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**SEEDS OF  
REVOLUTIONARY  
THOUGHT**  
**ACHARYA RAJANEESH**

*Seeds of  
Revolutionary Thought*

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I had been to a village. I heard somebody saying : Dharma lies in renunciation and renunciation is a hard and arduous task.

Even as I heard this, I recollected an incident of my early childhood. I was a child. I had accompanied a picnic party to the bank of a rivulet. The sandy bank had many smooth pebbles of various glittering colours. I felt I had found a treasure. I gathered them. By sunset my collection grew very large. I could not carry it with me. I was to return home. Tears welled up in my eyes when I left my cherished treasure against my will. But I was surprised to see that my companions were not at all interested in those pebbles. It seemed they were the sages who had no attachment for the objects of worldly pleasures.

As I think of it today it appears that when we know in fact that a stone is a stone (and not a treasure) the question of renunciation does not arise at all.

Attachment is the result of ignorance. Renunciation is the result of knowledge.

Renunciation is not an action. It inheres no activity. It is a natural result of knowledge or realization. Enjoyment too is mechanical, an automatic process. It is not an activity of a doer. It is but a natural result of ignorance.

Then it is futile to say that renunciation is a hard and arduous task. First of all, it is no activity at all; activities alone can be difficult and strenuous, but renunciation is only a result. Again, what we apparently give up is worthless and what we acquire is valuable.

In fact, renunciation as such has no entity at all. For whatever little we give up provides us with immense riches. Surely we break off fetters but attain liberation; cast away shells but get diamonds; forsake death but obtain immortality; dispel darkness but usher in light, permanent and infinite. Hence where is renunciation? We give up the worthless but thereby achieve the precious—this is no renunciation at all.

## 2

Last night a man breathed his last. I saw people lamenting at his door.

During these moments I was reminded of an event which occurred when I was a child. It was my first visit to the cremation-ground. The funeral pyre had been lit; people had gathered in small crowds here and there. They were conversing with one another. A village-poet was heard saying "I am not afraid of death. Death is my friend."

The same assertion has been heard in different forms by different people. Looking into the eyes of those who assert thus it is easy to observe that it is fear alone that gives rise to these words of fearlessness.

No real change can be effected by giving laudatory expressions to death. In fact the fear is not from death. It is the unknown that is feared. What is not understood instils fear in us. It is necessary that we should get acquainted with death. Acquaintance brings in its wake an amount of fearlessness. Why? Because, through this acquaintance it becomes

known that "What is" cannot sink into death.

The very individuality which we interpret as our 'I' is shattered. That alone dies, because it does not really exist. Hence it breaks off. It is only a combination, a union of a few elements. When this union is dissolved it becomes scattered. This is death. Hence the idea of death persists as long as the real form is identified with individuality.

We must go deeper down than the surface of individuality to the bottom of the real form to achieve immortality. The path of this journey, the penetration from the surface of individuality to the core of real form is DHARMA (religious and devout activity).

It is in SAMADHI (meditation and trance) that we get acquainted with death.

Just as darkness ceases to exist the moment the sun rises, so also, the moment SAMADHI is achieved death ceases to exist.

Death can neither be an enemy nor a friend; there is no such thing as death. None should entertain any fear of it or fearlessness from it. We have to realise it. Ignorance of it is fear and its perfect knowledge is fearlessness.

### 3

I had been to a temple. The worship was going on. The faithful devotees were bending their heads before the idols. An elderly man who stood by me said : Now-a-days people have no faith in religion. Very few persons visit the temple.

I said—"Where is Dharma in the Temple?" How man deceives himself! He believes that the idols his very hands have made are gods. He satisfies himself with the belief that the sacred texts—the product of his own mind—are true revelations.

What is shaped by man's hands, what is evolved by man's mind, is not the true DHARMA. The idols installed in temples are not of gods but are of man alone. What is written in the sacred texts is but a reflection of his own aspirations and conceptions. It cannot be the revelation of the inner core of Truth. It is impossible to give verbal expression to truth.

It is impossible to have an idol of Truth because Truth is boundless, infinite and unembodied. It has no form, no name, and no

conception. The moment we give it a shape and a form it disappears.

All idols and solid conceptions have to be discarded if we wish to achieve truth. All webs and woven structures erected by our hallucinations have to be shattered. When man's consciousness is liberated from the prison created by his own mind, the uncreated Truth reveals itself.

In reality, in order to attain Truth we are not to erect temples but to eschew them; we have not to make idols but to dissolve them. We have to free ourselves from the obsessions of the shapely and give a free access to the shapeless. If the solid, embodied image moves away, the unembodied reveals itself there. It has been there already but was suppressed beneath the idols and the embodied. Vacant space shrinks in size in a room when you store things therein. Remove those things, the vacant space reveals itself where it had always been.

Truth too is like this—keep the mind void of extraneous objects and lo there it is.

## 4

I heard a discourse this morning. It was uttered loudly and so naturally it fell into my ears. A saint was conducting it. I passed that way and so heard it. It went on as such "The fear of God opens the path of devotion and piety. He alone who fears God is truly religious and virtuous. It is fear that makes him love God. Devotion cannot take place without a fear. It is impossible."

Usually the so-called pious and virtuous persons happen to be so by virtue of fear. The ethically upright have their moorings in fear.

KANT has said—"Even if there is no real God it becomes imperative for us to accept Him" Perhaps this is so because fear of God makes us good.

When I hear these words, it becomes impossible to suppress a smile. No other opinion can be so erroneous and fallacious.

Dharma has no relation with fear. It originates in fearlessness.

It is impossible for love to co-exist with fear. How can fear generate love? Well may it

produce a counterfeit of love, what else except Non-love can there be behind that fake? Outcome of love from fear is an impossibility.

Hence virtuousness and ethicality based on fear is not true. It is a superimposition. It is not the elevation of the soul-force. Dharma or love cannot be superimposed. It has to be kindled and roused up.

Truth cannot stand on the strength of fear. Fear cannot be a support to Truth. It can only oppose it. The foundation of truth lies in fearlessness.

The flowers of Dharma and love can be grown only in the fertile soil of fearlessness. Those planted with the help of fear are not natural flowers but monstrosities concocted with paper-strips.

The realisation of God is achieved in fearlessness. Or to put it more correctly, the sense of fearlessness is itself Godliness. The moment when all knots of fear in the mind are untied the realisation of truth takes place.

## 5

It is the afternoon. The PALASA flowers glow in the sun like burning pieces of charcoal.

I am passing by a deserted path. The thick shade of bamboo bush seems very agreeable to me.

An unknown bird chirps sweet songs. Its invitation makes me stop there.

A companion asks me "How can we conquer anger? How can we conquer lust?"

This is a question which we very frequently ask. The mistake lies in asking this question. I tell him so.

The problem is not that of conquest. It is merely of knowing it. We do not know either anger or lust. This ignorance is our weakness.

Knowledge and realisation constitute our victory. Anger is generated, lust is roused. But then "we" are not there. The sense is absent. So we are out of the picture. What happens in this state of senselessness is something mechanical, an automatic reaction. When



sense returns a feeling of remorse and repentance envelops the mind. But it is futile, for he who repents may go into slumber as soon as lust or anger seizes him again. Let him not sink into slumber—let consciousness, watchfulness and wakefulness be kept roused then there is neither lust nor anger. The automatic reaction ceases. Then there is nothing left to be conquered. The enemy is no longer seen or present there.

Let this truth be understood through a symbolic story. In twilight or semi-darkness a rope is taken for a snake. At the sight of it some run away and others take up sticks to beat it with. Both of them are in the wrong since both of them take it for a snake. A wise man goes near it and sees that there is no snake at all. He has nothing to do. Only he has to go near it.

Man must go near himself. Whatever is within himself he has to be acquainted with it. There is no battle to be fought against. I say that without any fight victory comes to him.

Wakefulness and alertness in regard to one's own mind constitute the secret of success in life."

## 6

The night is past. The rays of the morning sun are scattered over the wild fields. Our train has just passed over a small bridge across a stream. A flock of white cranes, on hearing the rumbling sound of the train quits the white lilies and flies to the rising sun.

Something has happened. The train has stopped. The halt in this desolate region appeals to me. My strange fellow passengers too have stood up in their seats. They perhaps got in the train from some wayside station at night. They salute me as they take me for a Sanyasin. An eagerness to put me a question lurks in their eyes. In the end one of them asks:—"If it is not inconvenient to your holiness, I wish to ask something. I am an ardent devotee of God. I have endeavoured much to realise Him. But all to no purpose. Why is not God sympathetic to me?"

I reply—"Yesterday I had been to a garden. There were some friends with me. One of them was thirsty. He dropped the bucket into a well. It was very deep.

Strenuously he drew it up with the rope but the bucket was empty. Others laughed. It seemed to me that the bucket was like the mind of a man. It had many a crack and hole. Of course it was full of water at first but every drop of water flowed out through the holes. Similarly our mind is full of pores. Throw that porous mind towards the lord you may : but it returns to you empty. Friends, if you repair bucket beforehand, it becomes easy to draw water. Of course, the porous bucket may give you enough exercise in austerities. Only, your thirst will not be quenched. Please bear in mind, that the lord is neither sympathetic nor unsympathetic. It is your duty to keep your bucket intact. The well is ever ready to offer you plenty of water. It never denies it to you.

## 7

One day I was standing on the bank of a river. I saw a paper-boat sunk in the water.

Yesterday some children had built toy-houses of wet sand. They too had tumbled down.

Everyday boats sink and houses tumble.

A woman had come there. Her cherished dreams had not been fulfilled. She had lost all interest in life. She had been thinking of committing suicide. Everything seemed to her utterly useless. Her eyes were deeply embedded in their sockets.

I said :—Who ever fulfils his dreams ? All dreams bring in misery ultimately, for even if the paper-boats sail, how far can they sail ? The mistake does not lie in the dreams ; for all dreams are naturally unrealisable. But it is our own mistake. He who dreams is asleep. He who sleeps cannot have real experience. On waking up, what had seemed to have been realised becomes unrealised. See no dreams, see the truth. See what really exists. That would give you liberation. It alone is real. It alone takes you to perfect achievement in life.

Dream is death. Truth is life. Dream is sleep. Truth is wakefulness. Wake up and realise yourself. As long as the mind hovers round the dream, the soul, the seer of dreams cannot be seen. That alone is Truth. As soon as we realise it we can laugh, and dismiss the sunken boats and tumbled houses.

## 8

There is a SUFI song :

A lover knocked at the door of his beloved. A voice was heard from inside. "Who is there?" The person who was waiting there said:—"It is I". Forthwith, he heard in reply—"This house cannot hold the duality of I" and "Thou"

The closed door remained closed. The lover went to a forest. There he performed penance, observed fasts, and offered prayers. After the moon had waxed and waned many a time, the lover returned to the closed door and knocked again. Again the voice asked—"Who is there outside?"

This time the doors were thrown open, for his reply was—"Thou alone."

The reply "Thou alone" is the essence of all religion, the synopsis of all Dharma. In the endless, boundless flowing current of life the knot of "I" constitutes the bondage. The ego "I" breaks asunder the individual from the existence. The bubble "I" erroneously

thinks itself different from the flowing current of existence, whereas in reality the bubble has no separate existence. It has no separate centre of activity, no separate life. It is the ocean itself. The ocean alone constitutes its life. Its being and becoming is in and through the ocean. The very conception of its existence as apart and aloof from the ocean is sheer ignorance. Peep into the bubble, you meet the very ocean. Peep into the "I" you find in it the supreme reality.

Where "I" does not exist "Thou" too is absent. Only "being" is to be sought there. That is the existence pure and simple. Waking into this pure existence is NIRVANA, the final liberation, salvation.

## 9

An earthen lamp had been burning. But now it has been blown out. A gust of wind blew and the light went off. How far can we rely on earthen lamps? Of what avail is the

association of these flames which are likely to be blown out by winds ?

Men are now sunk in the ocean of darkness. A young man is sitting in isolation. He seems to be much afraid of darkness. He says his very vitals are shaken by the enveloping darkness and it is very difficult for him even to breathe.

I tell him—"Darkness and darkness alone envelopes this world. The world hasn't got a flame that will dispel darkness out and out. Whatever few flames there are, sink in darkness repeatedly. The flames come and go but darkness remains unaffected. Darkness of the world is a permanent thing. Those who rely on its flames are stupid, since these flames have no existence. Ultimately they are overpowered by darkness.

But, there is another world—a world distinguished from this visible world. If this world is full of darkness, the other world is light itself. If light is transient and temporary while darkness is permanent in this world, in the other world darkness is transient and temporary but light is permanent.

There is a wonderful aspect in this. The

world of darkness is far away but the world of light is very near.

Darkness is without and light is within.

Let it not be forgotten that as long as vigilance is not kept on the light within, no flame can afford any consolation. Rely not, on earthen lamps. Seek the flame of Perfect Wisdom. That alone can give you fearlessness, bliss and light which none can snatch away. That alone is ours which cannot be snatched away. That alone is ours which is not extraneous to us.

Of course there is darkness outside the eyes. But if you look within your eyes what do you find there ?

If there were darkness there, it could not have been realized ? He who realizes darkness cannot be darkness himself.

Again, if he aspires for light how can he be darkness ? He is light. Hence he aspires for light. He is light. Hence he craves for light. Light alone can thirst for light. Search where thirst is seen springing up—Make that centre your aim and you will realise that which you thirst for is hidden there alone.

## 10

I do not profess to be God-fearing. Fear can take none to God. A complete absence of fear alone can take you there.

In a sense I am not a believer too. Belief by itself is blind. How can blindness take us to the ultimate reality?

I am not a follower of any religion, because religion cannot be divided into several compartments. It is one and indivisible.

Yesterday when I had said this, a person put me a question—"Then, are you an Atheist?"

I am neither an Atheist nor a Theist. This distinction is superficial and is merely intellectual. The two have no bearing on the "Existence". Existence is not split into "is" and "is not". That distinction is mental. Therefore Atheism and Theism are both mental. They do not come as far as the soul-seeker who goes beyond affirmation and negation. What exists is outside the reach of affirmation and negation.

Or again, both of them come on the same plane without any line of demarcation in

between. No conception accepted by intellect gains access to it. In fact the theist has to cast off his theism and the atheist his atheism. Then, possibly they may enter the plane of Truth. These two are the obsessions of intellect. Obsession is forcible superimposition. We have not to decide what truth is, but we have only to keep our perceptive organs open and see Truth, as it is.

Bear this in mind that we have not to make a decision about Truth but we have to attain its realisation. He who eschews intellectual decisions, logical conceptions, mental obsessions and wrong inferences, in that mental state free from defects he keeps himself open to truth even as flowers do to the light. In this opening up we can have the vision as well.

Hence by the appellation "DHARMIK" (pious) I mean a person who is neither a theist nor an atheist. The virtual religiosity is a leap from the notion of many into oneness.

Where there is no deliberation and no discussion, where there are no conflicting alternatives, where there are no words but SUNYA (a complete absence of things) exists, there one has access to DHARMA.

## 11

I had set out for a walk at night. The village road was rugged and uneven. I had a friend with me who was a saint. He had travelled much. Hardly there was a place of pilgrimage where he had not been. He was in search for the path of reaching the lord.

On that night he had put me a question : what is the path which leads to the lord ?”

He had put this very question to several people. Gradually he had become conversant with many paths. But the distance between him and the lord remained the same as ever before. It was not a case of his not traversing those paths. He had exerted his utmost. But the trekking and treading alone had been the result. No goal was reached. Still he was not irked with the travel. He had no aversion to the paths. There was the search for new paths as well.

I had been silent for some time. Then I said—“There is no path leading to what I am myself. Paths are for reaching “others” and for covering “distances”. What is “near”—not

only near but what I am myself—cannot be attained by means of a path. Where is the intervening space there for a path to fit in ? Again, that which is attained is lost . Is it possible to lose the lord ?

What is likely to be lost cannot be one’s own real form.

The lord is only forgotten.

Hence one has not to go anywhere. Only, one has to remember him. There is nothing else to be done. Only, he is to be known. Knowing is reaching. What is to be own is “who am I ?” This knowledge, this realisation itself is the attainment of the lord.

One day, when all our efforts fail, when no path seems to lead us anywhere, it then becomes clear that whatever I can do does not take me to Truth. No activity will unravel the mystery of the “I” because all activities lead us out.

No activity takes us to “Existence”. Where activity ceases “Existence” reveals itself.

No activity will offer that to us because that is in existence even before the activities.

There is no path leading “there” since that is “here”.

## 12

Once upon a time, it happened at sunset. A storm had set upon the lake GALILEE. A boat, caught in the storm, was on the verge of being sunk. There seemed to be no way of averting the disaster. The passengers and boat men were equally bewildered. Gusts of violent wind shook everyone and everything. Water had begun to gush into the boat. The banks were far beyond the reach. But even as the storm raged thus, a man was sleeping soundly in a corner of the boat, quiet and unworried. The fellow-passengers woke him up. Shadows of imminent death lurked in their eyes.

The man slowly stood up and asked—  
“Why are you all so terrified? To him there seemed nothing to be afraid of. The fellow-passengers stood dumb-founded. They could not utter anything. He asked them again—  
“Haven’t you all faith in yourselves?” Saying so with calmness and fortitude he walked slowly to the edge of the boat. The storm was lashing and raging in its final bid to upset

the boat. Addressing the turbulent lake he said—

“Peace. Be still.”

He said “Be still” as though the storm had been a naughty child.

The passengers might have thought what madness is this? Do storms pay head to entreaties? Can they be curbed with rebukes? But even as they looked on, the storm subsided and the lake became as calm as before as if nothing had happened in between.

The quiet man’s entreaties had been listened to.

The quiet man was Jesus Christ and the incident is two thousand years old. But it seems to me that these events happen everyday.

Are we not harassed and surrounded by a continuous storm, a perpetual restlessness? Does not a shadow of imminent death darken our eyes endlessly? Is not our inner mind’s lake agitated continuously? Don’t we feel ever and anon that the boat of our worldly life is every moment on the verge of being sunk?

Is it not then proper on our part to ask ourselves “Why are you so terrified?” and “Haven’t you a faith in yourselves?” Should we not

address the turbulent lakes of our own minds and say "Peace, be still" ?

I have employed these means and found the storms subside. The moment we are emotionally tuned up and determined to be calm, peace blesses us. Emotionally everyone is restless. Emotionally everyone can also be quiet and peaceful. Attainment of peace is not a matter of practice or repeated exercise. Sublimation of the emotional set up is enough. Peace and tranquillity is our nature. In the midst of dense disquietude too there is a spot within us wherein we are calm and quiet. There is a person within us who is quietly asleep in the midst of this storm. This quiet, unruffled, unworried spot houses our real being. It is surprising that despite its existence we could be agitated. There is no wonder at all in regaining composure.

If you wish to be calm you can be so in this very moment and at this very spot. Practice brings in results later but sublimation instantaneously in the present itself. Sublimation is the only real transformation.

## 13

"Who am I", I used to ask myself. How many days and nights passed in this query, it is impossible to count them now. Intellect used to give answers often heard before or born of repeated previous impressions. All those words were borrowed and lifeless. I was not satisfied with them. Just booming at the outer level they used to vanish and subside. The inner soul was not touched by them. None of their sounds was heard from the depths. There were many replies but none of them was correct. And I was untouched by them. They were not able to come up to the level of the question.

Then it seemed to me. The question concerned the centre but replies touched only the circumference. The question was mine its replies came from outside the question woke up from the inner self. Its replies were superimposed from outside.

This idea turned into a revolution.

A new direction was opened up.



The replies of the intellect were of no avail. They had no concern with the problem. An illusion was broken up. What a relief was felt !

It appeared as if a closed door was flung open or as if a flood of light was spread suddenly in darkness. The mistake was that intellect was replying. Because of the so-called replies that real reply was not forthcoming. Some Truth was struggling to come up. In the depths of consciousness some seed was searching for its path breaking open the ground in order to see the light. But intellect was an obstruction.

When this came in view the replies began to fall off. Knowledge that came from without began to evaporate. The question became denser and deeper. I did not do anything, simply kept on watching.

Some sort of vanity was taking shape. I was speechless. What was there to do ? I was, as if, only a witness. The reactions of the outer line were dropping down, perishing, becoming non-existent. The centre now had begun to clink and tinkle fully.

“Who am I ?” with this single thirst the entire individuality was throbbing.

What a violent storm was it ! Every breath quaked and trembled in it.

“Who am I ?”, like an arrow, the question pierced through everything and moved within.

I remember; what an acute thirst it was ! All the vital airs had turned into thirst. Everything was blazing. And like a flame of fire the question stood up within—“who am I ?”

What a wonder ! intellect was quite silent. There was no flow of incessant thoughts. What it was that had happened ? The outer circle was quite motionless. There was no thought; no previous impressions.

I was there and there was the question too. No; No; I myself was the question.

And then there was an explosion. Within a trice, everything was altered. The question had dropped. The reply came from some unknown extent.

Truth is known through a sudden explosion; not gradually.

It cannot be brought. It comes.

Voidness is the reply, not words. To be replyless is the reply.

Some one asked yesterday and someone or other asks every day—“what is that reply ?”

I say—"If I mention it, it is meaningless. Its purpose lies in realising it oneself.

## 14

I am not a preacher. I do not wish to give an advice or lesson. I am not ambitious to instil my thoughts into your mind. All thoughts are futile. Like particles of dust they cover you up. And then you begin to appear what you are not. And what you do not know appears to be known. This is very fatal to the soul.

By discussions ignorance does not perish, it only gets concealed. In order to waken knowledge, it is essential to know ignorance in its stark nakedness. So, do not cover yourself up in the garments of thoughts and discussions. Remove all covers and garments so that you may get acquainted with your nakedness and voidness. That acquaintance will become the bridge that takes you across ignorance. The acute distress of understanding ignorance itself is the point of revolution.

In this way I wish to open you up not cover you. Just see: into how many blind faiths, conceptions and fancies have you concealed yourself! And you are considering yourself well-guarded in these false means of security! This is not security, but self-deception.

I wish to break off this slumber of yours. It is only Truth and not the dream which is the sole security.

If you dare eschew dreams you will become entitled to realise Truth. What a cheap bargain! In order to realise Truth it is the dreams that you have to leave off, nothing else.

