

CANTO II : Words Are Not Knowledge, Knowledge Is Not Realization

Section 1

Summary : The potter adds water to the clay, and the clay discovers that he is so strong of will that a thin cotton sheet is enough covering for him on bitterly cold nights.

[89] See, now the craftsman adds an appropriate quantity of water to the soft, kumkum-like clay, soft as the red powder that is a woman's forehead decoration. He is infusing new life into every particle of the kind clay.

The clay swells, changing from a scattered state to cohesion, feeling an infusion of a unifying force. The water was fluid by nature but it experienced stillness. Being one with the life of the clay, the water found a new life: an ignorant being found new knowledge at the feet of the sage. An unsteady being found stability, the impermanent found permanence – that was the ever-fresh transformation. [90] This is the dance of consciousness in body. Which are the eyes – whose and where – that can see this dance?

Now we talk of winter. It is a season of deformity. On every branch and leaf of trees and plants, snow has fallen. And hand-in-glove with the snow is the wind, impure of mind and unclean of body. Soft, beautiful, shy creepers – they sort of pale at the touch of the winter and burn off.

Everybody's limbs have experienced tremors and shivers, but who has a heart that feels the vibrations of kindness? Whose indeed is that soul, and where? [91] When does he bestow his kindness? The rain of grace is a great blessing on earth.

Everybody's teeth dance as a learner does, even if not initiated to singing or trained in the art. The day has shrunk and even the brilliance of the sun appears scared and scattered. The sun, even though high in the sky, stands with a bowed head. Today, wherever the eye went, it saw on the earth the reigning power of ice and snow. The night is born of fear and pride, twice its usual length, dark as the beetle or a mine on Saturn. The winter troubles all, but the special thing is that the craftsman sleeps quietly through the night. A thin cotton sheet [92] is spread over his body. It suffices, it is enough protection from the cold.

All the same, from the yard itself the clay says to the craftsman out of formality, “The body has its own demands. It is a shadow, it is maya, and made of inanimate stuff, but it is like your wife. So, please take a blanket to cover yourself so that...”

And the clay falls silent at once as she hears the craftsman say, “Only weak souls need a blanket, being slaves to passions. We are strong souls, slaves of God, and we sleep near God. We don't need the protection of a blanket. We cherish a cheap cotton sheet. Secondly, [93] only hot-tempered people are scared of cold and run contrary to moral injunctions. I'm cool-tempered, and the season is also cold, and we are matched. That is how we play uninterrupted as friends.

“We are possessed of a loving nature and this nature ensures our welfare. If a man be removed from his nature, he will turn into a house of deformities. For a human being, harmony with nature leads to a meaningful life and salvation. Disharmony with nature amounts to a misguided life, it is deluded, and that is the way of the common crowd.

“And listen, self-controlled saints [94] give us this piece of advice: 'True cowardice lies not just in physical inertia but in the enslavement of the mind to desires, in unclean conduct, in sensuous indulgence.'

“Listen, listen well. Listen with all your heart. Rise above the sensuous attractions. Let both – sensuousness and cowardice – perish for the eternity to come.”



Holy chants : Shri Vidyasagaraya namah:

A thorn that was broken when the clay had been dug, and thorns as a group, argue their superiority over flowers. The damaged thorn desires the craftsman to beg his pardon.

The clay has fully swollen, like a branch of flowers, and its buttery feel reveals its original loving nature. The process of swelling also spells the end of dryness and hatred in her heart.

This state of the clay [95] is the result of consuming water. But when will it acquire the ability to hold water? That will be when it grows smoother and drinks fire. To take the clay's smoothness to its climax, the craftsman is coming.

It is the holy morning hour and the clay's joy knows no bounds. And there lies a thorn watching the scene through the gloom of the night, like a surprised thief.

When the clay was dug, a hit of the pick-axe had broken his head, sliced his arm, hurt his thin waist, removed a leg of his, and damaged one of his eyes. The term of his life, which is anyway uncertain, [96] also stands reduced by the hit.

How far can one tell? The thorn's pointed body is awkward to look at. His life is about to expire. There is no saying how much longer he will live. All is in the hands of heaven. The strength of the body is a mere grain, the strength of the mind is a ton by comparison. This rule is unimpeachable.

And that is what is happening here. The thorn's body is highly feverish but he doesn't die. And his mind is flooded with sweet thoughts, and he drinks in this sweetness. Who will not be amazed to know this?

Hear the cause of this wonder. The mind has been fortified by a deceiving thought. The mind is by nature flighty, but [97] this particular mind has an unshakable resolve to cheat. After all, the mind is a mine of deceptions. It is determined to take revenge on the craftsman. It will find its peace only when it pricks him. Mind is a house of hatred.

Pride prospers under the shelter of the mind. Its head is never bent low. Only when the mind is extinct can one truly bow to a saint. That is the reason why the mind always chants, "Bow, bow, bow."

The clay wishes that this cloud of hatred and revenge should melt somehow. She says, "The thought of revenge is the mud in which mighty oxen and even groups of elephants get awfully mired. They sink neck-deep, eye-deep in the mud."

[98] "The thought of revenge is a fire which burns the body, the mind for ages after ages.

"The thought of revenge is like the evil planet in whose gaping, ferocious mouth even the brilliant sun becomes a morsel and loses its existence.

"And listen! The demon-king Dashaanan had resolved to take revenge on Baali, and what did he come to? His bodily might was shaken, his mental strength was crushed, and his reputation sank. Isn't that so? 'Save me, lord save me, lord save me,' he had wailed, and wept. Thus he acquired the name Raavan – the weeper."

The thorn wails, "Enough, enough, mother. Stop your preaching. See not just the name, but turn to see the qualities as well." [99] Here, where an aggression is on, a fragrant rose plant stands nearby, and the band of thorns intones:

"We agree that we are instrumental in causing hurt to others, that is why we are thorns. But it is a blunder to always see us in this light. Sometimes, thorns are tenderer than flowers, and flowers are harsher than thorns.

"Blooming flowers touch us with their soft, fleshy cheeks, and because of our piercing touch, soft buds blossom into flowers. [100] A never-before kind of joy and peace pervades the buds.

"Now tell us, why are we thorns and they flowers?

"This passion-play has aggressed on us and greatly disturbed our worship. Then isn't the flower a thorn? If you don't see things this way, it's a defect of your eye.

"These lovely creepers try to cause our downfall and tend to rob us of our purity by their voluptuous embraces. Even so, we thorns do not slip off from our chastity.

"On our pointed mouth they shed their love, their pollen. Even so they cannot make us enamoured, cannot put a blemish on us.

"Their fragrance obtrudes on our passionless nose [101] but can they awaken desire?

"They, with their surprised eyes and smiling lips, desperately try to infect our eyes with their attractions, their enchantment. And as for their gestures and movements – they dance and play before us.

"It is generally seen that those with a charming skin have crooked ways.

Their outward appearance is soft and fair, but inside they're of a polluted, harsh breed.

“Tradition tells us that the god of love Kaamdeo uses a flower as his weapon. His destroyer Mahaadeo uses a pointed, penetrating weapon. The one has pollen and deep erotic love, which make one do the rounds of worldliness. [102] The other has dispassion and sinless sacrifice in it, which give us liberation.

“The one robs people of their power and fills them with pride instead. The other fills them with power and at once frees them from pride.

“Power is happiness, the source of happiness. Pride is sorrow, the end of happiness. Even so, what an irony it is that everyone sings praises to flowers and crushes thorns. Is it not an attack on truth?

“The western civilization is not against aggression. Rather, it is extremely aggressive. Its eyes are always flushed with visions of holocaust.

“And the direction in which great souls have proceeded – [103] going into the forest, giving up all their passions and attaining fullness, becoming naked and self-situated – is the direction in which Indian culture goes. This latter culture is an index, a guide to great souls and a gateway to happiness and peace.

“Since thorns are worshipped, flowers earn a name. No doubt flowers are used for worship and placed at the feet of God, but God does not touch flowers even though he carries thorns. God incinerated desire, which is the reason why flowers, becoming shelterless, come to God's feet seeking shelter.

“And listen. Thanks to the holy touch of God, thorns have undergone a transformation opposite to that of flowers. Since where up to here, and from here up to where? Since when until now and from now until when... [104] and so on. The subtlest signs of time and place are reflected easily in thorns. Otherwise, why would compasses and clocks have pointed arms – in the image of thorns?

“Nor should we forget that a penal code is provided for the arrogant souls lush with pride. The ruler's bed is not a bed of roses but laid with thorns. Otherwise, a king's power and his capital will be handmaidens of passions.

“That is the reason why change is desirable in the craftsman's mindset to turn him in the right direction. And so this injured and mutilated thorn again says that the craftsman should at least [105] beg the thorn's pardon, mother.”

