

Message 163

Paris, March 12, 2009

With the perfection in the non-doing of the 'I' begins the profound divine doing of the Intelligence (Chaitanya or Tao)

Naiskarmyasiddhim Paramaam Adhigachchhati
(Bhagawat Gita 18/49)

Opposite-free, non-reactionary, dichotomy-diminished, without conflict, tension-terminated, arrogance-abandoned, choiceless fire of Awareness (Saakshi) is the dimension of perfection of actionlessness of 'I' leading to Supreme action of Divinity. Water (vanity) at 100°C is vaporized into steam (veracity) all-pervading.

Thought is never free, no reaction can ever be, and every action of that reaction has to be an idiotic inaction, though it may appear to be very smart and active. A motive to joy is the death of joy. Sorrow has always a motive, every tear is of mind, is of time.

Self-pity, remembrance, depression and sorrow grow in the soil of time. Sorrow is in the shadow not in the fact, not in the what-is. Fact has no time but thought about the fact has.

Experience leaves a mark on thought, adding more to the known already. Every experience is a reaction of the known, recognizable by the known, by the uncounted days of the shoddy past, however glorified. Every experience darkens the immediacy of Life and floods the memory with its bondage and burdens. And books advertising 'spiritual experiences' and 'Atma-saksatkars' sell like hot cakes in the mad world of silly little minds.

But the perfume of 'no-experience', of the immensity of existence is always there. It is not to be found in the incense, generating sensation, of the church and the temple. You cannot capture it and keep it in the decaying corners of memory. It is there, it can not leave you - as 'you' with your 'you-ness' is not there at all! The quietness and stillness is so complete, as if time has come to an end. It is there; unapproachable in its strength and beauty. You must die without a purpose, without a motive, maturing in a day and dying in a day, to be born again and again. Innocence and youth are always with death, with the ending of thought. And with death comes that immensity --- unapproachable, measureless.

What is the use of those leafs, flowers and birds making the sound of silence? Why are you so useful to this acquisitive society, its churches, temples, governments and the so-called 'religious' or 'revolutionary' activists including the pretentious 'Seal-sympathisers'? Be totally useless to all such horrors!

Jai uselessness