You have to break off the insensibility of fanciful pictures of thoughts, dreams. Through that which appears you have to wake up to that which sees.

"That seer alone is Truth; if you realise it, understand that you have realised, achieved, life."

I was talking thus to a person. On hearing this he fell into reflection. I told him:—"You have become engrossed in thought. That is why I urge you to wake up. That is but slumber.

## 15

A bullock cart is going. I see its wheels. The wheels revolve round the axis. The wheels go round and round on what is fixed and motionless. In the background of motion there is inactivity behind the activity. Void resides behind existence.

Similarly one day I saw a violent dust storm. A big ball of dust was rising up in circular motion but in the middle there was a point where everything was quiet and steady.

Is not the radical Truth of the world manifest through those symbols ?

Is not Voidness seated behind entire existence ?

Is there no inactivity behind all actions.

Void alone is the centre and vital breath of Existence. It alone has to be known. We have to be in it because that alone is our real being. Whatever individual centre one has, one has to be that. We have not to go anywhere else. What we are, there alone we have to go.

How is this to be accomplished ?

See that which "sees" and you descend into Void.

We have to proceed from the "seen" to the "seer". "The seen" is form, action and existence. "The seer" is formless, actionless and void "The seen" is the other, the unstable, the worldly bondage, non-liberation and transmigratory "The seer" is oneself, stable, BRAHMAN, Liberation, Salvation Emanicipation. See. See Him who sees. This is the entire YOGA.

This alone I say every day This alone exists in whatever I am saying.

## 16

The thirst is for True wisdom. What a thirst ! I see it in every one. Something is blazing within, and that wishes to become calm. And in how many directions does man search for it ! Perhaps this search goes on through many births. His mind that seeks some golden deer keeps on wandering. But at every step he meets with nothing but frustration. No way seems to be leading there to. There is some movement but the goal does not appear to

come by. Why, don't the ways lead any where ?

This question need not be answered. Life itself is the answer. What, is not the answer got after walking through infinite number of ways and directions ?

Is really the answer not got ?

In seeking an intellectual reply, the real answer becomes lost in its smoke.

If intellect keeps quite, experience speaks out. If thought keeps silent, discrimination wakes up.

In fact, there are no answers to the basic questions of life. Problems are not solved, they fall off. The matter concerns enquiry of how to become void. Intellect can only ask but cannot provide answer. The answer comes only from the void.

The answer comes from the void. Immediately on knowing this fact, the opening up of life through a new vista, begins. This state of mind is called Trance.

Ask and be quiet, wholly quiet. And let the answer come of its own accord. Allow it to swell up and bloom. And in this waveless situation of mind, the vision of what exists takes place, what I am.

The thirst for true knowledge is not quenched without knowing the self.

The self has to be reached after eschewing all ways. When mind is in none of the paths it is in the self. Knowing the self is true knowledge. Everything else is the means to it. and all means are indirect. Intellectual or scientific knowledge is not true knowledge. It is not knowing the Truth but knowing the utility. Truth can be known only through direct perception. The same is true of the self, which can be directly known.

The doors of the infinite are flung open only at the moment when the mind becomes quiet and steady after realising the futility of search.

Consciousness devoid of directions is centred in the lord. And the ultimate quenching of the thirst remains only in the lord.

**17**

Midnight is past. I have just returned after a meeting. A person was saying there—

“Call the lord ! Remember and repeat his name. If you call Him incessantly He is sure to hear.”

I remembered—KABIR has said—“Has God turned deaf?” Perhaps KABIR’S words have not reached His ears.

Then I heard him say—“Ten persons are asleep. Some one called out “DEVADATT” Then Devadutt gets up and comes. The same thing holds good with the lord. Call Him by His name. He certainly hears.”

On hearing his words I was tempted to laugh. Firstly, it is not the lord, but we are asleep. He is ever wakeful. It is not He who has to get up. We have to get up. It is quite funny that the sleepers should rouse the wakeful ! We need not summon Him, but listen to His call. This can be only in silence : in perfectly waveless mind : when there is no sound in the mind His resonance is perceived.

Complete Silence alone is prayer. prayer is not the committal of any action, but when mind is not in action it is in prayer.

Prayer is not an activity but a state.

Secondly the lord has no name. Nor has He any form. So there is no means of calling Him or remembering Him. All names, all

forms are imaginary. They are all false. Truth has to be reached not through them but by eschewing them.

He who dares to eschew everything fulfils all the conditions of realising Him.

## 18

I have heard this :

A FAKIR went a-begging. He was pretty old and his vision was blurred. He stood outside a mosque and shouted. A person told him. “Go forward. This is not the house of a man who can give you anything.” The Fakir replied—“By the way, what is the name of the owner of this house, who does not give anyone anything?” The man said—“mad person, don’t you know this is a mosque ? The owner of this house is the great father God, the supreme soul.”

The Fakir raised his head and cast a glance at the mosque. His heart became filled with a burning thirst. His inner voice spoke. Alas, it is painful indeed to go away

from this door. This is the final doorway. Where is another door beyond this?" He made up a strong resolution. Like an immoveable rock his heart burst out—"I will not return empty-handed from here. What is the value of even the full hands of those who return empty from here?"

He halted near those steps. He stretched his empty hands in the direction of the sky. He was thirsty and thirst is prayer.

Days passed on. Months rolled away. The summer passed. Rains set in and passed off. The winter too passed off. It was nearly a year now. The period of the life of the old man too came to a close. But in the last moments of his life, the people had seen him dancing.

His eyes were full of unearthly lustre. Beams of brilliance were being shed from his old emaciated body.

Before his death he had said to some one—"He who begs, attains. Only, one must have the courage to dedicate oneself."

The courage to dedicate oneself.

The courage to destroy oneself.

The courage to become a void.

He who is willing to perish attains completion. He who is willing to die achieves life.

## 19

One morning GAUTAMA BUDDHA was to have broken his silence. But before he would do so a bird started singing at the door. In that peaceful, still morning he continued to observe silence. The morning sun went on weaving the nets of his rays and the bird kept on singing. BUDDHA was silent; all were silent. In that silence, in that void, the song had become divine. When the song ended the void became deeper. BUDDHA got up. He did not utter anything that day. Well, on that day, the silence itself became the discourse.

What he conveyed through that silence had never been mentioned through any word.

Whatever, is in this life, in this universe, is wholly divine, is entirely lordly, In everything there is the stamp and reflection of VIRAT (the immense cosmic being). He

alone is latent in everything; He alone is manifest in everything. He alone has the form. He alone has the sound. But as we do not remain silent we cannot hear it. And our eyes are not vacant. Hence we cannot see it.

We regard ourselves superior, hence he does not come in our reach.

If we are not pre-occupied He is just now amongst us.

Truth exists but the self is in trance, just as there is light but the eyes are shut. We do not rouse the self, but search for Truth? We do not open eyes, but review the light? Do not ever fall in this blunder. Eschew all searches and be silent. Quieten the mind and listen. Keep the eyes unoccupied and see. For example, if the fish in the water were to seek my advice in its search for the sea what shall I say to it? I will say—"Eschew your search and see that you are in the ocean itself. Everybody is in the ocean. We are not to realise or attain the ocean. We are to start drinking it.

## 20

There is a temple in the neighbourhood. Every-day, soon after nightfall, they begin to sing and chant holy songs and prayers. The strong smell of the fragrant incense fills the closed sanctum Sanctorum. Lights are waved round the idol and every one makes obeisance to it. Musical instruments are played. Bells are rung. Drums are beaten. Gongs are sounded. The priest dances and the devotees too dance in due course.

I went to the precincts of the shrine to witness this. What I saw was not worship but a great trance. It was self-forgetfulness in the name of prayer. If you forget yourself you forget your sorrow. The self-same work that intoxication does these forms of religion too do.

Who does not wish to forget his life's distress? That is why inebriating stuffs are sought. That is why inebriating rituals too are sought.

Man has concocted many types of wine. And the most dangerous of all the wines are those that are not bottled up.

Sorrow is not quelled by forgetting sorrow. Its seeds are not destroyed by these devices. On the other hand, its roots are further strengthened. Sorrow has to be quelled, not forgotten. Forgetting it is not piety; it is self-deception.

Just as self-oblivion is the means of forgetting sorrow, similarly self-memory is the means of quelling sorrow.

Dharma is that which rouses the self completely. All other forms of Dharma are false. Self-memory is the true path. Self-forgetfulness is the wrong path. Let this also be remembered that self is not quelled by forgetting self. Its concealed current ever flows. The self can be abandoned, resigned perfectly, only by self-remembrance.

He who knows self completely, can realise everything through self-abandonment, self-dedication.

The path to the Universal is not by forgetting the self but by self-surrender and self-abandonment.

To be oblivious of the self by remembering the lord is a blunder. Quelling the self by understanding the self is the Path. And, when

the self ceases to exist, what remains thereafter is alone the lord.

The lord is attained not through self-forgetfulness but through self-abandonment.

## 21

It has been raining and flowing since sunset. The gusts of wind have up-rooted even huge trees. The electric supply is off and the city is plunged in darkness.

A mud-lamp has been lighted in the house.

Its flame rises up. The light (lamp) is a part of the Earth but the flame continuously shoots up; what it strives to reach and realise is not known.

Man's consciousness too is like this flame.

The body is satisfied with the earth but in man there is something in addition to the body which wishes to rise up above the Earth incessantly. This consciousness, this shooting flame of fire alone is the vital breath of man. This zeal to rise up incessantly is his soul.



Man is man because he has this shooting flame. Otherwise everything is only mud.

If this flame burns completely, blazes fully, there is revolution in life. If this flame comes into view entirely, in the midst of mud itself the mud can be surmounted.

Man is a lamp. There is mud in him, there is light in him too. If the attention is centred round mud alone, life is wasted. There must be attention to the light too. Everything is transformed the moment the light is attended to, because in the mud itself the lord is seen.

## 22

The morning has passed into midday. The sunshine is becoming hotter and one wishes to walk in the shade.

An elderly school-master has come. He has been practising austerity of piety for years. His body is so dried up and emaciated that his bones are visible and his eyes have become smoky and pallid. They seem to have sunk into their cavities. It appears that he has

tortured himself much and has understood this self-torture as austerity of piety.

The life of many of those who are eager to tread the path of the lord becomes poison-affected due to this blunder alone. The attainment of the lord takes the form of the denial of the world and the aspiration of the soul and that of destroying the body. This negative view undermines them and they are not even conscious that apposition to the objects is not synonymous with the realisation of the Supreme Soul.

The fact is those who harass the body are no better than materialists and the opponents of the world are devoured by the world in a very subtle form:

The view inimical to the world binds us to the world, more than—and definitely not less than—the hedonistic view of the world.

Transcending the body and the world is the true aspirational austerity and not opposing them.

And that way or mode is neither that of curbless enjoyment, nor that of ruthless suppression. That way is different from both. It is a third mode. It is the way of sobriety and continence. A midway balance is the

point of sobriety. It is called "midway" only for elucidation; in fact, it is beyond the two. This midway balance is neither partial enjoyment and partial suppression, nor a compromise. It is full continence, neither enjoyment nor suppression.

"Too much" is incontinence; balanced one is continence. "Too much" is destruction, balanced one is life. He who grasps the "too-much" perishes. Both enjoyment and suppression destroy life. "Too-much" is ignorance, egotism and death.

I call continence and harmony aspirational austerity. When the strings of the lute are neither loose nor overtightened, the harmonious note is produced. Too loose and too tightened strings are futile. But there is a state of strings when they cannot be called either too tight or too loose. That point gives birth to melody. In life too that point is the point of sobriety. The conditions governing melody and continence are the same. Truth is attained through continence.

I have mentioned this aspect of continence to him and it seems he has paid heed to it. His eyes are witness to the same. They evince signs of awakening after a peaceful slum-

ber. He seems to be calm, healthy and normal. Some tension has subsided and some vision has been acquired.

I have told him as he departed "Eschew all tensions then watch. You have eschewed enjoyment. Please eschew ruthless suppression. Eschew, eschew all and watch.

Be normal and watch, only normalcy can bring about healthy condition, can lead you to the natural state."

He said in reply. "What is now left to be eschewed? Everything has gone off. I am returning quiet and free of burden. A painful dream seems to have been shattered. I am much obliged." His eyes bore features of simplicity and calmness. His smile appeared sweet and innocent. Though old, he appeared like a child.

I wish these things were manifest to those who are eager after the lord.

## 23

Do you wish to realise Truth? Then leave off mind. When mind ceases to exist, Truth becomes manifest in the manner as the diffusion of sunlight within as soon as one opens the doors. The mind has blocked the ingress of Truth like a wall. The bricks of the mind's wall are made of thoughts and deliberations. Thoughts and thoughts, this chain of thoughts and thoughts constitutes the mind. Sage Ramana once said to a person "Check thoughts and then tell me where is the mind."

There is no mind where there is no thought. If there are no bricks how can there be a wall?

A hermit was here, last night. He was asking:—"What shall I do with the mind?" I said "Do not do anything with it. Leave the mind alone and see. Leave it off completely and keep on watching just as one watches the flow of the current white sitting on the banks of the river. Go on watching the current of thoughts,

unconcerned and unaffected. Keep on watching. Just keep on watching. By the impact of that watching, thoughts vanish into void and mind disappears."

And when mind is removed what is experienced in its vacant peace is the soul. That alone is existence.

## 24

A hermit was staying in a certain temple on a dark chill night. In order to ward off chillness he had burnt a wooden image of the lord. The priest woke up on seeing the blazing fire.

When he saw the image burning he became mute. In the excitement of anger he could not speak anything. It was an unthinkable atrocity. He noticed that the hermit was searching for something in the heap of ashes. The priest asked him "What is it that you are up to?" The hermit replied—"I am searching for the bones of the lord's body" Now the madness of the hermit was clear to the priest. He said to him. "How can there be bones in a wooden image, O mad hermit? Then the

hermit said—Please do me the favour of bringing another image. The night is chill and long.”

When I think about this story it appears to me that the mad hermit is none else than myself.

I wish we were free of idols so that we could have visions of unembodied soul. He who stays with the form cannot reach the formless. How could he who has an eye on shapes jump in the ocean of the shapeless? Can a person who is engaged in the worship of another return to himself? Consign the embodied to fire so that the unembodied may remain in experience. Allow the gathering clouds of shape to be scattered so that the shapeless sky can be known. Let the form flow away so that the boat may reach the ocean of the formless. He who launches his boat from the shore of limitations certainly reaches the unlimited and becomes unlimited.

## 25

What is Prayer? Is it self-forgetfulness? No; Prayer is not self-forgetfulness. That wherein there is forgetting, sinking and losing is only a form of inebriety. That in fact is not prayer, but escapism, a flight. It is possible to lose oneself in words, in melody. What is there in the fascination of sound, in dance, can be forgotten. This forgetting and senselessness can yield pleasure as well, but it is no prayer. It is insensibility whereas Prayer is the name of perfect wakefulness in perfect consciousness.

Is Prayer an activity? Is doing something, Prayer?

No, Prayer is not an activity but a state of consciousness. Prayer is not carried out but lived through. Prayer is inactivity from its very roots. When all activities subside into voidness and only consciousness, the witness, remains, that state is prayer. The word Prayer implies an activity, the word meditation too implies an activity but these two words are used for

that peculiar state of consciousness : to be in the void, in silence, in speechlessness is prayer, is meditation.

I had mentioned this yesterday in Prayer-assembly.

A person asked me later "Then what shall we do?"

I said—"For a while, do not do anything. Leave off yourself in absolute rest. Let your body and mind become quiet. Quietly watch the mind. It becomes calm and void by itself. In this void alone can the proximity of Truth be realised. In this void alone that, what is within and without becomes manifest. Then 'within' and 'without' wither away and only the existence remains. The totality of this pure "existence" is called God.

## 26

The dusk has passed into the night. Some people have come. They say that I teach nihilism, voidness. But at the very thought of voidness they are afraid. Can there be a succour, a support?

I tell them that courage is essential for a jump in the void. But those who jump in, do not get void but attain the full. And those who hold on to some fancied succour and support get stuck up in void alone. Are the succours and supports of fantasy real succours and supports?

It is only through void that the succour and support of Truth is attained. Becoming void means being devoid of succours and supports of fantasies.

I tell them a story.

On the night of a New Moon, a traveller passing in strange country through a mountainous desolation realised that he had fallen in a ditch. His feet slipped and he caught hold of a bush and hung in suspense. There is darkness everywhere. It is darkness in a deep chasm below. For many hours he remained suspended like that. And all through these hours he suffered the pangs of anticipated death. It was a winter night and gradually his hands had become cold and benumbed. Eventually he released the hold of hands. He was to fall down in the ditch. None of his efforts could save him. He saw himself in the jaws of death. He fell—but in fact he did not fall down. There was no

pit at all. The moment he fell he saw himself standing on the ground.”

I have also found myself in a similar circumstance. Falling in the void I realised that void [itself was the ground. He who forsakes the supports and succours of mind attains the support of lord. The sole goal of man's life is to become void and those who do not gather their courage to become so become void themselves.

## 27

I was returning home from my morning walk. On the bank of a river I saw a small spring. Removing dry leaves on the way it was rushing to the river. I saw its rushing speed. I saw its gleeful confluence with the river. I saw that the river too was rushing.

And then I observed that everything was rushing. To meet the ocean, to be lost in the limitless, to achieve fulness, the entire life, removing dry dead leaves on the way was rushing.

A drop aspires to become ocean. This very rule is the goal of life. On the basis of this very aspiration rest all motions and in completion one finds true joy. Limit is sorrow; incompleteness is grief. Life aspires to rise above all obstacles of limit and incompleteness. On account of these both—limit and incompleteness—life has to suffer from death. In their absence it is immortal. Because of them it is split into pieces. In their absence it becomes an undivided whole.

But man halts at the droplet of ego and there alone he becomes severed from the endless flow of life. Thus he loses the sun by his own inadvertence; he makes a futile effort of seeking satisfaction in the flickering flame of a feeble earthen lamp. But full satisfaction cannot be achieved, for how can he be satisfied in being but a drop. There is no other goal but to become an ocean. The ocean is the goal. It has to become an ocean. It is essential to lose the drop. It is essential to destroy the ego. When the ego becomes the Brahman then alone satisfaction possible.

It is that satisfaction alone—the satisfaction of being the ocean—that establishes one in Truth. And it is the satisfaction alone that

liberates, for, how can he who is not satisfied become liberated ?

Jesus Christ has said :—

“He who tries to save life loses it and he who loses it realises it.

Let me say this alone. This alone is love. Losing oneself is love. Accepting death in love is the means of realising divine life.

Therefore I say—“Ye drops, rush to the ocean. Ocean is the goal. “Woo death in love for that alone is life. He who halts before he reaches the ocean, dies and he who reaches the ocean crosses death.

## 28

Once it happened. A disciple of a hermit passed away. The hermit went to his house. The corpse was lying there and the people were crying. The hermit approached and asked in a loud voice. “Is the man dead or alive ?”

At this question the people were bewildered and taken aback. What sort of question

was it? The dead body lay there. What was the need to ask so ?

There was silence for a while. Some one then urged the hermit “Please, Sir, answer yourself.”

Do you know what the hermit said to them? He said :—

“He who was dead before has died. He who was alive before is still alive. Only the link between the two is snapped.”

Life has no death and the dead has no life

Those who do not know life call death the end of life. Birth is not the beginning of life, nor death its end. Life is within and without birth and death. It existed before birth and so would after death. The link has birth and death but life has no birth and death.

I have just returned from the cremation ground. There the funeral pyre blazed and the people said “All is over”. I said—“you have no eyes. So it appears to be.”

## 29

I have returned from a journey. I had met many hermits both men and women. There are many hermits but there is no saintliness in them. The so-called hermits like the artificial flowers are seen everywhere.

Without austerity Dharma or piety is impossible. What goes by the name of Dharma enhances impiety. There is religion above but impiety beneath. And this is but natural. Plants without roots may play their brilliant part at a festivity. They may shed lustre but can then grow fruits and flowers on them ?

Roots of virtue, piety and religion lie in SADHANA and YOGA. In the absence of YOGA the life of a hermit can either be a mere display or a ruthless suppression. Both these aspects are undesirable.

A false display of good conduct is hypocrisy. And a ruthless suppression is also fatal. There is struggle and tussle in it, but no

achievement. What has been suppressed does not die, but moves on to deeper layers.

At one end are the afflictions of sensual enjoyment, the heated feverish life scorched in its flames and the insatiable mad race of unquenchable thirst. At the other we find the suppression and the fiery flames of self-torture. He who escapes the well of one extremity falls into the deep ditch of the other.

YOGA is neither enjoyment nor suppression. It is keeping alert from both. Neither of the mutually clashing extremes has to be resorted to. Neither of these clashing duels can take us out of these duels. If we choose either of the two we cannot go out of them. He who selects and holds either is himself selected and held by it.

YOGA is not clinging to anything but is eschewing all clutches. It is not leaving off one thing for siding with the other. Well, being impartial eschew all clutches. It is 'the clinging to' which is the mistake. It is this which leads to a fall in the well or ditch. It takes one to the extremes or mutually clashing duels and struggles while the right path runs in the direction where there are no extremes, no duality, no struggle. Do not make



selections but be aware of that consciousness which makes selection. Do not fall into dual but be firm in the knowledge that perceives the dual. The establishment therein is intelligence and it is intelligence that leads to light.

That door is nearby and those who liberate the flame of consciousness from the storm of duals get the key wherewith they can open the door of truth.

## 30

I see men so engrossed that I feel pity for them. There is no vacuum and no fraction of ether in them. How can he be liberated, who has no ether in him? For liberation it is essential to have an ether within and not without. He who has ether within is one with the ether without. When the inner ether is one with the ether of the universe that communion, that congress, that transformation is liberation. That is in fact realising God.

Therefore, I do not urge anyone to fill

himself with God but I do say to all "Make yourself void and bare and you will then realise that God has filled you up.

During the rains clouds shower water, mounds remain dry but pits are filled. Be like the pits and not like the mounds. Do not fill yourself. Keep yourself bare. The lord is raining at every moment. He who is empty to receive that shower becomes full.

The value of a jar lies in this that it is empty. The ocean fills it up to the extent to which it is empty.

The value of man is also to the extent he is bare. The ocean descends into his voidness and makes it full.