The clay rises in the potter's defence against the misarguing thorn, and the potter himself advises the thorn tenderly. The thorn, converted, seeks to know the means and the literature that would remove his delusion. On being duly advised, he feels suprasensory joy.

Now the clay speaks, "Listen, do you even know the purity of the potmaker's nature? He is a large, magnanimous soul who has all along scattered forgiveness in his life's voyage. He is the very image of forgiveness, he is forgiveness incarnate."

Just then the potmaker, having digested the fire of the thorn's anger, uttered these words, sweet with grace and profound of import: "I pardon everyone and wish for everybody's pardon. May I have a natural friendship with all at all times. Why should I grow hostile to anyone, and when? In this wide world, none is my enemy."

[106] That humble utterance penetrated the thorn's body like mica that is powdered finest fine, and touched his timeless consciousness.

Just as a flame towering to great heights turns downward when short of fuel, the thorn's rage cools down. Moment to moment the sinful desire for vengeance is purged off. His mind is being illumined. He naturally pays homage to a purifying influence. Right here.

This pen which aims to throw clearer light on the matter at hand, strives to say that the plants of words do not flourish unless irrigated by sense. It is also true that flowers rich with fragrance and pollen [107] do not bloom on the plants of words. When will the plants swing with bunches of fruits of experience and taste?

Now listen with all your heart. This pen tells you that when the flower of sense is metamorphosed, the ripe fruit is itself called experience. In knowledge there is restlessness, in experience lies restfulness. Not flowers but fruits give a sense of fulfilment. Let flowers be protected and fruits be consumed. Yes, indeed. The flower may be perfumed, but where is there juice in it? The fruit contains juice as well as fragrance.

The mutilated thorn's heart was shaken. Gone was his hard-heartedness as he heard the sensible, never-before words of the craftsman. [108] Full of remorse, the thorn says, "I thought the harmful to be helpful and the helpful to be harmful. I

didn't grasp the root of the matter, nor felt attracted to the highest. I made a blunder.

"I went too far on the wrong way, veering from the right path. I abhorred fragrance, calling it names. I called the illuminator as blind.

"I thought nectar to be poison. Pardon me, master. Give me a beneficent mantra, so that my whole life grows peaceful, quiet. By and by, then, may the time come when I too become a shelter and sanctuary, and I too become venerable."

To this, the craftsman says, "A mantra is neither good nor bad, it is the mind that makes it what it will, good or bad. [109] A steady mind is the master-mantra and an unsteady mind is sinful and self-governed. The one is a ladder to happiness, the other is the slumber of sorrow."

The thorn again queries, "What is the calamity called delusion and what is the way to liberation? I look for the signs to recognize them and not for their definition. Only when I understand the implications shall I pay my fee due to my guru – gurudakshinaa. A long, sky-high definition takes away from the value of the original word. True appreciation cannot come from it.

"When you add a quantity of water to milk, even if to suit your convenience, its sweetness is surely reduced. The tongue can feel the cunning of diluting milk with water."

The thorn's query is answered by the craftsman in these words: "To be affected by things other than your self is the result of delusion. To give up everything and take rest in yourself [110] is liberation."

Upon learning this, the thorn repeatedly exclaimed, "Praises be! Praises be! Today he finds himself in the shadow of right words.

"Your utterances shimmer like pearls. The way you explain the implications is extraordinary. I have heard many people but what I've heard just now is rare.

"And even your suggestive talk is blameless. It makes me forget the tools used for suggestion and takes me to the sense. It will help me a lot and it will be kind of you if in your generosity you guide me to the true path, my lord. Kindly enlarge on the means and the literature that will be helpful in my quest. It will be wonderful, it will be the best thing at this time."

The craftsman moulds in his creative consciousness [111] the word

“literature” – saahitya in Hindi, which also means material – and says, “That which is for the reader's welfare is, in the proper sense, literature. If by reading or hearing certain words, you experience happiness, it is literature. Or else it is like a flower without perfume, without the power to make you happy, and the words are inane clusters.

“You can also say that if the writer is living a peaceful, meaningful life, then alone can he produce everlasting literature. The eye can read it, the ear can hear it. Even hands can serve it. It is living literature, isn't it?”

Now the thorn experiences an ecstasy greater than in union with one's wife. Even with a broken head, [112] he delves into literature, churns it. His head becomes, as it were, a churner to separate butter from buttermilk. Engrossed in rejoicing literature, the legless thorn breaks out into a dance.

Smiling gently, the craftsman's soul makes him aware that the soul has to live for centuries on centuries to be free from sin. But everybody's body hurts him/her, and is finally burnt on the funeral pyre. O body, burning in fire repeatedly, turned to ash again and again, you still cause inflammation to the soul by being born time after time.



Acharya Vidyasagar-ji and his holy clan looking at the Tiger cubs, and in turn, the Tiger cubs are looking hither-thither with curiosity & amusement

The author speaks of the good ways of listening to discourses.

Now, on the topic under discussion – literature – this pen rises to say this, that compared to a gifted writer and a skilled maker of discourses, [113] a listener imbued with faith takes in many times more of the essence of the matter. He is skilled in the art of listening to discourses, he is like the swan, the kingswan, with the discrimination to know milk from water. This is as it should be, that is to say, the cook's tongue can hardly savour his own tasty cooking. Because, the speaker during his discourse and the writer during his writing, return to the past.

In those moments there is neither interest nor boredom in the job, only a wrestle with a feelingless past.



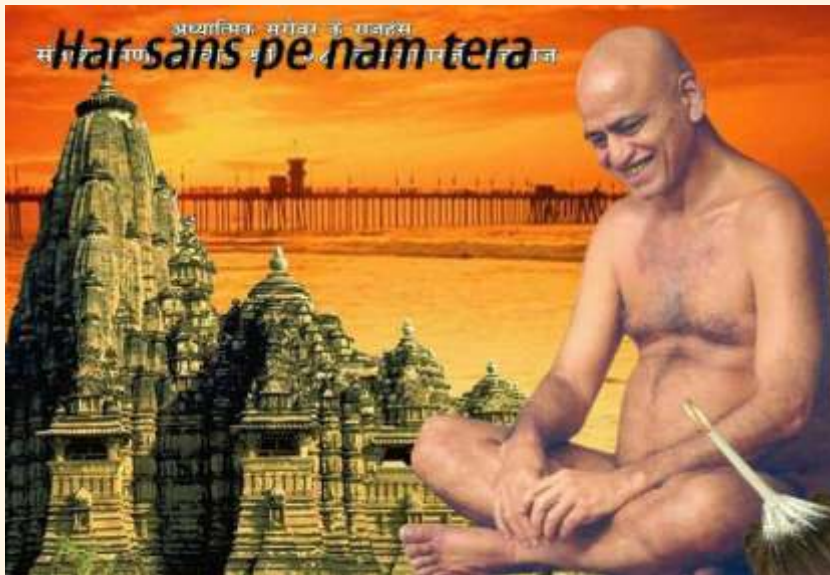
Release of stamp of Guru Gyansagar-ji by Shri Ashok-ji Patni
(of R.K.Marble, Kishangarh) at Ramtek

The potter kneads with his legs the mud with a view to making a pot, his leg grows numb with cold, and he feels apologetic that he must trample on the clay.

The craftsman is coming towards the clay. He has to trample over the swollen clay and turn it into a lump and this is not possible with hands. He has to convert it into gum, [114] and only the feet can do so. For, here to work with hands is like extracting a duty, a tax, and that too openly, and levying such a tax is a sign of inhumanity. It is a dishonour.

The nature of the leg is just the reverse. It agrees to labour and exerts itself till it is hurt. It bends humbly and becomes purified.

See, what's up here all of sudden? The sun of breath seems to be setting. The craftsman's right foot is getting numb. Where blood was circulating, it is freezing now. [115] The other foot prays to God at every step: "Let me not hanker after positions. Let me not step on other's feet. Let me not commit any mischief. Let me not exploit or rob anyone, my lord. But how is this possible? This my footfall on the clay, who is the chaste empress of peace, is the same as trampling on the head of mother clay! Cataclysm overtakes a safe zone. On a mount of love and compassion, a thunderbolt strikes. This age is not to be deprived of peace and joy, it is not to be sunk in sorrow and pain.



'Har sans pe naam tera' literally means,
'With every breath is inhaled your holy name'

Silence argues that the trampling of the clay by the potter has shaken down his faith in the potter. The clay, however, vouches for her undeflecting trust in him. The craftsman discourses on the inanity of inconscient nature – prakriti – and the substantiality of the supreme soul – purush.

The clay is overcome with a surge of impatience. This state, even if momentary, leaves behind it some poison. [116] One does not know what will happen hereafter. In what form will a portion of the future event appear, and how long will it last? What will be its consequences? All this is hidden in the womb of the future. But a knower of what is, was and will be is situated in divine consciousness.

