

Acts of Life in the Light of Divine Principles.

BY H. P. SANYAL, M. A., B. L.

I.

I am a lawyer by profession. But, after putting in about seven years' ardent work I had to suspend my practice in 1931, *inter alia*, for attending to other and more important duties. These duties have ceased now; and I am free now to resume my practice. While I was turning over in my mind this question of going back to the bar, a friend drew my attention to *Kalyana-Kalpataru* Vol. V (November, 1938), pp. 807-8. In my deliberations incidentally I had to meet the points raised in that article. Otherwise my case is a quite independent one.

II.

Why should I work at all? Can I not just sit down and do nothing else? The answer is quite clear. I cannot live without working. I must breathe; I must change my posture; I must answer the calls of nature; I must eat; I must drink; otherwise I die.—Who dies? I don't die!! It is this body that perishes. Let it perish. I am afraid.....I can't let the body go.

Very well. Why should I work more than the barest minimum essential for keeping this body alive? I want physical comfort and enjoyment, *i. e.*, a higher standard of living. Therefore I have to work harder.

So, the desire to live in this body, the desire to keep this body in comfort, the desire to enjoy the good things of the world: these desires drive me to work. I have fallen in love with this body; I am attracted to this body; therefore I have to work.

But, unreserved surrender to this body-enjoyment would lead to the destruction of this body. By wanting to live in this manner I have really wanted to die!

III.

This body-ward attraction, this hunger for body-enjoyment is *Kāma*. *Kāma* is rooted in delusion or *Moha*. But, there is Divine Will at the root of *Kāma* and *Moha*; and Śrī Bhīṣma adores them, although he has throughout led a strictly and truthfully celibate life. See *Mahābhārata Śānti Parva*, Chapter 47, verses 51 and 76. Therefore, if I can surrender myself unreservedly, full-heartedly to *Kāma*, instantaneously I become free from *Kāma*. For I surrender to *Kāma* not out of the body-ward attraction, but in fulfilment of Divine Will. *Kāma* thus works its own death and vanishes like a serpent swallowing up its own body from the tail end. But, my brittle body is bound to be shattered and blown away by the tremendous explosion caused by the process. So Śrī Śukadeva warns the unwary:—

नैतस्समाचरेज्जातु मनसापि ह्यनीश्वरः ।
विनश्यत्याचरन्मौढ्याद्यथा रुद्रोऽब्धिजं विषम् ॥

(*Bhagavata*, X. 33. 31)

“One should not even *think* of doing so. It would be the height of folly like a non-Rudra trying to quaff away an oceanful of poison.”

So, beware of self-deception !

If this room suddenly caught fire, could I stay on unperturbed ? I did not set fire to it. I find myself here by force of circumstances. There is Divine Will at the root of all this. Is not fire one of the phases of the Lord Himself ? To embrace fire would be to embrace the Divinity Itself.—A Jaḍa Bharata can do that. I cannot. For my body perishes in the process; I can't bear that.

Unflinching and full-hearted surrender to *Kāma* led Śrī Bilvamangala on to selfless Divine Love. Could I scramble over a wet and slippery wall by means of a rope ladder improvised out of a living cobra, for enjoying the embraces of a prostitute ? I shiver at the prospect. But, I adore the blessed pair, the prostitute and the paramour; and I humbly crave their blessing. Mother ! I am a weakling. Give me your blessing.

IV.

It comes to this then: I cannot surrender to *Kāma* for its own sake; I cannot surrender to *Kāma* out of respect for Divine Will. Yet, I am ridden over by a body-sense. But why do I not get rid of this body ? I have put this question to myself a hundred times. And once at least I tried to get rid of this body. But I

failed. That was in July, 1922. I was then a post-graduate student of Economics. I thought I was being unjustly treated by my elder brother. He also happens to be my Āchārya, having given me the *Gāyatrī Mantra* which is the heart of the Vedas. He was very affectionate, and was bearing the expenses of my university education. I rebelled against him and fled from the EAST to the WEST: from Calcutta to Bombay. In Bombay I was residing at Parel. One dark evening the urge for suicide grew so strong within me that I went all the way from Parel to Apollo Bunder under cover of darkness and was on the point of throwing this body into the sea. At the last second, doubts arose within my mind: Would death cure all my troubles ? “Perchance to dream !”—I took time to think over the point.

In August, 1932, while I was at Benares, Guruji appeared before me and gave me a few hints.

In October, 1933, I was at Puri. While bathing in the sea at Puri on a glittering, dazzling October midday I was carried away by the waves and nearly drowned. I remembered at the time to have read in the books that death in these circumstances in the sea at Puri led to *Nirvāṇa-Mukti*. But the prospect of *Nirvāṇa-Mukti* did not appear to be inviting enough then; and quite inexplicably I prayed to Guruji for a continuance of my stay in this much detested body !

These events now look like stage-managed wizardry. None the less they are as true as I live.