## 31

When I see aspirant I observe that they are engaged in suppressing mind. By suppressing mind, Truth cannot be had. On the contrary the suppression of mind comes in the way of experiencing Truth. Mind should not be suppressed but eschewed. If you eschew

mind the door is opened Dharma is realised neither in the mind nor through the mind. It is realised in non-mindness.

Mao Tsu was engaged in SADHANA. He lived in a solitary hut in the hermitage of his preceptor and tried day and night to suppress the mind. He never used to attend to those who came to see him.

Once his preceptor went to his hut. Mao Tsu did not turn his attention to him. But his preceptor stayed there throughout the day, rubbing a brick on the rock. Mao Tsu could not bear this and eventually asked "What are you doing, Sir?" The preceptor replied "I have to make a mirror of this brick."

Mao Tsu said—"Sir, you have turned really mad. If you rub the brick all through your life it cannot become a mirror." On hearing this the preceptor began to laugh and asked him "what are you doing? If brick cannot become a mirror, can mind become so. In fact neither mind nor brick can become a mirror. It is mind, the dust, which covers the mirror. Eschew it and separate it. Then alone you can realise truth. Mind is a mass of thoughts. thoughts are external dust particles which are to be removed. When

they are removed ever spotless consciousness remains. In that mindless state, free from thoughts, we have the vision of that eternal truth which had been hidden behind the smoke of thoughts.

If there is no smoke of thoughts, the smokeless flame of consciousness alone remains. It has to be realised and lived in. The object of achievement in SADHANA is that alone.

## 32

The morning came and passed. The afternoon came and went away. A lovely sunset spread over the western horizon.

Every day I observe the sun-rise. I observe the day spreading. I observe the day sinking. And then I observe this too that I have not risen, not passed into afternoon, not realised the set.

When I returned from travel yesterday, it was this what I observed. In all my wanderings I have gained this experience. The path changes but not the traveller. Travel is a change but the traveller appears unchanged.

Where was I yesterday? Where am I today? What was it just now? what is it now? but what I was yesterday I am the same today. What I was just now even now I remain the same. Mind is not the same. The body is not the same but I am the same.

There is a change in the space and time but there is no change in "I".

Everything is a flowing current but this "I" is not a part of this current. Though passing through it, it is without and beyond it.

This eternal traveller, this ever-fresh, well-known traveller is the soul, In the changing universe, to remain alert to this unchanged one is liberation.

## 33

I see you. I see that also which is beyond you. The eyes that stop with the body do not see. How transparent is the body! It is true, howsoever solid the body may be, it cannot hide what is behind it.

But, should there be no eye, the matter is

different. Then even the sun is non-existent. All play is that of the eyes. No one comprehends light through deliberations and arguments.

The Virtual eye cannot be supplanted by any other means. The eye is essential. We need the eye to see the spirit. We need an inner eye. If it is, everything is. If it is not there is neither light nor Lord.

He who wishes to see the existence beyond another's body must peep beyond the Earthly existence of his own self.

The other body becomes transparent only to the extent to which I see my own depths. The entire insentient world becomes filled up with consciousness for me, only to the extent to which I unfold consciousness in my sluggishness. The world is only that which I am. The world ceases to exist on the very day I realise my consciousness in its fulness.

Self-ignorance is worldly existence: self-knowledge is liberation.

Hence I say every day; hence I say to everyone:—'See for once—who is seated within you? Who is encompassed in this body of bones and flesh? Who is bound up within your external features.

What immense cosmic being is shining within this insignificant thing?

Who symbolises this consciousness?" what is this consciousness.

Without putting these questions, without understanding them life cannot be meaningful and purposeful. Barring the self if comprehend everything else, no value can be attached to that knowledge.

The power through which the other—the supreme one—is known is competent to comprehend the self too. If it can comprehend the other, how will it not know the self?

The matter concerns only a change of the path of approach. One has to approach him that sees through him that appears. The change of attention to what is seen is the key to self-knowledge.

In the current of thoughts wake up in that which is the witness also thereof.

And, a revolution takes place. Like an impeded stream when the bund is breached, the current of consciousness sweeps off every type of sluggishness from life.

## 34

Till last evening, there was life in a flower-plant. Its root was in the ground and there was life in its leaves. There was green colour and shining brilliance in it. It used to swing gently in the wind and shed bliss all round. I had passed by it several times and had experienced the melody of its life.

Yesterday, it happened that some one pulled it off. The roots got loosened. Today when I approached it I found that it ceased breathing. This is what happens when the root is dislodged from the ground. The entire play is that of the roots. They are not manifest but the whole secret of life lies in them alone.

Plants have roots. Man too has roots. Plants have a ground and man too has one. When the roots are dislodged from the ground, plants dry up. Man too dries up.

I was reading a book by Allweyer Kamu. The opening sentence of the book ran "Suicide is the only important problem of

philosophy. why? Because now-a-days a man finds no specific purpose in life. Everything has become meaningless and futile.

This is what has happened. Our roots are shaken. We have lost our link with the fountain—head of life, in the absence of which life remains but a meaningless story.

We have to give man stable roots. We have to give man fertile ground. The roots are those of the soul. The ground is that of religion. If this can be done, flowers can bloom once again in humanity.

## 35

I had been invited in a family. I returned from there only after dusk. A highly pleasant incident happened there. There were many children in the house. They had built a house with a pack of cards. They took me to the nursery to show it to me. It was beautiful. I praised it. The lady of the house said: "O, a house of cards needs no praise. A gentle gust of wind razes it to the ground"

I began to laugh; the children asked "Sir, why do you laugh?" Even as we talked, the house of cards crumbled down. Children became sad. The lady of the house burst out laughing "See!" I replied, "Yes I saw. I have seen other houses as well. All other houses too crumble down like this. Even solid houses of stone are but houses of cards. Not only those of children but those of old men too are but houses of cards. We all build houses: houses of fantasy and dreams. And then a gentle gust of wind razes them to the ground. In this sense we are all children. Maturity occurs only now and then. Otherwise, many people die as children.

All houses are houses of cards. Realisation of this makes an individual mature. Even then he remains engaged in building them up. But then it becomes mere acting.

Knowing this that the worldly existence is mere acting, is becoming liberated from the world.

Only that which is acquired and realised in this condition does not become quashed in any of the gusts of wind.

## 36

It was raining last night. The weather was wet and a gentle drizzle had begun to blow. Moist winds blew the falling leaves as far as the door. It seemed the autumn was on, heralding the advent of spring. Roads were covered by the leaves and when people stepped on them, the dry leaves made a sweet rustling sound.

I have been watching those leaves for a pretty long time. That which becomes ripe falls off. From dawn to dusk leaves fall on leaves. But the trees do not experience pain by their falling off. A wonderful rule of life is understood thereby. There is difficulty and pain in plucking anything unripe. When a thing is ripe separation comes off by itself.

A sage has come. Renunciation has not yet become a pleasure to him. It is painful and difficult. Renunciation has not come of its own accord; it has been forcefully fetched. The leaves of delusion, ignorance, yearning for

family and egotism are as yet unripe. He has applied force. The leaves are broken asunder no doubt but they have left pain behind them. This pain debars peace. I think I should tell him this evening the secret of falling leaves. Knowledge, not renunciation is the first step. In its blaze and fervour the world falls off like dry leaves. Renunciation is not forced but realised.

When revolutionary knowledge is attained, abandonment and renunciation becomes a pleasure, not pain.

## 37

There are various types of knowledge. There is a knowledge which is a mere knowing, an intellectual understanding and there is a knowledge which is experience, intelligence, a live perception and conviction. One is the collection of dead facts, the other is the understanding of live truth. There is a lot of difference between the two, that of heaven and Earth, that of darkness and light. In fact, intellectual

knowledge is no knowledge at all. It is an illusion of knowledge. Can a blind man have the knowledge of light? Intellectual knowledge is such a knowledge.

Such an illusion of knowledge covers up ignorance. It is a mere covering. In the network of its words and in the smoky screen of its deliberations, ignorance is forgotten. It is more fatal than ignorance, for, if ignorance is visible, the aspiration to rise above it, is generated. But, if it is not visible, to be liberated from it becomes impossible.

The so-called wise men are doomed in their ignorance.

Knowledge—True knowledge—does not come from external source. What comes from the exterior, know, that it is not knowledge. It is only a cognition, an awareness. One should be cautious of falling into the snare of this illusion of knowledge.

Whatever comes from outside becomes an additional screen over the self.

Knowledge wakes up from within. It does not come but it wakes up and for it, we are not to pile up but tear off screens.

Knowledge is not acquired. It is awakened and evolved. Acquired knowledge is aware-

ness; opened-up knowledge is experience. Life has to be forcibly moulded in accordance with that knowledge—awareness—which is acquired. Yet it cannot entirely accord with that. Therefore a mutual clash continues to exist between that knowledge and life.

But the knowledge that is opened and evolved naturally assimilates the conduct. Life antagonistic to true knowledge is an impossibility. Such a thing has not happened on this earth.

I am reminded of a story. In the rough and rugged foot-paths of a thick forest, there lived two sages. From the point of view of the bodies they were father and son. The son was going ahead and the father followed him. The path was deserted and frightening. Suddenly the roar of a lion was heard. The father said to the son—"Come back and follow me. There is danger ahead." The son laughed and walked on. He kept on going ahead. The father repeated the warning. The lion came face to face. Death was now in face. The son said:—"I am not the body, then, wherein lies the danger? You too did often say this, didn't you? The father ran away from the place, and shouted—"O Mad boy, keep away from the

path of the lion." But the son continued to walk ahead, laughing. The lion pounced upon him. He fell down, but it appeared clear to him that, what fell was not the "I" in him. He was not the body. So death too was not his. What the father used to say appeared clear to him. And this difference is great. His father was miserable. As he stood at a safe distance, tears welled up in his eyes. But the son was the seer. He was a seer in life. In death too he continued to be the same. He had no misery, no pain. He remained unmoved, unaffected because whatever was going on, was going on outside. He himself was not at all mixed up with it anywhere.

Hence I assert that there is difference between knowledge and knowledge.

## 38

What is Samadhi ?

Some one has said—"The assimilation of the drop with the ocean."

Some one else has said :—"The descending of the ocean into the drop."

I say—"The annihilation of both the drop and the ocean. Where, there is neither drop nor ocean there is Samadhi. Where there is neither one nor many, there is Samadhi. Where there is neither limitation nor the unlimited, there is Samadhi.

Samadhi is communion with the Satta (existence).

Samadhi is Truth, Samadhi is consciousness. Samadhi is quiescence.

"I" am not present in Samadhi. But on the other hand, when "I" ceases to exist, what remains therein is Samadhi.

And perhaps, this "I" which is not "I" is the real "I".

"I" has two Sattas :—the "Ego" and the "Brahman". Ego is that which I am not but appears like me. Brahman is that which I am but which does not appear like me.

Consciousness, pure consciousness is Brahman.

I am pure consciousness, the witness, but this does not appear to be so, for consciousness is identified with the thought-current. Thought itself is not consciousness. That which comprehends thought is consciousness, pure consciousness. That which is the seer of



thought is consciousness. Thought is VISAYA (object of knowledge) and consciousness is VISAYIN. The identification of VISAYIN with VISAYA is insensibility. This alone is a slumbering state.

What remains in the absence of thought is alone consciousness. Being in this that remains, is SAMADHI.

Be wakeful therein, this alone is the essence of the utterance of all alert wakeful persons.

## 39

I see the gardner sow seeds. He then puts the manure. He waters the garden and waits for the flowers to blossom. Flowers cannot be forcefully taken out of the plants. We have to wait for them patiently and courageously.

Love and patience.

Seeds of the lord too are to be sown in the same manner. So we have to wait for the blooming of flowers of divine life.

Prayer and patience.

He who goes against this and evinces impatience is unable to reach any goal. Impatience is not a good manure for that development.

If one waits peacefully, courageously and lovingly, the flowers begin to bloom one fine morning without any strain and their fragrance makes the front-yard of life sweet-smelling.

For the flowers of the infinite, infinite patience is essential. But let it be remembered that if one is ready for so much patience, the time for its acquisition too approaches instantaneously. Infinite courage is the only condition for realising the infinite. As soon as this condition is fulfilled, it is realised. It has not to come from anywhere outside. It is the development of the interior. It is actually present. But on account of impatience and disquietude we are unable to see it.

## 40

Man's mind is wonderful. That alone is the secret of worldly existence and of liberation.

Sin and merit, bondage and liberation, hell and heaven are embedded in it. Darkness and light are its own. Birth is in itself only and death too is in itself. It alone is the door to external world. It alone is the staircase to the internal one. And the cessation of its existence becomes the crossing of both.

Mind is everything. Everything is its own sport and fancy. If it goes to slumber, all sport comes to an end.

Yesterday I had said this somewhere. Some one happened to ask—"The mind is very unsteady and fickle. How can it go to slumber? Mind is very dirty. How can it become pure?"

Then I narrated a story:—After BUDDHA had become old, one afternoon he halted at the foot of a tree in a forest, for rest. He fell thirsty. Anand had gone to a stream up the mountain to fetch water. But just then some carts had crossed the stream and the water had turned muddy. Putrefying leaves and slush had come up. Anand returned without water. He said to the BUDDHA "The water in the stream is not pure. I shall go to the big river and bring water." The big river was very far off. BUDDHA pressed him to go to the stream alone and fetch water. After a short while

Anand returned empty-handed. The water did not appear to him fit for fetching. This happened three times. Every time BUDDHA made him return. On the third occasion when Anand reached the stream, he was surprised. The stream had by that time become clear and quiet. The mud had settled down and the water had become pure.

The story is very pleasing to me. The state of the mind is also similar. The carts of life make it excited and agitated. But if any one were to watch it sitting down, with peace and patience, the slush settles lower down and it ushers in the national purity. In the purity of mind life becomes fresh. It is a matter of only patience and quiet expectation. Without doing anything the dirt in the mind also settles down.

One has to become a mere witness and the mind becomes pure. We are not to make it pure. All difficulty is due to this making. Just watch it sitting by the shore. Then see what takes place.

## 41

In the stillness of the night some one is playing on the flute. The moonlight appears to have settled down. Lonely damp night and the notes of the flute coming from far. Sweet as dream. Unbelievable it is, all this is so beautiful.

How much nectar can a hollow bamboo reed shed !

Life too is like the flute. It is empty and void within but along with it, it has an unlimited capacity for melodious notes.

But all depends on him who plays. As the individual makes it, so becomes this life. It is the creation of oneself. This is only an opportunity. What type of song one wishes to sing entirely rests in ones own hands. The greatness of man lies in this that he is free to sing songs of either heaven or hell.

Everyone can produce divine notes from his flute. It is only a matter of practising the fingers a bit. A little practice but an immense

achievement. The infinite empire of Bliss is attained without doing anything.

I wish to say whole-heartedly—"Take up your flute. The time is fleeting. See that the opportunity to sing song does not slip by. Before the curtain falls you have to sing the song of your life.

## 42

In life's SADHANA it is very essential to know what is the seed and what the fruit. It is necessary to recognize the beginning and the consequence. He who walks ahead without knowing the effect and the cause, is likely to err. Going ahead by itself is not sufficient. By going alone no one reaches the goal. The direction and the mode of Sadhana must essentially be perfect.

In SADHANA something is central and something is peripheral. If the effort is applied to the centre the boundary maintains its balance. There is no reason that it should be separately sustained. It is only the mani-

festation of the centre; it is only the extended centre. Hence the effort on the boundary is futile. "To beat about the bush" is a well-known proverb. To become entangled with the periphery is just like this.

What is the centre? What is the periphery?

Knowledge is the centre and character is the periphery. Knowledge is the beginning and character is the result, the consequence. Knowledge is the seed, character is the fruit. But generally people start in the opposite direction. Proceeding from character they wish to reach knowledge. They wish to transform character into knowledge.

But character cannot be cultivated in ignorance. In fact, character cannot be cultivated at all. Cultivated character is no character. It is a false covering beneath which the bad character becomes concealed. Practised character is self-deception.

Darkness is not to be suppressed or concealed. It has to be eliminated. Paper-flowers of character are not to be pasted on bad character. It has to be eradicated. When bad character ceases to exist what comes out is character.

Character, violently brought about in ignorance is fatal because what is not within it appears to be so. What has to be brought thus vanishes from sight as well.

In ignorance, there is no direct means of bringing about character because the manifestation of ignorance itself is bad character. Bad character is ignorance. A Buddha has said—"what can he who is ignorant do?"

It is not character, but knowledge that has to be brought about. knowledge itself becomes character.

The AGAMAS say :—

"Knowledge illuminates everything. Only when it rises, ignorance and delusion disappear. By that, passion and hatred are eradicated. Only by that, is the state of liberation attained.

## 43

I received a letter in the morning. Some one has asked therein—"Life is surrounded by miseries. Yet, why do you harp on Bliss? Observing what is present, talk of Bliss is a mere fantasy"

Certainly life is surrounded by miseries. There are miseries around. But that which is surrounded is no misery at all. As long as we keep on observing what surrounds, misery alone comes in sight, but the moment we begin to see what is surrounded, misery becomes untrue and Bliss becomes real.

The whole thing is only a matter of change of vision. The vision which makes the seer manifest is the real vision. Everything else is blindness. The moment the seer becomes manifest everything turns out to be bliss because bliss is its own form. The universe exists still but it becomes entirely different. What appears to be thorns in it due to the ignorance of the soul ceases to appear so.

The existence of misery is not real because it becomes split by the transforming experience. As on waking up, the dream becomes unreal, so misery becomes unreal after the advent of self-realisation.

Bliss is true because it is self.

## 44

Yesterday, I spoke thus in a certain place. I said—“I wish to make you dissatisfied. A divine thirst, an unearthly dissatisfaction, shall be born in all—this alone is my longing. To be satisfied in what man is, is death. Man is not the consummation of development. He too is a rung in the ladder. He is a step in the course of evolution. What is manifest in him is nothing in comparison to what is yet unmanifest. In comparison with what he can become, what he is, is on a par with not being anything at all.

Religion wishes to awaken everyone, from this death of complacency to the life of dissatisfaction. For, only through that dissatisfaction can that point be reached where there is real satisfaction.

Man has to transcend humanity.

It is this transcendence that gives him access to divinity.

How can this transcendence be effected?

If these definitions are understood, the mode of transcendence too can be understood.

Brutishness—the condition before the thought—process.

Humanity—the condition during the thought-process.

Divinity—the condition when the thought-process is transcended.

If we go beyond the enclosure of thought-process, consciousness reaches divinity.

Transcending thought is transcending man.

## 45

I see God in nature. I am experiencing it every minute, every hour. No air is breathed in or breathed out without a communion with him. Wherever my eye rests I see Him present. Whatever my ears hear I realise that His melody is being sung.

He is everywhere. It is only a matter of the advent of His vision. Of course He exists but in order to grasp Him eyes are essential.

As soon as the eye is ready He presents Himself at every time in all quarters.

At night when the sky is filled with stars, do not think about them but see them. And when the waves begin to dance on the bosom of the ocean do not think about them but see them. And when the bud opens into a blossom see it, just see it. If there is no thought, if there is only vision, a big secret is revealed and access is gained from the threshold of nature into that secret which is God. Nature is no more than a covering-sheet over God. Only those who know how to lift up that veil become familiar with the truth of life.

A youthful seeker after Truth went to a preceptor. He put a question to him: "I wish to know Truth. I wish to know Religion. Kindly tell me. Where shall I start? Where shall I gain entry thereto?" The venerable preceptor replied—"Aren't you hearing the sound of water falling from the mountain summit, close at hand?" The youth replied—"I hear it clearly." The preceptor then added—"Then start from there alone. Enter from there alone. That is the door."

Truly, entrance door is so near. In the water—falls descending from the hills, in the

leaves of trees swinging and rustling in the winds, in the rays of the sun dancing on the vast ocean—there is a screen hanging at every entrance-door. It does not rise without being lifted up. In fact, the screen is over our vision, not on the entrance doors. Thus a single screen covers up an infinite number of doors.

## 46

The moon is rising up. Passing over the tops of trees, its medium light has begun to fall on the road. The air is being rendered sweet by the saturated fragrance of the mango-blossoms.

I have just returned from a place of discourse. Most of the persons present there, were young men, influenced by modern fashions and highly excited, as if want of faith was their support. Negation of everything was their acceptable tenet. One of them said—"I do not accept God. I am free and independent." In this single line the mentality of the Age is reflec-

ted. The entire Age takes shelter in the shade of this freedom without knowing that this freedom is self-destruction, suicide.

Why is this called suicide? For, without denying oneself it is impossible to deny God.

I narrated a story to them. "There was a grape vine spread out in the palace garden of God. It was tired of spreading, growing and obeying orders. Its mind was fed up with dependence and it had wished for freedom. It shouted at the top of its voice that the whole sky should listen to it "I will not grow now."

"I will not grow now"

"I will not grow now."

Certainly this was a strange revolt, because it was against the laws of nature.

God peeped out and said: "Do not grow. What is the necessity to grow?" The grape vine was glad; the revolt had been successful. It began to exert itself in withstanding the growth. But the growth did not stop, it never stopped. It exerted itself in not growing and went on growing and growing. And God knew this before."

This alone is the situation. God is our nature. He is our inner Law. It is impossible to go far away from Him. There is no other

way except being God. Well we may deny, well we may try to be free, but there is no liberation from Him; for He is our own self. In fact He alone is real and we are His images. So I say Liberation is not from Him but in Him.

## 47

A king had imprisoned a man of normal health and balanced mind. He wanted to study the effect of isolation on man. The prisoner continued to shout and scream for some time, in order to go out. He used to cry and beat his head. His entire existence was outside. His whole life was bound with others. Within himself he was no better than non-existent. Isolation to him was like not being at all.

And really he began to crumble down and break up. Something within him began to erode. Silence prevailed. Crying disappeared. Tears dried up. His eyes appeared to be stony. Though seeing he appeared not to see anything.

Days rolled on, months passed by and finally a year elapsed. There had been a provision for his happiness and comfort. In the prison he had all those amenities which he did not have outside. Was he not the recipient of Imperial hospitality ?

But by the end of the year, the specialists pronounced that he had become mad.

Externally he appeared as before. Perhaps healthier. But within ?