The clay's thoughts dimly subside into silence. The craftsman sadly bows to this silence and is entirely unable to command his feet. And without a signal from the mind, what can the mouth say?

At this, the tongue said, "A tongue that obeys an improper signal leads to degradation. That is to say, a man who conquers his tongue overcomes sorrow and leads a happy life, becomes immortal; [117] and his utterances are a life-giving pill to remove the sorrows of self and others.

"To walk, to walk wrongly and to trample – these are three different things. We are talking of trampling, for mother clay will be trampled upon. Then what shall I say, why and how?"

And the tongue becomes serious.

A foul odour fills the craftsman's nose and it does not permit him to trample on the clay, calling it a condemnable act. The nose gets twisted a little, takes in the smell, and supports the legs in thinking that it is only proper to take a break from this act.

The forehead that is golden like a newly risen sun [118] gets dim and furrowed, and upon seeing this, the craftsman directs both his eyes far away, also within, and brings down the lids. The closing of the eyes signifies that the craftsman wishes to prevent the impending calamity. These eyes are very far-sighted. Briefly speaking, every little limb of the craftsman, even his head, is a traveller on the same path which the feet tread.

The clay and the craftsman watch the silence prevailing between them and

also regard Him who is larger than the silence. Only that entity is larger than silence which can bedwarf the quietude and listen to what the silence hums.

The body of speech is time-confined, isn't it? The hollow of a tree is circled by the tree-stem, isn't it? But listen. [119] How far can the shadow of hollowness extend? It is the treasure of treasures, it is like the mate of knowledge and holy for centuries, isn't it? The silence first turns to the clay and melts like wax and his smiling mouth opens. It speaks sweet, temperate words:

“O mother clay, even your faith in the craftsman appears to be shaky. This is true, that that which slides is a river and is impermanent. The sea does not slide and is permanent. But the river slides towards the sea, doesn't it? [120] Otherwise there would be no river and no sea. This sliding comes naturally to the river and its seaward vision defines it. That is called faith. Faith remains restless as long as it does not find the feet to walk. Without faith there is no joy in conducting one's life, there cannot be. And then, faith-empowered activity is trust – let this be known.

“From deep trust comes the sheer fragrance like that of the night-flower which pervades the mind and the air. An effective establishment of such trust is the installation of a deity in the mind and it comforts and enchants one and all, especially the devoted.

“Gradually, the trust established in the mind expands and strives to reach a pinnacle, and it gets institutionalized. Thus, mother, proper faith, which deepens only by and by, and sees to it that trust is getting established, eventually finds a permanent state, free from buying and selling, in the institution called existence-consciousness-bliss.” [121] And the silence sinks into himself.

The clay's faith challenges the silence who is standing face across to her and says, “O silence, just listen. Don't merely talk of faith but converse with faith. I am free from sin, you are devoid of faith. You are empty of all things except sins. The eyes can catch hope, but a vision of faith is possible only by faith, neither by eyes, nor by hopes and desires. A foundation can be laid not by a sensory vision that divides actions into sinful and meritorious but by the vision of religious faith.”

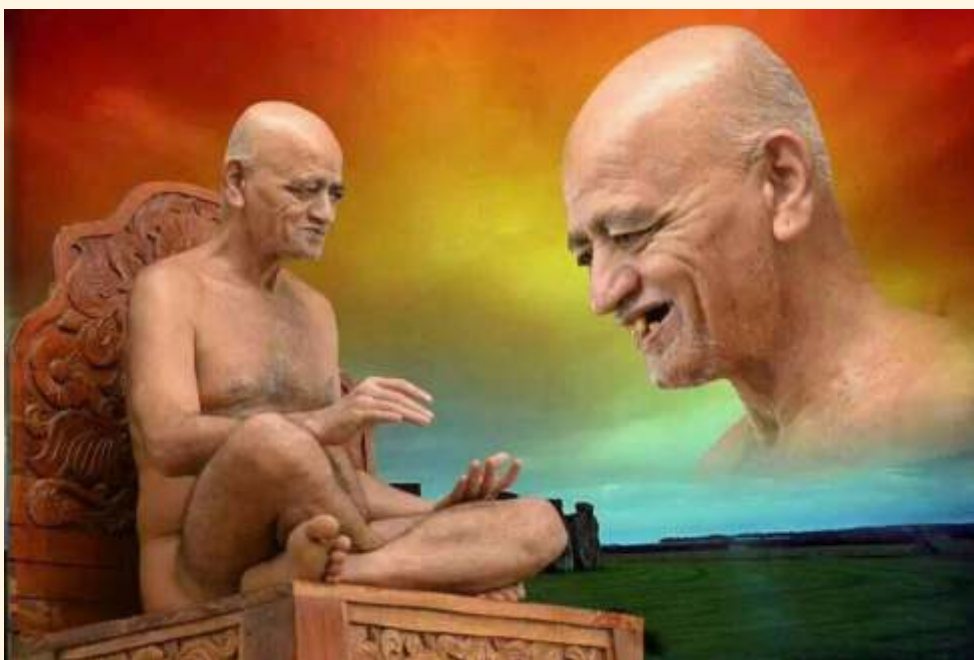
The clay's faith, having thus expressed itself, returns into the retreat of reflection and turns back to gaze at the silence. Her eyes turn reddish. [122] On these eyes, which inspire fear in silence, the craftsman's blue eyes spread momentarily a blue hue.

The craftsman, on seeing physicality standing opposed to him, alerted the party of consciousness with these words: “We have found body, mind and speech many times over, and they, having completed their destined term, have melted off. Out of the density of the mind and delusion, we have embraced them, but the pity is that even while living with the supreme soul – purush – they do not side with him.

“Inconscient nature – prakriti – has till now never given anything to the supreme soul, never given him any sap but only empty shell, a mere deception.

“Yes, it has deceived the supreme soul. And man has, even while recognizing this again and yet again, wept tears and consumed the fare. Even today [123] foolish man hopes to find something worthwhile from inconscient nature.”

The supreme soul – purush –now addresses the craftsman with these meaningful words: “Salary-minded people can pay scant attention to their duty to the country. And those who are centred in a quest of the knowledge of the soul, rarely care for the comforts of the body. That is why the king dies on the battlefield, protecting his subjects, and the ascetic dies in a forest protecting the banner of religion – the banner under which the whole earth lives, breathing happiness and comfort.”



His Holiness Acharya Vidyasagar-ji,
you are the message of PEACE and CONTENTMENT for us

Inconscient nature – prakriti – serenades the supreme soul – purush – calling him sinful and arguing that the greatest use of intellect is to understand the world of things. The craftsman illumines the whole chain of duties of successive layers of consciousness.

Inconscient nature – prakriti – was discomposed to hear her bitter criticism and her steel-hard eyes became red with anger. [124] They radiate bright rays which illumine the base of her forehead, on which these lines are written:

“Not prakriti but purush is a cluster of sins. Prakriti's cultural tradition is not defeated by an outsider – it always radiates fellow-feeling.”

And then prakriti offers some more advice to purush on how to acquire prowess. “O purush, don't point out the faults in those of opposite nature, instead judge them rightly.

“Free your mind of all sin by every means, rather, get rid of it. In fact, examine for a moment the nature of sin. Then whatever judgement is passed, accept your share in it.

“And then, when knowledge can catch the subtlest subtle faults, which is extremely agonizing, it can understand things. The aim of knowledge, the aim of the highest sport of knowledge, is to understand the world of things. [125] That indeed is the right game for the spiritual-minded people. The former, knowledge, is dressed in rags and shamed with defeat. The latter, the world of things, lives, as it were, in a free country: it has caught the glorifying essence.”

Thus prakriti gave a bashing to purush and, indirectly, the individual soul was also caught up in the beating. When a virtuous being is beaten, his virtues are under attack, too.

When the blow is on the root, the tree dries. When you water the root, it flourishes. Hence the craftsman's mind sits up and sheds light on the duties of one's own self and others.

“Let there always be the governance of purush not on prakriti but on the individual soul; the governance of the individual soul not on the senses but on the heart and mind; the governance of the mind not on the body but on the group of senses; the governance of the senses not on others but on the body. But the body should always be ruled and not be the ruler, since it is an object of enjoyment. [126]

And let the purush be the supreme ruler of all, being the aggregate of all attributes, the ultimate enjoyer.”

The creative power of the unsalaried consciousness, gets active. The craftsman smiles in support of this posture of the consciousness.

The inner drive behind the use of a thing, the colouration of motive, is what matters in yoga. All the limbs of the craftsman are operated like a machine. First the right foot makes an auspicious beginning. It gradually rises and comes down on the clay's head. As a clever chakavi bird yearns for moonbeams, the clay raises its head in welcome to the shaping foot.

