

BRAHMAN KNOWLEDGE

[BRAHMA JNAANAM]

FROM

JNAANA-VAASISHTAM

OF

VAALMIKI MAHARSHI

‘Simplified’

by

Narayanalakshmi

BOOK EIGHT

TRUTH OF BRAHMAN AND TRUTH OF SCIENCE

[PART TWO]

DEDICATED
TO
ALL THE SEEKERS OF TRUTH

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi

Narayanalakshmi (Shubhalakshmi), an ascetic spent most of her life in the Himalayan terrain, engaged in the penance of knowledge. She is well-versed in all philosophies and is a scholar in Sanskrit language. Her mission in life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth. She is from Bangalore, Karnataka, India.

CREATION/SRSHTI

CELL-BRAHMAA AND LOTUS-BORN BRAHMAA

On one side, science research has proved that these cell-bodies (homo sapien bodies) occupying this tiny little planet circling the sun, are just the produce of some inert chemical activity that started long long ago, a time-span unimaginable to the mind. On the other side, there are the creation theories of philosophers who struggle to explain how the formless Brahman state is shining like a solid world here. Both of them believe in the reality of the solid world, and believe in themselves also as the solid entities occupying it; which is what Vasishta condemns as foolishness.

Belief in the unreal is wrong, whether you are a science-based person or a religion based-person.

Either you ignore the body as a cell colony, and rise in knowledge (of finding the Reality state) and be outside of the bacterial slavery; or outright dismiss the body as only a concept of the mind, and stop identifying with it, as Maharshi Vasishta advises.

Either as a science-based person, or as a religion- based person, if you are going to live only as a physical body that gets born and dies in a solid world, and continue to live a life of slavery to your attachments and desires, you are doomed indeed.

If you believe in the science research when it says that ‘you’ the physical body are a chemical produce, then give up attachment to the cell-colony-body, and rise up as a thinking emptiness that is nameless and formless.

Or, if you want to believe that you are a Maanava, a Manu’s creation only, then also you have to obey the Upanishad commands and discard the body as a concept imagined by the mind only.

If you say that you are scientific minded and still love your body, or if you say that you are religious minded and still love the body; in both ways you prove yourself to be a hypocrite only. Believe either in a Cell-Brahmaa; or in a Lotus-born Brahmaa; but get out of the inert body-level and raise up as the Knowledge of the Reality, which is the same for any mind of any type.

Vasishta’s instruction about the unreal nature of the world and his reasoning of the non-existence of any individual as any solid entity holds its ground, whether you bring science to oppose it (since Science theories also prove Vasishta’s wisdom) or religion to argue against it, since Vaasishtam declares any god also as a mind-concept only!

That is why, the religion-addicts also avoid the study of Vaasishtam, lest their god be destroyed by Vasishta’s magic, and the educated minds also avoid its study blaming it as another religious theory in Sanskrit.

Sanskrit is synonymous with blind religion, for these immature minds.

The fact is that no one has had the patience to understand Vasishta properly.

Knowledge is indeed frightening for these body-lovers.

So, choose the Brahmaa you want - a cell Brahmaa of Science or a the Lotus-born Brahmaa of Puraanas; but somehow catch the truth that the body is not the ‘real you’ and that the world is just a mind-concocted story.

Who is Brahmaa?

Brahmaa means one who expands.

Brahmaa (Creator) according to Sage Vasishta (JnaanaVaasishtam) is the total-structure of a creation, the so-called world we are familiar with.

What is our world like here?

Science alone reigns the world here now.

According to Science, the earth denizens all have a single ancestor namely a cell.

Cell is just a biological activity within a membrane that allows other liquids and gases to pass through it. The first living things were some single-celled micro-organisms or microbes known as prokaryotes, that appeared on this planet almost four billion years ago, just a few hundred million years after the formation of the planet itself.

These cells came out of inert chemicals only; so it gets proved by these researchers.

Imagine ...

just a cell without even a membrane...

no thoughts..

no consciousness as such..

but only the subtle want to survive...

quietness only...a silent nothingness..and some quiver as life..

no senses, no world, nothing at all...

but just the inertness rising as life...

And...

now this world abounds in cell-organisms of various types.

So...

this world evolved from these inert chemicals that rose up as a cell that just survived and evolved to become all the earth residents..made of many types of cells.

'Whatever started to live and became all this, is the Brahmaa of this planet.'

Nothing was there but the hunger (to exist) and ...

slowly the senses developed one by one for surviving purpose only..

and after millions and billions of years, after many trial and errors of existence, somehow these bipeds called humans have come to live!

There was no 'I' at all... in the beginning...

no morals.. no Dharma..

no sense of creation or destruction

no idea of life or death, inert or conscious...

Just existence...evolving slowly...

and passing information.. replicating... again and again...

learning every moment... seeing differently at every step of evolution..

changing once in a billion years, at least...and grouping and regrouping together...till a man stands

now erect as a Homo sapiens made of many trillions of microbes colonized under the skin-bag...

and also evolving enough to make another cell-colony called brain to manage the entire city of microbes called the man....

And this man...

sees a world as seen by these bacterial colonies...
and imagines himself to be special...the most intelligent creature in the entire universe..
and adores the qualities of reproduction and attachments to the family...
and confuses the brain signals to be the special qualities of emotions and feelings..and also religion ...
though he is just a slave of chemicals that ooze out in his brain..

And this man...

sees only the few years of his glorious present life of a few decades, and wonders how this world came to be...
how such a wonderfully designed world came to be...
wonders about a god
and does not see the millions and millions of evolution stages that was in the past...
like a child cannot believe that a huge tree came out of a tiny dead looking seed...
and cannot even believe that a cell started all this...
and condemns science that talks about these cells...
and searches for a heaven elsewhere...
or breaks his head about how this emergent world came to be here without a god....

Salutations hey Cell-Brahmaa, the great great grandfather of all!

Is there no 'ChaturMukha (four faced) Brahmaa' who sits on a lotus and created all this?
Is that not what the Puraanas mention?
How can one deny all the proof presented by Puraanas, authored by the great Sage Vyaasa himself?

There is no denial of any Brahmaa here.
If the Puraanas depict some god-stories, and a renowned Sage mentions it, it is true also!
There were great saints and great philosophers also!
In their minds what they felt and saw was indeed true, only for them.

But...

What is our world like here, now?

Nothing but survival struggles, dusty roads, dusty minds, power battles, and diseased aged bodies pretending to look young!
God? Krishna? Rama? Devi? Sages? Brahmaa?
No one seems to be around!
We have books that talk about them; but nobody here seems have seen these gods.
You never see the gods like some real entities conversing with you, as persons outside of you!
At the most you have hallucinations, drug induced visions in the brain as the god-images; yet with no improvement to your own brain or to the world.
'Accept the truth; there are no gods now here in this world.'

It is a truth that is bitter, unacceptable and unbelievable.
Yes, it is unbelievable; for the so-called god exists as supported by the belief in your mind only;
and your belief cannot become a universal truth for all like the sun rising in the east.

Your belief is yours alone; what you saw as a god is personal, and benefits no other person (and not you also maybe).

You have a lot of choices of gods to choose from; and no one has the right to stop you believing in a god even if he be a god himself; though Shiva himself gives a big lecture to Vasishta that *'he is not a god, and there is no Supreme God anywhere in any creation as far as he knows'*. At least you can believe in the words of your own god, when he says that there is no god!

Accept the truth!

This planet is populated by only the cell-colonies that have evolved to the present state of humans, and are seeing a world like this, after millions and millions of survival struggles.

Either you are a creature devolved from the Lotus-born Brahmaa-state of pure knowledge; or, you have evolved from the Cell-Brahmaa, the inert chemical movement!

You can believe in any Brahmaa you feel like!

After all, everything is just a mind-construe only!

Actually according to Vasishta, there is no evolution or devolution.

Everything is a just a momentary mind-made picture only; without you or me.

Each picture belongs to the Reality-state which he calls as Brahman or Chit-state!

Every picture seen by an inert cell or by a highest Shiva are just pictures that get produced from the Brahman-state non-stop.

Like a staircase that goes up from below, but goes down from above, the world we see looks devolved from a lotus-born Brahmaa, and also as evolved from a Cell-Brahmaa.

If you behave only like a cell-colony at all times, as a body-being, you have evolved from a Cell-Brahmaa only; you later die as a cell-structure, and cease to be after that.

Cell-death is your death.

If you learn to think and analyze the state of Reality that is beyond the reach of this cell-colony of the cell-colonies, then you are the part of Lotus-born Brahmaa himself who is made of knowledge only.

You can choose what you want to be!

Imagine the Brahman state of Reality like some sort of Knowledge-light that is covered completely by a porous net-covering. Light keeps pouring out of all the holes always, without stop. Those who seek the knowledge of their existence, pour out of the sky like stars, and stay fixed as eternal light points. Those who stay as inert bodies pour out as blackness only, and remain as the blackness of the sky.

There is no higher or lower, or up or down in Brahman.

There is no you or me or others.

There is no rebirth, no bondage, no liberation, nothing at all.

There is no creation, existence or destruction.

There is no one at all as anything.

Knowledge or ignorance; there are only two choices.

Seek the knowledge through reason and shine as a star; or live as the inert body and be the blackness only. Knowledge pours out as the realized Knower, the no-world state; 'no-knowledge' pours out as the blackness of the world-state as real.

Choose the Brahmaa that you want as your essence.

Be the cell-colony and die an ignoble death; or be the Knowledge essence and live as the noble eternity.

And lastly...

Whether the body is a Cell colony or the creation of a Brahmaa in heaven, Vasishta's statement brushes off all the theories aside and proves that even philosophies and causality-theories are mind-produce only; and are just the conceptions logically produced by the mind, the quivering state of Reality.

WHAT IS SRSHTI- THE CREATION?

'Srshti' means creation, something which is created by some one.

The world we see is supposed have been created by a creator.

The world we see is so orderly (?) and well-made (?) that we have to believe that there is a creator.

The creator has to be intelligent and have some purpose and some tool as his accessories.

He may be a he or she or it; we cannot know; and we do not know.

PURANAAS

Puraanas (compilation of the Deva-world incidents) talk about some Brahmaa with four face, who sits on a huge lotus in his BrahmaLoka. These texts talk also about Shiva the destroyer of the creation, and about Vishnu the maintenance-deity of the Creation. They also say that there are three worlds - three worlds of three different dimensions; the lowest type is Paataala (the world of those who fall down into, through unrighteous actions); the highest type is Svarga (the world of shining beings who rule the three worlds); the middle one that belongs to mortals is the BhuLoka which is described as the huge pedestal of earth with seven mountains and seven oceans, and all these supported by the golden Mountain Meru as a pillar. *(Surely this tiny planet is not what they mention as BhooLoka.)*

This is a world - the 'Srshti' we know of through Puraanas, and other scriptures of the yore.