Within, he had died up in a sense. :

I ask—"Can loneliness make a man mad ? How can it make him mad ? In fact, it had been there already. The external contacts had kept it concealed. Isolation uncovers it.

The restlessness that man evinces in losing himself in a crowd is only to save himself from it.

Every individual therefore is engaged in a flight from himself. This flight cannot be called healthy. Not seeing reality is not being free from it. He who does not keep mental equilibrium or normalcy in perfect loneliness is under delusion. Of course, some time or other this self-deception will be slit up. And perforce one has to know what is within, in its stark



nakedness. If this does not take place naturally and effortlessly the individuality becomes shattered and confused. That which is suppressed sometimes reaches an explosive stage.

Religion is the scientific means of descending into this loneliness by oneself. When layer after layer is opened up gradually, the wonderful Truth is directly perceived. By and by, it becomes known that really we are alone. In the depth, in the innermost centre, every one is lonely. Being not familiar with that loneliness one feels frightened. Ignorance and strangeness cause fear. Once it is familiar, fearlessness and bliss take the place of fear. Sat, Cit-Anand (the Existence-Knowledge-Bliss) shines himself within the compass of loneliness.

Lord is attained by descending into oneself. by oneself. Hence I say—"Do not run away from loneliness, from yourself. But sink into oneself. Only after diving in the ocean can pearls be secured.

## 48

There had been a shower last night. The roads are waterlogged and slushy. Damp winds blow still and the sky is overcast with clouds. It seems the sun will not rise. I feel rather dispirited in the morning.

A young man has come. He is well read. It appears so. Smell of books and only books exudes from his words. How boring is this smell?

I listen to him although he has come to listen to me. He continued to speak for an hour but whatever he had said was other people's utterance. Our system of education now-a-days gives rise to mechanical state. It gives birth to memory, not the faculty of thinking. Thoughts are gathered but the ability to think is not attained. This is an extremely fatal situation. Through it, no development of individuality, thought or self-Experience is made possible. Like a machine, the individual simply repeats other's words.

That which simply fills memory alone cannot be called true education. It is a sham education. Education must give birth to that inner vision which is capable of examining and scrutinising problems. If the problems are mine, other's solutions cannot help me. And every problem is so new that no old solution can be a true solution for it.

The power that is slumbering within us, the intellect, must be wakened up by education. We should not be stuffed with those thoughts which we have not lived ourselves, nor known ourselves and which are utterly dead for us. They can only increase our burden. Beneath this dead weight the waking up of intellect becomes impossible.

Everyday, all round me, I see such persons as groan under the burden of those thoughts which they have not known but have accepted. The thought which has not been known by oneself unavoidably becomes a burden.

Education should not become a mere acceptance of thoughts without activity. Only if it is based on active understanding and creative comprehension does it become purposeful.

I am forgetting that youth in the midst

of these matters. When he stopped after giving expression to his thoughts—nay they were not his thoughts at all—, he gravely looked around at if to indicate that he too knew things.

How difficult is knowledge but how easy is the arrogance of knowledge!

Knowledge is unable to come but egotistic arrogance, necessarily comes. Let it be remembered that both of them are directly opposite extremities. Knowledge is death of egotism. Where egotism is present, it can be known that knowledge is not present. It is sufficient indication of want of knowledge.

Knowledge brings about absence of egotism. The understanding of ignorance steadily increases in respect to an individual to the extent of his knowledge. Knowledge does not eradicate the secret but unravels it. At that moment, when the full secret of the universe as well as that of the self stands revealed in front—at that boiling point of knowledge the individual becomes void and his entire "ego-sensation" becomes quashed. Egotism was the source of the darkness of ignorance. It dies in the light of knowledge.

I kept quiet for a while and then told him—"I desired to listen to you. But you do not

say anything. What you have said now is not yours at all. All that is taken on loan. One cannot be prosperous with another man's wealth. Poverty may be concealed by it, but it cannot be eradicated. Only one's own experience regarding Truth can be true and alive. If that is present, a revolution in life takes place. Otherwise, by carrying the burden of dead alien thoughts concerning Truth nothing is gained. Only the burden goes on increasing and the possibility of self-experience recedes.

Knowledge which is not our own, becomes an obstacle in the springing up of that knowledge which can become only our own.

## 49

The evening twilight seems to have stopped. The sun hastening westwards has long since hidden himself behind the clouds, but the nightfall is yet to be. There is isolation both without and within. I am alone. No one is without. No one is within as well.

At this time I am nowhere. Rather, I am there where there is voidness. When mind is void, nothing exists.

This mind is wonderful. It is felt like the bulbous onion. One day as I was peeling off the rinds of an onion I had remembered this. Layer after layer of the rinds came off. Nothing remained in the end. Thick rough layer at the beginning, soft slimy layers in the middle, then nothing. Thus is mind too. You go on peeling off the rinds—Gross layers, subtle layers, then void thoughts, impressions and ego. Well nothing else. It is a void. I call the further opening up of this void—Meditation. This void is our real form. That which remains ultimately is itself the form. Call it whatever you wish Soul or non-soul (Matter). Words do not convey anything special. "What is" is only where there is no thought, no impression, no egotism.

Hume has said :—Whenever I withdraw into myself I do not meet any "I" there. I collide with either Thought or some impression or some memory but myself I do not meet with any." This is quite correct. But there, Hume returns from the layer itself. This is his mistake. If only he had gone a little

deeper he would have reached the spot where there is nothing to collide with. That is the real form. Where nothing remains for one to collide with there it exists what I am. Everything stands on that void. If anyone were to return from the upper surface, he cannot become familiar with it.

Worldly existence is on the upper surface, the self is in the centre. Everything is on the surface but there is void in the centre.

## 50

I have just returned from a walk in the sunshine. How pleasant is the tepid sunshine during the winter. The sun has risen up and the warmth of its rays is gradually increasing.

I had a gentleman with me. All along the way he was ceaselessly talking and I remained silent. As I listened, I recollected how often we use the word "I" in our conversations. Everything is tied up with the central "I". After birth, possibly, it is the sensation of "I" that springs up at the outset and at the

approach of death it is the same sensation that lingers till the end. In between these two extremes we find an extensive application of the same.

This "I" is so familiar yet how unknown is it too! There is no other word in human language which is more filled with secrets than this.

Life passes off but the secret of "I" is rarely revealed in full.

What is this "I"? It is not possible to deny this also. Even in negation it is proposed. Even in saying "I am not" it is present. In human understanding this "I" is the most decisive and undoubted entity.

There is the sensation "I am" but "who am I" is not known so easily. The realisation of this is easily possible only through Sadhana. All Sadhana is the means to realise this "I". All religions, all philosophies are answers to this single question.

"Who am I" this question is to be put by everyone to himself. Let everything else go off and let this single question alone remain. Let this inquisitiveness alone remain resonant in the whole mind. Then this question descends in the insentient. The deeper the question begins

to be, the identification on the upper level becomes less and less pronounced and begins to break down. It begins to appear that I am not the body. It begins to appear that I am not the mind. It begins to appear that I am that which sees everything. I am the seer, I am the witness. This experience turns out to be the vision of the real form of the "I". The perception of the pure, enlightened, seer, consciousness takes place. By the outcome of this real knowledge, the door to the secret of life becomes open. Being familiar with ourselves we become familiar with the entire secret of life. Knowledge of "I" becomes the knowledge of God. Hence I say that this "I" is precious. Descending into its full depth is the realisation of everything.

## 51

The city is asleep in the stillness of the night. After the usual walk I have returned with a guest. He talked a lot on the way. The guest is a materialist : a well-read scholar.

He has marshalled together many an argument. I have heard all these with peaceful silence and have put but a single question whether through all these thoughts he has been deriving mental peace and bliss or not.

At this he has hesitated a little and has not been able to spell out an answer.

The touchstone of Truth is not argument. The touchstone of Truth is not thought. The touchstone of Truth is the experience of Bliss. If the path [of the progress of thought is sound, life is filled with Bliss-consciousness as a consequence. It is only for acquiring this condition that thoughts exist. The thought that does not bring about this vision here is 'nonthought' more and 'thought' less. Hence I told him—"Sir, I am not objecting to or opposing your words. Well, I request you to put this question yourself to yourself."

Dharma is not thought. It is only a scientific means of obtaining lordly consciousness and enlightenment. Its test is not in disputation but in practical application. It is not pronouncing a judgement on Truth but it is the SADHANA of truth, the achievement of Truth.

## 52

I am sitting in a hut. Through the holes in the thatched roof, sunlight is falling in circular patches on the ground. Dust particles are seen in them wafted up and down. They are not parts of the light but they have made the light smoky. They cannot even touch the light because they are by all means different. Yet, due to them the light is seen defiled. The light is still the light. There is no alteration in its form. But its body, its appearance, has become impure. Because of these alien guests, the host himself seems altered.

Similar thing has happened in the case of the human soul. Many alien dust particles have become its guests and its real form is hidden among these dust particles. It is as though the host is lost in the crowd of guests and is incapable of being recognized.

It is essential for those who wish to become familiar with life and to perceive Truth directly, to recognize that which is not the guest but the host, among the crowd. Without realis-

ing the host, life is but a slumber. Wakefulness starts with its recognition.

That recognition is knowledge. Through this recognition one becomes familiar with what is eternal, pure and enlightened.

The light does not become impure due to the dust particles--nor the soul.

The light becomes smoky--the soul becomes forgotten.

What, then, are the dust particles in the light of the soul?

All those which have come to me and within me from outside, are the dust particles. What is within me apart from them--that alone is my real form. Whatever have been grasped and collected together by the sense-organs are all dust particles.

What is there in me which has not been grasped by the sense-organs? Colour, Taste, Smell, Touch, Sound--apart from these what is that which is in me?

That is Truth-consciousness which is not grasped by the sense-organs.

It has not come from the sense-organs. But it is behind them.

This consciousness alone is my real form--the rest is alien dust particle. This alone is host

—the rest are guests. This consciousness alone is to be known and opened up. In it alone can that wealth be acquired, which is imperishable.

## 53

The last star of the dawn is just sinking. Enveloped in fog the morn is about to be born. The red hue of labour has spread in the east.

A friend has just given me the news of the death of some beloved kinsman. In the night itself the contact with the body had been severed. After pausing for a short while, he began to talk on death. He talked much and asked in the end—"Some death occurs everyday yet every one lives on as though he has not got to die. I cannot even imagine that I too can die. How then is this credulity over immortality in the midst of so many deaths?"

This credulousness is highly meaningful. That is so because he who is stationed in the mortal body is no mortal.

Death is in the outer circle. Death is not at the centre.

He who is seeing—the seer of the body and the mind—knows that he is separate from the body and the mind. He is the seer of the mortal, but not mortal. He knows—"I have no death. Death is only a change of body. I am eternal. Even after crossing all deaths, I, the immortal, remain apart."

But this understanding is insentient. To make this sentient consciousness is to become liberated. Death is directly perceived, the understanding of the immortal is indirect. But he who makes that too direct, knows that which has neither birth nor death.

Realising this life—which is beyond life and death—is emancipation. This is present within, everyone. Only it has to be known, realised.

Some one had asked a sage "What is death? What is life? I have come to you to know this." What the sage said in reply is wonderful. He said "Then go elsewhere. There is neither death, nor life, where I am."

## 54

I have said yesterday—"The mud turns into flower. Filth and rubbish used as manure turns itself into fragrance. The passions and emotions of man too are like this. They are potential powers. What seems brutish in man, on being altered in the mode, attains divinity.

Hence the undivine too is divine in the form of a seed. And then, in fact, there is nothing undivine. Entire life is divinity. Everything is divine. The differences are in the manifestation of divinity.

Viewed in this manner nothing remains despicable. He who is the brute at one end is the lord at the other. There is no contradiction in brutishness and divinity; brutishness develops into divinity. If one proceeds on this background, self-suppression and harassment is futile. That struggle is unscientific. Splitting oneself into two, no one can attain the peace and knowledge of the Soul.

A part of what I am myself cannot be

eliminated. It may be dormant and suppressed, but what is suppressed has to be incessantly suppressed. He who has been defeated has to be successively defeated. Through that path conquest cannot be complete.

The path of conquest is entirely different. It is not that of suppression but of knowledge. It is not that of defeating dirt and filth because I alone am that dirt and filth too. It is that of transforming it into manure. This alone is called transforming "base metal into gold" in ancient alchemy.

## 55

Mahavir had asked—"O ye Sramanas, (Jain Bhiksus) what is terror unto the living beings?"

Yesterday some one was asking the same. Whether one asks or not, the self-same question is in the eyes of every one. Perhaps this is the only question asking which is purposeful.

Everyone is terrified. Known and unknown the terror is moving about. Sitting or standing, sleeping or waking up, the terror is standing in



front. There is fear in love, in hate, in merit, in sin—nay in everything. As though our entire consciousness is built up of this fear, what else are our faiths, conceptions, religions and Gods apart from fear?

What is this fear? There are many forms of fear but "The Fear" is only one. That is death. That is the root fear. At the root of all fear is the possibility of annihilation, of not being. Fear means the apprehension of not being, of being eliminated. Effort goes on throughout the life to escape from this apprehension, Every effort is to save the self from this radical insecurity.

But even after the race throughout life the "being" does not become decisive. The race is at its end but the insecurity still persists. The life is fully lived up, but death is incapable of being shifted. On the other hand, what appeared to be life after being completed transforms itself into death. Then it appears as though there was no life at all. Only death was being evolved. It was as if birth and death were the two extremities of death alone.

Why is this fear of death? Certainly death is unknown; certainly death is unfamiliar. How can it be feared? What connection can there

be at all with what is not known at all? In reality, what we call the fear of death is not of death, but it is the fear of losing what we know as life. The fear is that of losing what is known. We have identified ourselves with what is known. That alone has been our 'being'. That alone has become our existence. My body, My assets, My prestige, My connections, My culture, My belief, My thought—all these have become the vital breath of my "I". This alone has become "I". The fear then is—Death will seize this "I". All these are being collected together in order to escape fear, to gain security. But what happens is just the opposite—The apprehension of losing these becomes fear. Whatever man does usually brings about a result which is contrary to that for which he has been doing it. All the steps taken for attaining pleasure, in ignorance, take him to misery. The path traversed for reaching fearlessness leads but to fear. What appears to be the attainment of the "Self" is not the "Self". If one walks up to this Truth—if I am able to know that "I" am not what I have understood as "I", and that at this moment too I am different and separate from those things, with which I

have identified myself, the fear is eliminated. In death only what is alien—another—is lost.

In order to know this, no activity or means is to be pursued. Only those different facts are to be known, only we have to wake up to those different facts which I understand as “I” “am”, with which I am in identification. Waking up breaks up the identification. Waking up separates the “self” and the “alien” “the other”. The identification of the self and the alien is fear; the realisation of their separateness is freedom from fear i.e. fearlessness.

## 56

A sage had sent the disciples of his hermitage to go on a travel in the wide world in order to learn something in that immense open institution. When the stipulated time was over, all of them except one, returned. The preceptor was delighted at their achievements and accumulation of knowledge. They had learned a lot and returned. Afterwards the other student also returned. The preceptor told him “You have returned after the rest

certainly, therefore, you must have acquired more knowledge than all the rest!” The youth replied—“I have returned without learning anything. Moreover, I have forgotten what you had taught me.” What else can be a more disappointing answer?

Thereafter, one day that disciple was massaging the body of the preceptor. Rubbing the back of the sage, he murmured to himself—“The temple is very pretty but there is no idol of the lord within”. The sage happened to hear the words. He became furious. Certainly the words were insinuating. The disciple meant the beautiful body of the sage by the word temple. On seeing the preceptor furious the disciple laughed. This was as though pouring ghee into the blazing fire. The preceptor thereafter sent him out of the hermitage.

On another day when the sage was pouring over the pages of a scripture that youth casually stepped in and sat near him. He continued to sit there as the sage continued his study. At the same time a wild honey-bee flew in but was unable to go out. The door through which it had entered was of course open but it was utterly blind and was

trying to go through the shut window. Its humming sound began to echo in the stillness of the temple. The youth cried aloud to the honey bee.

“O stupid one, there is no door there. It is but the wall. Stop and see back. The door is only there through which you had come” It was not the honey-bee but certainly it was the sage who heard these words. And he found the door too. For the first time he looked into the eyes of the youth. He was not the youth who had gone on travel. These eyes were different. The sage understood then that what he had learned was no ordinary stuff. He had come after knowing something not after learning something. The preceptor said to the youth—“I am now beginning to understand that my temple is void of the lord.

I am now beginning to understand that hitherto I have been dashing my head against the wall and I haven't found the door. But now, what shall I do to find the door? What shall I do lest my temple should be void of the lord?” The youth said—“If you wish for the lord, be a void within yourself. Only he who is filled up within himself is void of the lord. He who becomes a void within himself

realises that he has been filled with the lord for ever. And if you wish to find the door as far as this Truth do the same as this honey bee is doing now. The preceptor saw that the honey bee was not doing anything. It was sitting on the wall, just sitting. Now the sage understood. He knew. He realised as though a sudden flash of lightning smote the darkness. Moreover he saw this also that the honey bee was going out through the door.

This story is my message in entirety. This is what I am saying. To realise God we have to do nothing. But we have to see after eschewing all activities. When the mind becomes quiet and begins to see, the door is found. Peaceful and empty mind alone is the door. My invitation to you all is towards that void. This is the invitation of piety and religion. Accepting the invitation alone is becoming pious and religious.

## 57

The sun's warmth has spread beneath the blue sky. The damp air has become thick and the drops of snow clustering round the grass feel cold like ice. Snow-drops drip down the flowers. The sweet-smelling flower, the Queen of the night has gone to sleep after diffusing its fragrance throughout the night.

A cock crows and from far off its cries are heard. The trees shake gently in the gusts of mild breeze. The chirping sounds of the birds do not seem to end.

The morning has affixed its signature everywhere. The whole world proclaims all of a sudden that the day has dawned.

I am sitting and watching the many winding paths being lost among the distant trees. Slowly the paths are crowded with people walking on them. They are walking but then appear to be sleeping. Some internal lethargy has caught hold of them. They do not seem to have wakened up in these blissful moments of the dawn as through they are not aware

at all that he who is behind the universe manifests himself during these moments effortlessly.

How much melody is there in life and how deaf is man !

How much beauty is there in life and how blind is man !

How much pleasure is there in life and how feelingless is man !

That day I had just gone to the top of the hills. We had stayed on the mountain ranges for a long time but my companions were engaged in insignificant talks of routine life; the talks which have no meaning, the existence or non-existence both of which are alike. The cover of these talks deprived them of the pleasure of seeing the beauty of the mountain twilight; similarly being engrossed and encompassed in the insignificant, we remain unfamiliar with the immense cosmic being. What is near is being driven far off by our own hands.

I wish to say—"O Man, you have nothing to lose, except your own blindness but you have to attain everything. O self-made beggar ! open your eyes. The entire kingdom of heaven and earth is your own.

## 58

Yesterday afternoon we wandered in the valley of a mountain. In that vast expanse of shade and sunshine we spent many a pleasant hour. There was a pond nearby. Rapid gusts of wind had excited it. Waves rose, fell and became shattered. Everything was agitated.

Then the winds subsided and the pond too went to sleep !

I said—"See, he who is restless can also become quiet. Restlessness keeps quietude hidden within itself. The pond is quiet now. Then too it was quiet. The waves were on the surface. There was quietness within at first too.

Man too is restless and disquiet, only on the outer surface. The waves are only above. Deep beneath there is heavy silence. Let us go away from the stormy blasts of thoughts—the visions of quiet lake begin to appear. This lake can be found here and now. There is no question of time, for time extends only

as far as our thoughts. Meditation is out of the sphere of time—Jesus has said:—"And there is no Time there."

There is unhappiness in time. Time is misery. To surmount Time is to live in Bliss. To transcend Time is to become bliss.

Come on, friend. Let us go beyond time. We are only there. What appears within time is really without it. Knowing this much, is going. When the winds stop, the lake becomes quiet.

## 59

I see man encompassed by words. But scriptures and words are futile. People can realise truth by these means. But in fact these means are not enough to realize truth.

Existence cannot be understood through words. The door to existence is void.

Dharma constitutes the courage to take a plunge from words into wordlessness.

Thought is the means to know the non-self. It does not reveal the self because self is behind

it. Self is before everything. We are united with 'Existence' through self. Thought too is alien. When that too is non-existent that 'which is' takes place. Before that I am "Ego"; in it I am "Brahman".

In truth—in Existence 'Self-alien' is eradicated. That difference too was only in thought and of thought.

Consciousness has three aspects 1. Outer insensible—inner insensible 2. Outer alert—inner insensible and 3. Outer alert—inner alert. The first aspect is that of insensibility—non-consciousness. It is sluggishness—insentience. It is the condition anterior to thought. The second aspect is that of half-insensibility—half-consciousness. That is between the insentient and the sentient. That is the condition during the thought. The third aspect is that of absence of insensibility—perfect consciousness. It is complete Caitanya and beyond all thought.

Mere absence of thought does not secure the knowledge of Truth. It leads only to sluggishness, to insensibility. Many of the activities current in the name of religion lead only to insensibility. Wine, Sex, and music too lead only to insensibility. In insensibility there is flight. It is not a positive achievement.

One has to possess absence of thought plus Caitanya to realise Truth. The very name of that condition is Samadhi.

## 60

It was the Full-moon night, the sky was overcast with clouds.

I had come by the road. Some Children were playing on a sand-mound. They had built a few sand-houses. A dispute arose among them. All disputes arise only over sand-houses! They were, after all, children, but in a short while they too who were not children joined in the fray. In the quarrel of children, their elders too joined later on.

I stood by the roadside and began to think—How artificial is the division of children and their elders. Age does not bring about any real difference and maturity has no connection whatsoever with it.

Many of us die still as children. There is a story about Lao Tse that he was born as an old man. This story sounds very unnatural.

But, if any one does not attain maturity till the time of his death, is it not a more unnatural event? The body develops but mind remains stationary as it was before. Then only is it possible that there should be quarrels over sand-houses and man should strip man naked and proclaim from the house-tops that all talk of development is meaningless. Who says that man is evolved out of the brute? It is wrong to say that man is evolved out of the brute because he is still a brute.

Is man not yet born?