That which is at the top goes below, that which is below comes to the top. [127] Quickly, very quickly the clay is turned over and kneaded.

The craftsman's feet feel that the impossible has been made possible. The sensation of softness which he is feeling seems to examine the lord who is beyond grasp.

Here, the softness of velvet is outdone. The fleshiness of the softest of sweet mango leaves is put to shame, and it, unable to bear the insult, hides behind a veil. It is a little angry, otherwise why would its thin outer skin be lightly flushed.

The softness of the clay – the mother of wax – could not remain silent. It could not hold the secret within and blurted out, “If you wish, then listen. I'll tell you some useful things. [128] How shall I tell you the secret, the innermost secret?

“The eyes which are dark with compassion are teaching you something. Learn to recognize consciousness. The lips which are flushed red like the dawn are giving you a message: always practice equanimity. The cheeks which are fleshy with youth are telling you: use your power for appropriate sacrifice.

“The hair which is dark like the wasp is saying: [129] don't overvalue the body. The feet which are trembling out of respect are humming: walk all the way and then rest.

“And listen, where are the boundaries of that larger being? Where are the shores of a guru's guruhood? Whatever is presented here is a droplet of the limitless waters of the ocean, and that, too, while staying in the ocean.” Thus saying, the cheerful clay's softness puts on a veil of silence.

The valiant mood of classical aesthetics promotes himself above the other eight aesthetic moods. The craftsman's valour puts him down, which makes the clay laugh out loud. The humorous mood takes this as a cue to assert his paramouncy. The craftsman, however, points out his inadequacies, and goes on to denounce the fierce mood, too.

The phrase “walk all the way and then rest” awakened the craftsman's consciousness. His mind was churned and his slack body felt an access of energy.

[130] The act of trampling picks up speed and the craftsman's legs sink in the clay knee-deep. It is as if prakriti is clinging to the powerful calves of purush. The clay is thirsting for fragrance, like a cobress clinging to a sandal tree.

As she clings to the craftsman's legs, the great clay's arms exude the mood of valour – veer ras. He asks the craftsman, “Why have you remembered him? Why have you called out to him? He is praised by brave people and acts brave. For centuries he has provided strength to humanity.

“Come on, drink a full cup of it. May your victory-wish come true. Be the bravest man of the age. Be supremely brave like Mahaveer. Never spill your semen.”

Now the craftsman's valour speaks to the valiant mood: “You speak in a drunken state. Our faith has grown firmer in the matter, [131] inasmuch as the valiant mood can never provide an arrow nor ever assuage pain and sorrow.

“When cold water is heated on fire, it comes to a boil, but still it can control the fire and even put it off.

“But imbibing the valiant mood may at once boil a person's blood, make him uncontrollable. What to talk of pacifying others, even a peaceful atmosphere begins to erupt like a volcano. Imbibing of this mood leads to an excess of rude outbursts in your behaviour. The urge to rule over others is the result of such an act. The root of pride is hard like the acacia stump. [132] It stands to negate others and trample on their values. As soon as one's pride is hurt, the valiant mood cries out, it is beside itself with rage, and ignores the lofty and holy traditions of the puranic souls.

“The human race was gifted the teachings of Manu; have they been forgotten or have they perished? Your first step should be to think of the nature of pride and the next should be to overcome it – entirely and without any letup.”

When the uselessness of the valiant mood was thus pronounced and it was dishonoured, the great clay burst out laughing.

The humorous mood – haasya ras – guffawed at the craftsman:

“The valiant mood has its history, and valiant souls know it. Dare not to mock at it. Those who are not valiant, are cowards – their photos are not honoured with a sprinkling of the festive red powder of abeer. Yes, when they die, their hearse may be sprinkled with it. [133] Their history makes you neither laugh nor cry.”

And so saying, the humorous mood quoted the familiar saying in a crackling voice: “Fill half your stomach with food, and drink twice as much of water. Work thrice as hard and laugh four times as much – and you'll live a full life, well past hundred.

“Cheerfulness is a friend to those near to greatness. Cheerfulness is a shelter, a glorious branch on which flowers and fruits always, always hang.”

The craftsman rejoined:

“You laugher, don't argue through your laughter, and don't overvalue the humorous mood. We don't concur with you. What is said in a joke, we cannot at any cost accept as truth.

“Laughter may be an antidote to a depressed mood, but to understand the Divine, it is necessary to give up laughter, which is a kind of impurity.

“A laughter-inclined person is often impatient and lacks discrimination [134] of what to do and what not to do. He lacks sobriety. He is crazy like a child.

“That's why steadfast souls don't laugh. The knowers of the self don't get trapped in delusion and maya.”

The humorous mood saw that he could not have his way and changed his stance. He remembered his friend the fierce mood – bhayankar ras – which dwelt deep inside the great clay. This mood, ferocious and dark, was boiling in the depths, being inflammable, heartless and cruel.

He came to know what had happened. His mind was agitated, angry juices trickled within, his eyebrows were furrowed, and his eyes became red. He turned acidic.

In a matter of minutes, his long nose was inflated like a balloon. If incense did not find a flame, [135] it would be a different matter, it would be an incomplete

thing. But here there was gunpowder stashed within. So what can one say? The nostrils of the fierce mood emitted angry flames, red and flickering, wrapped in thick smoke. Its nose looked dangerous. This gives us the feeling that the nose is the storehouse of anger. If someone pesters you, you say that you choke my breath. Your nose feels inflamed. There is no doubt about this.

The pure quality – sato gun – appeared to come to an end here, and the passionate and the base qualities – rajo gun and tamo gun – became the ruling qualities and spoke.

The fearless craftsman, mild like the moon, said to the fierce mood, “Don't say more about yourself. Ferocity is a deformity of the mind and flows deathward. Gentility is more proper to human nature, its play is unending. And listen. Have you not heard the sayings: 'Low income and high expenses is the way to dissolution. Poor strength and great rage is the way to getting beaten.'”

[136] In the meantime, an adversity comes to pass and the craftsman loses his temper. A great being, with a very terrifying, cavernous open mouth, where seven elephants that are each seven arms tall, can together enter or exit appears and looks on. Vermilion-eyed fear is staring on and on. In its mouth one saw deadly fangs and a ruddy tongue half hanging out, with bloodlike red saliva dripping from it.

The craftsman's intellect got scared by this vision as his eyes slipped down the bottomless mouth, so much like the nether world. It cried, “My feet, as they slipped down, rested upon an arrow, and my breath, as it was about to expire, stopped in pain. My eyes feel giddy as those eyes looked upon me. I too saw something foggy – fear. Consternation.

[137] “Someone was yelling, 'Save, save, save. Save me, won't you?' Tell me master.” And the craftsman's intellect trembles with fear and clings to his chest. He caresses her head with his protective hand, and this is enough.

His intellect wakes up a little, and her tresses lying on her forehead move swiftly.

On the one hand is fear and on the other is fearlessness, and between the two stands the intellect with a mixture of fear and a sense of security. Let's see which way it will lean – whether it will fall into the clutches of fear or settle down in the holy shed of fearlessness. Just a few moments pass and his intellect becomes fearless. [138] She is in an abundant measure influenced by purush, and the influence of prakriti gets subdued. This hasn't happened before.

Now the entity called surprise is itself amazed. The craftsman thereafter shows sensuality its place and describes the joys of inner peace. Sensuality pleads that music is the backbone of happiness, a plea which the craftsman quashes squarely. He adores the music that is beyond the sum of the seven notes.

Look, fear is itself scared, it shows its back in the battlefield. The brave fellow is turned a coward and the fierce fellow is down with disease.

This unprecedented happening amazed the entity called surprise: on his wide forehead rose the wavy lines of amazement, and for some moments he stood blinkless. He was speechless, too, and his hunger was diminished.

To see surprise in this state, the mouth of sensuality nearly went dry and the tale that enchants sensual minds went blind.

[139] The craftsman sighs, "God, when will the passion-blind souls find illumination?"

And thus speaks his voice: "He who has been enamoured of detachment – can he get interested in sensuous joys? He who has savoured the joy of abstract divinity – can he desire the touch of the world? He who has been away from sweet and foul smells, what fragrance will his nose adore?

"Secondly, human beings inherit a body that is beautiful or ugly. The beautiful person enhances his charms, the ugly person tries to improve his looks – both using apparel and ornaments. But he who does not hanker after bodily beauty but abstract divinity – why would he care for lifeless decorations?

"Since when have humans been worshipping desire – the varied sources of sensuous gratification, and that which belongs to others!

[140] "This consciousness of mine aspires for a change of outlook – not to go for sense objects but for God.

"What awful heat is this, these volcanic winds within and without! My body is as though scorched and now wishes for a different touch – not of labour and sweat but of an abode of enduring peace. These days my inner makeup has progressed a great deal.