The homo sapiens, the evolved apes of this tiny planet cannot verify these worlds that exist in some other dimension. These brains are still in the animal mode of eating and mating only.

It will take another thousands of years for these brains, to raise out of the animal mode!

BIG BANG THEORY

Science-findings talk about the world-creation (rather the origin of this planet earth) in a completely different way. They call it the Big Bang theory. (The term 'big bang' is just a coined name, and does not actually mean a big bang start.)

According to this theory, our universe (not the Puranaa tri-world, but the galaxy-studded universe) had a beginning. Before it began, nothing was there; and then during that moment and after that moment, there was this universe. Big bang theory explains this process (that happened within a very few minutes)

Our universe is said to have sprang into existence around 13.7 billion years ago, from a dense singularity state (a single zone). Our universe is thought to have begun as an infinitesimally small, infinitely hot, infinitely dense something - a singularity.

Where did it come from? No answer yet.

Why did it appear? No answer yet.

That thing which was there at the beginning-moment expanded and cooled and expanded and cooled; and now we are here as some creatures trying to understand where we came from, and why we are here.

The human existence is very very recent in this million million year story of the Universe.

And this planet is explained as a small dust-mote that is floating in the sunlight; it is just a tiny pale blue dot in the fabric of universe, you can say.

Hundred billion other stars exist in a galaxy. This planet just belongs to one star family, as one of the many galaxies, soaring through the cosmos, all of which keep moving away from each other, in an expanding state of the universe. The beings here, the lumps growing out of the earth are also moving fast around the sun along with the earth. All this began at the singularity state.

Why? No answer!

And of course, no one is sure that there may not be other hidden universes, multiverses, parallel universes and so on.

Countless civilizations might have existed in the unseen galaxies far beyond our reach; may be existing also, may exist in the future also. With our tiny life-span measured by the tiny earth-rotations around the tiny sun, we will never know of them maybe.

What we know of as a world (in this planet-existence) is not even worthy of equalling a dust particle! Our life-stories, troubles, achievements, possessions, wealth and power have no meaning at all, in this gigantic state of existence.

Every star you see above might be a finished tale of a civilization that existed millions and millions of years ago, somewhere far far beyond.

Some life-stories might be going on there even now. We cannot know of them at all.

What would those people look like?

What would their science be like?

Will they have their own deities and religions?

What would their philosophy be like?

We cannot know.

They may not also know about our tri-world and our gods and our Brahman (just a word in our language); they may not also know about our Big bang theory! Our world, our explanation we have here, is as limited in vision as that of a fish inside a small dirty hole of water.

'Srshti' is unfathomable to the little un-evolved minds of this planet!

What does Vasishta say about Srshti? He says there is no Srshti at all!

According to him, the so-called tri-world with our trinities might be like a small dust-mote that you see floating in the sunlight streaming through the window grill.

It is just one of the countless dust-motes that float about!

And he also says-

Have you ever wondered whether our universe is inside a single atom only, as a tiny charge, as a tiny energy-fluctuation, as a tiny quiver only- as an atom only?

If our universe is just an atom, then of those countless atoms that make up our world, does each atom contain another universe? Will the atoms of that universe contain more worlds within them? How many worlds could have existed in the past, how many will exist in the future, how many are existing now?

Can anyone count them?

If each mind produces a world of its own with its idiotic conceptions, then how many minds could be there as these conceived worlds?

As long as the mind is there quivering, the worlds keep rising for that mind, says Vasishta.

And what about parallel worlds mentioned in science?

At every moment I make a choice, two split worlds rise up, where one 'I' is say drinking coffee, and another 'I' is drinking tea!

At every point of choice, two worlds rise up as the two possible universes, says a theory.

Imagine, how many worlds we create with our anxiety-states!

In which world will we continue as the 'I'?

Does a man jailed here, be free in the other universe?

If I am poor here, then am I rich in the other split-universe?

Are there many more 'I's like me with similar characteristics, at every end point of my universe?

What will that 'I' be like?

What will he (I) or she (I) be doing now?

Can I meet my another 'I' sometime?

Even Vasishta mentions of worlds where contradictory worlds could exist where even a Raavana might have defeated a Rama.

After all, these are no real Ramas and Raavanas, but the imaginations of the minds only!

Ramas and Raavanas can rise like worthless bubbles in a foam in the Ocean of Reality-state,
says Vasishta.

And what we and our life stories are worth then? What are we holding on to as ours?

Who made all this? Why we are here?

Think, think, till you melt away into yourself.

And you will realize that there is no Srshti at all.

That is Moksha; to know that nothing at all happened, nothing is happening, and nothing will happen also!

Only mind (agitation), exists as all this.

Only the quiver in the reality, exist as all this.

When we try to fathom the amount of space and time measures that can exist in the Reality state, our little tiny earth-planet is not even worth a mention!

And we still, like the tiny ants think of every sand pebble as a mountain to be crossed over, cry for help, as if any god even if he is there will bother to even glance at you and solve your meaningless problems created by your own foolish mind.

You have evolved to have a brain. Use it. It will help you find the answers for all your problems.

Think big.

Think of the enormous space and time that spreads out as the Reality state, the Brahman.

Find the essence of Reality that shines as you also.

Worship yourself as 'Aatmane NamaH' - bending so much into yourself; that you cease to exist as any limited state. Melt off the 'Srshti' that begins and ends.

Imagine for a second...

If you are the Reality-state that is conscious of all this space and time at once, how big you would be!

And suppose, your mind is dead by such thought, what would it be like?

No measures of space or time, or objects, or people, or god, or creation...

but just existing as oneself, knowing oneself!

That is Realization 'now here'.

After this state becomes your normal vision.....what world, what life, what death?

'Just be!'

WORLD IS RECYCLED INFORMATION

World is just recycled Information only.

Sage Vasishta says so, in his language of Sanskrit.

According to him, 'world' is just the emptiness made of 'Bodha' only.

'Bodha' means something which you receive as some information or as some knowledge-bit.

And all this 'Bodha' happens within the mind only, or inside your head only.

What world you see is a picture presented by the brain mechanism, grasped by the same brain mechanism, made up by the same brain mechanism, and reacted with by the very same brain mechanism.

It is more like imagining a ghost and reacting to it, says Vasishta.

“Is the world then just an imagination? How can the world that is so solid and real be just a mind-creation? How can you say that it is non-existent?”

Rama again and again asks the same question, and at last grasps the simple truth of the non-existent world after many a days of rational analysis.

That is what JnaanaVaasishtam is about.

It proves the world as non-existent; and if you grasp this truth fully without doubt, then it is Moksha for you, this very instant, even as you continue to live as a tiny part of this non-existent world.

Let us analyze this world phenomenon and see what it ends up as, at the end.

WORLD IS A TRUE LIE.

Yes! The world is nothing but a lie, truly a lie.

Who tells this lie?

You yourself, as a brain mechanism.

Every living organism is a brain only.

Brain is just some agitating thing, which reacts to the outside agitations.

A brain that is made of five elements is surrounded by the five elements - earth, air, water, fire and space. ‘Inside’ and ‘outside’ both are made up of these five elements only (or rather vibrating charges of atoms only).

Agitation colliding with agitation - a friction of the two, produces the magical picture of the world, and the ‘you’ also.

WORLD IS JUST SENSE-INFORMATION

Analyze every object of the world, living or non-living both.

Brain is an inert limb that transmits signals through neurons; and the mind is a process of seeing the world by translating those neurons.

What is the world made up of?

You see just the images - lines drawn over whizzing atoms.

You hear the sounds - the vibration that moves through air.

You smell the objects - the molecules that belong to the objects.

You touch the objects - the repelling sensation of the body-atoms and the object-atoms.

You taste the objects - to recognize the foods (the body-fuel).

All these things - images, sounds, solidity, smell, taste - are just some agitations in the brain only, which get translated as people and objects which smell, taste, and are solid.

Every object is not any solid object existing in space; but is just the continuous line-up of information produced by the brain (call it the senses).

Every object is just a collection of sense-information only.

Your own body is also, just a collection of sense information only.

Since you believe that you are the body only, and nothing more than that, you are also the information produced by the senses.

WORLD IS THE COMBINED COLLISION OF TWO THINGS.

World is nothing but the two-fold unit of information produced and information received.

The information receiver is you - the brain, and the information producer is also you - the brain.

There is nothing else but some agitations in the brain which get translated as images, sounds etc.

And these images, sounds, smells, touches and tastes are understood as solid people and objects.

This understanding or rather the misunderstanding, is known as the mind.

Not only does the mind create a sensation of a solid world teeming with people and objects, but also produces some reactions and beliefs of its own making.

It likes something, it dislikes something (some more added agitations in the brain); wants something and discards something (some more added agitations in the brain); imagines countless things including a Creator for the non-existent world and a God to save this world, and a time where the world has to end in some horrible disaster (some more added agitations in the brain).

All this imagination is based on nothing but the five sense-inputs that the brain produces as inert signals and receives again back as mind-translations.

The brain itself is a sense-information only.

Inside/outside is also some information only.

Anything and everything is information only.

Who produces the information and receives and reacts to the produced information?

No one, since 'any one' is also but the information rising from nowhere!

ONE SENSE INPUT AT ONE TIME

Every moment, some single sense perception alone is produced and received, as separate knowledge input; and the object takes shape in the mind as a total-input of all sense inputs. You can activate only one sense at one time. All the senses cannot act simultaneously. The continuity of the objects and people is maintained by memory alone; and memory is just another part of the brain system.

NOTHING IS THERE; NO ONE IS THERE

No object is there; no person is there; no world is there; no creation is there; no destruction is there; no life is there; no death is there; no god is there; nothing at all is there except 'Bodha', the information that is produced and received.

Nothing seems to be there; but the illusion of the world persists, like some hallucination stuck to a damaged brain. Nothing at all is there; but some information produced and understood as something. Just the whirling flow of information is understood as image, sound etc; and the world looms up like a giant solid structure extending beyond the galaxies and black holes far far across, the empty space.

What an amazing magical feat!

As Vasishta rightly concludes, you do not need a god to produce a world; delusion is enough!

All images rise up at every moment newly from some emptiness, and dissolve off into it.

All sounds rise up at every moment newly from some emptiness, and dissolve off into it.

All touches rise up at every moment newly from some emptiness, and dissolve off into it.

