the Lord and returned after an affectionate embrace. The various disciples from the hermitages approached in garments of tiger skin and came down honoured. Sudama came down as if from the glittering smile of the Lord. Many damsels of celestial beauty approached the Lord in dance and music and came down from under His two palms of blessing after being honoured. Then the cowherd ladies approached the Lord. He got up with great veneration and bowed down to their feet. They blessed Him and returned with all love and veneration. The ten officers newly appointed by the Lord over the province of the Clubs were honoured with the royal insignia of the conch and the wheel. The elders of the four clans of the Yadus came down, honoured. Yudhisthira and his four brothers were honoured by the Lord with

Chapter 27

crowns and shoulder plates. They came down in glittering armour. The eighteen sons of the Lord stood honoured on either side of the Lord, holding the white umbrella and tassel in their hands. Gada and Samba sat in ecstasy at the footstool of the Lord, touching His feet. Subhadra and Draupadi were honoured by Rukmini and Satya. They came down as the goddesses of splendour and plenty. Satyaki and Balarama were honoured and sat on either side of the Lord.

Fourteen chieftains of fourteen villages that were newly constructed around Dwaraka approached Krishna. They were honoured by the title of the Manus with their royal insignia. They returned to their seats. One among them was given the title of Vaivaswata Manu. He stood up on the dais and addressed the gathering: “We constructed the circle of fourteen villages which we named Sankarshana circle. Each village includes three hundred and sixty families. Each family is honoured with a good house. A group of thirty houses forms one block. A set of two blocks from a division called the season. There are six seasons in each village. The spring season is lived by Holy

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Brahmins who teach the Vedas and other scriptures. The summer season is lived by the rulers' families, brave and strong. They train the youths of the village in the various war crafts and physical culture. The rainy season is lived by the traders and merchant men under the leadership of Nanda. They look after the welfare of agriculture, livestock and their products. They hold fairs at seven days of the week. They are the media of exchange of wealth between two villages. During the marketing days, they use coins of gold. During other times, they exchange wealth without money. The season of Sarat (the moon season) includes those who work in the fields, who do service to the cattle and also the people of various crafts for house-building, town planning and temple construction. They are also in charge of the supply of water, fodder, fuel and the granary. The winter season includes those who look after the temple service, installation and rituals. Each temple includes the kitchen and the dining hall for the whole village. The temple in each village faces a street which leads straight to a lake for bathing purposes and tank for drinking purposes. The Sisira season (the season of leaf-fall) contains the

Chapter 27

houses of artisans, carpenters, craftsmen, goldsmiths, blacksmiths, house builders and other crafts. There are also the instructors of the fine arts, games and sports.”

All those who were honoured sat down in regular rows in the seven halls of the seven floors of the high building, the Cosmic Globe. In the middle of each hall, there was a platform upon which music orchestra, dance and drama were being played all in devotion and holy attitude. Food was being served to batch after batch throughout the day. And there was a continuous flow of people going in by one gate and coming out from another. The whole day was slowly moving in splendour, delight and enlightenment.

The globe of moon was just then making its appearance above the eastern horizon. The waves could not contain the pleasure of the sea and began to dance in high tide. Waves of enormous volumes of water rose very high into the sky and came down slowly without breaking and bursting. The waves danced and came down in graceful beat and rhythm and finally merged into the bosom of the milky ocean. Bigger and more stout waves began to emerge minute after minute during the time of moon rise. The

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

waves became bigger and bigger until they tapered into the high skies in the form of towers and temples.

Each wave was beautified by the reflection of the moon globe during the short span of its existence. There was the scene of the simultaneous existence of hundreds of moons being cradled as Krishna started his flute music exactly at the time of moon rise. All the people from all the places of the Yadu province gathered there. There was a continuous volume of humanity throughout the city of Dwaraka and around. It touched the very shores of the ocean. Big buildings towers, doors, windows and compound walls seemed made up of packed human beings. On the shores of Dwaraka, there were as many people enjoying the music and sitting on the sand as there were crystals of sand. As far as the human eye could see, the ocean appeared like an ocean of boats with colourful lamps.