Viewing deep into man, it is not a positive answer that we get. Diosines used to hold a burning candle even in the broad daylight and say "I am searching for Man." When he became very old, some one asked him whether he still hoped to find out "Man". He replied—"yes. Because even now I have the burning candle with me."

I am still standing there. A big crowd has collected near the sand-mound. People are highly jubilant, drinking in all the Vituperative ribaldry, threats and raillery. A peculiar glitter appears in the eyes of those who fight. A brutish pleasure is flowing through their eyes and activities.

Gibran says:—"One day I asked the wooden doll in the middle of the field—'Are you not tired of standing still in the field?' It replied—"Oh! the pleasure of terrifying the birds is so much that I am not at all aware how and when the time passes!', I thought for a while and said—"This is true because I too have the experience of the same pleasure." That Scarecrow replied;—Yes, only he whose body is filled up with straw and grass, can be familiar with this pleasure!"

But all people appear to be familiar with this pleasure. Is not our interior, then filled up with straw and grass? Are we not the sham men--the scarecrows-standing in the field?

I have returned after witnessing this pleasure on the sand-mound. Is not the same pleasure prevalent over the mound of the whole Earth?

I ask this of myself and lament. I cry for that man who can be born but who is not born; who is within everyone but who is hidden like the burning coal beneath the ashes.

In reality the body is no more than a heap of straw and grass but if anyone stops with it, it would have been better if he were to be in some field. Would he not then at least

have served the purpose of guarding the crop from the birds? Man does not evince even that much of usefulness!

No one becomes man without knowing that which transcends the body. No one becomes man without knowing the soul. To be born in the shape of man is one thing and to be a real man is entirely different thing.

Man has to give birth to himself within himself. He is not like a cloth with which one can cover oneself. No one becomes a man by wearing the apparel of humanity because the apparel sustains man only so long as the actual necessity for humanity does not arise. But when this necessity arises no one knows, when it falls off!

The seed becomes the germinating sprout not by wearing a new set of apparel but by vitally transforming itself. Similarly man too has to germinate his entire vital existence in a new expanse. Only then is he born. Only then is he transformed.

Then his pleasure does not lie in scattering or sowing thorns but in picking and throwing them out. His pleasure finds its consummation in scattering flowers all round. That hour itself proclaims that he is no longer straw and

grass. He is a Man. Not the body but the soul.

Gurdjisph has said "Leave off the false notion that every one has a soul." He who is actually slumbering is unaffected by it whether he has a soul or not. Only that is real which exists. The soul is a possibility for every one but he alone finds it who makes it real.

## 61

I find the entire consciousness of man rotating round the axis of three small words. What are those three words?

They are—Discrimination, Intellect and Avocation.

The most excellent people make use of discrimination. The middling, of Intellect. And avocation is the lowest mode of consciousness.

Avocation is brutish. Intellect is human. Discrimination is divine.

Avocation is congenital and blind. It is slumber. It is the world of the insentient.



There is neither auspiciousness nor inauspiciousness. There is no differentiation or diversity. There is no inner struggle or tussle. It is the natural flow of blind passions.

Intellect is neither slumber nor wakefulness. It is semi-insensibility. It is the transitory stage between avocation and discrimination. It is a corridor. A part of it has become Caitanya. But the rest is insentient. There is an understanding of difference, the birth of the auspicious and the inauspicious. There is passion and thought too.

Discrimination is complete wakefulness. It is pure consciousness. It is light alone. There is no struggle in it too. That too is congenital. It is the natural flow of the auspicious, the existent and the beautiful.

Avocation is natural. Discrimination too is natural. Avocation is blind naturalness. Discrimination is alert naturalness. Intellect alone is unnatural. The avocation is behind it and discrimination is ahead of it. The halo of its coronet is that of discrimination. Its supporting roots are in avocation. The upper surface is something, the vale below is something else. Here alone is the tension. The temptation to sink into the level of the brute—the challenge

to rise up to the level of the lord—both are co-existent in it.

Those who strive to sink down to the level of the brute, on being frightened of the challenge, are under delusion. The part that has become Caitanya cannot revert to the stage of the insentient. In the scheme of the universe there is no path of reversion.

Those who, by accepting the challenge, begin to make a selection between the auspicious and the inauspicious at the upper surface, are also under delusion. That sort of selection and change of conduct cannot be natural. It is merely a practised acting. That which is practised is not auspicious too. The problem does not stand at the upper surface. It lies at the bottom, at the valley. One has to waken that which slumbers there. It is not the inauspicious that has to be eschewed but insensibility.

We have to light the lamp in darkness.

This I have said today.

## 62

The quietness of the afternoon. Bright sunlight and drowsy sleeping plants. I am sitting upon the grass in the shade of a roseapple tree. Now and then leaves fall on me. They seem to be the last, old leaves. New leaves and sprouts have clustered on the tops of all trees. With the advent of new leaves many new birds have also come. There seems to be no end to their chirping songs. How many varieties of sweet notes make up the melody this afternoon. I listen. I go on listening. I move in a new world of music.

The world of self is the world of melody. The music is present in everyone. It need not be produced. We have only to be silent to make it heard. The moment we are silent, a curtain seems to be raised. What was there always is being heard and for the first time we realise that we are not poor. We gain the new heritage of an endless legacy. How much do we laugh—he whom we were seeking was already seated within !

## 63

It rained last night. Wetness persists still. A fragrant odour emanates from the earthen soil. The sun has risen and a herd of cows is moving to the forest. The bells round their necks chime sweetly. I have been listening to it for a short while. Now the cows have gone very far and only a faint echo of tinkling bells remains.

By this time, a few persons have come to see me. They are asking "what is death?"

I say—"As we do not know life, there is death. Self-forgetfulness is death. Otherwise there is no death. There is only a change. By not knowing the real self we have created an artificial self. That is our "I" (Ego). It is not in fact. It just appears. This false unit breaks down in death. It gives rise to misery because we have established an identity with it. To realise this illusion even in life is escaping death. Know life. Death comes to an end. What is, is eternal. On knowing it, eternal, permanent life is got. Yesterday I said this in a

meeting. Self-knowledge is life. Self-forgetfulness is death.

## 64

There is a schoolmaster. He is very much interested in religion. He has dedicated his life to the study of scriptural texts. If the topic of religion is raised there is no end to the flow of his thoughts. Just like an endless tape, the thoughts come out and continue. It is difficult to say how much he can quote or how many aphorisms he has learned by heart. There is no one who is not influenced by him. He is a walking Encyclopaedia, he is reputed to be so. Many times I have heard his thoughts and have kept silent. Once he asked me what I thought of him. I told him the fact. I said—"In gathering thoughts about God you have lost God." Surely he was stunned. He seemed to be so. He did come to me again. He had come to question further in this connection. He said "It is only by study and deliberation that Truth can be found out.

there is no other way. Knowledge of course is everything." How many of us don't have this false notion ?

I ask all such people only one question. I asked him too the same question. "What is a study? What happens within you thereby? Is an expansion of a fresh vision [born? Does consciousness reach a new layer? Does any revolution take place in existence? Do you become a different person from what you had been before? Or do you remain the same old person and only some more thoughts and some more information become a part of your memory? By study, the faculty of memory is better trained and in the bottom layer, the dust particles of thought get accumulated. There is no more change than this. Consciousness remains exactly where it had been before. The expanse of experience remains where it was before. Knowing something about Truth and knowing Truth are two different things altogether. Knowing about Truth is an intellectual process. Knowing Truth is the process of consciousness.

In order to know Truth, it is essential to have a fully awakened consciousness—the absence of its insensibility. By training the

memory, or by the so-called knowledge, this cannot take place. What has not been comprehended by oneself is not knowledge. The intellectual understanding about Truth, the unknown Truth, is only a sham knowledge. It is false and is an obstacle in the path of perfect knowledge. There is no way through the known to know what is in fact unknown. It is quite new, it is such as has never been known before. Hence memory is not competent to present it or facilitate its recognition. Memory can present or facilitate the recognition of only that what has been known at first. It is the re-iteration of only what is known.

But, in order to make way for the advent of what is fresh, what is entirely new and what is unknown and unfamiliar before, memory has to stand aside. Memory and all known thoughts have to stand aside so that the new one can be born, so that what is, can be known exactly as it is. All conceptions of men, all obsessions have to stand aside to enable its arrival. Only the mind that is free of thoughts, memories and conceptions can be wakefulness, absence of insensibility. Only after its advent, is there a transformation at the centre and the

door to Truth is flung open. Before this, every thing is mere wandering and waste of life.

## 65

A hermit had been saying this yesterday :—

“I have eschewed all activities in the direction of worldly existence. My present activities are directed towards liberation. This alone is Nivrtti (Abstention). Activity directed towards worldly affairs constitutes inactivity towards liberation and activity towards liberation is aversion to worldly affairs.”

The statement evidently appears to be very precise and full of wisdom. There seems to be no error anywhere. It is intelligent and cogent. But at the same time it is as much futile. How many people do remain under misconception in the play of such words. In the sphere of spiritual life intellect and cogent arguments do not appear to lead us anywhere.

I told him—“Sir, you are entangled in words. “Activity directed towards worldly affairs,” has no meaning. Actually activity itself is worldly existence. It makes no diffe-

rence, whither it is directed. Well, its existence itself is worldly existence. Its form is the same whether it is directed towards self or piety. Activity leads man out of his own self. It is a fanciful inclination, it is an ardent desire for some gain, it is a yearning, a mad rush to become something. A desires to become B. This constitutes its form. As long as there is an infatuated inclination to become something that which "really exists" is not revealed. The revelation of "what exists" is liberation. Liberation is not a substance which has to be acquired. It is not the aim or end of any fanciful inclination. Hence there cannot be any activity directed towards it. It stands manifest then, when all activities cease, even those for liberation,—what then manifests itself is called Liberation. So, liberation has not to be acquired; actually, acquisitions have to be abandoned and lo ! liberation is attained.

## 66

What man calls universe is not the limit of existence. It is only the limit of man's senses. Beyond the senses is the boundless expanse. This boundless expanse cannot be wholly attained through the senses, because the senses perceive only the fragment—only the part. What is boundless, the infinite, cannot be subjected to fragmentation. It cannot be divided. A limited, restricted means is ineffectual in measuring what is boundless. What is boundless can be grasped only by what is boundless.

Those who have known it have not known it through senses or intellect. They have become boundless themselves and known it. This is possible because the boundless is present in man, apparently insignificant and limited. The extent of man does not stop with his senses. He is in the senses but not exclusively in it. He extends to the expanse also beyond senses. The limit which he appears extending is the point of beginning and not the limit of termination. He is invisible. The invisible is seated within

the orbit of the visible. If a man realises the invisible within himself, he realises all the invisible things of the universe, because all divisions and fragments are related to the visible. The invisible is unfragmented. The one and the many there is one and the same. Hence by attaining the one he attains the all. Mahavira has said : "If you have realised one, you have realised all." This one is within. This one is the seer, not the seen or seeable. The eye is not the way to realise it. Rather closing the eye is the way. Closing the eye means liberation from the visible. Even after closing the eye, should the visible series continue to flow, the eye is as good as open. If there is no visible in the path of vision even while the physical eye is open, the eye is closed. The seer manifests himself if only the vision the looking on, persists and there is no visible. The vision in which the seer appears is perfect vision. Until this vision is attained man is blind. Having eyes he has no eyes. He possesses the eye through this vision, the real eye, the eye that is beyond the sense-organ known as the eye. Then the lines of limitation, the lines that restrict are effaced. That which is without beginning or end, the expansive Brahman, is attained.

This very attainment is liberation, because every limitation is bondage, every limitation is dependence. Rising above limitation is becoming independent.

## 67

I happened to listen to a discourse yesterday. Its purport was self-suppression. The popular convention is the same. It is commonly thought that we have to love every one except ourselves. We have to hate ourselves. Then possibly we can master the soul. But this thought is as faulty as it is popular. In this path the individuality is split into two and violence to the soul is initiated. And violence makes everything ugly and hideous.

Man has not to suppress his natural inclinations and infatuations, which really cannot be suppressed. This path of Violence cannot be the path of piety. How many varieties or modes of torturing the body have been developed as a consequence of this! Holy penance is supposed to be manifest in them

But really it is the sadistic pleasure of violence—the happiness of ruthless suppression and resistance. This is not holy penance but self-deception.

Man has not to fight himself. He has to realise himself. But realisation begins when one loves oneself. One has to love oneself in a wholesome manner. Neither the man who blindly runs after the intuitive inclinations of infatuation nor the man who blindly fights with them loves himself. Both of them are blind. The second blindness is but a reaction of the first one and is born of it. If the former ruins himself in infatuations, the latter ruins himself in fighting with them.

Both of them are full of hatred to the real self. Beginning of knowledge, on the other hand, is only through loving oneself.

## 68

Whatever may be the real "I" it has to be accepted; it has to be loved. Only through this acceptance, only through this love, is that

light obtained whereby a natural transformation of everything takes place. It is only through this that a fresh beauty rises in individuality, a harmonious melody, a quiescent peace, a sublime bliss—the consummate effect of all these is termed spiritual life.

A discussion on Truth was going on and so I have come down here. I listen to it: The gentleman who is speaking is studious. He is acquainted with different systems of philosophy. He seems to be well acquainted with all types of thoughts and view-points. His intellect is full, not of Truth but of what others have said concerning Truth. As if, truth can be known on the basis of what others have said. As if, Truth is an opinion, a thought, a resultant of intellectual argumentation. Their discussion is going on deeper and more profound. Now no one is in a mood to listen to what another man says. Everyone is speaking. No one is listening to.

I am silent. Then some one looks at me. They evince desire to know my opinion. I have no opinion. It appears to me that there is no truth where opinions creep in. Truth begins where there is a cessation of thoughts.

What shall I say? All of them are eager

to hear. I tell them a story—"There was a saint, Bodhidharma. In the sixth century of the Christian era, he had been to China. He stayed there for some years. Then he desired to return home. He gathered his disciples, and wanted to know how far they had progressed in the knowledge of Truth.

In reply to his query a disciple said:—"In my opinion, Truth is beyond acceptance and non-acceptance. It cannot be said that it is, nor can it be said that it is not because such is its form."

Bodhidharma said—"It is my skin that you have".

The second disciple said:—"As far as I see Truth is the inner vision. Once it is attained it is attained for ever. It cannot be lost.

Bodhidharma said:—"It is my flesh that you have.

The third disciple said:—"I consider that the five great elements are void and the Five Skandhas (forms of mundane consciousness) are unreal. This voidness is Truth."

Bodhidharma said—"It is my bones that you have"

Ultimately he who knew rose up. He put his head at the feet of his preceptor and remai-

ned silent. He kept quiet and his eyes were vacant.

Bodhidharma said:—"It is my marrow, my soul, that you have"

And this very story is my answer.

## 69

I had been to a temple to give a talk. After my speech a young man said—"Can I put a question which I have already put to many, but I am not satisfied with the answer I received. All systems of philosophy declare "know thyself" I too wish to know myself. This alone is my question "who am I?" I desire an answer for this question alone.

I said—"You haven't yet asked me the question. How can you get an answer? It is not easy to put a question."

For a while, the young man gazed at me in utter confusion. It was clear that he could not understand the purport of my statement. He said—"What is it Sir, that you say I haven't asked the question at all?"



I told him "Come to me at night." He came to me that night. He might have thought that I would give him an answer. I did give him an answer but the answer I gave, he had never thought of before.

He came. As soon as he sat I switched off the light. He said "Sir, what are you doing? Do you give answers in darkness?"

I said: "I am not giving an answer. Only I teach how to put a question. Answers in regard to spiritual life and Truth do not come from outside. Knowledge is not an exterior entity. It is not an information. It cannot be foisted on you. It has to be taken out from within as water is taken out of well. It exists; it is ever present. Only we have to reach our vessel as far as it. In this process, only one point is to be borne in mind that the vessel is empty. If the vessel is empty, it returns full and we realise the end.

A little while passed by quietly in darkness. He said "Now what shall I do?" I said—"Empty the vessel, be quiet and ask "who am I?" Ask once, twice, thrice. Ask with the full force "who am I?" Let the question echo in our entire frame of body. And then let us remain quiet. Silently thoughtlessly, wait for the result. Question and then keep silent—waiting

vacantly. This is the procedure. He said after a short while—"But I cannot remain quiet. I can put the question but I cannot wait for the answer. Now I realise that I have not actually put the question till today.

## 70

I am reading a discourse—the elucidatory talk of a saintly gentleman. He has urged people to abandon anger, to eschew delusion, to forsake inclinations of infatuation. As if these were the things which could be abandoned—One wished to leave them off and then left them off. On reading and listening to these discourses this is what appears to me. On hearing these and similar instructions we know how thickset is our ignorance and how little we know about man's mind!

I asked a child one day "why don't you leave of your illness?" The boy began to laugh and said "Is it within my power to leave off illness?"

Every individual wishes to cast off illness.

and evil emotions. But it is essential to dive deep to the bottom of vicious emotions—as far as the insentient and insensible ditch from which they spring up. We cannot rid ourselves of their clutches by the mere desire of the sensible mind. Freud has described an event in a discourse. A villager was staying at a city hotel. At night he tried his best to put out the light in his room. He tried to blow out the light. He puffed at it again and again, but the light shone without even a flicker. Next morning he made a complaint of it. In answer to it he came to know that the light was not of an ordinary lamp that could be blown out. It was an electric light.

And I say that it is a wrong procedure to ask people to blow out their evil emotions and aberrations. They are not earthen lamps, they are electric lights. The process of extinguishing them lies concealed in the insentient. The wishes and resolutions of the sentient beings are as futile as their attempts to blow out the electric lamp. Their roots can be broken only by descending into the insensible through the medium of Yogic discipline.

## 71

“Tick. Tick. Tick.” So the clock resumed its function. It had been going on itself; but only for me it had stopped. Or, to put it correctly, it was I who had stopped whereas the clock kept functioning without break.

I had gone off into another strata of time. I was sitting with eyes closed. I was looking within. Time had a different order. Then the order was disturbed!

How blissful is it to go out of the sphere of Time. Pictures are kept closed in the mind. Their existence is time. If they fade, time too fades. Then the “Present” alone remains. “Present” is said to be a part of time. But actually it is beyond the order of time, it is out of it. To be in it is to be in the self. Now I have returned from that world. How peaceful is everything. Far away a bird is chirping sweetly. A child is crying close by and a cock is crowing.

Oh! How blissful is life! Now I realise that death too is blissful because life does not

cease with it. It is only a stage in life. Life exists both before and after it.

## 72

What is God?

How many minds are not agitated by this question? Yesterday a young man was asking about God. And the question is put as though God is an object, separate and different from the seeker, and can be secured like other objects. It is futile to speak of securing God or of realising Him, because He is at this as well as that end of me. I am in him or to say it precisely "I" does not exist. Only He exists.

God is the name of "what exists" He is not something within existence. He is himself Existence. It is not that He possesses Existence." On the other hand "Existence" is within Him. He is the name of what exists, what is and what is nameless.

Hence He cannot be sought because I too am in Him. One can get lost in Him and getting lost is attaining Him.

There is a tale. A fish was fed up with hearing the name of "ocean" repeated too often. One day it asked the queen of Fishes. "I have been hearing the name of ocean since long. But what is this ocean? Where is it?" The queen said :—It is in the ocean that you are born that you live. The ocean is your world. It is your existence. It is within as well as without you. You are fashioned out of it and you have your end in it. The ocean surrounds you every moment of your life.

God envelops everyone every moment. But we are insensible and therefore we cannot see Him. Insensibility is the universe, the worldly existence. Sensibility is God.

## 73

Once an ascetic happened to come to me. He had been an ascetic for many years. I asked him—"Why did you turn an ascetic?" He replied "I desired peace."

I think—"Can peace be desired? Are not "Peace" and "desire" antagonistic to each other?" I said so to him.

He was a little confused. Then he said "What shall I do then?"

I began to laugh, and then said "Is not desire hidden in "doing" too?"

The problem does not consist of doing something. Nothing can be "done" for peace. It is not a part of desire. It is futile to desire it. Really it is necessary to know disquietude. What is disquietude? We have to know it. Not through sacred Texts, through one's own experience. The desire for peace is generated only by understanding the sacred lore and then the problem of what should be done arises.

The ascetic said "Disquietude is due to the inclination towards vicious thoughts, due to desire. If there is no ardent desire there is peace."

I said—"This reply is through the sacred Texts, not through self-experience. Otherwise, it would not have been possible to say "I desire peace." If ardent desire is disquietude, if desire itself is disquietude, how can peace be desired? Know disquietude—wake into it through self-experience—understand it through faultless-impartial mind. This understanding will bring the roots of disquietude to the fore-

front. It will appear clear that the root of disquietude is vicious emotion. The appearance of the same is the eschewal of disquietude. Knowledge of disquietude itself is its death. Life of disquietude is possible only in darkness and in blindness. No sooner is the light of knowledge shed than it ceases to exist. What is left over, after disquietude is eschewed, is peace. Peace is not desired in opposition to disquietude, because it is not antagonistic to it. It is its non-existence. Hence peace is not to be sought; only disquietude is to be known. Knowledge of scriptures, which is an imparted one, becomes an obstacle to this knowledge (i.e. of disquietude), because ready-made answers fill the mind with loaned conclusions even prior to self-experience. No transformation is effected through loaned conclusions. Self-experience alone is the path. In his spiritual life, every individual has to move ahead after setting aside the burden of loaned knowledge.

## 74

What has befallen man ?

I get up early in the morning; I see the squirrels frisking about; I see the flowers blooming in the rays of the sun; I see nature filled with harmonious melody. I go to bed at night. I see silence emitting from the stars; I see the blissful sleep encompassing the entire creation. And then I begin to ask myself "what has happened to man?"

All is surging with bliss; excepting only the man. All is oscillating in music excepting only the man. Everything shines in divine peace, excepting only the man.

Is man not a participant in all this? Is man an outsider, a stranger?

This strangeness man has fashioned out of his own hands. This rupture he has created with his own hands. I am reminded of a fable in the Bible, wherein by tasting the fruit of knowledge man is banished from the kingdom of bliss. How true is that story. It is the

knowledge, the intellect, the mind that have torn man asunder from life. Having once been in existence he has been compelled to be out of it.