All tastes rise up at every moment newly from some emptiness, and dissolve off into it.

All smells rise up at every moment newly from some emptiness, and dissolve off into it.

Only emptiness of something is there.

Try to see it; it turns into images.

Try to hear it; it turns into sounds.

Try to touch it, it becomes frozen as solids.

Try to taste it; it rises as all the six tastes of sweetness, sourness etc.

Try to smell it; it becomes good and bad smells.

We, who hunger for desire fulfilment have become like the king Midas, who when contacted any object, turned it into gold. He could not ever know of anything of what was there, other than the presence of gold. He never knew the real world. He was imprisoned in the gold-reality.

We also do not know, what is real reality. We are all imprisoned inside the sense-reality.

We, with our hunger for sense objects (just some brain signals that get translated), can only exist inside the falsehood of sense- information.

Glorified and contented in the false world created by the Midas-touch of sense information, we live inside a cocoon of lies concocted by the brain.

If the truth is known, we ourselves will dissolve off as some dream-persons.

Maybe, that is why people run away from truth and seek the solace of religion which assures them of their own existence and their deity's existence, for sure.

Indeed dreams are sometimes more charming than reality.

Everything that you know as something in the world is a lie - an absolute untainted lie; a true lie.

Your spouse is a lie; your child is a lie; your parent is a lie; your teacher is a lie; your Guru is a lie; your friend is a lie; your country is a lie; your earth is a lie; your universe is a lie.

The world is just a network of lies concocted by many minds; just the neuron firings of many brains interacting with each other.

If the world (and you also) is a lie altogether, then why live at all?

Should not we all be better off, by dying?

There you go again...!

If life is there, you can die; but when there is nothing at all called a life (a mind-concocted story), who is there to live or die?

Just 'watch' the balls of information that get bowled from emptiness; and just produce the bats (of information) to throw them off.

Information of hunger; attack it with food information.

Information of dirt; attack it with soap information.

Information of parents, spouses and children; attack the with love information of hugs and cuddles.

Information of teacher; attack it with learning-information.

So it is for a man of perfection, who always sees the emptiness-source which appears wearing the various masks of sense information only.

He is never fooled by the masks of sense information worn by the emptiness.

He sees through the masks.

He remains as the very emptiness on which he is also a mask worn by himself.

He never lives; nor dies.

When nothing but Bodha alone is there, what lives or what dies?

Death also turns into a lie; and lies dead at his feet as a useless information, like the demon at the feet of the dancing Shiva who exists as 'Chidamabara' (Awareness expanse of Reality) - the emptiness that hides behind masks.

BRAHMAN-STATE AND INFORMATION FILTERING

World is a fountainhead of information only.

From the time a baby is born, it starts receiving information and starts reacting to it.

From that moment onward, its tiny brain starts producing images, sounds, smells, tastes and touch sensations. It screams when the signal of no-fuel rises from its tiny undeveloped brain.

The baby, which is actually the brain acting that way, reacts to these hoards of information produced by itself, conceives ideas of its own, and starts liking some, and disliking some.

It also learns to identify the image of the mirror as its identity.

Imagine the idiot brain imagining itself as having hands, feet, face, lips, eyes etc.

How stupid can one be!

And the brain grows, and grows - receiving information of people, objects, beliefs, gods, stories, philosophies, and starts conceiving a world of information of its own.

For example, the soft touch, the warm hug, the food that pours in from the warm skin; all make it get attached to the particular collection of information; and later it learns to call that particular information-set as the mother, and holds on to it for support; maybe only till 'that set of information as mother' gets regarded as a burden. So it is, with all the information-sets.

The brain itself identifies with some information set (body) as the 'I' and lives a whole life by misconceiving a particular set of information as itself.

It lives safely cocooned inside the cage of its own conceived world.

Each and every brain lives safely cocooned inside the cage of its own conceived world.

Each brain is different and sees the world differently; reacts differently; and forms opinions differently.

Each brain acts as an information receiver, and also as the information producer.

Since the brain is also part of the information only, we can safely state that the world is a state of 'information producing and receiving' only.

What we know as the world is the recycled information concocted by the brain.

Not all the information produced or received is true.

It is 'real' for the brain only, but not really real, like the dream-world is real for the dreamer only; but not really real.

In this downpour of information, some one brain, by chance starts analyzing itself.

The ugly duckling!

The swan-baby that was caught in the lake of ducks got alienated as the ugly one!

Brain analyzing the brain! Difficult indeed!

Brain alone analyzes everything else and forms its own set of beliefs and opinions.

To analyze itself it needs to be very cautious, lest the brain cheat itself with some false information about itself. The only proper way left for the brain is to keep away itself as an alien to 'the produced and received set of information'.

What happens when the brain stands outside of itself?

Like the suicide bomb, it bursts and stays as the no-brain.

This no-brain, the no intellect- state is known as the Aatman.

'Aatman' (the understanding state), understands and knows everything, all the sets of information, including the information of one's own body and name as outside of it, and yet stays unconnected to it.

When this happens, the outside also vanishes off.

There is only the no-outside, no-inside state left back.

It alienates itself from that information also.

All the information cease to be.

There is no producer and receiver of information at all.

The world ceases to be.

This is the Brahman-state of the Upanishads.

To be; but not as a producer and receiver of information; not as a conception forming mind; but as the quiet state of existence which just watches all; is aware of all.

The world is seen then, not as filled with solid objects, but as some sets of information only.

The body itself is seen as some information set only. The 'I' also is seen as some conception only.
When the entire world stands torn off all its cosmetic make up of false information, there is only the emptiness of nothingness left back.

To stay as some 'knowing awareness' which sees the world as only a ghost wearing costumes, is the realization of the truth. It is Moksha.

To dance along with the world-ghost as the 'I' ghost is known as Bondage.

One who reaches the Moksha state through the analyzing process, stops being the information-set to the others and receives no other information also.

He sees the costume-less nothingness only!

He is complete - 'whole' - 'Poornam'.

Rest are all just the 'changing patterns of information sets' only.

They are the ghosts prancing inside a ghost world!

WORLD IS THE THREE-FOLD MIND-STATE ONLY

World according to Vasishta, is not any absolute solid structure which has a beginning and end.

World is just a perception concocted by the mind.

Mind according to him, goes through three states always, one after the other, without any control.

One is what is experienced as the waking-state, with all its multifarious varieties of objects and people.

This world that is experienced is just the translation of neuron firings in the brain as some idea of image, sound, smell etc. Sense information continuously pouring from the brain is the world of the waking-state.

This is called the Jaagrata state - the waking state.

When exhausted, the brain shuts down its translation process; and all falls dark.

There are no neuron firings and no translations also and some chemical oozes out to shut off all the functions of the brain. Even the physical body that you love so much does not exist at that time, since it is also a translation of the neuron-firing only.

Like a river that is kept dammed and controlled forcefully, you are in a sleep-state where nothing exists, not even the wonderful 'you of name and form'.

This is called Sushupti, the deep sleep state.

Then, the river of thoughts that is dammed yet with the need to flow, presses the brain-button and the neurons fire once again, and inside the shut-off doors of the mind, perceptions occur.

This is called the Svapna state.

Svapna means the experiences of the world that you have in sleep.

And that is what your life is actually-

wake up, sleep, dream, sleep, wake up, sleep, dream, sleep, wake up,no end!

Wake-up state is gone in sleep; sleep is gone in the dream; dream is gone in wake-up state.....!

Every state is real when experienced only.

Dream is real when experienced; it is proved unreal when you wake up only.

This world is absent there; that world is absent here.

World is real, only in a relative way.

Mind-experiences or brain-translations alone are defined as the world.

There is no solid world really anywhere, at any time.

If you realize this truth, the mind dies and the fourth state 'Turyaa' rises up and ... and after that..

Truth alone is; lies die a natural death...; the world is a lie to the core!

Realize this; this is Aatma-Saakshaatkaara - the reality state of Truth.

AATMAN AND YOU

WHY AATMAN GETS TRAPPED INSIDE A BODY?

Vasishta keeps on explaining...again and again...and again...!

‘Brahman - the swollen up Reality which we can see only as the Jagat-state (changing state of sense patterns) is formless changeless and beyond the reach of the mind and senses.

It is not inert or conscious, it is not light or darkness, it is not joy or sorrow, it is not full or empty. It just is; it can know of itself as the world only; and we are its multifarious forms, countless eyes that see the world. Yet it is unaffected and pure. There is no world at all in its state.’

And Rama keeps on asking.. again and again...and again....!

‘If that Reality which does not even have a name as Brahman, is so pure and changeless, then how we came to be here as the bodies born to some parents?

Why the world? Why us?

Why could not the Reality stay as itself?

How can physical bodies rise out of the Supreme Brahman state?

How the form-principle rose out of the formless Brahman?’

(‘Formless’ does not mean ‘invisible to the eyes’.

‘Formless’ means, ‘not limited by the measures of space and time’.)

Vasishta answers him in many ways; at least in the first five sections of the book which contains two third of the main text which is made of 32,000 verses.

The question of how the body (and the world) came to be in the Brahman-state is baseless since it is like asking how the barren woman’s son is suffering from fever, or how the hares developed horns, or how the snake came to be in the rope that is hanging from the tree.

Yes, the answer is that the so-called body is non-existent, and so there is no question of how it rose up from the Brahman.

Brahman means not any ‘body thing’ at all; no ‘body thing’ at all, means Brahman.

Either the body is there, or Brahman is there.

They cannot both be together.

As a ‘body-entity’ you cannot ask, why the body came from Brahman; because it didn’t; for it isn’t.

You and your body both are non-existent in Reality; like a salt-doll is non-existent in the ocean.

How can that which is nowhere, come from somewhere?

Brahman has no mind, has no agitations and is not centered inside any shape as such.

Actually, there are no worlds or creations or physical bodies at all, in Brahman.

How? Analyze how you see a body.

Your face is always invisible to you. You are faceless actually.

Your face is touched and felt by you as solid because the hand-atoms resist the face-atoms and you feel some solidity, and some sort of shape.

And below the neck you see some fleshy lump with parts that is covered by some skin-thing.

Like moving a machine you can move those limbs at your will (if you are in good health).

What else is there as the body?

Just some flesh lumps placed on one another, and some stick-like extended parts.

Mostly, you mechanically move the body limbs without any sense of the body-existence at all. If you had not developed the language sense, you would not have known of the existence of the body at all as anything.

It took a long time in evolution to imagine the shape seen in the polished surface of the mirror to be the body-thing, and slowly the idea of oneself as the shape seen in the mirror became an established habit. A belief developed that you are the shape seen in the mirror.

