

"DIVINE IN MATTER" EXPERIENCE OF ASTER PATEL WITH NOTES BY THULASIRAM
AN 'AMERICA' TO DISCOVER ..

THERE is an "America" trying to reveal its secret - to unburden itself of the load of achievement it carries! That one should have been initiated into this mystery makes one beholden to it, - and holds one responsible also to share the secret with others

Thirty years ago was the first visit. Three weeks in the U.N. building in New York, in the large setting of a world youth Assembly, where about two thousand young people spoke earnestly about the 'wholeness' they sought - by developing the 'whole' personality through education, by visualizing a world society where economic barriers did not exist, where cultures and politics transcended their limits into a wide understanding.

We spoke for three weeks - into the early hours of each morning. And started all over again by mid - day! At the end of this time, we flew back to our homes round the world. And held deep in our hearts the dreams of a new world. A world that we wished to build - first, in our own beings and then, one day, to create it around us too.

Yes, we did start on the work. And experience flowed on and enriched us . . . in a million ways, along myriad paths. Paths that lead, in their slow progression, to a single one. One that still awaited our discovery.

It came in a strange way, this discovery - fulfilling and most compelling.

Another visit to America was on the horizon. And a question arose. That which America has created as the dominant civilization of our times, what purpose is it meant to serve in man's evolution on earth? What deep, essential purpose? What is it meant to trigger off to make the next step possible? An interesting question that shone, bright and steadfast, like the red light on the wings of the plane as one flew through the skies.

One settled into the heart of Manhattan - a core of 'matter', compact with density. One is not speaking here of 'activity' that exists there or is constantly generated there. It was like being in matter - in its base reality of existence. Free of 'activity' that man generates from it or around it. It was like being inside matter - matter in a kind of collective presence of itself. And one found oneself within a great 'whirring' of energy - one 'heard' the sound of the energy, one 'felt' the current of its power whiz past. What a circulation of these currents of energy - like this! The energy was 'pure' - devoid of any human touch or activity, or even presence or indication of it. The energy of 'pure matter'! What a speed, what a 'coherence' in the movement of that energy - a conscious coherence! An order in the power of its rhythm. Contained in itself - existing by itself.

The scene changed - and across the country, one was in San Francisco. A city like a jewelled encrustation! Quiet, indrawn - one tried to sense whatever was there . . .

A morning of deep silence - and one was again in the heart of 'matter' - its welcoming depth, that held one softly. And 'matter' was waiting - it was so very silent, unbelievably silent. As the French say, dans l'attente! It was waiting - the wait was so palpable. Such a quiet feel of waiting - waiting for 'something' to fill it up - the hollow of its depths. Soft, almost rounded - not impatient at all. Just 'offered' to that waiting . . . Like, like - waiting for its 'Lord'. To come and fill it - and make it . . . whole. Things seemed to come together unexpectedly in the days that followed. Experiences came - unasked, unknown. Being flowed into being - wrapping all in a hue of molten gold. A flow of gold - light in substance - spilling over into space. In a space without frontiers - a space of which 'being' was part, inseparably.

Is this what the perfection of matter can lead to? As the next step in our evolution on earth?

One leaves America in this haze of gold! What an amazing discovery! . . . A return to the great Himalayas - and then back in Pondicherry.

One is more than a trifle bewildered! But the experience stabilizes itself . . . and bubbles with the fullness of joy. A joy that is as boundless as it is full. As irrepressible as it is unexpected. The joys of 'matter' it is said, are greater than the joys of the 'mind'. The joys of 'matter' filled with the presence of the Spirit - and making it whole.

Whither is one headed? In this experience where all known contours - contours of form, of body, of the 'being' as such - are no more? They are merged in a vastness of space - where existence is, but all else has changed. Changed into a substance - light and spreading and soft, very soft in its touch. Its hue of gold, its fragrance unlike any that one has known