

Message 93

Paris, June 9, 2006

On devotion and division

Devotion is usually a sentimental and self-centered phenomenon produced by the neurological defect in the human consciousness consisting of all kinds of dualities, opposites, divisions and fragmentations including the most heinous & hideous and notorious & nasty super fragmentation --- the master illusion masquerading everywhere as "I". This neurological defect is absent in the previous monkey- species Hanuman. So Hanuman was chosen by the ancient sages of humanity as a perfect presentation of the phenomenon of real devotion which is also divinity. The Biblical statement that "God has created man in his own image", is a beautiful, pious and popular lie gratifying a stupid mind feeding its pretensions and paradoxical ego. Man imagines that it is the best species. In fact, it is the filthiest species. It is the only species which exploits and kills its own species in millions throughout the history of mankind. Biblical "God" is the ultimate craving for security, fear of insecurity and the concomitant need for dependency on infantile belief-systems, miracle-mongering, visions and hallucinations.

This is, of course, the situation with the "God" of every religion, sect, cult, Avatar, Master, Paramhansa, Pope, Giri or Guru with their peculiar and impressive costumes, symbols, hair & beard styles, titles and so on. All this is mind. **God is life and is in every throb of life. He is not a product and postulate of mind.** An animal, a monkey, is also God ! Why not ? Of late, Hanuman puja is happening in Retreats. This happened in Bulgaria, Spain, Portugal and England. In England, an erudite and sensitive intellectual (a Ph. D.) was requested to represent Hanuman on an Alter and the puja was performed by the priest (Shibendu) and all the participants in the Retreat. Because of his capability in communication, he was requested to write down what happened when his body was in Hanuman state. He pointed out that there was only a subtle perceiver or a total experience-less-ness inspite of being completely awake ! But still he would try to put the whole affair down in words to the extent possible.

Here is what he has written after a lot of persuasion:

“ Hanuman Puja, Devon, UK, 13th May 2006

Guruji pointed to the small, colourful, picture of Hanuman. I studied Hanuman's pose. One hand rested open-palmed on the kneeling left thigh, the other upright in gesture of salutation on the raised right knee. I climbed on the makeshift alter and my body effortlessly adopted the Hanuman mudra. My muscles relaxed deeply. My eyes closed. Krishna Das began chanting in my ears.

Before mind knew what was happening it was gone. Blasted. There was awareness of Guruji chanting and doing puja in front of Hanuman. But this awareness of the goings-on around the body occurred in conjunction with something vast. An awareness that was expansive, deep and empty.

Afterwards, Guruji reminded us of the story of Hanuman becoming the wind to transport the mountain-side to Lanka. Then I realised that there is a word to describe something of how that awareness felt.

My consciousness had become wind, in all places at once, moving and expanding. It was a huge awareness whose newness never ceased to unfold. Only three times during the next twenty-or-so minutes did my consciousness identify with my body. The first time

was when Guruji finished his puja and touched Hanuman's feet. Although my attention was brought to my body, I no longer knew the name of that body. It had emptied.

I puzzled for an instant, trying to remember. But the joy of being wind was such that the inability to name the body didn't matter. I continued to blast.

Again, a little later when my baby daughter touched Hanuman's feet, my attention returned to my body. No names could be found, only love, then just wind again.

A third time, hearing some Kriyaban singing very beautifully brought my attention back to the room. This time a fleeting memory of my name flashed in my consciousness, and was gone. Blasted into wind again.

As the puja ended Guruji called me from the table. My body had not moved. A calm energy of let-go had made it effortless to remain so. No fatigue or discomfort was felt. As I raised myself from the table, I had just enough feeling in one leg to move off and collapse at Guruji's feet. He pounded me vigorously on the back.

As I lay in bed before sleep that night, the day ran through my consciousness. Hanuman returned. Consciousness was soaring, the wind again.

As I re-emerged from the wind, mind started to try and think about it as an experience I had had. But words and comparisons failed me. I couldn't even think of them. I could only laugh at my own stupidity for wanting to verbalise something so infinite and fathomless. “

**BOLO BAJRANG- BALI
HANUMANJI KI JAI**