

8 March 1971

READING 5

We want to give you more answers to the questions you have been asking, as supplied by the recent visit to the fully Realized Man; but there is one central idea that we must first try to get hold of. It is that the only permanent Reality in the Universe is its Creator, everything else being forever changing and unreliable. It is a very practical idea, since success in the meditation, as in any attempt at Self-realization, must depend upon how much we understand and apply it.

This great Truth has been illustrated throughout human history by countless similes such as, 'Do you know the Owner of this pleasure-ground of body (physical, subtle and causal)? Without knowing the Owner, all disciplines are useless.' Or again, 'There is a woman who assumes many forms; there is One who is the husband of the woman.' In explaining this last year, His Holiness said:

There is only one Purush (Absolute) who is the King of all. He has a wife who is Prakriti or Nature; she is the women who assumes many forms.

This is equally true of the Individual, of the Biosphere, and of the Universe. He went on to illustrate that remark with an episode out of the great love story of Tulsi Das and Mira (pronounced 'Meera'), which is as perennial in the East as those of Layla and Majnun, Héloïse and Abelard, or Dante and Beatrice further West:

Once Tulsidas went on a journey to Western India and Mira sent a message saying she wanted to see him because he was revered as a great poet. When Tulsidas replied that he had no desire to see women, Mira sent this second message: 'Up till now I understood there was only one Purush or Lord of the Universe; I am much intrigued to hear that there is another Purush, and this one refuses to see a lady when she asks!'

Tulsidas got the point, so he sent for Mira who came to him and asked this question: 'Who is the Purush and who is the Prakriti or Nari (woman)?' Tulsidas explained that this had nothing to do with the sexes, but that *all* the beings in the Universe who are ensnared by Nature (Prakriti) and are involved in forms changing in time and space, are called Nari – the female principle of Creation, with its infinite variety and 'love of dressing-up'. Anyone who has liberated himself and is not 'attached' to any aspect of Prakriti (either his own nature or the Nature abounding in this universe) such a one who is *free*, is the Purush.

Though that same Purush, when residing in all forms, gets entangled in 'Nature' and bound by her; yet he is not different from the Liberated or fully Realized Man.

(Record, 28 January 1970)

(Pause for discussion)

Whatever names are given to these two quite separate entities (and let's keep it simple – 'Creator and Creation' or 'Consciousness and Nature'); the point is that one should aim single-mindedly for Liberation by Self-remembering, and then everything else will become clear. This singleness of aim is illustrated in one of your questions which recently got a good answer from the Shankaracharya, though here Miss Scrutton uses a different image:

Q. 'Remembering the existence of the Atman in myself.' During the day I can recollect the taste of higher experiences in myself. When I 'wake up' for short moments, I try and bear the Divine in mind to lift myself up from the level of ordinary life. To remember that I myself am divine, I have to think of a great tree, of myself as a leaf attached by a great life-force to this wonderful being which itself spreads its vast roots into the earth.

How can I feel this more simply, that this divine person is in me? Not just that without Him I could not be, but that He exists in me? Ordinarily it is all too easy to believe in oneself, that one can do, that one is somebody. It is more difficult to believe and remember oneSelf in a real practical way – to live this belief.

S. In the 15th chapter of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the same idea has been fully described, where Krishna says:

I am the root of this great tree[†] of the Universe which has its beginning above in Me. The trees on earth get their nourishment from below and their form grows up, while this universal tree has roots above, which is in the Absolute; gets its life-force from Him, and manifests as branches, leaves, fruits and flowers.

The leaves are said to be Vedas (inspired writings), the word or the sound.[†] The individuals in the universe in multiple forms are nothing but *sounds*, manifesting as they do according to their meaning and function. In nature a seed is the embodiment of some taste or smell which its fruit produces, while it holds the seed for further propagation. In the case of the great universal tree, the real seed is the Absolute which in time spreads up to manifest millions of forms like all of us. In fact, individuals also hold the same possibility of the taste of bliss which the original seed has.

This is all we need to understand and live up to. The sap or life-force of all forms is from the Absolute: Sat, Chit and Ananda. If one remembers this all the time then one can act accordingly. People, when they see some forms or names around them, do not look beyond for the cause of all these forms. Reason, Meditation and Knowledge show that they all have their origin in the same single Absolute. Because people forget this fact, the Teacher prescribes them a System of living, of Meditation, and of true Knowledge; and with attention on these one would soon learn to live this divine ideal within and without. One who remembers Absolute remembers Self, and who is in the Self all the time is in the Divine.

(Record, 8 February 1971)

COMMENT

The 'wonders of modern Science' make the simile even more apt. For us the *form of the green tree* is due to the combination of two currents (downward and upward), through the operation of catalysts – *photosynthesis*, whereby electromagnetic radiations from the Sun through the agency of chlorophyll and atmospheric oxygen convert into organic compounds the *raw materials sucked up out of the earth* in the sap through the roots.

Who can express that more clearly?

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[†]See next page

†The poetry of W. B. Yeats was full of these images:

From 'The Two Trees', which begins:

Beloved, gaze in thine own heart,
The holy tree is growing there;
From joy the holy branches start,
And all the trembling flowers they bear.

Also 'The Song of the Happy Shepherd':

The wandering earth herself may be
Only a sudden flaming word,
In changing space a moment heard,
Troubling the endless reverie.

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