The first sound of music from the flute found its way as a point of consciousness to everyone. It slowly expanded and occupied the space multi-dimensional. The sound of music travelled as the many creepers in space, touching the

Chapter 27

consciousness of each heart and linking it with the hearts of the others. Music flew through the groups of people as the branches of a river flowing around the many sand hills to link up once again the flow through them and above them. One consciousness thrilled through all the living beings. It started from the flute of Krishna and reached the ocean through the pool of consciousness of humanity. Krishna began to come out of his body in the form of his exhalation as music. He began to expand into the pervasion of his presence. After a few minutes, music seemed to flow through the flute by itself and come out of the seven holes of the flute until it touched the heart of humanity and soaked it in bliss. All seemed to be a wave of soul consciousness. No one existed except the one soul in all. The minds of all melted away and it was an ocean of existence. The people could not understand that their minds were being melted away. No one could resist the change that was taking place. The minds could not understand whereto they were being carried. They only understood that they were disappearing and they could understand this until they did not remember that they had no mind. No one

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

was there since there was no mind. There was only Krishna playing his flute everywhere. After a pause, Krishna also escaped their cognizance. There was only music and there was no Krishna. Music escaped their cognizance. There was only existence and no music recognised. Krishna was the only one who remembered Himself as His own music in everyone. Thousands of lightnings danced around Krishna and they were the souls. The lightnings entered Him and came out in the form of His flute music. The whole consciousness was melted in music until it was a globe of existence rotating. An ocean of lightnings was moulded into the form of a globe of existence. Space was full of the globe of soul existence.

Time slipped away. The whole Dwaraka was a single thrill of souls. The whole thrill floated on the surface of the waves. There was the emergence of a big wave, upon which there was the reflection of a gleaming light, the White Island, composed of moon beams. The sages of the White Island immediately received the thrill and became one with the total soul consciousness. Another wave emerged and there was the reflection of a row of snow

Chapter 27

mountains made of moonbeams. The sages of the Himalayas received the thrill and existed in the soul consciousness. A third wave emerged and there was the light of Maitreya composed of moonbeams. Maitreya received the thrill with Maru and Devapi in the cave temples. A fourth wave emerged and there was a shadow on the wave. The saints of the Black Island received the thrill and enjoyed it as one with their Guru, Vedavyasa. Another wave emerged and there was a blue shade. The beings of the Blue Mountains received the thrill and enjoyed as one consciousness with Agastya. Another wave emerged and reached the pinnacle in the form of a temple tower. Uddhava and his disciples in all the temples experienced the same thrill. Another wave emerged and there was the reflection of a valley. Lokayata received the thrill along with all the souls there. Chitrabhanu was playing music on his flute and he received the thrill. Music entered his flute and pervaded the whole Ashram.

His flute slipped from his hands and was dropped into his lap. Still the music was heard. It was heard from yonder distances, from the other side of the valley. As Lokayata

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

received the thrill, he invoked the nudes in the swimming pool to life by the power of his witchcraft. The nudes grew conscious that they were naked. They bent down in modesty and humility. They looked around, covering the parts of their bodies with their hands in instinctive shame. On a tree nearby, they found their garments, and there was Krishna sitting on a branch of the tree playing His flute.

Another wave emerged and the face of Satya flashed. Satya was thrilled and smiled in ecstasy. She placed the head of Krishna upon her heart. Another wave emerged and the face of Rukmini flashed. Rukmini was thrilled. She clasped her hands and bowed down to Krishna with her head on the head of Krishna. Her looks met the looks of Krishna and it was only one look.

GLOSSARY

Agama	:	A science of utterance; uttering forth of the creation in various planes and in various ways.
Agrahara	:	A fertile piece of land allocated by the king for the Brahmins who lived by the land, conducting penances and sacrifices for the well-being of the humanity.
Anjan	:	A black cosmetic made of pure camphor suitable to decorate the eyes and eyelashes (Eyetex).
Badarikashram	:	A very sacred place in the Himalayas where the fruit Badarika (Jujube fruit) grows extensively. One of the sacred places on the banks of the river Ganges, known for its intense spiritual force.
Barbaras	:	Hill tribes from the northwestern regions of India.
Bharat	:	The ancient India named after the king Bharat.
Bhoopala Composition	:	Bhoopala is a Raga (a type of musical composition or rhythm); only sung at the time of dawn.
Black Yavana or	:	A powerful Asura (demon).