As soon as knowledge is left off, as soon as he withdraws from his mind, a new world unfolds itself. In that, we become one with nature. Nothing is separated from us, nothing remains different from us. Everything begins to throb in a melodious music of peace.

This experience alone is "God".

God is not an embodied, individual. It is not the experience 'of' God, but the name of an experience alone is God. It is not "His" direct perception, but a direct perception called so.

In this direct perception man becomes normal and hale. In this experience he feels at home. In this light he becomes the sharer of the inspired and natural bliss of flowers and sprouts. In this, he vanishes at one end, and appears at the other. This is his death as well as his life.

## 75

Some one was asking—How shall the Atman (Soul) be attained? How can Brahman be realised?

As far as I can see, the very mention of attaining the Atman is wrong. It is not something yet to be attained. It is ever attained. It is not a substance that has to be brought. It is not an aim which has to be realised. It is not one of the future that one has to reach up to it. It exists. It is the name of that which "exists." It is the present, everlasting present. There is neither the past, nor the future in it. There is no "becoming" in it. There is no losing or attaining in it. It is pure, eternal.

Then on what basis has this losing taken place? Or whence is this appearance of losing and the thirst for attaining?

If one understands "I", the losing of the Atman which really cannot be lost can be understood. "I" is not the Atman. Nor is the "self" or Para (the other) the Atman. This

dichotomisation is related to discussion. It is in the mind. Mind is the apparent existence. It is never in the present. It is related either to the past or to the future which both have no real existence. The one (i.e. the past) has already become non-entity. The other has not yet attained existence. One lives in memory, the other lives in imagination. But in existence [Satta] neither lives. In this non-Satta the "I" is born. "I" is the origin of thought. Time too is the source of thought. Thanks to thought, thanks to the "I", the Atman is shrouded. It exists but appears to be lost. This "I" itself, this series of thought-range, goes in search of the so-called lost soul. This quest is impossible because through this quest "I" becomes developed further; strengthened more.

Searching for the Atman through the "I" is like searching alertness through dream. It has to be attained not through "I" but by eschewing "I". If the dream ceases, alertness comes into being. If "I" vanishes, the Atman comes into being [exists].

Atman is void because it is the fullness. There is neither "Self" nor "the other" in it. It is non-dualistic. It is beyond Time. When

thought ceases, mind vanishes. It is known that it has never been lost.

Hence it is not to be sought. Quest is to be eschewed and the one in quest is to be left off. When Quest and the quester vanish, the quest becomes complete. It is attained by losing "I".

## 76

What is Saintliness ?

The question finds a place in the minds of many. If there had been a link between Saintliness and apparel, the question would not have arisen at all. Certainly Saintliness is not an external factor. It is an internal Truth. What is this internal Truth ?

Saintliness is being in oneself. Generally man is out of himself. Not even for a moment is he in himself. He is with every one but himself. This aloofness from the self is non-saintliness. Returning to the self, being stabilised in one's own features, being normal is saintliness. Spiritual abnormalcy is non-saintliness, normalcy is saintliness.

If I am outside, I am slumbering. The exterior, the "other" is insensibility. The 'Para' alone is in meditation "Sva" (the self) is out of meditation. This alone is slumber. Mahavira has said—"He who sleeps is not a saint. To wake up in freedom from dependence of the other is to be saintly."

How can this saintliness be recognised ?

This saintliness can be recognised through peace, through bliss, through perfection.

There was a saint : St. Francis. He was on a Pilgrimage in the company of his disciple Liu. They were on their way to St. Marino. They were caught in rain and storm on the way. They became mudstained and drenched completely. The night had set in. Day-long starvation and travel-weariness had overwhelmed them. The village was still far-off. They could not reach it before midnight. St. Francis said—"Liu ! who is the real saint ? Not he who can bestow sight on the blind, make the sick healthy and even resuscitate the dead. He is not the real saint. There was silence for a short while. Then Francis said—"Liu, he too is not the real saint, who can understand the language of beasts, trees and even stones and rocks. Nor he who has acquired the

knowledge of the universe. There was silence again for a short while. They plodded on their weary way in darkness, stormy wind and heavy down-pour. Now the lights of the village St. Marino were visible. St. Francis continued. "And he too who has renounced all his possessions is not the real saint."

Now Liu could not remain silent. He asked—"Then, who is the real saint?" St Francis replied "We are nearing St. Marino. We will be knocking at the outer door of the inn. The watchman will ask "who is there?" We will be replying "Your own kinsmen—two ascetics." If he were to say then "O ye beggars, wretched mendicants, dole-mongers—Away—There is no place here for you" and refuse to open the door; if we continue to stay hungry and tired in the midnight there in the open; if we knock at the door again and if at this time he were to come out and thrash us with his baton, if he were to say—"Ye knaves, do not pester us", if on this occasion we don't feel excited within—if everything there is peaceful and void—if we see the lord alone in that watchman—well this is real saintliness.

Certainly the observance of unimpaired

calmness, simplicity and equanimity in every circumstance, is what constitutes saintliness.

## 77

Last night a young man had said to me "I am fighting against my mind. But I cannot find peace. What shall I do with the mind so that I may attain peace?"

I said—"No one can "do" anything "with" darkness. It indeed does not exist. It is only the absence of light. Hence fighting against it is ignorance. So is mind too. It too does not exist. It too has no existence of its own. It is the absence of the realisation of Atman. It is the absence of meditation. Hence nothing can be done directly against it. If we have to remove darkness we have to bring light. Similarly if mind has to be removed, meditation has to be brought in. Mind has not to be controlled; but it has to be known that it does not exist. As soon as it is known, the liberation from it takes place.



He asked—"How can this be known?"

This is known through Caitanya (consciousness) the Saksin (witness). Be the witness of mind. Be the witness of what exists. Leave off this thought "How should it be?" What exists—as it exists—wake into it. Be alert. Do not take any decision. Do not effect any restraint. Do not get involved in any struggle. Well, be silent and watch. This watching, this being the witness alone becomes liberation.

As soon as one becomes the witness, consciousness withdraws from the visible and becomes fixed on the seer. In this situation, unshakeable splendour of pure intellect is attained and this splendour alone is liberation.

## 78

I found a mirror lying in a corner for many days. Dust particles have completely covered it up. It does not seem that it is still a mirror and will be able to hold reflections. Dust particles have assumed all importance

and the mirror has become insignificant. Evidently there are only the particles of the dust and there is no mirror. But, by getting hidden beneath the dust is the mirror destroyed! No. The mirror is still the mirror. No change has taken place within it. The dust is above it and not within the mirror. The dust has become a screen. A screen only covers. It does not destroy. As soon as this screen is removed, what it is, becomes manifest again.

I said this to some one. I said this also that man's consciousness is like this mirror. Dust of vicious inclination has spread over it. There is a screen of emotions over it. There are layers of thoughts over it but thereby no change has been effected on the form of consciousness.

It is there alone. It is always there alone. Whether there is a screen or not there is no transformation in it. All the screens are only on the surface. And pulling them down or removing them is not a difficult process. Removing dust particles from consciousness is not more difficult or strenuous than removing the dust particles from the mirror.

It is easy to attain the Atman because

there is no obstacle in between except a sheet of dust. When this screen is removed it is immediately realised that Atman itself is the Great Atman, God.

## 79

I have returned from a movie show. It is surprising to see how far do these pictures fascinate people, the pictures cast on the screen by means of electricity. Events take place when actually there are no events. I looked at the people at the show. It appeared to me that they had forgotten themselves, as if they did not exist; only the series of pictures electrically produced were all in all.

A blank screen is hung in front of the spectators. The pictures are flashed on it from the back-side. The spectators have their eyes fixed in front. No one is aware of what is happening behind their backs.

A pastime is thus produced. Both within and without the man, the same thing happens.

Similarly, there is a projector at the back of

man's mind. Psychology calls this spot behind the mind the "Unconscious". The predilections, the inclinations, the emotions and the impressions accumulated in the unconscious are continuously flashed on the mind's screen. The series of mental activities are going on incessantly. The conscious is only the looker-on—the witness—and it forgets itself in the series of volitional pictures. This forgetfulness is ignorance. This ignorance is the cause of worldly existence, the transmigration, the circle of innumerable births. Waking up from this ignorance is in restraining these mental activities. When the mind is devoid of activities, when the flow of pictures on the silver screen stops, the looker-on remembers himself and returns home.

This restraint of the activities of the mind is called Yoga, by Patanjali. If this is achieved, everything is achieved.

## 80

Last night I was standing at the door of a Temple. The incense being kindled, the atmosphere was rendered fragrant. Bells of worship were rung and the lamp of propitiation (Arati) was waved in front of the idol. A few devotees had gathered there. The entire arrangement was beautiful, producing a pleasing lassitude. But it had no relation with Dharma.

No temple, No mosque, No church, No form of worship, No adoration with flowers has any relation with Dharma. All the idols are stones and all the prayers are nothing but a talk addressed to the walls.

But some happiness seems to emanate from all these and that is the danger, for, due to the very reason a great deception gets initiated and develops further. A false notion of its being true is produced in the illusory feeling of happiness. Happiness derived is through insensibility—through forgetfulness of

the self—through fleeing from the reality of the self. A pleasure of intoxicants too is derived from such a fleeing. All exertions and activities of such insensibility in the name of Religion bring only false pleasures like the intoxicants. Happiness is not Dharma because it is only the forgetfulness of misery, not its end.

Then what is Religion ?

Religion is not fleeing from the self, it is waking into the self. This waking up has no kinship with external arrangements. It is related to the penetration within and acquisition of consciousness.

Let me wake up and be the witness—Let me be conscious of what exists well. Dharma is related only with this. Dharma is non-insensibility And non-insensibility is Bliss.

## 81

There is a story. An unmarried girl had become pregnant. Her relatives were at their wit's end. They asked her about the person who was responsible for her conception. She

said that an ascetic staying outside the village had raped her. The infuriated relatives surrounded the ascetic and hacked him. The ascetic calmly listened to their outbursts and said simply "Is it so?" He said only this much and then volunteered to look after the child that would be born. On returning home, the erring woman repented and confessed the fault. She said she had not set her eyes on the ascetic and that she had lied to shield the real father of the child in the womb. The kinsmen were sorry. They expressed their regrets to the ascetic and prayed to him for forgiveness. The ascetic listened to their words calmly and said—"Is it so?"

If there is peace in life, the entire world and life remains no more than an act. I become a mere actor. A story goes on outside and the interior is enveloped by void. Only by attaining this situation is the liberation from the slavery to worldly existence achieved. I am a slave because I am excited by whatever comes from without. Anything from outside can affect and alter my interior. In this way I am dependant. If I am liberated from external things—Let there be anything internally, if I am able to remain the same as

I am, it marks the beginning of self-knowledge and freedom.

This liberation begins with the attainment of the void. We have to become the void. We have to experience the void. Walking or sleeping, sitting or getting up, we have to realise "I am void" and we have to maintain its memory. By remembering the void we become void. Every breath is instilled and infused with the void. If the void is produced within, there is simplicity without. Voidness is itself saintliness.

## 82

Once, I was seated with eyes shut. Habituated to seeing with the eyes open, man is forgetting the art of seeing with eyes shut. In the presence of what is seen when the eyes are shut, what is seen when the eyes are open is of no consequence. The small screen of the eye separates and unites the two worlds.

Well, I was sitting with eyes shut when a gentleman arrived. He asked me what I had

been doing. When I said I had been seeing something he seemed to be confused. Perhaps, because he might have been thinking, "Can shutting the eyes be seeing something?"

When I open my eyes I come within a limited sphere. When I close my eyes, the doors of the boundless are flung open. At this end the visibles are seen; at the other, the seer is seen.

There was an ascetic woman—Rabiya. On a fine morning somebody told her:—"Rabiya, what are you doing within the hut? Come out. See here. What a beautiful morning has the lord created!" Rabiya replied from within—"Within here I am seeing the creator of that morning which you are seeing outside. Friend, come within. There is no meaning in external beauty as against the beauty of what is here."

But how many people there be who withdraw from the external after closing their eyes? The eyes are not really closed when we merely shut them. They are physically closed but the external pictures flow on. The lids are shut but the external scenes are descending. This is not the real closing of the eyes. The real closing of the eyes is—voidness; freedom from

dreams and thoughts. When thoughts and visible scenes become submerged the eyes are really closed. What then manifests itself is the eternal caitanya (consciousness). That alone is Existence. That alone is knowledge. That alone is Bliss. Everything is the play of the Eyes. The eye is altered, everything is altered.

## 83

It is a year since some seeds had been sown. Now the flowers have come out. How much was it desired that flowers should come out directly; but they do not come out directly. If a cluster of flowers is to be got, it is essential to sow seeds, look after the plants and in the end realise expectations. The process is true not only in regard to the flower but also in regard to life.

Non-violence, non-acceptance of gifts, non-truthfulness and celibacy—these are the flowers in the austerity of life. No one can get these directly. If we have to get these we have to sow seeds of self-knowledge. As soon as they are sown all these come to us of their own accord.

The knowledge of the self is the root; the rest are its products. The hideousness of the external activity in life is a symbol of internal decay and the beauty thereof is the echo of the inner life and its melody.

Hence, nothing worth the name takes place by altering or transforming the characteristics. The alteration is to be effected at the root, the root of the vicious emotions.

Ignorance of the self is at the root of vicious emotions. "Who am I?" this is to be known. As soon as this is known, the fearless and the non-dualistic is realised. The non-dualistic realisation—i.e. the awareness that the other is the same as what I am—burns up all violence from its very root. As a result thereof, non-violence appears. Knowing "another" as "another" is violence. Viewing the self in the other is non-violence. And non-violence is the soul of Dharma.

## 84

It was raining last night. I had come in. The windows had been shut and there was a sense of suffocation. I opened the windows. A wave of freshness blew in with the gusts of rain-drenched wind. When I sank into deep slumber I know not.

In the morning there was a visitor. On seeing him I was reminded of the suffocation of previous night. It struck me that all the windows and all the doors of his mind were firmly shut. He had not left even a single window within, open, whereby fresh air and light might get in. Everything was seen shut. I talked to him and realised that I was talking to the walls. Majority of people are similarly shut ones who have been denied novelty, beauty and freshness of life.

Man fashions out of his own hands a prison for himself. Suffocation and despair is experienced in the internment but he is not aware of the root cause—the source of boredom and

bewilderment. Thus the whole of his life passes off. He who could have had the delight of a flight in the open sky shuts himself in the cage of a parrot and breathes hard.

If we demolish the walls of mind, we attain an open sky and open sky is life. Everybody can attain this liberation and this liberation attains everybody.

I repeat this every day. But, perhaps my words do not reach every one. Their walls are strong. But howsoever strong the walls may be, they are weak at the bottom because they are grievous. This is the only ray of hope that they are grievous. What is grievous cannot last long. Only Bliss can be eternal.

## 85

The cupolas over the temples are shining in the brilliant sunshine. The sky is clear. Crowds of men on the path are getting thicker and thicker. I observe the pedestrians but I know not why they do not seem alive. If we have no awareness of life, consciousness of exis-

tence, how can we call ourselves alive? How life originates, when and whence it comes we do not know. Generally we have consciousness of life when death is imminent. I had read a story. There was a person who was always forgetful. He even forgot that he was alive. Then one day he got up in the morning and realised that he was dead. Then he realised that he was once alive. This story is completely true.

I am reminded of this story. I have a hearty laugh over this that a person realised only after death that he was once alive. My laughter gradually turns into sorrow at this abnormal, pitiable state.

I was still thinking of this when a few visitors arrived. I look at them. I listen to their words. I peep into their eyes. There was no life anywhere in them. They were like shadows. The entire universe is filled with shadows. Majority of the people are living in the world of Ghosts created by their own hands. Further, within these shadows there is a live fire-life; but these are not aware of that. There is real life within this shadow life. Beyond this ghostly life, there is a truthful life too which can be achieved even now, here itself.

Moreover, how simple is the condition of achieving this!

How easy is the means of achieving this !  
 Yesterday I said this :—Vision is to be  
 diverted within.

## 86

I look at him. I know him already. His thirst, his eagerness for knowing 'Truth of life' is acute. He wishes to experience Truth at any cost. His intellect is keen. Superficial faiths do not satisfy him. Impressions, traditions and conventions offer him but little. He is surrounded by doubts and suspicions. All his mental props and convictions have been truncated and he has sunk into a dense negative gloom.

I am silent. He has said once again—"My faith in God has gone. There is no God. I have become irreligious, sinful."

I advise him—"please don't say this. Being an Atheist is not becoming irreligious. One has to pass through a negative phase to attain a real phase. It is the beginning, in fact, of becoming religious and not of becoming

irreligious. Faith, inherited through foisted impressions, inculcated training and deliberations is no real Faith. He who is content with it is in delusion. If he had been nurtured in the midst of the opposite school of thought, his mind would have been shaped in the opposite way and he would have been content with that alone. Impressions falling on the mind are the products of the outer circle and the surface. They are dead layers. They are state and loaned-out situations. A person thirsting for real spiritual life cannot quench his thirst with that imaginary water. Moreover in this sense he is blessed and fortunate because the search for the real water begins with this unquenched thirst. Thank God that you do not agree with the conviction of God, for, this disagreement will lead you up to the Truth of God.

I now see a glow on the face of that youth. A calmness, a consolation, has descended on his eyes. When he took leave of me I told him—"Remember that non-faith is the beginning of a righteous religious life. It is not an end. It is a background. You are not to stop there. It is a dark night. Do not sink therein. It is after this and through this that the dawn appears.



## 87

Last night, we had been sitting in a mango-grove away from the city. There were a few clouds in the sky amongst which the moon played hide-and-seek. There were a few persons near me watching silently this lovely sport of light and shadow, for a long time. How hard does it seem to speak sometimes. When the atmosphere is thick with melodious music one is afraid to speak lest he should snap it with words. So it happened yesterday. We returned very late at night. On the way, some one remarked—"This is the first time in life that we have experienced silence. I had heard that silence is a wonderful bliss but I have realised it only to-day, that too without an effort. How will this happen again ?

I said :— what has happened effortlessly usually happens effortlessly and not with a strain. Effort itself is disquietude. Effort means, something is being wished for, something which is different from what exists. This is a

situation of tension. Only tension is produced by tension; whatever is done in disquietude brings only disquietude. Disquietude cannot turn itself into peace. Peace is a different situation of consciousness. Its being is effected when there is no disquietude. Do not do anything, do not strain yourself, eschew all activity, only remain watching. Then it is realised, that a new consciousness, a fresh glow, is descending slowly, very slowly. Only what is realised in this new world exists in fact. The revelation of what exists is bliss; its unfolding is liberation. This Virat (Immense Being) appears when there are no efforts, when "I" is not present. It cannot occur through our efforts, it cannot occur through our "I"

Whatever is achieved in the world is achieved through actions, through efforts. Effort is a means; "I" is the centre there. Every achievement makes the "I" still stronger. In fact, the happiness in achievement is only that of strengthening and expanding the "I". But this "I" is never full. It is naturally so. Hence happiness is apparently seen and really not achieved. Hence the learned have said, there is misery in the world. Our error lies in our doing that for the sake of liberation

which we do for worldly existence. We are engaged in achieving that which has not to be achieved or rather we have to lose ourselves. As soon as we do that we realise it.

## 88

Last night, I was on the river-bank for a long time. The current of the river, shining like a silver tape, wound its way far into the distance. A fisherman came there rowing his raft slowly. The aquatic birds that had been chirping for a long time became silent on hearing his shouts.

A friend had accompanied me. He sang a song of prayer. The talk turned to the topic of God. The theme of the psalm was also the quest for God. He who sang it had spent years in his quest. I had met him only yesterday. He had taken a Degree in Science; but all of a sudden, a craze for God seized him. Many years had passed since then. Yet nothing was attained by him.

I was silent after listening to the song of

prayer. His voice was sweet and the fervour tickled the mind. At the bottom of the song, there was a feeling heart and so the song had become very lively. It was reverberating in my mind. My companion broke up this silence and asked whether the quest was only a delusion. "I was very hopeful at the outset" he said "but gradually I am getting disillusioned."

Still I kept quiet for a while and said "Quest for God is definitely an illusion because the problem itself does not arise. He is ever present. But we haven't eyes competent to see Him. The real quest should be for the perfect vision. I continued: There was a blind man. He went in search of the sun. His quest was wrong. The sun is there. He has to find out eyes. When he gets the eyes he finds out the sun. Usually the so-called seeker of God directly engages himself in seeking God. He does not think of his defective eyes. This basic blunder ultimately brings about disappointment. My mode of viewing is just the opposite. I see that the real problem is mine, that of my transformation. How am I? How are my eyes—that alone is the limit of my knowledge, the limit of my vision. If I am altered; if my eyes are altered, if my consciousness is

altered, what is invisible now becomes visible; and God is obtained in the depth of that alone which we are seeing even now. Lord is attained in the world itself. That is why I assert that Dharma teaches the technique of attaining a new consciousness, a new vision, and not the realisation of God. Lord does exist. We are standing in Him alone; but we don't possess the eyes, so the sun is not visible. Seek not the sun; search for the eyes.

## 89

Gautama Buddha has propounded four noble Truths :—Misery, cause of misery, restraint of misery and the path leading to the restraint of misery : There is misery in life, there is the cause of misery. It is possible to check and restrain this misery. And there is a way to restrain this misery.

I see a fifth noble Truth also which exists prior to these four. Because it exists, these four too exist. But for its prior existence, the four too would not have been there.

What is that fifth or rather the first noble Truth ?

That Truth is the insensibility towards misery. There is misery but we are unconscious of it. It is not visible due to this unawareness. Thanks to this insensibility, misery does not distress us though we are within it. The whole of our life passes on in this dim senselessness—in this lassitude. What is nothing but misery is being borne.

Due to this insensibility or unconsciousness what exists does not come within the range of the eye; the dreams of what does not exist go on hovering round us. There is blindness towards the present while vision stands fixed in the future. In the tipsiness of pleasant dreams of the future, the misery of the present lies submerged. In this way, the misery is not seen and the problem of surmounting it does not arise at all.

Should a prisoner be not aware of his fetters and the high walls of the jail, where is the problem of yearning for freedom in him ?

Hence I consider this Truth as the first noble Truth—the Truth that we are insensible to misery. This truth that life is misery is not in our consciousness. The other four follow

this truth. If I wake up to it, they too become visible.