What is a world but what we believe it to be!

Body is also one of our umpteen beliefs we are stuck with.

We have also the bad habit of believing what we believe alone as the truth!

You loved the shape seen in the mirror and believed that you always looked like that to others.

Your shape stayed as a memory in your brain to be cherished as the 'I'.

A sense perceived image that was under your usage, became the 'you'.

How do you perceive an image?

Animal vision evolved some 700 million years ago.

World is just made of moving atoms and nothing else; no shapes, no bodies, nothing at all.

And atoms are just emptiness with some whizzing charge.

The world is drawn into various shapes because of the light rays falling all over the atoms and reflecting in the eyes (another atom-grouping).

Eyes see the shapes because of a protein called 'opsin' that is inside it.

This 'opsin' alone catches every ray of light.

Without 'opsin' there would not be any colour as red blue and green.

The world is actually black and white only; the opsin produces colours in it.

The 'opsin' trap the photons (light particles) with a small molecule in the heart of their structure called retinal. This opsin when activated sends the message to the brain; 'light'.

A single opsin started the whole show.

A single opsin, a flash, and then the light.

Light, and then the shapes and then the names, and then the attachment.

If this opsin was not there at all, the world would be dark; and there would be no mirrored image at all.

There would not be any shape at all, but the touch sensation only.

The body is the manufacture of the evolution-process only.

Trees have some shapes, rocks have some shapes, these bodies also have some shapes.

Body is just some uncouth shape made by nature in its factory; not some god-made speciality.

Look at the idiotic shape of the body...!

Two sticks to move about, two sticks to move other things, two holes to produce coloured images, two holes to catch the air-vibrations, and other holes to take in the fuel and throw out the waste.

Some more holes are there so as to produce more of the same shapes; to create more flesh lumps out of the deteriorating flesh lumps.

All to survive only! All for reproduction only.

The basic need of survival only has developed all the concepts of beauty, affection, love, sacrifice, god and what not.

The entire earth here is just one huge Vaasanaa field of survival only.

It is a world made of inert 'selfish genes' only.

In this gene story, where is the so-called Brahman? Nowhere!

For it is too dark a state to know of oneself also.

These bodies are just bacterial colonies evolved to see shapes.

The brain calls the shape under its control as the 'I'.

This 'I' is not the 'Aham Brahmaasmi - I'.

The 'Aham Brahmaasmi -I' is the thinking state, the true understanding state.

The bacterial bodies here which have evolved after million years of cell-survival strategies, are just inert physical bodies, like rocks and wood. There is only physics, biology and chemistry that controls them. The consciousness of these inert physical bodies is just the reaction produced to outside environment. These are just inert collections of cells that are grouped together as some shape of a body.

'Apes adrift in an alien world, born into a struggle they did not choose, bullied by impulses they cannot control, searching for answers they will not find, and condemned to a fate they do not deserve'; quotes some thinker!

And, if these physical bodies have evolved to identify with the shape seen in the mirror, well no one can blame them. It is just how the survival strategy works. These bodies believe themselves to be the most wonderful things in the universe and preserve themselves at any cost!

They do not mind destroying other species also for the preservation of their bodies.

There is no thinking capacity also, in these bodies.

Thoughts are just the brain-agitations translated as sense images, and the language ability has evolved to explain these sense images with some words concocted with meanings.

The body is a sense-pattern evolved to hold the bacterial colonies inside one fortress-wall made of some thing called the skin. Skin-bag is like a gunny sack tightly holding the flesh lumps from falling out.

Body is just a stinking package of blood, bones, flesh, feces and urine.

Beauty is only an imagined concept on these ugly flesh lumps.

The body survives better when it can bring under its control, all other physical objects of various shapes. That is why, men hanker after possessions.

It is part of the survival strategy evolved by these bacterial colonies called the bodies.

More patterns you believe that you own, you win over others; so these bacteria-things believe.

No one has ever bothered to think, how any vanishing sense-pattern can be owned by, another vanishing sense pattern called the body!

Bacterial colonies alone evolved to see what is seen as a world here.

Where is Brahman here? This term itself is unknown to these bacterial things.

The only thing they know is to eat, mate, reproduce and die.

No Brahman here.

Therefore, these bodies did not come from Brahman at all.

Brahman is non-existent here, like darkness has no sign of light.

Is Brahman not in all?

Of course! It is there as only the inert sensed bodies (labelled as human entities) that sense other bodies- a pure physical level where there is no Aatman, the thinking thing.

If the Aatman is there, there is no physical thing at all!

Brahman is not any deity or state that is separate from which all these things came out, as dirt from a pure thing. These things are not there at all in Brahman.

‘They are not there at all.’ They are non-existent’.

‘They are the sons of the barren woman’, as Vasishta would comment!

They are the conceptions that belong to the dream of darkness-state.

The moment the sun comes, the darkness vanishes.

The moment you start analyzing what the body is, how it is not the real ‘I’, and so on, the Aatman starts shedding the knowledge-light (and not just the photon light caught by the opsin).

If the knowledge-light shines forth as the thinking capacity, then where is the body at all as you?

Bacteria cannot think ‘who is this body?’

So if you are thinking about the body that is called ‘I’ and are looking at it as an object to be analyzed as apart from you, where is the body?

Like an ant colony in the wilderness, the bacterial colony is also ignored as some worthless thing.

And the meaningless question of how the body came from Brahman stops pestering you.

Vasishta chides Rama for asking such a stupid question saying...

‘Rama have you not understood what I taught so far?’

Do you still think that this physical body is really existent as a solid you?’

Like all other concepts that the mind has developed like the mountain, tree, pond, dog, cow, etc, the body is also just a concept only; an outside physical object.

Body is a perceived object that is outside of you, the Aatman, the one who thinks outside of a brain.

Your questioning ability is not the ‘brain agitation-translation’, but transcends the function of the brain.

When the Aatman has started to shine as the ‘enquiring you’, where is the body at all?

And why then the question, how the body came out of Brahman?

Or, are you asking how a barren woman got a son, by the way?

THOUSAND YEARS FROM HENCE

Have you ever observed the power of the clock (calendar is an extension of the clock only) that decorates your living room hall, or that you wear as an inseparable companion on your wrist?

Its every tick controls your movement in the world. Have you noticed?

Your limbs move in synchronization to the ticks of the clock. Are you aware of this?

Every second depicted there gives you a silent command to do a particular action at that second.

Do you know of it?

You wake up, have breakfast, rush to your workplace, have lunch, return home, attend to the family problems, fall exhausted on bed, obeying always the command issued by the lifeless innocent looking demon called the ‘Clock’.

You are one with the clock always.

Clock is your essence of life actually!

It is in your head always.

Even drugs and alcohol cannot keep you away from its commands, for long.

It is the unanimously elected sovereign of the world.

It makes you laugh, makes you cry, makes you break your head in anxiety.

It alone causes the stress and anxiety in you.

It is the seed of all the illnesses that haunt your body and the mind.

It alone commands where you should be doing what at a particular moment.

You are just a 'clock driven slave' all throughout your life.

You dance the dance of you life to the rhythm of the clock only.

All your favourite songs and dances that you relish as art move in the rhythm of the clock-ticking only.

If you are left in a clock-less world where no ticking occurs, you will indeed commit suicide.

Maybe, that is why you are reluctant to attain the Brahman-state where clocks and calendars lose their meaning. And of course, that is why you have many excuses to prevent such a state from ever gracing you (though outwardly pretending to want the Moksha of the Scriptures); you can invent some destiny that pulls you downward towards bondage of family and world; you can cry that you are bound by the duties; you can lament that you are wretched and can never reach the goal of liberation; or you may feel better in holding on to pictures and statues of living gods and dead saints, or you may have no time to spare that can be devoted to acquire the wisdom of Brahman through the studies of texts like Vaasishtam.

'Where is the time', laments the time-controlled slave! What a joke!

Of course what can you expect from a person who is controlled by the inert time-showing gadget; where can he get time, unless the clock-deity permits him to devote time to sharpen his intellect?

The clock-deity will never give permission, of course!

Why will it want its slave to reach a timeless state, and thus lose him forever?

Every moment of the life here, is precious for the time-slave (though he wastes all of it most of the time).

Every moment is an unforgettable event for the tick- tock managed fool.

Like an ant treading slowly step by step, the time-bound slave moves with every tick of the clock.

Every mud particle is a hill for the ant; and every word, every relation, every meal, every object is important and precious for the time-slave.

So many fights, so many angry words, irritations, rudeness, stress, strain, so many joys (like so many tiny sugar particles), so many parties, so many occasions, so many birthdays (with only one death day); all because of the habit of seeing every mud particle in front of you as the utmost important thing, and moving your limbs always to the rhythm of the 'tick tock' of the clock!

Every tick is like your heart beat! Every tock pulls you and pushes you.

You are just an automaton programmed to synchronize your movements to the tick tock of the clock.

Suppose....

Suppose one night you sleep off and wake up in a morning thousand years hence...?

What would it be like?

Suppose your life-span is like thousand-years a tick, what would it be like?

Suppose, instead of keeping tiny steps through mud particle hills, you were an eagle that floats above the real mountains, what would it be like?

How will it be to be a bird and look back at the ant's life you had, thousand years back?

What happened to the tiny sand particles that you crossed over as great hills, the tiny sugar particles that you filled your belly as if that was the only excellent thing that you ever wanted?

Look back at all those tiny desires, tiny frustrations, tiny fights with other ants, tiny struggles and of course the short-life span of the ant also.

You see nothing but empty expanse of nothingness.

As a bird floating high above mountains, the ant's tiny world is not seen at all!

The ticks and tocks of the tiny clock in the ant-hill, is not heard at all!

What meaningless life were you leading as an ant?

Are you crying in shame, or laughing aloud at the foolish life of the ant that was controlled by the clock-demon?

The bird does not even know of the world lived by ants or the gods worshipped by the ants, or the philosophies discussed by the ants, or the enormous wealth acquired by the ants, or the joys chased by the ants, or the planets that controlled the life-events of the ants!

Time-controlled ant-slaves do not have existence in the bird-world of timelessness!

In Brahman-state, there is no ignorance, and no ticks and tocks of the clock!

Still, are you afraid to fly high in the sky of Knowledge?

Is the ant-world of slavery, so lovely?

A Jnaani (JeevanMukta) who is always a bird floating above the Mountains just watches the ant world, with amusement. World for him is an ant-colony in his garden of life!

Do you know the silent-bliss of the bird, where the ticks and tocks of the tiny clock are not heard at all!