Bombay is a buzzing, westernized, economically resplendent city on the West coast of India. A student of Economics wanted to commit suicide there. Puri is a point opposite Bombay on the EAST coast of India. Puri is economically decadent, but spiritually great. The same student of Economics sobered by the spiritual atmosphere of Benares, instinctively refused the offer of *Nirvāṇa Mukti* at Puri. It is well that he did so !

Why do I want to die ? Why do I want to live ? I want to die as I want to avoid suffering; I want to live as I want to enjoy pleasure. I am juxtaposed between pleasure and pain. I am torn between the Divinity and the World. In the language of the Śāstras this is तद्व्यसन्न or the state of standing blindfolded and deluded marking time on the beach, afraid of moving either way.

So long as this state of juxtaposition lasts, I remain utterly incapable of surrendering myself either to my will or to Divine Will. I am like a Yudhiṣṭhira trying to reconcile irreconcilable things on the eve of the assassination of Droṇa on the battle-field of Kurukṣetra. He could not surrender to Divine Will, nor could he follow his own convictions; he fell a victim to the irrational greed for a kingdom. Yudhiṣṭhira failed miserably from the spiritual point of view. He is a stalwart; I am a mere pigmy by his side. I cannot stick to anything except painfully making shift to maintain my juxtaposition. I hover between

my wife and my client; I hover between social calumny and praise; I hover between starvation and opulence; I hover between *my* will and Divine Will. I am true to neither of the kindred points of heaven and home. What a mere girl could do I cannot do. I cannot say: "Herein I perceive a divided duty" and truthfully embrace the Moor. A Desdemona can do that. But, my poor self ! Where am I ?

I stand exposed. I am a hypocrite: a half-hearted hypocrite. But, Hypocrisy is God Himself. The Gopīs—the unsophisticated fair damsels of Sri Brindavana—entered into the very heart of Śrī Kṛṣṇa and found it to be Hypocrisy Itself. 'कृष्णस्तु भगवान् स्वयम्'. Did the Gopīs retrace their steps ? No. They decorated the Arch-hypocrite with loving epithets: "Cheat ! Humbug !" and lost themselves, body and soul, in His Embrace. There is no relationship of husband and wife; but,—

"Echoes roll from Soul to Soul!" It is altogether a different plane; not this material plane. To be able to lose one's soul in Hypocrisy one must be utterly straightforward like the Gopīs. The extremes meet here. It is for this reason that Sri Rupa Goswami burst into that soul-stirring song:—

विभुरपि कलयन् सदाभिवृद्धिं
गुरुरपि गौरवचर्यया विहीनः ।
मुहुर्पचितक्रियाविशुद्धो
जयति मुरद्धिपि राधिकानुरागः ।

(Śrī Dāna-Keli-Kaumudī.)

It is not the profession that matters. It is the heart which makes

the difference. I have a divided heart. I keep dancing in anguish between the two halves of the heart but I am afraid of throwing them together. *Kāma* divides my heart. *Kāma* is the heart-disease of the monadic soul.

V.

I am in a baffling predicament. This body! I want to be identified with it, I can't. I want to get out of it, I can't. What am I to do with it?

There is at least one case on record of a monadic soul endued with the power to live in its material body eternally, or to quit it at will. It is the case of Śrī Bhuṣuṇḍi. He is in the body of a crow, a pariah among the birds. Śrī Bhuṣuṇḍi is not in the least eager to get out of that impure body. On the contrary he is in love with it. Why? His body has become an instrument of service to the Lord. Herein lies the secret. Śrī Bhuṣuṇḍi says that without *Bhajana* or service sufferings don't cease; and without a body *Bhajana* is not possible. Since his body has become an instrument of service, regardless of social position or status, he considers his body to be the best, the purest one can ever aspire to. He does not care a fig for *Nirvāṇa Mukti*; it is lying at his feet, but he does not even care to have a look at it. His mind, his whole being, is intoxicated with the spirit of *Bhajana*.

From my own experience I can understand now that Śrī Bhuṣuṇḍi is quite right in his disregard of *Mukti*. Since October, 1933, five years have

elapsed and Guruji has given light within me. I find today that the desire for *Nirvāṇa Mukti* is an undiluted desire for spiritual suicide. Whereas I am conscious of the sufferings of this material body only, the practicant for *Nirvāṇa Mukti* has a wider consciousness and is alive to the sufferings of the subtle and the causal bodies as well. And he wants to put an end to all body-existences. It is a negation of the spirit of service. Therefore Bhaktas avoid it at all costs.