## 90

Herein I mention a few things that can be counted on fingers.

One—The mind has to be known—the mind that is so close to us, yet so unknown.

Two—The mind has to be transformed—the mind that is so stubborn, so over-anxious, in regard to transformation.

Three—The mind has to be liberated—the mind that is wholly in bondage but which can be liberated here and now.

The three things are only for enumeration. A man has to act only in respect of one : that is knowing the mind. The other two come of their own accord when the first has taken place. Knowledge alone is transformation. Knowledge alone is liberation.

I was mentioning this yesterday when somebody asked—“How is this knowing to be effected ?”

The knowing is through waking up. Our activities, both physical and mental are senseless. We have to wake up to every one of the activities. I am walking. I am sitting. I am lying down. We have to remember perfectly each one of these. “I wish to sit”. We have to wake up to this mentality or inclination : We have to watch the situation when there is or there is no anger in the mind. We have to be the witness hereof—Are the thoughts cropping up or are they not ?

This alertness cannot take place through suppression or struggle. Do not take any decision. Do not make any selection between the good and the bad. Merely wake up and be alert. As soon as you wake up, the secret of mind is revealed. Mind is known and realised and merely by knowing it, the transformation takes place. When the knowledge is complete, perfect liberation takes place.

Hence I assert that it is easy to get liberated from the sickness of the mind.

Because there the diagnosis is itself the remedy.

## 91

The afternoon has passed on to the evening. Just now, the sky was clear; but suddenly gusts of wind began to blow and black clouds covered it up.

The sun set. There is chillness in the air.

A mendicant comes near the door. He has held a parrot in his hand. There is no cage but the parrot seems to have forgotten flying. On their arrival it is the parrot that begins to speak, not the Fakir. "Ram Ram, Repeat the name Ram, Repeat the name Ram Ram Ram." I said "The parrot speaks well!" The mendicant says "This parrot is a great Pandit. On hearing this I laughed and said "It must be so; because all scholars are only parrots."

This is very clear to me that knowledge is not derived through learning. What is acquired by learning is not knowledge. Real knowledge is not the achievement of intellect. Intellect is a feat of memory. Perfect knowledge is derived not by remembering much but by

removing memory. What is taught and inculcated makes one a parrot. Another name for parrot talk is scholarship.

There is no greater hindrance than this in the path of perfect knowledge.

Scholarship consists of a collection of dead facts which are but loaned ones. They do not have any root in experience. A mind encompassed by these facts cannot have the vision of "what exists". These facts constitute a screen. The unknown is revealed when this screen is removed. This vision is perfect knowledge. It is not learning. It is the vision. The way to that achievement is Truthful vision. Not big tomes, nor collected facts.

## 92

Dusk has set in. The fragrance of evening flowers has begun to spread.

A cuckoo had been cooing all the afternoon. It has become silent now. As it had become silent, it had drawn my attention. While it was singing, the attraction was not so

much. I am eagerly awaiting for its resumption of cooing, but in the meantime a saintly gentleman has arrived—a young Brahmacharin. His body is sickly, withered and lean. His face is pallid, dim, like a blown-out lamp. His eyes are parched and dry. On seeing him I feel great pity. He has tortured the body a lot. When I told him so, it made him shudder. He thought he had made a great sacrifice, as though ill health itself was spirituality, as though hideousness and distortion constituted Yogic practice, as if austerity meant hoarding up the ugly. Count Casserling has said—“Health and normalcy are ideals inimical to spirituality.” In these lines there is an echo of the same ignorance. This line of thought is the result of an acute reaction. There are people who are always after their body. The physical body is all for them. This is an extreme. Then as a result of severe reaction another extreme crops up. Both the extremes spring up from the body. The body is neither to be fondled and made much of, nor to be broken and shattered. It is a fully stored-up dwelling. It is essential to keep it healthy and clean.

Spiritual life is not antagonistic to healthy normal life. It is perfect health. It is synony-

mous with a situation full of melody and beauty, cadence and concordance.

Suppression of the body is not Spiritualism; it is only the topsyturvy pose of hedonistic activity. It is only a violent reaction to a life of sheer enjoyment of pleasures. There is no perfect knowledge in it. It is ignorance and self-torture. It is violent in temperament. No one reaches anywhere through it. It is not to be suppressed. It is only an innocent instrument, our loyal factotum. As I am, so it becomes. If I indulge in vice it keeps me company there. If I begin to practise penance there also it renders me assistance. It is behind me:—Transformation is not to be made in it. It has to be made in that which it follows.

## 93

I am talking on peace, bliss and salvation. This is the central quest of life. If it is not realised, life becomes futile. I was speaking so yesterday when a young man asked—“Can everybody attain Salvation? If they can why don't all of them get it?”

I narrated a story to him. One morning a person asked Gautam Buddha about the same problem. He asked him to go round the city and enquire everybody individually what he wished for in his life. The man visited every house and returned at twilight utterly exhausted but armed with a complete list. Somebody had wished for fame, another for a high position; a third for wealth yet another for prosperity; and so on. But there was not a single individual desiring salvation. Buddha said then :—Now tell me. Can everybody get salvation?" It is there no doubt. But do you look at it even for once? We are standing without back turned to it.

This alone is my answer too. Everybody can get salvation, in the manner every seed can become a plant. It is a possibility for us. But this possibility must be turned into actuality. I know that the process of converting a seed into a plant is not difficult. Let the seed be ready to die. The germinating sprout comes out ere long. If I am ready to die, salvation comes to me instantaneously. "I" is bondage. If it goes, there is salvation.

With "I" I am worldly; without "I" I am in Salvation.

## 94

During the last rainy season I had sown the seeds of GULTEVARI plant. When the rainy season was over, the flowers too ceased. The dry stumps of the plants were cut off and cast away. Now after a year when the rains have come I see many GULTEVARI plants cropping up by themselves. They have begun to peep out from the ground in many places. The seeds that had missed the last year's germinating season had waited for a year. To see them enlivened now is delightful. In the darkness under ground they had waited patiently during winter and summer. Now they have the chance of seeing the light again. Thanks to this achievement, an auspicious melody has spread over those newly grown plants. I experience it.

Centuries before, a nectarine throat had sung "TAMASO MA JYOTIR GAMAYA" (Lead me from darkness to light). Who does not yearn to rush towards light from dreary darkness? Are not similar seeds lying hidden in man, in every living being, that wishes to get light? Is

there not a patient waiting and a fervent prayer in the course of many births ?

These seeds are lying hidden within everyone and it is only through these seeds that the thirst for being full and perfect rises up. These flames are lying concealed in everyone. They are impatient to attain the sun. No one becomes content without transforming these seeds into plants. There is no way without being full. One has to become full : because at the bottom every seed is full.

## 95

A new dawn. A new sun. A new sunshine. Fresh flowers. I have got up from sleep. Everything is new and fresh. There is nothing in the world which is old.

Many centuries before, Heraclitus of ancient Greece had said —“It is impossible to plunge into the same river twice.”

Everything is new but man becomes old and stale. Man does not live in the new. Hence he becomes old. Man lives in memory,

in the past, in the dead. This is mere living but not real life. This is semi-death. We grant this semi-death to be life and come to an end. Life is neither in the past nor in the future. Life is in everlasting present.

That life is attained through Yoga because Yoga makes one wake into the everlasting freshness. Yoga makes one wake into the everlasting present. We must wake into that which ‘exists’. It is not “what was” nor is it “What will be”. It is only when man’s mind is free from the burden of memory and imagination that “what exists” becomes manifest.

Memory is a compilation of the dead. In it life’s real cannot be attained. Imagination is but the offshoot of memory. It is but its echo. It is but its scattered diffusion. All this is but moving about in the known. The doors of what is unknown are not thrown open through it.

Let the known go that the unknown may manifest. Let the dead go that the lively one may manifest. The substantial formula of Yoga is this alone.



## 96

Night is getting darker and drearier. There are but a few stars in the sky and a broken piece of the moon is hanging in the western direction. The jasmine has blossomed. Its fragrance is floating in the air.

I have just seen off a lady near the door and returned. I do not know her. Some misery is worrying her mind. Its darkness has made a black circle all round her.

As soon as she came I felt this circle of misery. She too, without wasting time, asked me immediately. "Can a misery be quelled?" I gazed at her. To me she appeared to be an idol of misery.

Further people are gradually becoming similar idols. They wish to quell their miseries but cannot do so because their diagnosis of misery is not true.

Misery happens when consciousness is in a particular situation. That is the form and feature of that situation. In that situation

there is no freedom from misery because that situation itself is misery. Within it, if one misery is removed, another one takes its place. This series continues. You may very well free yourself from one misery or the other but it is impossible for you to free yourself from misery. Misery stays, only the causes change. The restraint of misery is possible only when consciousness is transformed and not by any other way.

On a dark night, a young man approached Gautama Buddha. He was miserable, worried and distressed. He told him—"How miserable is the world! What a torment is it." Gautama Buddha had said:—"Come where I am. There is no misery; there is no distress there."

There is a state of consciousness where there is no misery. It was to point out this that Buddha had said "where I am, there is no misery." Consciousness has two situations, one of ignorance; the other of knowledge; that of identification with the other and that of self-realisation. As long as I identify myself with the other there is misery. The bondage to the other is misery. Freedom from the other, realisation of the self, and being in the self is restraint of misery. I am not myself. Hence this misery. When really I am myself, misery disappears.

## 97

Today the sky is not studded with the stars, for it is overcast with the dark clouds which drizzle now and then.

The Night-queen blossom is in full bloom, wafting the wind with its fragrance. I feel as I am "not." My void existence is full to the brim. I am in the state where death is but life, where to lose is but to find. I had once thought of merging this tiny drop of life in the ocean of existence but now I find that the very ocean has merged in the tiny drop itself.

The very existence is entanglement. To be void is liberation. The knot of existence makes him roam aimlessly. The fear of voidness forbids him to be full. And so long as he does not risk himself to death he lives in its perpetual dread but when he faces death he finds there is no death at all. When he is ready to eschew himself, he finds something exists in him which he cannot eschew.

This contradiction is the law of life. The knowledge of this law is meditation. To know it fully is to be out of it. Its ignorance makes us

wander aimlessly. But its knowledge stops all our wanderings and enables us to realise the goal of our life.

## 98

Once upon a full-moon night, a party of revellers left the drinking booth and arrived at the river bank for the boat-excursion. They propelled the boat ceaselessly from midnight to day-break. When the sun rose in the morning and the cold wind blew, their intoxication, caused by liquor, began to disappear. They thought it was time to return. But their surprise knew no bounds when they found that the boat stood where they first saw it at night.

They quite forgot it at night that it was not enough to row the boat; the boat should have been untied from the post before it was propelled by the oars.

I have told the tale to an old gentleman who approached me this evening. He had said—"I have been wandering throughout my life. But now at the end of my life I think I have reached nowhere." True, man is not aware of himself.

His unawareness is the ignorance of his self—a state wherein his all actions are mechanical. He moves in this thoughtless state as in dream but he reaches nowhere. As the chains of the boat are tied to the post, he too remains tied somewhere in this condition.

Dharma says this bondage, this entanglement, pertains to the senses. Man is tied by the bondage of senses still he believes that he is moving to the region of pleasures. He runs after them but his race leads him to mirage at the end. Let him with an effort and ceaselessly propel the boat with oars but his boat does not move from the shore of insatiety. He loses his life empty and incomplete; his senses do not achieve gratification. The wheel of life goes on no doubt, but the end of voyage remains unrealised. And at last he finds to his dismay that his life's boat stands anchored at the harbour where it stood before.

Every sailor knows that he has to unfasten the boat from the post before he launches it on the ocean. A common man should also know that before he sets his life's boat afloat on the ocean of pleasure, fullness and light he has to untie it from the entanglement of the senses. When he has done so, he need not even propel the boat with the oars. Ramkrishna says "Set your boat

afloat, spread the sails, divine winds are anxious to carry you every moment."

## 99

A hermit saw me yesterday. We talked on the process of meditation. I wonder how many erroneous and illusory notions prevail concerning the nature of our mind. If we start with the current assumption that the mind is our enemy, our entire process of meditation comes to nought. In fact, neither the mind nor the body is our enemy. Both are mechanical instruments helpful to our cause. Consciousness can use them just as it likes. At the very outset, this notion of mind's enmity and struggle generates the idea of control and restraint over the mind. And as a result thereof our life becomes poisonous.

As a matter of fact, the mind of man seeks pleasure. There is nothing wrong about it. That is why the mind is attracted towards its own form. If the mind ceases to function thus, the individual loses inclination towards spiritual life. The mind is a pleasure-seeker. It seeks plea-

sure in the world but when it does not find any therein, it diverts itself inwards.

Pleasure is the centre both of the world of senses and of the world of liberation. The wheel of life here and hereafter moves on this very axle.

The mind gets a glimpse of pleasure outside, in the world. Therefore it runs outward. If the mind is fixed in meditation it finds real joy. Then it goes inwards. But it is not to be forced inwards. If we force the reluctant mind to go inwards, it reacts inimically. What we have got to do is to extend the circle of our inward joy. As soon as the circle is widened, the mind which is naturally a pleasure-seeker enters it of its own accord; for, where there is pleasure it has a natural access.

Pleasure—indivisible pleasure is the aim of life. The pleasure of this world is only the glimpse and reaction of that pleasure which can be traced to the state of liberation. The source of this pleasure lies inwards while its projection stands outwards. Its life abides in the centre whereas its shadow falls on the circle. Hence the world and liberation are not contradictory terms. Nor is the outward the enemy of the inward one. The entire existence is a uniform

melody. As soon as the individual realises this truth. He is released from bondage.

## 100

Early at daybreak a youth has approached me. I see him dejected and dismayed as if a feeling of loneliness has overtaken him, as if he has lost something which his eyes are seeking about. He has been visiting me since a year. That such a day would come I also knew. In the past he felt an imaginary pleasure which has now gradually disappeared.

There has been silence for a while. The youth has closed his eyes and is thinking about something. He has then spoken in clear accents "I have lost my faith. Formerly I lived in dream which has been shattered now. Formerly God stood by me and I had his company. I am now left alone, confounded and disconsolate, as I never did before. I wish to return to my former self but that too is not possible. The bridge that linked me to the past is now broken to pieces.

I say : A non-existent, imaginary being can be separated from us, but not so the ever-existent. We create an illusory figure and then think that we are not lonely or companionless. But the fact is that our loneliness is mitigated, and not eliminated, by the creation of illusory Personality we call God. A concept of God based on our mental projection does not give real joy. Such a concept is not our support but an illusion. The sooner we withdraw from this concept the better for us. If we want to realise God we have to take leave of our mental concepts to which the concept of God is no exception. This activity on our part will be our renunciation, our asceticism. There is no greater trouble than bidding farewell to our dreamy concepts. When we have done so, the "Existent" comes in sight and our dormant state of sleep gives place to wakefulness. Then the Existent Self is realised. This self-realisation is inseparable from us; this self-experience is indivisible and cannot be shattered by any other experience. There is no perception of any object. It is a perception of the self by the self. The self is to see God in itself, not outside itself. Now if you have given up the accepted or conventional concept of God and

lost faith in him, don't be perplexed and confused.

Give up all creeds and concepts and then see. What exists or remains is God.

## 101

A friend has made a gift of paper-flowers to me. I look at these and find there is nothing beyond their outward appearance. Everything is visible; nothing invisible. But outside in the park I see roses and find there is something beyond the visible. There is something invisible which is their very breath.

Modern civilization is analogous to paper-flowers. It ends with the outward appearance and is therefore lifeless. It has lost its link with the unknown, the unseen. Therefore, today, man stands so cut-off, so separate from his own roots as he never stood before.

Plants together with their leaves and flowers are visible to us but their roots lie hidden under the earth. The roots that are visible to us have also their invisible roots. Similarly

our existence is linked with that greater existence which is not only unknown but is also unknowable. Man when he communes with the unknowable can visualize his actual roots.

The unknowable cannot be realized through deliberation. Deliberation being knowable and visible ends with the knowable. As such it cannot become the medium of knowing the invisible. Existence lies beyond the reach of thought.

Realization of Existence is the process of becoming itself, not the process of knowing it. It is not through subject-object relationship that self-realization takes place. Consciousness has to merge itself into super-consciousness in order to realise it.

Give up thinking, be quiet and void. You then reach that non-dual state which enables you to realize Truth, Existent. Artificial flowers can be seen from a distance. There can be a seer to see them. But if you want to see the natural flowers it is better to be one with them.

## 102

A girl is in tears. Her doll is broken. She laments. And now I ponder : Is not all our weeping only a lamentation over the broken dolls ?

Yesterday an aged person came to see me. He had not realized his ambition. He was sad and sorrowful therefore. Today I met a lady who now and then wiped off her tears as she talked to me. She had great ambitions in her life but failed to realize them. And, now here this girl is weeping. Do not the tears of this girl represent the basic flow of all the tears ? Is not the original cause of all the tears typified in the broken doll that lies before her ? Somebody is trying to make her understand that after all it is no more than a toy and it is useless to weep for it. As I hear it, I laugh. If man were to know this truth, will not his entire wailings and lamentations disappear ?

Doll is merely a doll, nothing else. How difficult it is to understand this.

Man is hardly so advanced that he can

understand it. His growth of body is one thing and his growth of understanding is another. His growth of understanding is his liberation from the mind. So long his mind is active it creates dolls. As soon as it is set at rest, dolls cease to exist.

## 103

“I am an aspirant. I aspire after my elevation. Gradually I am making progress in that direction. I hope to achieve success one day.”

A hermit thus talked to me once. His talk had the sensual and not the spiritual touch. Generally such spiritual austerities too are obstacles. Why adopt them for realizing the “Existent”. Realization is not an achievement. It is a sort of knowledge that the “Existent” is not a lost entity that has to be found but it is an entity always present with us : The so-called austerities hide this truth. At the base of these, there exists a sensual desire, an aspiration for

a certain gain and a certain change, such as : “I am to change from what I am. I have to transform A into B.” This duality lies at the base of all sensual desires. This duality is this world and its sorrow.

I say : if you desire for even a little change from what you are, it would mean you are going to an opposite direction. The “Existent”, itself is the very path. When we are awakened to that “Existent”, our life becomes full of beauty and naturalness. A sense of freedom and liberation inspires our breath. The so-called practiser of aspirational austerity can seldom reach this beauty. Force, restraint and aspiration destroy his naturalness. That is why a sort of ugliness is found in all those so-called aspiring ascetics.

Then what shall we do ? Nothing. Cessation of all activities is meditation. Self exists neither in action. nor in deliberation. It manifests itself outside of all action and thought. Leave everything, let everything be merged and lost. Then what is realized in this nothingness, in this void, is all that.

## 104

There runs a tale of wisdom :

Once a youth asked a hermit : "What is the process of liberation ?" The hermit said in reply—"Who has tied you that you ask for the process of release ?" The youth stood silent for a moment and said. "In fact nobody has bound me at all".

Thereupon the hermit said to the youth : "Then why do you ask me for the process of liberation"

"Why do you search for liberation ?" This very question I put to an individual yesterday. In fact every person should put this question to himself. "Where is the bondage ?" Be conscious of that what exists. Abandon your anxious efforts for initiating a change in the concept of the Existent. Don't run after ideals. You are identical with the present, not with the future. The present has no bondage. And as we become aware of the present, bondages disappear in no time.

Aspiration—aspersion for becoming and

achieving something, itself is a bondage. Aspiration does always live in the future, in tomorrows. That itself is the bondage, tension, race and the world. That itself creates the idea of Moksa. That itself functions as the basis of achieving Moksa. And this if bondage be the Moksa how can Moksa be the result.

We have to initiate Moksa (liberation) with the process of becoming Mukta (liberated). Moksa is the start as well as the end of itself.

Liberation is not an achievement but a realization that I stand in liberation. The realization that I am liberated is achieved in quiet, wakeful consciousness. It is only an awakening to this truth that every individual is free what forms ingredients of liberation.

As I give up race—an aspiration for becoming something, I become myself. This 'becoming myself' is in full sense what we may call liberation. The so-called aspirant cannot achieve this becoming because he is in and not out of the race for achieving Moksa, the self and super-self; for he who is in race, whatever be the form of that race, is not in his self. We must know that religiousness is not a faith, an effort or an activity but it is being in one's self. And this realization can come in a moment. Being



awakened to the truth that bondage lies in aspir-  
ing and idealizing, our ignorance falls off  
and what is then seen has no bondage at all.

Truth revolutionizes thought in a moment.

## 105

It is the winter season. The sun has just  
risen. Cold winds have been blowing at  
night. Early this morning, the grass was cov-  
ered with dew-drops which have disappeared  
under the sun-beams getting hotter and hotter.

A pleasant morning has initiated the day.  
How do these songs of birds, though meaningless  
seem to be meaningful ! But perhaps life has no  
meaning. Meaning is a man's creation. Because  
it has no meaning that life is infinitely profound  
and vast. Meaning implies limitation while  
life is an infinite existence and therefore has no  
meaning. He alone who becomes boundless  
by his merger in the meaningless can realize  
the "Existent" one. All meaning is insignifi-  
cant and is attached to the insignificant. It is  
understood in relation to "I" on which it is

centred. The world seen through this "I" is not  
the real world, for that which is related to 'I'  
is not real. Truth is an undivided whole, not  
divisible into 'I' and 'not-I'. As meaning is  
centred on 'I' alone, the indivisible one which is  
beyond 'I' and 'not-I' is not meaningful. The  
labels—meaningful or not-meaningful, cannot  
be assigned to it. The concept of God too is  
centred on "I" and as such is not real. All  
that seems to be meaningful is really meaning-  
less. In fact to go beyond the limit of meaning-  
fulness is to become spiritual.

A person had asked Bodhidharma : "Please  
tell me something about that pious liberation."  
Bodhidharma had replied. "There is nothing  
of piety about it. There is voidness and only  
voidness.

## 106

A cock is crowing : I hear.

A cart is going on the road : I see.

There is hearing and seeing but there is no  
sound in between. Sound is an obstacle to  
Truth. It stands in relation to Truth but is

not Truth itself. The stage of our realizing the Truth is marked by the absence of sound rather than its presence.

There is an absence of sound in meditation but the absence of sound alone is not meditation. Sounds are absent in faintness and in sound sleep too. But even in the absence of sound we keep wakeful consciousness. That alone is the state of meditation.