Pity you!

BRAHMAN CAN BE MANY 'YOU'S

What is 'you'?

'You' means what you think as the 'you', a form with some gene-made shape, some name to label you as separate from others, some DNA particularities, the parentage, family, friends and so on; and of course the country you were born in and the country you live in.

And, you love yourself! Don't you?

Whatever you are - ugly or beautiful, old or young, you love to be what you believe yourself to be, a body with a name-label. You also believe that you are the only one that can be you, and so deem yourself as something special.

Each event of your life is extremely precious for you, be it joyful or sorrowful.

You and your life story are, very very precious for you.

Your memories alone are valuable for you.

Your beliefs are the only truths for you.

Your gods are the only true gods for you.

What you think, what you do, what you experience are the most important things that happen in the entire universe of planets and stars.

The world revolves around you.

There is nothing else as important as you.

You are the centre of existence.

You love all for your own sake only - says YaajnaValkya Maharshi.

Because you are the only 'you', and nobody else can be the 'you'.

You are unique; so you believe.

However, what you believe cannot be the truth.

Truth is that there are many many 'you's in existence.

You are not the only 'you'.

There are countless 'you's hidden behind the blank screen of Reality referred to by the term Brahman.

Shocked? Let me explain it for the better understanding of yours.

Reality is not a fixed state of emptiness, that is empty of everything.

Reality-state is brimming with the endless possible states that can become an experience of any type.

You are yourself one possible state of existence of many such possible states.

The 'could be' state in Brahman is the 'I am' state that you experience

Every 'could be' of Brahman is every 'I' that raises in the world.

Let us take an example.

Let us say you go to a flower shop.

Of the hundred varieties of flowers in the shop, you love, let us say some six varieties of flowers only. This liking in the mind for six types of flowers is now a possible state of 'could be' of six flower-buyers in the same shape as you with the same name, same parentage, same past history; six exact Xerox copies of you, with a slight variation in the flower-choice only.

Instantly, the Brahman-state is ready with the six 'you's, who will each purchase a different flower.

You rose up from Brahman at that instant, as a jasmine buyer.

Another 'you' rose up as a rose-buyer; still another one as the hibiscus buyer; and so on.

You and the other five buyers (as you) rose up as the six buyers of different flowers.

Everyone manifested at the same moment as the flower buyers in their copy of the world and returned home with their chosen flowers.

One Vaasanaa (latent want) split as six, creating six different but same type of worlds.

You went back to your home.

They all went back to their homes.

Six of you purchased different flowers and returned to the same Xeroxed but different homes, in different earth planets.

You do not know of each other's existence, and exist however as the same copies of 'you'.

Each of you live now in a different world unconnected to each other.

Actually, at every moment you have a choice and have the want of many things, 'you' become so many split desires and create the Xerox copies of your own world.

From the time of childhood to now, calculate on the basis of your wants, the number of 'you's that you created again and again.

You as the so many wants existing as the so many 'you's in the copies of your own world!

This is the power of Reality - 'to exist as any want you have.'

The more the number of wants, the more the 'you's you create; but never meet them may be.

If one single 'you' can create so many possible copies of worlds, guess how many Xeroxed worlds could exist for each one that walks on this planet.

Mind-blogging! Is it not?

Imagine the possibilities of yourself acting the worst and also the best.

The best copy of yours might be a great Rishi who has known the truth of Brahman; the worst copy of yours might be ...? Any possible state of ignorance!

The confusion does not end here. There is more to come.

The countless 'you's can get interchanged also!

How?

Suppose you go out of your house on some errand and return back.

Are you sure that you are returning to the same house of your universe, or is it the house of another 'you'?

If you hug the child that opens the door, is it your son or is he the son of the other 'you'?

If you knew it was not the same universe of yours, would you still love that child which is technically not yours? You have no way of finding the difference.

Ignorance is bliss! You accept whatever your senses say without a question.

No one can ever find out that such intermingling could happen; and everyone is happy in his or her own world-copy. How can you know the difference, even if every member of your family is a copy from another universe? What if all the family members are from different realities of 'your copies'?

It is not easy to find out.

That is why may be, we see the people as not being stable in their friendship or relationships.

Everyone behaves differently every other day.

Is it because they are the same people with changed minds, or are they different people from different world-copies? How can you tell?!

This confused state can occur because you are a 'desire-created entity'.

Your choices rose out of your desires only, and your desires turn into different world-copies of you.

If the desires were absent, and if you had only a determined conduct, then the copies that you produce are nil. That is why, the Rishis of the yore advise you to have no desires.

To avoid the confusion of intermingling of all the 'you's into all the worlds, you must make yourself slightly different from the other 'you's.

You must ask, what can I do to avoid myself producing various copies of mine, and stop myself getting into different worlds of my own creation?

The best solution for such a problem is to make your 'you' different from all the other 'you's.

You must erase the countless possibilities of your Xeroxed-worlds rising in Brahman.

For that, you must stay choice-less completely.

No Choices; no possibilities!

No likes and dislikes; and so no different copies of yourself!

That alone is not enough; for there be similar copies of you then also, as the one without choice and the one with choice.

So, we have to mark you as a unique character that can never have copies.

For that, you have to get out of the life-story created by the mind.

Long long ago when the man appeared on the planet as a biped, he had no stories.

He just survived like an animal.

Now also, the human species makes effort to survive only, like an animal; but wears the mask of stories so much so that people live as the masks only, as the story characters only.

Story means - I, my parents, my family, my children, my house, my possessions, my beauty, my greatness, my joys, my sorrows, my wants, my patriotism, my god love, my philosophy, my belief, my opinion...so on and so forth that there is not even any 'I' left back, but only the 'my's!

The stories of life are made out of 'my' and 'mine' only.

Actually, there exists only the sense-information as the 'brain neuron firing', in some emptiness-expanse we know not what! Yet, the mind has made up so much stories that even a Sarasvati Goddess, may not be able to read all of them fully. Look back in time, and see the amount of life stories that were there from the time when the brain developed this ability to make a story out of the story-less sense input (the bare information of touch, smell etc).

Each person you see on the road, each tiny dot you see as a face in the crowd has a story of his or her own. Each one cherishes the story of his or life as some unique treasure, little knowing that the story-making ability was developed by the brain to remember things for the survival-process only.

Stories help retain memories, and memories help in the survival process. That is all!

No story is precious; no memory is precious!

Not even 'you' are precious, since you are also just a memory connected to a story.

Nothing is important, nothing is meaningful!

Nothing at all is there except the nothingness of everything.

These stories of life are not real.

These are just mind-conceived, mind imagined.

These life-stories based on your body image and sense data are meaningless, and stay only till your body image (or brain function) stays on the earth.

Do not get caught in these stories.

Ignore it like a mindless fiction authored by some fool.

Be out of the stories, and practise ignoring the lies told by the mind.

Survive only with minimum needs like the first man on earth, and cultivate no wants.

Have full control over your mind.

Do not allow it to make copies of you, based on the stories of life.

Live a disciplined life.

Do not swerve from studies of the Scriptures like Vaasishtam, even for a day.

Keep knowledge of Reality alone as the goal.

Live inside the story of life as a pretence character only, to humour others.

Be the one and only copy of one world by removing the mind of all likes and dislikes.

Then you will be the one single 'you' with no other copies of yours anywhere in any creation,

You will be unique.

You will a single 'Dhruva star' shining in the Brahman-sky.

You cannot be Xeroxed, for you have no stories that can be Xeroxed.

For a person who sees the smell as molecules only, what difference is there as jasmine or rose?

For a person, who sees everyone as just a copy created by some want, what story can be there, as lived through?

When the story is gone, the space/time number is gone; then the copies of 'you as the story-character' are gone, and you are on the path to complete freedom only, where the 'mind-made lies as stories' have no entry. This alone is liberation, to be free of the shackles of mind.

When you are a SthithaPrajna - a Brahman-point of stabilized intellect, then the image that is connected to you as a perception-medium stays without getting Xeroxed; and all your very close contacts also will remain stabilized as the same copies. Your perceived field will be held by your power of no-story.

That is how Prahlada and Janaka stay as eternal kings in their perceived fields enjoying the company of their families and friends. That is how the great Rishis and Trinities are eternally connected to their spouses.

In the screen of emptiness some story or other has to exist as its expression.

Be the screen only, though you might be a hero of the story that is running on the screen.

Act perfectly on the stage as the movie hero, yet not getting identified with the movie-story.

Be the audience of you life-story that is running as a movie produced by the mind.

Be amazed by the wonder of it all!

But, do not ever swerve from the screen-state.

Be always the Reality only, on which the 'you' acts as the hero.

You are not the 'you'; but 'that' only!

'That' is not a story or memory.

It is the Truth - 'Satyam' of the Upanishads! 'Truth has no copies'!

YOU, THE MIND AND THE LIFE YOU LIVE

WHAT IS A THOUGHT (CHITTA-VRITTI)?

Chitta-Vritti means the non-ceasing agitation within that expresses itself as the actions of a person.

Chitta-Vritti is the function of the mind, the perceiving agent.

Chitta-Vritti is the power of the mind to conceive, supported by the Praana, the vibrating principle.

Chitta-Vritti is the continuous on-flow of thoughts that eats you out day in and day out.

‘PatanjaliYoga’ helps control this on-flow of thoughts.

What is a thought? Is it in language or is it silent?

Actually, most of the human population on earth never ‘thinks.’

Surprised? But it is a fact, indeed.

Language is used only when explaining an action that you do, or did, or will do in the future.

You never think in language in your normal course of day to day actions.

What is an action?

Action is just the agitation of the limbs synchronized with the chemical agitation that goes on in the brain. This agitation alone is explained later as a thought-process, after the thoughtless action is done and gets over with.

‘Thought’ is the name given to the explanation of an action that rises in the mind after the action is finished. You act first and then are conscious of the action, and later explain it as a thoughtful process.

You grab the food and eat; and then only explain the action of eating as a narrative to yourself.

Action comes first, and then the action is grasped by the consciousness, and then the explanation follows.

Brain agitates; action gets performed instantly; and then you conceive an explanation.

Long long ago, the man in the forest also acted as an agitation translation only of his brain, and now also, the man of the city also acts as the agitation translation of the brain only.

Man is an animal evolved to react to the outside phenomena; and this basic trait is common to one and all.

The primitive man had of course, no words to explain anything; but the modern man can explain every action of his with the skill of language; and he calls the ‘agitation of the brain’ as the ‘thought’.

Brain is just an organ; it cannot think.

So, thoughts are not there in the brain at all.

Thought is an invented name for the explanation of an action, as a postmortem of an action.