My sufferings are due to the absence of *Bhajana*. It is only remotely by an intellectual process that I can appreciate this fact. It seems so unreal. Everything in the world seems to be ranged against it. I feel thwarted at every step. Why is it so? It is due to the impurity of the mind. The mind is like a mirror. Its surface has become covered with the films of *Kāma*, or worldly desires. For this reason it cannot now reflect a true picture of either myself or of the universe. It mistakes facts for fancies and fancies for facts. In the language of the Vedānta my mind is afflicted with *Asambhāvanā* and *Vīparīta Bhāvanā*. The problem, therefore, is now practically reduced to one of rubbing up the mind-mirror or *cheto-darpaṇa-mārjana* as Śrī Chaitanya puts it. The Truth is all-pervading. The Truth is self-evident. The Truth is Bliss. The Truth only *is*. Suffering is a myth. For the Vedas say that this creation emerged from *Ānanda*; this creation is abiding in *Ānanda*, this creation fades away into *Ānanda*.

I suffer only because my organ of *Ānanda* realization has gone out of order.

Therefore, the primary consideration in the choice of a profession should be the consideration of the purification of mind, which process is known as *Sādhana-Bhakti* or acts of subsidiary or instrumental worship. The Bhakti Śāstras have closely examined the question and found out acts or avocations that lead to mind-purification. But on this list the profession of law, with a good many other professions, is not to be found.

What shall I do?

I have pondered over this question for the last seven years and the conclusion has dawned upon me that the only benefit that I can derive from pursuits other than those of mind-purification, is disillusionment. Since I cannot distinguish truth from untruth, right from wrong, reality from unreality, I shall have to suffer like Duryodhana who was bewildered, distracted, mortified and laughed at in the castle of the Pāṇḍavas. He mistook water for land and nearly drowned himself. On rescue he stood corrected and wiser only to lift up his loincloth and expose his nether parts on dry land. He saw a door where there was none and knocked his head against stone walls. He mistook an opening for a stone wall and fell down headlong. But, Duryodhana did not wake up to the reality. His delusion deepened and culminated in the catastrophe of Kurukṣetra in which a whole nation

perished. Duryodhana is a much more powerful personality than myself.

What shall I do? What *can* I do?

VI.

But, who am I? What am I?

My body began as a puny child. It is grown up now. It will be decaying in course of time. Which of these phases am I? I cannot evacuate *my* bowels at will. I cannot at will resist the growth of *my* finger nails. I do not even know how *my* hairs grow. If this body be mine, why can I not command it back to childhood? Why can I not see through *my* own skin? Whence came my father? Whence came my mother? Did I make the sun and the earth? Did I make the air without which I cannot live? I cannot even control the forces working in and upon my limbs, how can I control the forces of the universe? Verily, I cannot be the master of my own *Karma*.

But who am I? I don't know *my* body. Where is my soul? Strange. Isn't it? I turn to the Vedas. They say "You are He, O Svetaketu." "It is *Brahma* all over." There is no you or I. There is only "He". It is "He" am; or "I" is. "My" is gone. Bereft of me, *my* grammar is gone. Old Bhuṣuṇḍi says: "It is He acting on the stage." Everything vanishes into One thing. There is a vast ocean of Energy heaving and rolling and booming in its immensity. "We" has become the waves, the poses of that sea. Where is the profession of Law? Where is *Kāma*? They have turned into the Energy of Divine

Love. *Kāma* is the Energy, the motive power of that heaving Ocean of Bliss. It is One Thing. It is ETERNAL, LĪLĀ.

VII.

"I" feels giddy, stunned, evaporating. "I" wants to return to solid earth. There is no earth. It is either *Puruṣa* or *Prakṛti*: "He" and "His" attitude; inseparable items. "I" is gone. "I" is an attitude merely: it is a posture of the Infinity. "I" has

become annihilated. Where is *my* profession of Law? "I" neither attaches. "I" neither detaches. It is the Arch-Wizard posing, balancing, exercising and feeling His own Self. *There is nothing except "He"*. It is a very difficult situation for "He." So "He" keeps posing eternally to feel that He is living. "I" is a hoax. It is a HOAX of the Wizard. "I" can have no profession. "I" bows unto the Arch-Wizard.

I wish to become an L. L. B.

BY R. SITARAMA AIYAR.

I wish to become an L. L. B., not a Bachelor of Laws of the Bombay University but a spiritual L. L. B. The first L represents Love; Love that knows no bounds, no distinction, no superiority, no inferiority; Love that abounds in real and genuine affection towards all fellow-beings; Love which results in service to humanity at large. This service—if one wants to reap the full fruits thereof—must be based upon self-surrender, or an effacement of the self.

The second L represents Light. Love enables one to get Light or the divine Grace, the Light that *opens* his eyes and makes him see that the whole universe with all its animate beings and inanimate objects is real and is really *Brahma*. He does not feel that

he is apart from the Universe but that he is a part and parcel thereof. When he gets to this position he realizes that his thoughts, words and deeds are all dedications unto *Brahma*.

The third B represents Bliss. With divine light and guidance, he gets Bliss; Bliss that liberates the soul from *samsāra* or bondage of births and deaths. The soul gets ever-lasting Bliss by commingling with *Brahma* beyond all identification.

In this sense I wish everyone should become an L. L. B. If that is not possible he should at least try to become one. By successive, honest, and strenuous efforts, one can surely with God's Grace become an L. L. B.