I have been talking this fact to a hermit who wrongly believed that merger and stupefaction were necessary for meditation. Numerous thinkers too have fallen in the same destructive error, giving rise to practices of worship, devotion and stupefaction. All these are methods of escape, being analogous in utility in intoxicating stuffs. Under the influence of intoxicants the individual becomes forgetful of his self—a state which gives him a semblance of exhilaration. As a matter of fact, meditation is a realization and not forgetfulness of the self.

When I am completely awake, I am completely in my self. This awakening arises when I am free from sound, thought and mind. In this wakefulness and soundless consciousness “I” (the Ego), but not “I” (the Self), is eliminated.

When “I” (the Ego) is eliminated, the realization of “I” (the Self) becomes complete.

## 107

The dark moonless night is advancing. The birds have returned to their nests. And in the surrounding darkness they are chirping on the trees before they will retire to rest. The lamps are being lit in the city. In a short while, the sky is going to be studded with stars and the earth glittered with lamps.

Two tiny dark patches of clouds are floating in the eastern direction. I have no companion : I stand all alone. I sit void of thought. How pleasant it is to sit ! The firmament and the galaxy of stars, it seems, are merged in themselves.

In the vacuum of thoughts, the individual existence is merged in the universal existence. There is a small screen between the two; if that is removed every individual is the lord himself.

There is a coverlet on our eyes, hiding the lord. This coverlet has assumed the shape of

this world. As soon as it is removed, the gates of infinite, blissful kingdom stand open to us.

Jesus Christ has said : knock but a little and the doors become open. I say : glance but a little, the doors are already open. They say a person was running to the west. He asked somebody on the way "where is the east?" The reply came : "You turn your back and you will find the east facing you." I too say : All is there; you need turn your eye to the right direction to see it.

This fact should be declared to the whole world. To hear it distinctly is to achieve much. Indeed, if we have faith in the divinity of the self we have reached half way to self-realization.

I have said to a friend who came to see me this very day : "Property you have indeed. But you forget that you have it. Awaken your memory : Recollect your divinity. Know who you are. Enquire yourself to the extent that your enquiring tone may resound over your mind and breath and its shaft may delve in the cavity of consciousness. Then the wondrous answer will reveal itself to you, the knowledge whereof includes the knowledge of everything.

## 108

The night has not yielded her place to the dawn. The sky is still full of stars which are on the verge of bidding it farewell. The river looks like a thin sheet of silver. The sand is cool with the dew-drops. The winds are bitter with cold.

A deep solitude prevails. Its monotony is heightened by the chirping of birds now and then.

I have come to this solitary region along with my friend. He tells me : "I am frightened by this solitude. If the mind remains busy well and good, otherwise a deep feeling of distress overpowers me."

I say : this feeling overpowers all. Nobody desires to realize his 'self'. If you peep in your inner 'self' you will be perplexed, because solitariness leaves you alone with the self. This solitariness is very frightening. On the other hand, if you are entangled in the meshes of the world wherein you forget the self, you

feel you have escaped; but that is not your permanent escape. Man has been trying in vain for this escape. For this is the escape from his own self. But is that our real escape? No. We can run away from others but not our own 'self'. We may be running from our 'self' throughout life but at the end we shall find we have reached nowhere; The wise, therefore, do not run away from the 'self'. Rather they try to understand and realize it.

If man peeps inward he will find that all is void within. He is perplexed at the sight of this perpetual vacuum and runs away. He tries to fill it up with the external objects but is unable to do so. That is his distress. That is his affliction. And that is the failure of his life. Death brings this distress before his very eyes and takes him to the eternal void which he has been trying to avoid ever. That is why the idea of death is very dreadful to us. I say it is futile to run away from the void of the 'self'. It is in the realization of the self, in our identification with him that we can find solution to the problem of our existence. Accession to the void is our Dharma. In this completely solitary state, our activities in relation to the 'self' alone constitute Dharma.

## 109

“What is the goal of life?”

A youth has asked me this question.

The night is far advanced. The sky is studded with luminaries. The wind is cold. Somebody has said there has been a snow-fall somewhere. The path is lonely. There is dense darkness under the trees.

How pleasant it is to live in this quiet, solitary night. The very living is joy. But we have forgotten the very living. How blissful is this life! But we do not like to live merely for living. We wish to live for an ideal. We regard life as the means and not the end. Our race for achieving the ideal poisons everything. The very tension for the ideal disrupts the harmony of life.

Once upon a time, Akbar asked Tansen : “How is it that you do not sing so well as your preceptor does? His songs evince a rare celestial quality in them.” Tansen replied to the question: “My preceptor sings a song for its own sake, while I sing with some purpose”.

For some moments, live life for its own sake.

Live a simple life devoid of struggles and exertions. Remain silent and see : What becomes ? What becomes let it become. What exists let it exist. Leave all tension out of your own choice. Let life flow and become an actual fact. That I assure you will lead to your release.

The illusion of the ideal is one of the blind faiths cherished through the ages. As a matter of fact life is meant to be lived for its own sake, not for an ideal, a person or an object. He who lives for an ideal etc. does not live at all. He alone who lives for life's sake lives. He alone realizes what is realizable. He alone can realize the ideal too.

I look at the youth. There is a strange quiet on his face. He does not speak out anything but the expression of his face manifests everything. He has kept quiet for an hour and left. But he is quite a changed man. He himself has declared at the time of his departure. "I am leaving quite a changed man now."

## 110

It is morning. The sun is hidden behind the clouds. It is drizzling. The rain has moistened everything.

A hermit, drenched in rains, has come to me. About fifteen or twenty years back, he had left home for self-realization. But in spite of his renunciation he could not realize the Self. He is very much vexed therefore. They say that society and family are hindrances in the way of self-realization. But in vain have such concepts alienated people from the pleasures of life.

I tell them a story. There was a mad woman. She believed that her body was celestial and not made of gross, earthly matter. She often used to say that in beauty and perfection her body had no match on this earth. One day she was brought to face a full-sized mirror where she saw her own image. So enraged was she at the sight that she threw the chair on the mirror, breaking it into several pieces. Then only could she heave a sigh of relief. When they asked her the reason for breaking the mirror she replied that the mirror was transforming

her celestial body into the terrestrial one and spoiling her beautiful form.

Society and family are no more than mirrors, reflecting our true Self. Breaking the mirror is a non-sensical act, so is renouncing the world. We have to transform ourselves, not the mirror. Transformation can be made at the very place where we stand. Revolution starts from the centre. To start it from the circle is a sheer waste of time.

We have to start from the Self directly. Society and family are no hindrances in our way. If there is an obstacle, it is we ourselves.

### 111

“Is there a God?” We don’t know.

“Is there a soul?” We don’t know.

“Is there life after death?” We don’t know.

“Has life a meaning?” We don’t know.

This ignorance sums up the entire current philosophy of life. There is no end to our race for knowledge about the matter or other things but in regard to the consciousness of

the Self we are being lost in darkness every-day.

In our ignorance we see light outside, pitch darkness inside and our knowledge is centred on the circle and not on the centre itself.

And surprisingly enough no effort is needed on our part to illumine the centre. The centre is illumination itself. We have only to turn our eye inside and visualise everything illumined there.

If the eye is withdrawn from the outward it turns inwards. When it has lost its base in the outer world, it can find a base in the inner self.

Consciousness—the basis of the self is meditation.

And meditation is the gate of truth. In meditation, it is not only that the problems are solved but they disappear altogether—a fact which itself is the right answer. There is no problem where only consciousness exists.

Without this knowledge, life is a sheer waste.

## 112

On one night, a traveller broke his journey for taking rest at an inn. When he arrived there he saw some travellers ready for departure. Next morning when he was ready to depart he saw some other travellers pouring in. True, there were arrivals and departures of the guests at the inn but the landlord remained the same. A hermit who witnessed this scene posed a question "Does not the same happen with the man every day?"

I too ask the same question and say that in life there is nothing more important than the recognition of discrimination between the guest and the landlord. The body as well as the mind is an inn where deliberation, desire and transformation are guests. But there is an entity even apart from these guests. That entity is the Lord. But who is this Lord?

How shall we know Him? Buddha has said: "Halt." This very halt is the realization of the Lord. Buddha has explained the halt in this way: "This non-sensical mind does not halt. But if at all it halts, this very halt is

wisdom and liberation." As the mind halts, the lord reveals himself. This lord is the absolute ever-wakeful consciousness. He is unborn and immortal. He is unbound and hence needs no liberation. He is sole supreme. And his realization is the highest bliss.

## 113

What is that which we understand by life. Last night somebody put this question to me. I told him a story.

Once a young man and an old person were sitting on canvas chairs. The old man had shut his eyes and smiled now and then. And intermittently he made gestures with his hands and face as if he wished some object to be cast off far away. After sometime the old man opened his eyes. The young man could not remain without asking him: "Sir, what is that which makes you smile in this in attractive restaurant?" The old man replied: "Dear, I am recalling to my mind some stories of my life and these make me laugh. The young man then asked him again: "Sir what is it which

with the gesture of hand and face you wish to cast off?" The old man smiled and said : "I wish to cast off those tales which I have often recalled. The youth said again : "Sir, do you at this age make your mind understand by tales?" The old man replied again : "My son ! you too will realise one day that your life is nothing else but a process to make yourself understand by tales."

Indeed, life as we have it, is but a tale and nothing more than making ourself understand by the tales. Life, as we understand it, is nothing but a dream. When we wake up we find we have nothing in our grasp. That which we knew we had was nothing but an illusion.

But we can wake up from this dream-life to a true life. We can cast off our slumber. He who is asleep can wake up also. His state of sleep implies his state of wake-up too.

## 114

It is verging to midnight. The sky has become clear after several days. Every thing is moistened, it so appears to me. The setting moon is half visible in the western horizon.

I have spoken to the prisoners this evening. There were many of them present. How simple do they become when they talk to me. What a flash of sanctity in their eyes ! The very scene returns to my eyes.

I have addressed them in this way : "There is no sinner in the eye of God as there is no darkness in the presence of light. I therefore don't ask you to cast off anything. I don't ask you to give up clay but I do ask you to get diamonds. When you have got diamonds, the clay will take leave of you, itself. Those who desire you to leave clay first are most stupid. In this world we always get something first before leaving something old. When we ascend the second step on the ladder we leave off the first. "Leaving" is a negative step followed by pain, misery and forced restraint. 'Achieving is a positive step followed by bliss.



In every day life we find but apparently that we leave something first to get something next. As a matter of fact, we have reached the second step before we have left the first step. We know that we have realized this fact before we have left the first step. Similarly when we have realized God, the sin leaves us of its own accord.

Indeed, by realizing that One we realize all. When that truth comes to us, all our dreams vanish in the air. Rather than trying to leave off dreams we have to wake up from them. He who is busy in leaving them off, virtually accepts their existence. As a matter of fact no dreams exist. Therefore we say "I am Brahman." They who proclaim themselves as Brahman do not believe in the existence of darkness.

Friends, realise this; awaken light within you and pray. Realize the Lord within, be conscious of Truth within. You will find darkness nowhere. Our own unconsciousness is darkness; our own consciousness is light.

I have been telling this fact to the prisoners but I should tell this fact to everyone. For is there a man who is not a prisoner?

## 115

I have been to a church today. I did not make my presence felt there, for I abstained from taking part in the proceedings. I was a mere listener. What I heard was quite common but what I saw was certainly extraordinary.

There were discussions on all problems. I heard them but something else came to my notice. I saw that discussion centred round "I" (the Ego) but not on the problem taken up for discussion, for nobody aimed at establishing anything. Generally, we see that the roots of discussion are centred on "I", however they may appear to lie anywhere else. They are imperceptible. What is perceptible is not the root. The perceptible is secondary as are the flowers and leaves. If we stop with the perceptible, the question of solution does not arise at all, for then, there remains no problem.

The existence of problem implies the existence of solution. Discussions lead us nowhere. For, therein the root is neglected altogether.

We also see that in discussion nobody talks

to the other. Everybody talks to himself. Apparently some talk goes on. But where there is "I" there is a wall which makes it hard for the one to reach the other. It is not possible to hold conversation in the presence of "I".

Most of the people pass life in holding conversation with themselves.

I have read an account of what once transpired in a lunatic asylum. Two lunatics were engaged in a conversation. Their doctor was surprised to observe that while one spoke to the other, the other remained silent, though their conversation had no relevancy, no link. The doctor put them a question : "How is it when one of you babbles, the other remains silent ?" They made an answer : "We observe the rule of conversation : While one is talking, the other remains silent so long as he has not finished his talk."

The statement is quite true, not only in relation to the lunatics but in relation to all. Indeed, people observe the rules of conversation, otherwise everybody is talking to himself.

None can speak with the other without taking leave of "I". And this "I" disappears only in love. Hence conversation can be held only in love. Except that every talk is a wrangle,

a confused verbiage wherein each and every word spoken to is addressed to himself, by himself.

When I returned from the church, a person asked me : "Sir, you said nothing there". I replied : "nobody said anything there."

## 116

I am awakened from a dream. Just on awakening I have seen the truth. In dream I was a partner as well as a seer. So long I remained in dream I forgot that I was a seer. I remained only a partner. Now that I am awakened I find that I was only a seer. My being partner in the dream was not a reality.

As the dream is, so is the world. The all-seeing consciousness alone is the truth. All else is fiction. What we know as "I" is not the real. That which knows this 'I' is alone the real.

This all-seeing element is independent of all and is beyond all. It is neither the cause,

nor the result. It is the ultimate end of everything.

When the unreal "I", the dream "I" cease to exist, the Existent appears. The realization of this Existent is Moksa, liberation.

## 117

A hermit has told me : "I have renounced everything for the sake of the lord and now nothing is left with me."

I see that apparently there is nothing left with him. But I tell him that he still possesses what he should have abandoned and what lies in his power to abandon.

He looks around him. True he has no visible possessions. Still in the form of renunciation, the abandonment of the objects of the world, he has a sense of possession in his egotistical inward awareness. To give up that alone constitutes renunciation, All other possessions are seizable and finally death snatches away everything. But "I" cannot be snatched away. It can be only eschewed, renounced. The renunciation of this unseizable "I" alone is renunciation.

Therefore man has nothing but "I" to offer as gift to the lord. Every other renunciation is only an illusion, because the so-called possessions which he is going to renounce do not really belong to him. The awareness of this so-called renunciation, on the other hand, would heighten his egotistic feeling on the basis of which even the gift of his very life is no gift. No gift can be called a gift except the gift of "I".

"I" alone is the possession. "I" alone is the world. He alone who has given it up is the hermit who has really renounced possession.

"I" is possession. The absence of "I" is renunciation.

The offering of "I" (the Ego) to the lord is an activity embodying a genuine religious revolution and transformation. When the gift is made, the resultant vacuum is filled up by substituting the omnipresent consciousness in its place.

The statement of Simon wells has very much appealed to me that the lord and none else has the privilege to employ the word "I" for himself.

Indeed he that is the centre of all existence is privileged to employ the word "I" but he

has no purpose to employ it, because his "I" is not a separate entity but includes all. It is not strange that he who has the privilege to use "I" has no purpose to use it whereas he who has the purpose to employ it, is not privileged to do so.

But that man alone can achieve what he rightly owns who has abandoned what he does not rightly own. He can abandon "I" (the ego) and become "I" (pure consciousness). He can reach the right centre when he has given up that what appears to be, but actually is not, the right centre. The moment he has decentralized the centre, he has achieved the centre.

Man's "I" has no entity. His 'I' is an aggregation of components and as such has no real existence. It gives rise to an illusion of truth which is ignorance itself. But he who peeps into truth and searches for it will find that illusion gone, the thread of truth which the petals in the form of "I" had covered laid bare.

Thus with the cover of petals removed he will find that the base of the cover was not his possession alone. It was as much his possession as of anybody else and that it pervaded all existence.

He who has not passed through this stage where "I" has not been eliminated cannot live a spiritual life. The elimination of "I" is the elimination of the wall that stands between us and the Existent, Truth. As soon as this "I" is eliminated, the wall that separated us from ourselves is also eliminated. Blessed is the person who has achieved the death of "I" before achieving his physical death.

## 118

He who desires to realize truth should not accept a conventional notion or tenet of truth. If he accepts that, his attempts for the realization of truth become futile.

Further, in order to realize truth he should have the courage to discard all temptations held out by the mind. He should not accept any proposal made by the mind. When he reaches the stage where his mind becomes inactive and indolent, the self itself reveals to him.

But before he reaches the stage where his unalloyed knowledge becomes evident to him

he comes across much that is not truth. And if he gets entangled in the cobweb of that apparent truth he misses his true self, although he may meet several other things. Self is not cognizable as other objects are and so long as any other object remains visible he cannot realize the self. When his mind becomes devoid of any cognizable object then what remains is the knowledge of self and truth.

A saint has said : "In the path of meditation if you come across the very lord himself, keep him off from your path."

I also say the same. When our path of meditation is quite solitary and the series of cognition without an object, then alone we can meet and cognize what is real truth.

A teacher has also said the same. A student who heard his discourse went home, broke all the images he used to worship and burnt all his books he used to read. Then he returned to his teacher and said : "Sir, I have destroyed all that was hindrance in my path of Self-realization. Thereupon the teacher laughed and said : O silly boy ! First burn those books that are inside you and break the images which your mind ever creates.

A similar event has happened here today.

A youth who heard my discourse went home, destroyed his altar of worship and threw the images in the well. Then he returned and told me what he had done with the altar and the images. I said : "Instead of throwing away the images throw away your mind which creates the images. What avails destroying the altar as long as your mind is active creating new altars and new images every moment."

## 119

A person inquires of me about Dharma. I tell him : Dharma is not what you believe or disbelieve. Not that this is a term synonymous with your faith. It is what you breathe, what you do and what you do not do, what you are and what you are not. Dharma is an act, not a statement.

But then alone Dharma is an action when it becomes the Self. Its "becoming" is an antecedent and its "doing" is a consequence. As it is essential to become a flower in order to give out smell, so it is necessary to become Self in

order to realize Dharma. The process of sowing the flowers is the process of sowing the self.

For that it is not necessary for you to go the hill. You can sow seeds in the self wherever you are. Because wherever you be, there is a hill, a forest within you. Indeed truth and beauty are cognizable in complete solitariness and they who have the courage to stay in loneliness can achieve what is the best and the highest in life. The secrets of life open the doors of their cells only in solitariness where the supreme bliss can be had. In a completely calm and quiet atmosphere the seeds grow up into shoots—the seeds which remained hitherto invisible in the in-most recesses of our “Being”, withholding all bliss from us by restricting our approach. It is only the artificial flowers that grow outside, the natural flowers grow from within. The inward seed of genuine truth shoots forth from within where its root lies hidden from our eye. The artificial flower of the semblance of truth grows outside and has no root within.

It is not necessary to go to the hill or the forest for the inward spiritual growth but it is necessary to be on a hill or in a forest. The way to the hill or the forest lies within us. Let us snatch a few moments from the hustle and bustle of our

racy life and annihilate the notion of space and time and their offshoots—the so called individuality and I-mindedness. Let us empty our mind of all that which it is full of and throw it off as an element foreign to us. Let us cast off everything—our name, our country, our family and wipe off all from our memory and remain void like a blank sheet of paper. This is the path of our inward solitude and its resultant inward renunciation.

When your consciousness loosens its grasp of objects and rends asunder all the bondages created by name and form, then alone it remains in itself which is its real form. Then you find yourself all alone, in solitariness. What you realize at that time is something supreme which does not belong to this objective world. The flowers of Dharma grow up in that state of consciousness and fill up our life with the fragrance of the supreme soul.

Whatever is realized in these few moments—calmness, beauty, truth—gives you strength to maintain simultaneously your twofold standard of living : You live in this universe, yet you are out of it; there is no bondage, still you are released. You live in waters yet waters do not touch you. In this very experience there

lies the success of your life and the attainment of your Dharma.

## 120

He alone who has taken leave of all the tenets stands on the path of truth. On the other hand, he who has prejudices and sticks to particular tenets cannot lay claim to truth. Tenets are the creation of man's mind. Truth has no sides. Therefore, he who is unprejudiced, without a side becomes the possession of truth as well as its possessor.

Therefore, I say, do not stick to a particular side, tenet or view. Let your mind reach the stage where no side remains. On that point alone thought ceases to exist and "seeing" begins. When the eyes become unprejudiced they can behold Him who ever exists.

A truly religious person is he who takes leave of all the tenets or creeds and who does not adhere to a particular creed. In this way, when he bids farewell to all religions he becomes a religious person.

People ask me "What is your Dharma?" I answer : "I am a religious person but I do not belong to any religion. That there can be many Dharmas I do not understand. Deliberations create only differences, they do not lead you to any Dharma. Only in the state of thoughtlessness can Dharma be approached and there is no variation of Dharma in the state of thoughtlessness.

The state of contemplation is one. Truth that is experienced in that state is also one. Truth is one, tenets are many. He who out of manifold tenets selects one, closes doors against truth. Therefore I ask you—"Release the tenets and be released from them, open the door for truth. This alone is my advice to you".

East or West, the taste of the oceanic salt is invariable everywhere. The law of evaporation does not vary with different lands. Similarly the law of metempsychosis applies equally to all. Then is it possible that our inner Being is governed by different laws and truths ?

The self has no categorical basis, no geographical frontier, no space-direction. Variations belong to the faculty of the mind and get entrance in its different cells. They cannot reach the indivisible "self."

I was returning home from my early morning walk. I saw a bird in the cage. I was reminded of the people bound in subtle and artificial prejudices which none else but we ourselves have created. By entering this cage we deprive ourselves of our capacity to fly in the open firmament of truth.

And just now I see a bird flying in the firmament. How freely does it move in the air. I see also the bird in the cage. Are not the two birds symbolical of two different states of the mind?

The bird who flies in the air leaves no trace or track behind the steps. Similarly they who move in the firmament of truth leave no trace or track behind. Therefore I ask you it is futile to search for any path, for actually there is no such path. The so called paths which seem to exist lead you only to bondage. They do not let you move freely. The seeker of truth has to make his own path. And how beautiful it is! Besides we should know that life is not an engine going on the beaten track. It is but a stream that rises from the mountain and runs towards the sea.





जीवन जागृति केन्द्र