"The radiance of desire has dimmed and the churning for the truth of life has been stepped up. It continues. The mind seems to be tired and the body seems to stop. I aspire not for an empty form but for the sweet substance. I agree that this bud is imbued with infinite possibilities, but how long will it remain a bud? [141] When will it emit the fragrance trapped in its inner joints? This veil stands in the way of a

view of its heart. I look not for attachment but the pollen, the fragrance of liberation."

And the craftsman gives sensuality this rich advice: "O sensuality, whether you accept it or not, it is a fact that every creature thirsts for happiness, but a worldly person goes for wealth whereas a detached soul goes after supreme bliss. This subtle but unassailable dividing line is not based on outward give-and-take but it is an inner event organized by oneself, it is the outcome of one's knowledge. O sensuality, look within and understand what is true ornament and true decoration."

He asks the softness of sensuality, "In what tune do the newly sprung leaves sing and why? From which circle do they come and into which circle are they sold? And towards the end, in what rhythm does their breath expire? [142] In what tune do the newly sprung leaves sing and why?"

He further illumines the subtle difference between worldly and spiritual wealth: "The balance which weighs the least little thing, a hair, is not that ordinary balance on which coal is weighed; it is the extraordinary one on which gold is weighed. And since gold is something that is weighed, it is not incomparable. The balance is never weighed, so it is incomparable. Spiritual wealth is never weighed on a balance for worldly wealth. To make money the standard of things is not to know economics at all – it pushes the world into tragic circumstances. Does the economist know this?"

On hearing this, sensuality could not even find its full-blooded voice. In a subdued voice it speaks, "The voice is compared to effulgent God. Even God resorted to voice. [143] How can one savour everlasting and glowing joy without a voice?

"The voice, the notes are the life of music, and music is the backbone of happiness. Further, who can doubt that everybody aims for happiness? One can, no doubt, say that if you wish to be bodiless, you have to give recognition to the body of voice. Do you get it, O embodied one, O craftsman?"

To this the craftsman's clean turban of hand-spun fabric speaks clearly: "Voices rise from the struggle between purush and prakriti, from the dull and perishable nature. They don't rise from the supreme soul – param purush. Whether harsh or melodious, all voices are perishable.

"And even if Lord God is immortal, His voice is mortal.

"And even if the joy of hearing is arisen from voice, and even if to an extent

and at an early stage, the outer tool of immortal joy may have been voice, [144] still voice is not the aim, nor is it a desirable object, it is neither immeasurable nor nectarine. The seeker should know this well."

And the craftsman sinks into meditation: "O sense of hearing, how often have you heard a voice? O beautiful one, how often have you remembered a voice? Since when do this music and song continue? How much time have you spent in reflection over the past – if you know this, then tell me. The inner organs haven't got wet yet. Both the organs have remained deaf, where have they grown to fullness? O unmoved lord, now we want not word, but the right conditions.

"O sensuality, don't boast, nor murder true music by calling music the backbone of pleasure.

"I deem music to be that which is unattached, and true love to be that [145] which is not sensual. My companion is the music beyond the seven notes.

"The limbs of sensuality are like the sword's edge, but the times are being befooled. The colours of sensuality are like embers, and the times are burning. This speaker has found a remedy for this damage – it is a never-before drink.

"If you drink it, the pain of the body vanishes in no time, the sufferings of the mind vanish in no time.

"My companion music is made of equanimity, it's colourless and cool.

"I cannot live tied down to any age, I cannot be tied down to any particular tune.

"My companion is the music whose style is free and bare. [146] If the eye turns towards the sea, it appears large, it appears like the image of epicycles of time. If the eye turns towards the wave, the sea appears short-lived. A thing has many facets, many colours, it is fluid.

"My companion is the music whose style has seven aspects.

"It was bored with a drop of happiness and immersed into a sea of sorrow. Sometimes garlands honoured it, sometimes repeated defeat dishonoured it. At some places it was lured by a gain, at places it felt sad on account of a loss. At some places it found a friendly soul, at places a cheat. This unfortunate being wandered on and on. But today, all the sorrows have been wiped out, when it found this music.

[147] "My companion is music and my victory is a wholesome victory in war."

When inconscient nature – prakriti – hears sensuality belittled, she presents a disgusting sight. This becomes ground for Mother Nature to show tearful compassion. God expresses sorrow over preachers who preach without practicing.

When prakriti heard of the impermanence and inanity of voice, her nose that was always drawn towards sensuality, began to run. Mucus that was partly thick and partly thin, partly green and partly yellow, flowed out of it. It was a disgusting sight.

On this mucus, flies circled – flies that breed attachment and are immersed in sense objects. It appears that the mood of disgust has also negated sensuality, not opted for it. Why does everybody's nose utter the nasal sound No?

The mucus stuck to the upper lip and dripped down to the lower lip. And the tongue of sensuality savoured it with great gusto. [148] On seeing this thoughtless act of sensuality, Mother Nature, the originator of all aesthetic moods, was angered. She gave a few slaps on the cheeks of sensuality, whose childlike pink cheeks turned to a coral shade.

A mother's virtue is not glorified and made meaningful by merely giving birth to a child and presenting him to the world. Rather, she has to awaken the dormant potential in the child to the full by pure conditioning. This is what we have heard from saints.

When a child takes to evil, the mother's hand rises in punishment; when the child progresses towards truth, her hand rises in blessing. And this is exactly what happened.

Mother Nature's eyes, wet with compassion, shed tears, and her compassion is saying something to one and all: [149] "You quarrelled among yourselves such a lot, and it was all wrong. Why are you so keen to kill others – and be killed? Is that what your sagacity comes to? You are flush with poison and are out to bring down holocaust. The Mother feels deeply hurt by these goings on. Don't make your life a battlefield, heal the wounds of Mother Nature.

"Be merciful. Be kind to the cruel. Be fearless. On those who are terrorized, rain the nectar of fearlessness. Always think of everybody's welfare. O heart, live the life of humanity. Don't make a battlefield of your life, rather repay the debt you owe to Mother Nature.

"Don't just flaunt your own worth but see the good in others. Also, see to it that you don't desire what is others' and don't speak ill of others. Don't make life a battlefield, don't hurt the mind of Mother Nature. [150] Try to discover what life is and what the world is. Overcome craving. Cravings bond you to the impermanent world."

Then the compassionate Mother gets serious and says, "If my weeping brings you smiles and makes you glad, here I cry. I can cry even more.

"And if the very fact of my being alive gives you palpitations of the heart, makes you sad and scared, well, I would like to give up my life as well. I would like to sleep forever. I pray to God that He should take away my life as early as possible. My being should be reduced to naught, that is all."

To this, God says, "That which comes into being cannot be annihilated, my child. Life has for its companion constant struggle, yes, life is the merry song of immortality.

"I beg your pardon that your wish could not be fulfilled, O enjoyer soul."

[151] Upon seeing this scene, this pen, too, chokes with sorrow. It backs up the Mother, saying, "Its eyes moisten with compassion for some and beam with joy for others. What should I do? Should I weep or laugh at this strange world?

"The world sees this sobbing pen, puts it to vigorous tests, believes in God, and is greatly influenced by God. But its only shortcoming is that this influence is limited to the head. Why, otherwise, would today's man go topsy-turvy. Its feet are fixed, Mother. Mother, there is no dearth of the teachings of Brahmaa, or the first Tirthankara, or Adinaath. But grass has grown on the holy path [152] shown by them.

"This grass is not because of rains but because of the crowd of preachers who shower their preachments of compassion without practicing what they preach.

"Mother, today the guides don't know the path. The reason is known: they whom the path is being shown do not wish to follow the path but want others to follow it. Innumerable are the cunning folk who are driving others.

"What shall I do? I write whatever is happening. I get a taste of it, I weep, and keep writing. After all it is my job, my fate to write."

Now when compassion starts shedding tears, the craftsman points out her sentimental limitations. He then finds fault with the mood of motherly tenderness, too, and finally enthrones the quiet mood as the supreme amongst them all.

On seeing the craftsman stunned, did compassion also feel inadequate? “Don't split hairs like this,” she said, and started weeping.

[153] At this, the craftsman says, “It is not in the nature of compassion to weep. But compassion cannot be exercised without weeping. To have compassion somewhere in the heart is one thing and to act out of it is quite another. All the same, such an excess seems out of place.

“I agree that the crop of a manured field is richer than that of an unmanured field. But if a seed is sown in manure, it is burnt. Yes, that is so. If you use well-measured quantities of manure and water and scatter seed, they don't sprout unless covered by soil. Not only that, if the seed are covered with an excess of soil, they may sprout within, but they will be choked in the depths [154] and won't rise to the surface of the earth. Compassion is not despicable – it has its own applications, and its limits. Even so, we have to understand the right place of compassion.