Thought is a report of the action done, and is not there when you act.

If you really thought before you acted, you are indeed of a superior species only!

The sad fact is that you never think before you act; you only act, or rather only react to the outer phenomena.

The outer phenomena is what?

It is what you sense as image, smell, sound etc.

Rather, your eyes activate and produce the image, your nose activates and produces the smell, your touch activates and produces the solidity, your ears activate and produce the sound, your tongue and nose activate and produce the taste.

The world you see is made of these five types of sense-data only.

This alone is the action of the brain towards the outside.

What is outside? We do not know.

We have the brain alone as our groping fingers in the darkness outside.

The brain explains the mysterious outside with these five sense-agitations.

That alone we conceive as the world.

Rather the brain has slowly evolved to write its own sense-code for cognizing the atom-flux outside. The brain codes some unknown disturbances outside as the image, sound, smell etc, and reacts to it. Brain alone produces the sense-data, receives also the data as from the outside, and reacts also to the same sense data. It is like making a stick and beating oneself with it and crying in pain.

How does the brain react?

The brain reacts by producing some chemical agitation within it.

It is an automatic function that goes on by itself.

This agitation of the brain is translated as the action of the body.

This action gets explained as a thought-based action, later on.

For example, an agitation or discomfort in the belly starts first, a signal of the brain that the body needs the fuel for energy; then some image as food is sought for; then the sensing of some food as the liked taste; and then the limbs shovelling the masticated food inside the belly; and finally the discomfort is gone.

This agitation of hunger when subdued is, later explained as the joy of eating.

So it is, with every action and reaction of yours.

Something is felt as joy, and the lack of it is defined as the pain.

Every discomfort and need felt as an agitation, is satisfied by some action of the body, and that gets explained as 'joy'. It is like beating one's own body, and later feeling the joy of the soothing, by the application of some ointment.

The life of joys you live, is just a continuous process of silencing the agitations within.

There is no pausing or thinking involved in this process.

You never think; but act only, as a slave of the brain.

It is always a battle to keep the mind silenced.

Want and want-fulfilment; this is what the life is made up of.

Rather, you call that process of want-fulfilment only, as a life which is nothing but a want-fulfilment, a constant struggle to quieten the agitation within.

This is known as 'Vaasanaa' (the agitation of longing for some fulfilment) by the Scriptures.

'Vaasanaa' is that which resides deep within the dark bowels of your mind as some potential want.

There are countless Vaasanaas that hide within your innermost cave of the mind, without you ever knowing of their existence; for you have been collecting them from the very day of birth as some sense-data or other.

Even a passing image or sound can live as a Vaasanaa within you; that is why it is termed as Vaasanaa, that which resides within you.

Vaasanaas are like the loathsome worms crawling inside the dark muddy ground of your mind.

Life is a constant struggle of attending to these Vaasanaas only.

Every breath of yours, every action of yours is intended to fulfil some need or other that is private to you only. That is why, Sage Vasishtha and also Krishna in his Geetaa discourse, refer to the life as a constant production of Vaasanaa-fields only, made of the 'field and the owner of the field'.

And, in this flow of agitation and its fulfilment-process, there is no time to 'think' at all!

'I think, therefore I am' quoted a famous western philosopher.

Then surely, those who do not think do not exist at all as any individual!

A man evolves from the animal level, if only he can think.

'Thinking' can be done as a language-process only.

Thinking is not caused by the brain agitation, but it can control the brain-agitation.

When the thinking alters the brain chemicals, then a man is said to be more evolved than his other animal counterparts who do not think.

This is what our aim in life should be; to be liberated from the slavery of the brain chemicals.

The ordinary man seeks pleasures of all sorts, to only get a reward of dopamine in his brain; which he calls as joy. He seeks a god in the skies above, to only get a reward of some serotonin chemical in his brain. His life is a constant struggle to get a high dosage of these chemicals only, and he lives like an animal in chains, controlled by his brain.

Rather, he is only a brain struggling to get the reward of dopamine through some physical actions. This dopamine reward is translated as 'joy'.

Lack of this chemical leads to depression or sadness.

Food, gender-pleasure, sadism, violence, music, anger, hatred, patriotism, religion, meaningless meditation, Gurudom, magic, miracles, vacations; whatever you seek and do in life is actually for getting this dopamine oozing only.

Now 'Think'....!

Can there be any joy without the dopamine-secretion also?

Can you stop the brain from giving mechanical reactions to the outside phenomena, and keep it only as another tool for your use? Can you stop living as the agitation-state of the brain?

Can you stop producing the Vaasanaa-fields, and have no Vaasanaa at all within?

Can you stop wanting, and yet live a normal life?

This no-reaction state to the outside phenomena, this freedom from the chemicals oozing in the brain, is known as 'Aananda, the bliss of the self'.

Here, you exist as yourself, the 'thinking self' which sees the body also as a sensed object only and stops identifying with it.

This is what the Upanishads refer to as 'Aatma-Saakshaatkaara, Realization of the self'.

Instead of living as an animal in search of food for the senses, you start 'thinking'.

This thinking state is known as 'Aatman'.

This thinking is your real nature.

If you do not think, you are just a walking talking wooden log only!

He who does not think, is still in the inert object level only, and exists as a chemical factory named the brain. When his brain ceases to function, he also ceases to exist.

He was born as the inert body, lives as a body, and dies as a body.

He is just a brain that existed as some agitation-state.

But, a man who thinks, evolves further and finds his true self, which can exist without the 'body and the brain combination'. He is free.

Thinking never ceases to be, and he becomes eternal in the true sense.

Death also dies, in his 'thinking self'.

What is 'thinking'?

Imagine a story like this.

Suppose there is a small room in some corner of a forest; and a mother is kept imprisoned inside that room by an evil genie. She has no way to escape, but gets all her basic needs of the food fulfilled by the evil genie. She delivers a child inside the room itself. The child grows in that room with no idea of the outside world. The room is its world. Mother is its companion.

The evil genie who manages to stay out of sight of the child is its god.

The child has no idea at all of the beautiful world outside that is filled with mountains, rivers, oceans, clouds etc. He lives happily inside that room, with all his needs fulfilled and imagines that his life is well-lived. He does not even know, what he misses as the real world.

His idea of the world is just that tiny room and his mother.

Suppose he thinks like this - *'who am I, why my mother is kept here, who is giving me my food, where did the food come from and so on..'*!

If he starts analyzing, soon he will break the walls of the room and escape out to enjoy the real world outside. This is the power of thinking. It can shatter the mountains also, and dry up the oceans also. Here in this earth planet also, humans are trapped inside the sense-data, like the child of that room-prison, with Mother Nature.

After millions of years, in the recent hundred or two hundred years, the thinking process took birth.

Philosophers and scientists broke open each and every brick of that room.

Yet the room of the earth stays unbroken and as it is, solid and strong.

Why?

Because the 'very physical attire you call as yourself' is the biggest hurdle in the breaking of this room. As long as you are identified with the brain, and are a slave to its chemical processes, and believe in the absolute reality of the body and the world, there is no escape from this tiny room.

Here alone come the guiding hands of Vasishta and Vaalmiki (as the text of JnaanaVaasishtam), which takes you further in your thinking ability.

Through reason and slow training in 'thinking', Vasishta breaks the reality of the body and the world to pieces without a trace, and leaves you as yourself, the Aatman, the thinking-state only, that is in no need of a brain or body.

Brain and body become your tools, and you stay in the bliss of your own self.

This bliss is not the result of any dopamine-secretion, but the true bliss of not being a chemical factory anymore.

'Think' and therefore 'you are'!

That life alone is really lived.

Rest all cover the surface of the planet, like some chemical scum only!

LIFE IS JUST REMEMBERED, NOT LIVED - 'SMRITI'

The greatest myth the mind maintains is the illusion called 'life'.

True! There is no life at all lived ever, by anyone.

What we know of as life is just some statistics-trick maintained by the brain mechanism.

Life is the name given to just some quick succession of molecular patterns in the brain that are known by the common name of 'memories'.

For example, take the simple act of seeing an ant moving in front of you on the ground.

You will see it moving from the tiny crack of the hole in the wall to the sugar crumbs that you had dropped on the ground. You will immediately remember what you ate, how you dropped the sugar crumbs on the floor, why you were anxious at that time, and also think of ways to remove the ant from your house; all in an instant.

The very 'seeing of an ant, has become a tiny event of your life.

But, actually what had happened when you saw the ant?

Did you really see it or its movement on the floor?

The truth is you never saw that ant and nothing happened at all.

How?

Your brain just coded the chemical disturbance within it as some sense-input; that is all; there was no ant, no sweet sugar; no you also.

All this ant and sugar story, is just a way of decoding the disturbance within.

The agitation within, is the agitation outside.

The agitation within, is seen as the succession of events.

The agitation within, is seen as a life.

The agitation within, is the want of something.

‘Within and without’ are also some statistics of the brain only.

The greatest want is to survive; and stories of life and memories help you to survive; that is all.

Observe well every moment of your life.

Are you even in the micro-span of present moment ever? Never ever!

Seeing any object; even the tiny little ant, is a long drawn process for the brain.

How did you see an ant moving on the floor?

At first there is some disturbance in the brain;

then that disturbance rises as some disturbance in an outside that is outside of the inside;

then the brain blindly gropes the disturbance through its sense radars;

then it gets some sense-data as information, which some or all of the senses bring forth and submit to the brain one by one (not at the same instant) standing in a queue;

then that sense input gets some space and time measures in the brain calculator as a succession of picture frames by its own mathematics;

then the brain collects all the sense information together, and refers to the memory-store which was stored from the moment of birth;

and then makes a conclusion that it is seeing an ant that is moving from one place to another, rather very slowly as compared to the huge size of a human.

After the entire mechanical processes of the brain gets over with, you have the explanation of the event of the ant-movement as if it was instantly seen.

Brain is super fast in its workings; or rather it itself manages to control the time factor and tells you that it did it all quite fast; you will never know that you never saw the ant of the present moment, but received some sense input of the past moment only.

You always get the information late. You are always in the past of the present!

Rather, you never know of the present at all!

Each brain of each animal has its own way of seeing an object, and each brain processes the data of sense-information in its own speed.

When an object is seen as moving, and if say a fly, or tortoise, or monkey or any other animal or insect and the human-mammal all see it at the same instant, the sight is not immediate; and each brain takes its own processing time to see the object.

The same instant of a human is never the same instant for all the species, and never do all the species understand the thing in the same manner.

Each brain takes its own time to process the data received from its limited senses, and sees only the past; yet calls it the present.