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Kala Yavana		A personification of Kali who wanted to create Lawlessness in Bharata.
Brahmavarta	:	Another name for the ancient India, meaning the place pervaded by the Light of Brahma.
Brow Mark	:	A mark applied between the eyebrows for meditating upon and stimulating the Ajna Chakra (Brow Centre).
Champaka	:	A flower of golden yellow colour with fragrance.
Damaruka	:	A small instrument of percussion in the hand of Lord Siva.
Damayanti	:	The wife of King Nala. She is one of the five women known for their dedication to their husbands. She is an ideal of the Puranic womanhood.
Dharma Kshetra	:	The land of Dharma (the divine Law).
Draupadi	:	The daughter of King Drupada. Wife of the five Pandavas. Sister of Krishna. She is also called Panchali. She is born out of the Sacred Fire conducted by her father.
Gandhara	:	Northwestern region of ancient India.
Gayatri	:	A Vedic metre that contains three lines of eight syllables each. It has 24 syllables that are symbolic of the 24 lunations of the lunar year. The term also indicates a great universal Mantram used to invoke

GLOSSARY

		the awareness of the higher existence in every one.
Govardhana	:	A hill lifted by Krishna with his little finger to save the Yadus from the anger of Indra.
Hastina	:	Ancient name of Delhi.
Indraprasta	:	The capital of the Pandavas.
Kali	:	The personification of the age of Kali (Kali Yuga). Kali Yuga – Refer to “A Treatise on Cosmic Fire” by Alice A. Bailey, p-39.
Kasi or Varanasi	:	The most sacred pilgrim place on the banks of the river Ganges. Presided over by the grace of Lord Siva. An orthodox Indian most liked place to leave the body.
Kishkindha	:	The kingdom of monkey-faced beings in Treta Yuga who helped Rama in his fight against Ravana.
Kumkum	:	A powder used for brow mark (see brow mark).
Kundalini	:	The coiled spiritual spark that lies dormant at the base centre of human beings. It is raised by Yogic practice to the level of the head centre.
Kurantaka Nail Paint	:	Paste made of leaves used for colouring the nails.
Kusa	:	Sacred grass, used in rituals.

MUSIC OF THE SOUL

Maitreya	:	The World Teacher.
Mathura	:	The capital of the Yadus before Dwaraka was built.
Mausala Parva	:	A chapter in the Mahabharata. The import is the birth of Mausala (club) and the subsequent death of all the Yadus.
Nara and Narayana	:	Nara is soul or the mind principle; Narayana is the spirit. They are incarnated as Arjuna and Krishna respectively.
Narada	:	The mind-born son of Brahma, the great initiator of the cosmic plane, called the Messenger of the Gods.
Nilagiri Hills or Blue Mountains	:	The hill range where the Sage Agastya resides (situated in South India).
Padmasana	:	A sitting posture for meditation that looks like a lotus.
Panchala	:	Region near Punjab (in North India) where five rivers flow.
Prayaga	:	The place where the three rivers Ganga, Yamuna and Saraswati meet.
Rama	:	The World Teacher before Krishna. He came down as the avatar of Vishnu in the Treta Yuga.
Sama Veda	:	One of the four Vedas. It is the song of breath.
Samadhi	:	The eighth step of Yoga, the ultimate state of bliss.

GLOSSARY

Savitri	:	The world comes down in four stages. They are personified by female Devas as Saraswati, Savitri, Gayatri and Parashakti. The creation in the mind of God before coming to the physical plane is Savitri.
Sita	:	The wife of Rama.
Sri Hari	:	The manifested background consciousness.
Sudras	:	The working class of the ancient Indian society.
Sugandhi (<i>Sarsaparilla</i>)	:	An herb, used in rituals, whose vibrations help transcendence into higher planes.
The Wheel and The Conch	:	Lord Vishnu has in his four hands a wheel, a conch, a mace and a flower. The wheel is symbolic of the eternity of time and space and the conch of the utterance of the word (OM).
Tulasi (<i>Ocimum sanctum</i>)	:	A sacred plant. Kept in the compound of the house, it spreads healthy vibrations.
Vaisampayana	:	A disciple of Vyasa.
Yadus or Yadavas	:	The class to whom Lord Krishna belongs. Descendants of Yadu (a king).
Yavanas	:	Infiltrators into the ancient India through the northwestern region.