“One who exercises compassion must not nurture an ego, nor should he have the sense of being a chief disciple. The one who receives compassion does consider himself to be a minor disciple. The heart of both is moved. The disciple is moved by taking shelter, the guru by giving shelter. They both experience something never-before, but that cannot be called true happiness. The door is opened so as to remove sorrow and provide happiness; even so, at that moment, both of them forget their sorrow.

“The one who exercises compassion does not fall, but his face is downward, that is to say outward-looking. [155] The one who receives compassion does not look downward, he sure is upward-looking. Even so, there is no certainty about one's becoming upward-moving.

“There are two types of compassion – one is attracted to sense objects, the other is producer of detachment and a guiding light. The first kind is not under discussion here, we're talking about the second kind. In what words shall I relate the taste of this quality called compassion? If you believe in this, it tastes like salt tears.

“As such, it is a big mistake to consider the pathetic mood – karun ras –

subsumed in the tranquil mood – shaant ras.

“Compassion is like a canal, utility-oriented in a bouncing way. The tranquil mood is like a river, utility-oriented in a bright way. When a canal enters a field, [156] it allays the burning of the soil and itself dries up. The river obliterates everything in its way and reaches the sea to find its happiness.

“I would like to explain this subject further. When water falls into dust, it changes into mud. But when ice falls into dust, it cannot change itself. It does not absorb anything. When water is exposed to fire, its coolness is gone. It boils and scalds others. But if ice is exposed to fire, its coolness is preserved. It neither boils nor scalds. Almost similar is the position of the compassionate mood.

“Compassion is fluid, it flows and is soon influenced by others.

[157] “The peaceful mood does not get carried away by any current. The times may change but it sticks to its position. This also signals that there can be no mixture of motherly tenderness in compassion. And motherly affection is neither hollow nor imaginary.”

On hearing this, on the surface of the great clay's round cheeks there is a thrill of motherly affection.

The craftsman continues, “Like compassion, motherly tenderness feeds on duality. It is whimsical with its attachment; outer give-and-take dominate in it. Its inner grasp is weak, hence non-duality does not show up in it.

“It is exercised only on those of the same religion, conduct and thoughts. It cannot be expressed without a gentle smile. In motherly tenderness, you glimpse a mild sweetness... [158] and then impermanence. Dewdrops don't satisfy your thirst nor your hope nor desire. The lamp of breath gets extinguished. So tell me, how can motherly affection subsume the peaceful mood?

“If a baby is in a mother's lap and the mother is giving suckle to it, the baby does look upward at the mother's lips, eyes and cheeks. It examines how action and reaction are related. If the mother's eyes reflect compassionate softness or hardening, the baby will tend to cry. If the mother's cheeks quiver with a gentle smile on the lips, the baby's throat will convulse. This is the sole reason why a mother covers a suckling's face with her sari when nursing it. [159] That is to say, to experience the peaceful mood you should be in joyous solitude.

“The experience of the peaceful mood results from the confluence of your colourless and coloured body with the depth of a lake that is free from colours and waves.

“The compassionate mood is the life of life, unstable like the wind. Motherly tenderness is the saviour of life, white and fluid like water. But they belong to the world of duality. The peaceful mood is the song of life, sweet and milk-like.

“The compassionate mood is that which softens the hardest stone to wax. Motherly tenderness is made of the stuff that changes the dullest fool to a wise person. But these are worldly miracles. But as for the peaceful mood, [160] it changes a self-controlled discreet person into God.

“As far as the peaceful mood is concerned, it is something to be internalized. If I have to speak briefly and negatively, the end of all other moods is the peaceful mood. This wisdom is straight from the heart of saints. Glory be.”



The holy congregation of the devoted disciples ‘Muni Sangh’
engrossed in Acharya Bhakti - the worship of the Guru

**The clay has been kneaded by now and the potter shapes it on his wheel.
The clay prays to him to free her from the cycle of births.**

Here, the craftsman completes the kneading of the clay with legs even while bringing out the importance of the peaceful mood, which is according to him the king of moods, the essence of moods. And the craftsman rotates his wheel on the wooden rod embedded in the earth and rising like a tower, with a two-arms-long stick in his hand. Then he places the lump of clay on the rotating wheel. The lump also rotates along with the wheel. Just then the clay addresses the craftsman: [161] “Going by the Sanskrit etymology of the word 'samsaar' – the world – it is something which moves in a balanced way. Time is not a wheel by itself, it is the ruler of the wheel of the world. That is why, traditionally, time is called a wheel. This has resulted in my passing through four phases, through an excruciating cycle of eight million four hundred thousand births.

“Now, you have put her on the potter's wheel as well. She feels giddy. Take her down from this one more round now, liberate her.”

In answer, the craftsman pacifies her:

“Wheels are of many kind. The wheel of the world is that which causes attachment, anger and such other things. A self-conquering soul's wheel is that which puts an end to the cycle of physical births. [162] This potter's wheel is like the whetstone which makes your life shine with incomparable qualities. It is the source of the glory of a holy life.

“And as for your giddiness, it is not because of the potter's wheel but because of your faulty vision. By looking at the circumference, a conscious being undergoes a fall. By looking at the centre of centres, a conscious being is preserved. The circumference moves round and round and life is wasted. In the centre, life is entertained and there appears happiness.

“And listen, it is a common thing that only a circuitous way takes the climber unhindered to an invincible mountain-peak that touches the sky.”



Acharya Vidyasagar-ji
and his brother
Muni Yogsagar-ji
taking
bits of food 'aahar'

The lump of clay takes on the shape of a pitcher. The potter removes the imperfections in his shape.

Now the craftsman first of all makes a spontaneous resolve. [163] He conceives the shape of a pitcher. His mind knows what is to be known, his will is focused on the object.

The body follows the mind. The potter's arms take the shape of the pitcher. An initial touch it was, which sent a never-before thrill into the clay, the beginning of an experience of affection. From time to time there surface, in a set order, various kinds of sweet images of the clay, which had lain in a veil of secrecy since time immemorial.

It is a job for prowess to unveil secrets. Only a sensitive sufferer has a severe thirst to nose out a secret – it is not a passive act of destiny.

A person who lacks the instrument of exploring – that is, hands – he neither does anything for others, nor gets it done. He who lacks feet to walk neither walks a step [164] nor makes anyone walk. Time is inert, beyond buying and selling. Since the beginnings, time has rested in one place, indifferent to others. All the same, the presence of time here in this fashion is essential, owing to the mutual efficient relationship.

The clay, devoid of pride, gives up its lump shape and takes on the pitcher shape. The earth is pitcher-shaped. The clay steadfastly rises above the earth.

In a way, a creature ordinarily travels all the time unobstructed, even staying at his own place. Even so, when his ego-free good sense rises to his help, he develops into a superior being. He goes to his perishing when he is foolishly and proudly attached to the world. This is a prefatory observation on man's rise and fall.

[165] The potter carefully took off the pitcher-like shape from the wheel and placed it on earth. It remained there for a space of time and got nearly dried up. Gone was its sinking softness.

Today, the potter feels very happy as he picks up the pitcher. With a club in one hand and guarding the pitcher with the other, he knocked off the defects in the pitcher.

When you see the protection given by one hand, you feel that the craftsman is being kind. When you regard the hits he makes with the club, you feel that it is an act of cruelty. But the hit is on the defect, isn't it? The potter's eyes are cautious and blinkless. That is how he has given it a beautiful shape, round and smooth – he has not throttled it.

The potter writes some numbers and words on the pitcher's body, indicative of the deceptive non-self as well as of the reality.

On the body of the pitcher, some revelatory numbers, strange pictures and poems get written. The numbers 99 and 9 in devanagari look like ear ornaments, introducing themselves.

The one talks about the salty world, the other about the milky essence. The one enlarges the sphere of delusion, the other opens the door to liberation. When you multiply 99 by 9 and other numbers, you get a larger number, no doubt, but the sum of the multiplication comes back to 9.

For example :

$$99 \times 2 = 198, 1+9+8=18, 1+8=9$$

$$99 \times 3 = 297, 2+9+7=18, 1+8=9$$

$$99 \times 4 = 396, 3+9+6=18, 1+8=9$$

In this way, you can continue the multiplication series to 9.

Also, when you multiply 9 by 2 and other numbers, the multiplication gets to be a higher and higher number, [167] but the sum of the digits boils down to 9.