All the humans also do not see the objects at the same instant; the object-perception depends on the speed of the brain-process which differs from human to human. Humans also differ in their brain capacities; and their understanding of the objects in front of them might be processed in different time-spans according to their brain capacity.

Humans have evolved enough to improve their brain-processes and have developed some five senses now to define the disturbance outside.

Yes, the senses have evolved only, and not given as a gift by some super deity.

Long long ago when nothing was there in the planet, some chemical agitation alone was there!

And that alone has evolved to be a human now with five types of sense agitations which are processed as the object information; and this process is known as the mind.

Agitation alone was there before everything say the Upanishads.

In any world, agitation alone is the cause of a world-existence.

This agitation they name it as 'hunger', the want to know, the want to probe the agitation.

This they call it as the Aatman.

The chemical agitation of the past alone, is now walking the planet after millions and millions of years as a human with a brain mechanism, with the ability to make sounds with meaning.

It is still coding the disturbance, is still collecting information after information and calls it the world.

Brain has evolved enough to call this information-coding as the life. Brain has also evolved to store memories, and calls this store of memories only, as the life lived from birth to death.

Think...!

When you are in the living room, you know the rest of the house as some memory-store only.

When you walk one step on the road, the previous step stays as memory only in your brain.

When you hear a song, the previous part of the song instantly turns into memory, and yet gives you the idea of listening to a full song.

When you watch a movie, every part of the movie stays as a vague memory in the brain, and you feel that you have watched a full movie.

When your family member walks out of the room, though she or he is no more there, you believe in his or her existence because of the memory only; and till that memory of their being alive is interrupted by the memory of their permanent absence, you are not bothered and do not worry.

Life for you, is made of memories only, and never an actual happening.

You cherish memories, you store the memories as treasures (as photographs and selfies also); and, you love yourself as a memory.

Any smallest damage to the skull; you may forget your name and life-story.

Your name is a memory thrust on you by your parents; your form is a memory thrust on you by the mirror; your learning is a memory thrust on you by texts and teachers; language is a memory thrust on you by evolution; and you are a 'walking talking memory box' only.

If you forget anything, that thing is non-existent immediately.

Till you remember it, it stays non-existent only.

When you forget something, you do not cry for its non-existence; but why do you cry when the memory is there of its non-existence?

Vasishta says - *Forgetting the world (including you as a memory of some name and form) so much so that it does not rise again as any memory is the best-state ever;*

for why should you remember something which is not there and cry for it?

World is non-existent; life-story is non-existent.

Nothing goes on but some information processing; which Vasishta calls as 'Bodha.'

When nothing at all is happening, and no object live or alive is there except what the brain stores as memories, why carry the burden of memories and suffer?

Life is not there at all as 'lived'.

Objects and people are all the imagined connections on the unconnected sense information.

Language is just some sound you manage to make a meaning out of.

Family attachment and love for the other gender is just gene induced; remove the genes, and no one loves anyone as any relation. You love your daughter or son or mother or father or brother or sister or any other relation because of the genes wanting to group together.

You love your wife or husband because the genes make you reproduce their likes.

Chemicals ooze out in the brain at every moment you sigh the sense input called son or daughter or wife or any other; and your reaction synchronizes with the chemicals that ooze out in the brain.

Dopamine oozes when you feel joy at the sight of the family members (gene-propagated action).

Serotonin oozes out at the sight of a temple, or a holy man (gene controlled action).

Goodness alone keeps the society going on.

Co-operation has its own rewards; and goodness also is gene-controlled.

'Sattva' also binds; says Vasishta.

Every action you do, every thought you have is for the survival of the fittest only; that is how the genes evolved and are still in full control of the human species.

Life-story is also imagined by the brain, since it helps in survival.

Religion also helps in survival.

Family togetherness helps in survival by forming strong binding of particular genes.

Affection is for gene grouping; seeing beauty is for gene reproduction; dying also is for gene-cause only, since deteriorated bodies are not good for reproduction.

Where does not the gene act?

And the life lived is an illusion that is produced by the brain.

Brain works so fast in collecting the sense input that you do not even understand that you are imagining a life as memories only.

You, your family, your friends, your house, your possessions, your sadness, your joys, your fears, your birth, your death are all just memories produced by the chemicals in the brain.

The real 'you' never has to be remembered. It is always there as a self-experience.

You know that you exist; don't you? You do not have to remember that you exist!

Self-awareness is not a memory. Self is not remembered or meditated upon.

It just 'is' as the self-shining knowledge.

Forget all; but stay as the no-memory state; and that is the 'real you'.

Transcend the brain-created world and life-story; transcend the memory statistics of the brain; and be yourself without any memory.

Memory is for survival in the society; use it; but do not believe yourself to be a memory!

WHAT IF YOU ARE YOUR MILLIONTH INCARNATION?

Surprised?

Why not?

After all, what you know about the time is what the brain shows you as the time.

If the same date and time is shown every morning, you will never know the difference, and will continue your life as that day and time, if only the brain manages to keep the statistics of the past accordingly!

Even if the same life-patterns and objects are repeated for a millionth time, you will never know the difference, because you are kept always in the dark, by the cunning brain.

Brain is a superb cheat!

It draws perfect lines on the haphazardly moving atom things, and makes you believe in the solid objects. It shows the past as present (and hides the fact that it had to swallow some time-span before showing you any image on the outside).

It manages to adjust the fast attacking light rays and the slow moving sound waves; and synchronizes them both to give you an illusion of the image and sound produced at the same time.

In order to propagate the genes, it glorifies the gum-like attachment to family and children as a scared act ordained by some divinity.

It hides all the images of the bacteria that densely pack the surroundings, and gives you a clean hygienic vision of the world.

It has created the myth of money, myth of religion, myth of death, myth of love and keeps you under its hold with all its misconceived representation of the world.

One such cunning feat of the brain, as ordained by nature is the training task it has undertaken, to evolve you for the better.

How?

For example, when you want to learn the alphabets, the teacher makes you repeat the writing again and again till you are perfect in it; and after you pass the test only, you are allowed to go to the next level of learning.

The homo sapiens who tread the earth now as walking talking (and sometimes thinking also) super gods, are just the evolved forms of apes, whose mistakes were rectified by Mother nature again and again, by repeating the same situations.

Ape has become a man now, because of facing the same situations again and again, and improving its ability to react to the events.

A juggler performs flawless on the stage because of his repeated effort at the practice which include countless failures.

Failures faced a million times, bring out success on one fine day.

You may give up your effort by believing yourself to be a failure; but Mother Nature never thinks so!

She trains you again and again tirelessly by bringing about the same situations again and again.

Your life-story is also may be a millionth or trillionth repetition of the same events with the same people and same objects around you, you never know!

Why and how is this possible?

Because, there is no absolute time and space that you exist in.

All the measurements of the time and place are produced by the brain alone.

All the memories are just some molecular patterns maintained in the brain.

And these can be kept stagnant also, or changed also; so that one day you might be an old man lying in the death bed, or be a young man trekking a hill another day!

There need not be any chronological order of events in your life-story.

Same statistics of the past maintained in the brain-neurons is enough to make you feel secure.

You can be young one day, old one day, or the same every day.

Your events of life are like the countless rooms of a huge mansion.

You can wake up in any room of any age at any day, as your experience (if you are ignorant and attached to people and deities) or stay in the same room (if you are stuck to the Jnaana-path).

Any day can rise up as any event of your life of any age; so that you face the same situation and do a better job of it.

This training-session is for those only who want to improve in their self-control and in their study of knowledge texts, and are serious about knowing the Reality-state that hides behind all these sense inputs. These rare ones are indeed struggling to come out of the gene-slavery.

Those who do not think on the other hand, will be trained by the inert Mother Nature, like training the apes in the gene-based evolution process. If you are gene-controlled, you die as a cell-colony and are no more; you are just part of the inert evolution process.

But, those who have evolved to think, those who are in the quest of self-knowledge, those who can know the pros and cons of their failure and success in their spiritual journey, will be made to evolve through repeated events of the same life again and again till the perfection in self-control and knowledge is attained.

This is the power of Aatman, (the essence of the Supreme Reality) which sprouts as a 'thinking self' even in the evolved homo sapiens.

The ape-species is trained to become a homo sapien through nature's evolution process in a million year process. From the homo sapien level one turns into a Rishi of the highest sort, by the power of the Aatman, if he practises the 'act of thinking rationally'.

This is the power of your own self within, which wants to know itself by hook or crook.

A man who treads the journey of self-quest does not die ever; so promises Geetaachaarya.

Your consciousness that is decoding the scene of your life is kept in tact; memories are frozen; and you will see the same event may be a million times till you show extreme self-control naturally; and then another event will repeat itself again for a million times may be, so that you again reach perfection in facing that event. Events can be of any age and of any time.

The goal is self-realization and for that to be completed, a heavy training of self-control becomes necessary, and this is not possible unless you live a million years.

But, since that is not possible in the earth-planet story, you if you are in quest of the true self, will be kept seeing the same events of study and self-control, till you reach your goal.

Like a small bird going round the hill again and again to peck at the same point with full force, your life events will be rotated and repeated again and again till you peck at the ignorance-hill with full force.

If you are into the study of the most wondrous Upanishad text named JnaanaVaasishtam of Vaalmiki, (because very few rare ones alone have the merit to know about it even), then do not worry about your untimely death and any failure in your enterprise.

Your life events might be repeated a million times again and again, till you become the master of every situation.

Those who study Vaasishtam text with sincerity, and struggle hard to purify their mind and intellect will be blessed with a continuous consciousness by Vasishta, and will never be lost by entering the death-illusion common to all the non-thinking homo sapiens.

(That is why the text of JnaanaVaasishtam is made huge enough, to extend the life-span of study!)

Till you learn to break the event of a life into nothingness through Vichaara, the same event will keep repeating again and again.

Now at this moment, what you are experiencing as a life event may be a repetition only, that is happening a thousandth time. Show perfection in it; analyze and prove to yourself the unreal nature of that event of that world.

Do it again and again in any event of the story of life you face with; it may be again a hundredth or tenth repetition. Pass all these repeated tests with courage and steadfastness.

As you pass each and every event-test and destroy the belief in the reality of the world of that event, one fine day, the entire world will stay destroyed and reveal its empty nature to you.

Till that day, hold on to the hand of the compassionate Sage Vasishta and walk on (absorbed in the study of the text), without the fear of death and the cessation of your knowledge-path.

Does not the Geetaachaarya promise,

'I will never forsake those who choose knowledge as their goal of life'?