For example :

$$9 \times 2 = 18, 1+8=9$$

$$9 \times 3 = 27, 2+7=9$$

$$9 \times 4 = 36, 3+6=9$$

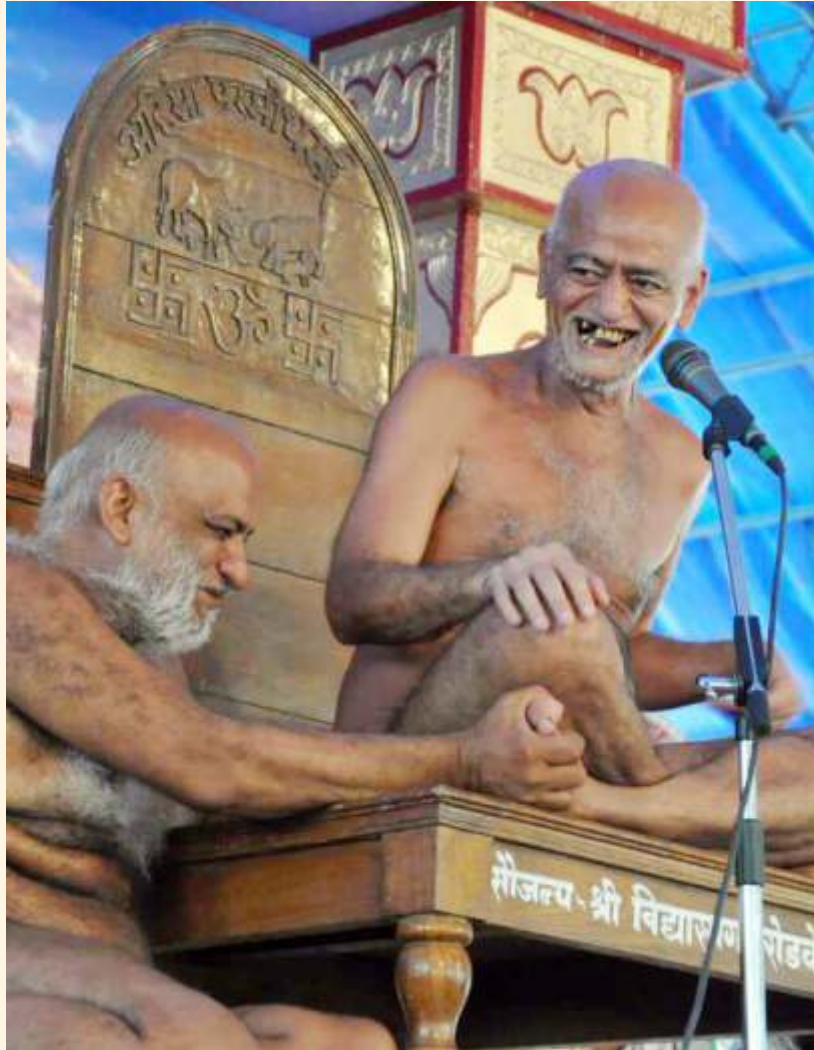
And so on. you can take the multiplier to 9 and what will result finally, what will remain, what will be seen is only 9.

That is the reason why 99 is a magic deception, perishable by virtue, and indicative of the non-self, and 9 is the number in a deep shade, a cradle in which life is fostered. It is imperishable by nature, immune to old-age and death, and a teacher of the self. No more needs to be said.

The saying that "The world is a trap of 99" appears to be true here. For worldly seekers of liberation, 99 should be held in scorn and 9 held up as an aim, a source of new life. [168] On the pitcher's neck, the number 63 is inscribed. Written in Hindi, it reminds us of the puranic figures. Its speciality is that 6 faces 3, and 3 faces 6. To share in each other's happiness and sorrows is a sign of gentlemanliness. To be

jealous of those who are happy and to buoy up to see people sad is a sign of roguery. When you forget ideal beings, the digits of 63 are reversed and 36 is formed.

36, when written in Hindi, has 3 and 6 facing away from each other. Distortion in thinking makes one's behaviour untoward. Quarrels are sparked off. What can one say thereafter! Another 3 gets added to 36 and altogether 363 opinions are engendered, thirsting for one another's blood. This is an all-too-common sight on our earth today.



The sublime HAPPINESS prevails when
the Shishya Muni Sudhasagar-ji meets his
Guru Acharya Vidyasagar-ji after a gap of 18 years

The potter paints on the pitcher a lion and a dog for their praiseworthy and despicable qualities respectively. This is followed by pictures of a tortoise and a rabbit, and the philosophical seed-words hee and bhee, symbolizing, respectively, the desirable and the undesirable. He writes a scriptural message, too, to do one's essential, God-ward duty.

A lion and a dog are also painted on the pitcher, silently conveying their symbolic significance. The two have different ways of life. The lion does not attack its victim from behind, does not roar unnecessarily, and does not pounce upon anyone without roaring. In short, it stays away from deception.

The dog, on the other hand, bites from behind and barks every now and then for no reason at all.

The lion never begs for its livelihood, [170] whereas the dog shakes its tail and tags along its master for bread. No neck-strap can be tied to a lion. If a lion somehow gets caged, it moves about strapless. Its tail is stiff and up-curved. It never compromises on its freedom and self-respect. The dog does not understand the value of freedom, and slavery and humiliation do not prick it. A strap around a dog's neck is a decoration.

And what is special is that if you stone a dog, it bites the stone and not the hitter of the stone. The lion uses judgement and always turns upon the real cause. It attacks the hitter. [171] People speak ill of the dog culture and civilization because the dog digs the earth and growls at its own kind. The lion lives friendly with its kind. Such is the nature of the king, and such it ought to be.

Some dogs go mad, too, and the person they bite also barks like a dog and dies within a few days. But we have never heard that a lion went mad.

There is yet another highly disreputable act of the dogkind. When it is overcome with hunger and goes foodless, it feeds on dung. And if even dung is not available, it consumes its own progeny.

But listen. The lion never eats dung to satisfy its hunger [172] nor consumes its newborn babies.

On the pitcher, right there, a tortoise and a rabbit are drawn, alerting a spiritual seeker to the way to proper saadhanaa. The tortoise walk slowly and reaches its goal within time. The rabbit, though a quick runner, remains way

behind. The reason is well-known – the one is steadfast while the other sleeps in the way. Laziness is the arch-enemy of the wayfarer.

Now, an observer can see on the mouth of the pitcher two words in Hindi – “hee” and “bhee”. Both are seed-words, signifying their respective philosophies.

Hee supports absolutism, a kind of false perception – ekaantavaad; bhee symbolizes relative pluralism – anekaantavaad, also known as syaadvaad, a doctrine of manifold standpoints or possibilities in describing matter.

Hee says that we are everything, you are worthless, a nobody. Bhee says that we as well as you are equally worthwhile.

[173] Hee looks down on others; bhee looks upon all impartially. Hee catches only the shape of things, bhee touches the insides.

Hee is western civilization, bhee Indian culture, a maker of destiny. Raavan was a worshipper of hee; Ram espoused bhee. That is why Ram is worshipped and will continue to be worshipped.

People seem to throng around hee more and more, but the real backbone of democracy is bhee, not the crowd.

In this world, the rest of democracy will be safe as long as bhee lives and breathes. Bhee ends libertine behaviour and blind arrogance. It realizes the dream of liberty, and sows the seed of good thinking and action. These seeds are only in bhee, not in hee. We pray to God that hee may be eradicated from the world now or any time later. May all actualize bhee.

The line “Join hand with hand,” is written on the pitcher, which tells us that [174] for a bright future, God has commanded thus: “Why do you sit wasting your breath? Do your proper work, keep away from sin and hypocrisy. Join hand with hand and you'll be saved. Otherwise you'll blindly lose yourself, get confined in jail and your life will be wasted.”

The spirit of togetherness -
all for a holy cause
- Muni Samtasagar-ji
with Acharyashri-ji



The potter writes short multi-meaning poems on the pitcher, reflecting the aspiration to be useful to all and necessity to lose one's ego.

There is a short poem on the pitcher: “Dying, we should become a balm.” It can only mean that our life is stony hard. How many wayfarers have stumbled upon it, stopped and fallen down? How many have left the path and turned away? Then, how many feet have become blood-spattered, how many have sustained deep injuries? Were they really properly treated? And anyway, how can a sinful stone offer treatment? [175] Today, just a thought of giving has sprouted in its mind. Even this is a sign of good luck. The feet can go no further. God, these mean sinners only pray that if not in this life, at least in the next life, they should become a balm when they die.

There is another poem on it in Hindi: “Mai do gala.” It means, first, that I'm double-tongued. I have one thing in my heart and another on my lips. I contaminate milk with poison. Its second meaning is: “I'm a bastard, I'm deceitful, cunning and false. I've been hiding this deception only out of ignorance and pride.” Thus, all who seek their higher self-interest may also accept this bitter truth and see wherein lies their welfare. And there is a third meaning in it which hardly needs to be told. “Melt away my pride, the root of all deformities and pollution.” [176] Thus the Hindi line “Mai do gala” is a pun emanating three meanings.



Acharya Vidyasagarji sharing pearls of wisdom in a discourse with the faithfulls

The heat of penance is now necessary to toughen the pitcher, and the entire atmosphere gets pervaded by a searing heat.

The pitcher still has a trace of moisture in it which has to be entirely evaporated. The potter keeps it on hot, open ground.

Without penance – tap – the moisture of ignorance cannot be got rid of. Without heat – taap – there can be no rains. For want of penance, this inner mind has suffered too many desires and counter-desires for ages on ages. It has only met with failure, it has only been restless. How to tell it, how to bear it, how to live? In this life, so far we have been hearing mere talk of success.

The heart yearns to get lost in the fragrance of the infinite, it leaps up to transcend the physical end. [177] The saint's disturbed mind queries, "You who sport a light yellow shade, Mother Earth, where have you gone? Where is the beauty of spring, where indeed?"

At this, the saint gets to hear these few words: "Spring has ended. The finite is lost in the infinite, only the body remains to be cremated. Summer was invited, and it has arrived. The sun appears in a terrifying form, the sunshine is scorching, flames rule outside and within, left and right, before and behind, above and below.

Only heat and more heat is beating down.

The condition of all the ten directions has changed. The earth's most generous heart, its thighs and belly, have developed great cracks. Fiery winds enter them, as if revealing their identity to the boiling lava in the nether world. [178] All that you see here is heat and more heat. The lake of blue water, the drains and the rivers, though carriers of an endless amount of water, have shrunk and eventually become waterless. The river has come to a piteous condition. The drain has sunk into the earth out of shame.

Here, all you feel is heat and more heat.

The sun rises early and sets late. It takes longer to complete its journey. It appears as if its pace has slacked down, otherwise why would the days be longer now?

Here, there is only one power – heat and more heat.

[179] Who has robbed green nature of her greenery? What use is the creator's

greenery then? Where have disappeared the tenderness of supple ivies and the sweetness of ripe fruits? Where have vanished the mild gusts of fragrant breeze that shake branches laden with fruit? Where have gone the smiles of flowers, the continual whisperings of leaves, and the sweet humming of honey-sipping bees? Hidden is the touch of the cool creeper, the grey picture of the dried up creeper. It did not survive even for a moment – one doesn't know when it was gone.

Here, all that dominates is heat and more heat.

Where is that emotion, where the pollen, where is that awakening of consciousness? Missing is that perfume, that chirping of birds, those dear, dear things and that enthusiasm. Where is that “vi” which denotes speciality, where is the poet, and where the sun of sweet rays? Where are the limbs, where the colour, and where the humour of the god of love? Missing are those expressions and gestures, and missing is the protective shadow of consciousness.

[180] Here only one thing rules – heat and more heat.

The objects of enjoyment are lying about, the enjoyer is gone. The science of yoga is here, the yogi is gone. Which is for whom – wealth is for life or life for wealth? Which is more valuable – the body or material earnings, the inert matter or consciousness? From the body of Spring, the decorations and ornaments have been taken off as also the dress. Behind them, desire hides. Desire lives neither in the body nor in the dress but in the maya-driven mind.

Spring's physical body lies all bare and inert like a dry smell-less flower. Its mouth is slightly open and its tongue slightly hangs out, it turns this way and that. It seems to be saying something – that it has no interest in physicalities. [181] When you are governed by your tongue, you are acting thoughtlessly. Spring had no discrimination to know its own true interests. That is why those who live a spring-like life are unaffected by the preachings of saints. It is a time for cremation of that which is no more, and a spell of detachment falls on all. Now, from the body of the spring the shroud is taken off.

Here, all that seeps in is heat and more heat.

After a short while, nothing was visible any more. The corpse of the spring sank into the lap of the past, leaving behind it mere bones. And the bones smirk at

the world's woodenheadedness. They say:

“He who dies, has to be reborn. He who is born, has to die. This law is inviolate. [182] It is impossible to count those that were ever born. The earth has been dug up countless times – deep, deeper – and countless times have these bones been buried. At least now refrain from burying us. Our burial is the sowing for the welcome of another spring.”

Here, all that is seen is heat and more heat.

At times, the deadly dark Raahu appeared to swallow the brilliant sun entire. At times, the sun appeared to spit fire. Because of sun's fire-spitting, trees and plants, hills and stones, and the entire nether world appeared to melt. At times, fire became air, and air became water, and water rapidly became solid ground. They changed into one another and the mixture became turbid sometimes. Sometimes one saw a night born of solid substance, sometimes the laughter of the moon, [183] sometimes gay laughter, sometimes the night was seen to be pitch-dark, sometimes odours were sweet and foul, sometimes one saw a treaty and sometimes a conspiracy, sometimes sight and sometimes blindness, sometimes a free soul and sometime a captive soul.

Sometimes a sweet one appeared devoid of sweetness, sometimes a pleasant one appeared lacking pleasantness. Sometimes a brother appeared without a brother. Sentimentality played its trick. Sometimes a child advanced in life. Troubles kept increasing on and on. Someone became a guardian, a conductor. Sometimes the hair greyed. Sometimes urges were repressed, sometimes they were satisfied. Sometimes one found a merry garden. Sometimes one vomitted in disgust, sometimes one paid obeisance. Sometimes one underwent a modification... and so on. It doesn't stop now, nor does it get tired of talking. The bones say something more, that upon seeing these conditions and situations, do not form the view that they may be nothing... that they are nothing but vaporous dreams that you see at night... dreams... dreams... dreams.

[184] Here, all that one sees is heat and more heat.

Why do we find this mutability and impermanence in things, and whence has come this steadiness? An easy and natural permanence seems to be hidden here. Who is that? Why does he keep mum? When shall one see his form and shape?

When shall one find that rich wellspring of joy? Why can one not catch the fluidity behind getting and losing, the simplicity behind momentary inspiration? The answer to all these queries is the smile of the bones.

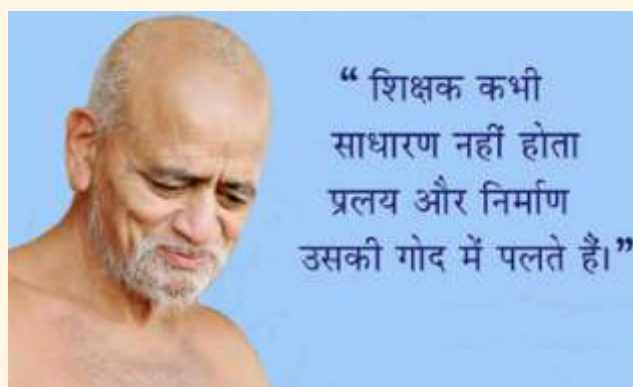
Saints give us the aphorism: “Existence is a combine of creation, dissolution and permanence.” It sort of sums up the nature of the infinite. This is a mirror in which the past, the intended, and the likely – they all glimmer and shimmer. You can see it if you have eyes of faith. [185] The gist of this can be translated in everyday speech thus: “Coming and going is an ongoing phenomenon. 'Coming' means birth and production. 'Going' means death or consumption. 'Ongoing' signifies it is steady and permanent. 'Is' means it is the permanent truth. That is the truth, the reality.”

This also leads to the inference that substances give refuge to one another, they are mixed like milk and sugar. Still they do not give up their qualities nor their nature through the ages. Then who can take whom and when? Who can steal what and when?

You are your master. You engender your desires. Then who can feed whom?

Even so, unfortunately there is a tendency to grasp and store, which is a sin that is born of your worldly nature. Let no more be said and let there be a pause here. Where has this secret been revealed till now? Good nature alone improves all that is, [186] that is one's selfhood... selfhood... selfhood. At least now let us wake up and think and take a look at ourselves... let us... let us... let us.

Here, all that one sees is heat and more heat.



The Teacher is never an ordinary Teacher, a mega-force of destruction and creation thoughts are evolved due to the guidance of the Teacher

A threatening omen looms large, meaning to consume all.

The spring has departed, its body has been burnt. Even so, this has affected woods and gardens, every particle and every creature's life here. Its juice flows like the blood in veins and arteries.

The effect on form and smell and taste and touch is that thick layers have been formed. All that is natural is covered. The subject has become very abstruse, so even after the cremation of the spring it is necessary to give a bath to the whole campus.

But what is this? Why should a guest commit an excess? If there is no income, let it be so. [187] There is no worry about the expenses either. But misspending is very dangerous. Now the future does not appear to be good. The forehead of fate is dark. These crowding billowing clouds that hang midway – they appear to be an untimely vision of death. But why? Does someone want to make a single morsel of the whole world and swallow it up, without chewing?



The Holy cluster of Faithfulls 'Munisangh' yearning for the 'Acharya-Bhakti' at the new Temple at Ramtek