Trust in those higher souls, who watch over every one who treads the path of knowledge!

Make the best of every event-test that you face every day.

Days are the same; time is non-existent; and the same event-patterns roll before you as sense input.

Every day is an exam day!

At every moment, the test is waiting.

Till you pass, there is no escape from these repeated events.

Try hard, blast the reality of the event through reason; act with full self-control; make every word, thought, action perfect as approved by Vasishta.

Copy the actions of the liberated ones which get expounded by Vasishta again and again.

Imagine that you are already liberated and act like a JeevanMukta; you will stay as a JeevanMukta.

Brain makes you what you want to be!

Outcheat the brain by behaving like the master of the brain.

Get out of the slavery of genes and sense-input.

Pass the test, at least in this millionth repetition of the event!

ARE YOU A COPY OF A COPY?

Hey You - Hey Aatman - you - whoever you are,

had started your journey of life somewhere at sometime, as just a want of survival only;

for you were the Aatman that wants to know, the Aatman who has to exist to know,

and who has to know to exist.

And after millions and millions of years of journey you are now, what you are.

You- the Brahman, have evolved to see, touch, smell, hear, and taste; all for survival; for the need to exist and for the need to know more.

Information is your power of existence.

And you created more and more information with your senses.
 Now your wants are many; and information content also is more.
 From a road accident in a far away African land to the fire accident in the neighbourhood; you have access to millions and millions bits of information.

And you produce the information as the senses; receive the same information as the sensed; and add colours to it as the mind; store the coloured memory as your treasure; and imagine a solid world extending endlessly beyond the stars.

If you are against science discoveries, you imagine a heaven and hell beyond the death-end.

And, you also are in need of a superpower who can give what you want at a simple request from you, a gullible super power with compassion who can ignore all your selfishness and foolishness and just fall for the prayer rising from you as wanting anything - 'from wanting to win a bumper lottery ticket to your favourite sport team winning the game'.

But, you would never want to reason as he (your deity) suggests in his Geetaa, for example. You would rather worship the book (Gita), than live its ideas.

And what are you?

An image produced by some want; and you have millions and millions of wants.

One single want of wanting to exist as the knowing, has evolved to be the millions and millions of the varied images of you existing as countless worlds filled with countless images, from a worm to a Brahmaa the Creator (or Creators).

You are all! Salutation to you Hey Aatman!

Your power is unimaginable. Your potential is endless!

You are the Brahman who keeps on changing from better to worse, or worse to better, through each and every image.

You keep on producing the copies of every image, with the death-information blocking the image continuance; and always try to become better in the next copy; but may become a worst copy also because of your want-heaps. You may evolve or devolve!

You are just a store of information.

Information-content as you alone, gets carried on as a copy to the next copy-world.

That is known as Sookshma Sharira (subtle body) in the Scriptures.

That alone moves forward to become another life-story, state the Scriptures.

What you know, that alone you are.

Your memories, attachments, and wants produce the next copy as per the unique mathematics of the Aatman-thing.

What proves to be the most dominant want, that becomes the story-content of your next copy.

You may be the same image or different; you may have the same people around you or different; you may have the same profession or different; same ailment or different; same past or different; because the local information of your life-story can change into anything; from that of a rat to a Rishi. If you want to have control of your next copy; you must make the self-information steady.

You must analyze the self and 'be as the Aatman alone' - just the 'knowing', that is not involved in the story part of your life.

Actually, you are the Aatman alone; but you think that you are the image seen in the mirror.

If your local information content is nil (just a passing cloud),
 if self-enquiry alone is your main dominating character;
 if the knowledge of the Reality alone is your mission in life;
 if 'knowing' alone is your identity;
 if you stay not as any information stored in the mind as the ego;
 if you are not an information-set that can be Xeroxed by the Aatman as another life-copy;
 if you are not any information, but stay as the witness only of the information like the sun;
 if all this as your established state of knowledge you dare to make possible,
 by the constant practice of Vichaara..
 then, you will not continue as another dream-character in another dream-world.

You will not be copied anymore, and will escape from the Jeeva-factory that keeps on producing countless Jeevas at every wink of the eye.
 Your image may continue with its own Jeeva-ness as an information set.
 That is not 'you'; so do not bother.
 Countless Rama-images may continue as Rama-life copies again and again; but the original one, who listened to Vasishta escaped the Jeeva-factory and is not a copy of life anymore.
 And these 'Ramas' can be countless.
 The story of Rama has many potentials to become varied.
 Rama may marry Seetaa or not; go to the forest or not; defeat Raavana or not; or whatever.
 The potential state of Brahman can exist as any perceived.
 And Vasishta quotes a list of many worlds where contradictory things also can happen in the same story we know of.

Image can be copied and have a next life as a Jeeva; not the Aatman!
 Realize the state of Aatman, and 'be that alone'!
 Escape before the sword of death falls, and before another copy of yours gets made without your control or permission. This escape is known as Moksha; liberation.
 And liberation is attained only through Vichaara, the thinking process.
 Devas (of DevaLoka) also get caught in this perpetual process of Jeevahood, if they are not into Aatman-realization.
Be like Shiva the blazing fire of dispassion. Stay always liberated!

THE LAND OF THE IDIOT-SHAPES

This a story! A unique story indeed!
 This is the story of 'shapes'!
 This is the story of the 'shapes' that never were there, and how they lived in a land, which was nowhere.

Once upon a time, long long ago, when time itself had just begun to begun, there appeared a huge expanse of emptiness somewhere from ...from ...say - some other emptiness which was nowhere.

*(Time is just a concept of beginning and end, and is not absolute. Space is also a concept only.
 Time and space can be imagined as limitless.)*

That emptiness which is nowhere, and this emptiness which is somewhere, are both emptiness only; but 'that' is more real than 'this', because 'that' is nowhere at any time, but 'this' is somewhere at some time.

This empty expanse which is somewhere at some time, was made of only emptiness above, emptiness below, and emptiness all over.

(What else can be the emptiness but emptiness of all?)

Actually there was no above, below, or side wards.

Everything was just emptiness.

This emptiness had appeared from nowhere, from another emptiness which was not empty not full, but empty of emptiness itself.

(Mind-boggling? Of course mind cannot know of it or understand it; for the mind is absent there.)

That 'fullness of emptiness' -

(let us call it the Reality, or in the earth language as Brahman, or the ready to evolve state, or the readiness state that exists as 'this emptiness')

- needs to be full always.

This empty expanse, which had at some time appeared out of 'the original emptiness that was just ready to be any emptiness', was not pure like the original.

This empty expanse was slightly dirty; that means it was full of lines.

It was like a canvas that was painted by a mad man, who had drawn lines all over it, and had filled the canvas with just lines and lines only, without any purpose, without any idea, without any concept; it was as if he just drew lines after lines again and again, this side and that side, haphazardly filling the whole canvas with random lines as much as possible.

Lines went in circles, triangles, squares, rectangles, straight and curved and what not!

It was a mad man's work indeed!

This empty expanse was full of lines all over, here and there, there and here, crossing over each other, overlapping each other in all ways.

The lines covered the emptiness so thickly that the emptiness itself was almost not visible.

The lines!

They were amazing lines.

These lines were alive.

They were made of 'Praana' - you can say so!

Alive in the sense, they could see the lines.

The lines could see themselves as lines!

And also..

These lines saw the emptiness between the lines and saw some shapes in-between.

They saw shapes made of lines only, and did not see the emptiness at all.

These lines which were alive and which saw themselves, separated themselves out as different shapes.

They categorized the shapes also, based on the shape of the shapes.
 They evolved senses also, to differentiate the shapes made of lines.
 There were now shapes of various other types that were seen by the shapes.

How to differentiate the shapes?

They named all the shapes.

Shapes were distinguished as different categories, and named and labelled with some sound-forms.

Sound?

They imagined the sound also as pertaining to shapes, and had now a world of shapes and names.

Some shapes moved; some shapes did not move.

Some shapes reacted to other shapes, and had the freedom to move as they liked, and were labelled as conscious. Some shapes reacted only, and obeyed the laws of Physics, and were labelled as inert.

Shapes saw others shapes as different, and the sound 'Hm' (I) came to be about.

'Hm' is the sound of conceit.

Every shape called itself as the 'I' and the others as 'others'.

That means, there were only 'I's; or only the others!

Whatever! Who can talk logic to these shapes that were nowhere at any time!

It will be like conversing with the empty space!

Shapes reacted with the other shapes.

Shapes saw beauty and ugliness.

Shapes saw good and bad.

Shapes liked and disliked each other.

Shapes that were hard, saw shapes that were soft, and were attracted towards each other.

Shapes produced shapes out of themselves, and doted over those new shapes.

Shapes were born at some time, and shapes died at some time when new lines overlapped them, like say the grass on the graves.

Shapes consumed other shapes, to exist as their own shapes.

Shapes ruled the other shapes.

Shapes fought with each other, for the possession of other shapes.

Shapes strove hard to possess more and more other shapes that were made of lines.

Shapes killed other shapes ruthlessly for possessing more shapes.

Shapes died, for they were actually just the lines getting overlapped by more lines.

They feared the cessation of the shapes.

They needed a shape that does not die ever.

They thought of a super-shape; worshipped and adored that shape, so it can solve their problems when prayed to; but those super shapes also died along with them, for they were also made of lines only, that were made of just emptiness.

The shapes thought of a heaven to go after death, and imagined a hell for their enemies.

The shapes wanted to be deathless and so sought liberation.

They took shelter in other shapes that were liberated.

They cried, lamented, and wept for their shape-bondage.

But...

Actually...

The shapes were not there at all!

The lines were not shapes at all.

Shapes were just imaginations that rose out of the lines.

It was just the emptiness that was filled with lines.

And this emptiness was how the 'Reality-emptiness' exists as.

No one is there; no difference is there; no shapes are there; just the lines on the canvas of emptiness!

'Many' is not at all there in the least (*Neha Naanaasti Kimchana*) - laughs Shankara!

'That alone was, hey ShvetaKeto', quotes the Upanishad.

'You are not there, I am not there, only that Chit is' - instructs Vasishta to Rama.

Hey shapes; you are not there at all as anything.

Understand this and be that emptiness alone, but not this dumb emptiness!

Stand on the roof-top of the house; see all around and imagine all shapes around you fall flat as the lines on a huge paper surface, including your own body.

Unless you yourself conceive the shapes as some shapes, there are no shapes at all, but only random lines crossing all over the land.

The land of lines here is not the hard earth, but emptiness alone.

Reality is the rock of emptiness covered all over, by the empty lines; says Vasishta.

What are you, and where are you? Think!