

आदिकविश्रीमद्ब्रह्मसंहिताप्रणीतबृहत्संहितावासिष्ठः

BRAHADYOGA VAASISHTAM

JNAANA RAAMAAYANAM

[DVITEEYA RAAMAAYANAM]

COMPOSED BY

VAALMIKI MAHARSHI

उत्पत्तिप्रकरणम् तृतीयम्

UTPATTI PRAKARANAM

THIRD SECTION

[THE PRODUCTION OF THE JAGAT-PHENOMENON]

CHAPTER SEVENTY ONE

[LAVANOPANISHAT (14)]

{LAVANA'S DELUSION CONTINUES}

Sanskrit text, Translation and Explanation

by

Narayanalakshmi

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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.

BRAHMAN AND THE MUKTA

What is Brahman, mind, world, liberation etc are like?

Here is an example to grasp these abstract concepts.

Imagine the Brahman state as a huge book which is not bound, has no form, but can exist as any story as any book.

It is the content-essence of any book that can be there

The entire content of all the books that can ever exist is this book which stays as their whole essence.

You cannot call it a book also because it is not divided as pages.

You cannot read it also, because it has no letters.

It is itself story-less, yet is all the stories that can be there as the Jeeva-minds.

You can call it a library (collection of books) also which is made of only books, books and books (no shelves, chairs and tables), like the Brahman is the swollen up state of the perceived.

Library is the books and books are the library; both exist as the essence of each other.

Library supports the books; books are supported by the library.

Library can exist as it is without the books, for it is just the essence of all books and is in no need of the books.

Library is a book-less state and is not a library also, like Nirvikalpa Brahman without the perceived.

Brahman is the Jeevas and Jeevas are Brahman; both exist as the essence of each other.

This library called Brahman actually has no books (Jeevas), but in the books it is known as the library.

Books call it the library. Library knows not the books. It has no name as the Library also.

Books are the Jeevas.

What are these books like?

These books keep on appearing and disappearing continuously like waves.

Inside these books, varieties of stories keep forming and re-forming again and again without any beginning and end. This story making nature is called the mind.

Some books are very good to read, with proper language form, with proper rules of grammar etc.

These are the Saattvic.

Some books are very old, dusty and turn into dust, rise up from dust and stay as dust-heaps only.

They do not have any organized story form; but keep changing the stories again and again chaotically without any sense (forced only by the heaps of Vaasanaas). These books do not stay stable even for a second and turn into dust again and again. These are the Raajasic.

Some books are in such rotten condition that they are like dark holes only, where nothing is written even as any idiotic story also. They are in such rotten condition that there are no pages at all and no writing is possible also.

These are the Taamasic.

Some books do not allow any story to be written on them; yet they look like books on the outside; but have nothing inside them; and are completely empty. They are like the library only; and are mini-library states; the so-called JeevanMuktas. They do not belong to the library also; for they are no more the books.

They are as free as the library itself.

When the book has disappeared (through self-analysis), there is only the library left back ; rather not even the library but the essence of all the books only.

If you still see the books and the library as separate, well then of course the library is real for you as a separate thing which has no books (Nirvikalpa).

If the book is liberated from the book-state, will it become the library?

There is no becoming another thing; but library alone 'is' as a huge whole of all knowledge, formless and division less. It alone 'is' without the name of the library also.

The books that have stopped being books (Muktas) are in the state of the library only, but appear like a book (Jeeva) for the others.

The idiot book that believes that it is a book has to think of a library as containing it and aspire to become the library, like a Jeeva aspiring for the Brahman state.

A book is not real at all; its story alone keeps it as a book, like the letters holding the book together; but the story is unreal too. If the story is gone, the Jeeva is ruined like Lavana if ignorant, or is freed of the ego like the Knower. See how important the story is for the mind to survive!

Kill the story; it is dead the next second.

Story is 'seeing emptiness as the objects and people' and running after them like idiots.

Story alone holds Lavana as a Lavana, Chaandaala as a Chaandaala, and the 'you' as a 'you'.

Read your own book and slowly erase off the letters of Vaasanaas.

If the letters are gone; story is gone too; book is gone too.

If the story is unreal and not there at all, where is the book (Jeeva)?

If the book is not there at all, where is the library (Brahman, the swollen up state of Jeevas)?

If all these words are removed, the knowledge contained in all the books alone is left back without the books or library. This 'Knowledge essence' - 'That' alone stays as the library made of books (Brahman that stays as the Jagat).

Brahman alone is; there are no divisions at all.

If all the books are removed of their dividing lines, scripts, pages, stories and stay as knowledge only; then that is the Brahman-state of the Knower who is the book which stopped being the book.

वसिष्ठोवाच
Vasishta spoke

हेमोर्मिकादिवन्मिथ्या कथितायाः क्षयोन्मुखं त्वं महत्त्वमविद्यायाः शृणु राघव कीदृशम्। (120.01)

Raaghava, you have seen how Avidyaa (Absence of knowledge) which has been described to be as unreal as the ring-ness seen in the gold (ignoring the gold) can be destroyed (just by proper rational analysis).
Listen now to the wonders of this Avidyaa.

[The question that will rise in the mind of a student is whether the Chaandaala experience of Lavana really happened or not. To put it in another way- is a Jeeva's experience real or not.
Brahman-state can exist only as a perceived state, like the gold needs to exist as some shape (call it a ring or bangle or anything else; that is your mind-problem).
The question that rises is-
Is the shape real or not, is a Jeeva's experience real or not, is the Chaandaala experience real or not?]

LAVANA'S STORY CONTINUES

[A JeevanMukta can think back and wonder whether he was really a Jeeva bound to the Samsaara; and analyze; but only with the help of a mind which stores the memories as its essence.
What will the mind say? Of course another story; what else can it do?
Its nature is to make the unreal look like real. If you ask the mind, whether the unreal Jeeva's experience is real or not, it will produce proofs once again for the unreal to look real.
King Lavana did the same mistake. Instead of forgetting the false experience of Chaandaala as just a mind-production, he wanted to check whether it happened really.
He now had a Vaasanaa to prove the unreal as real; and that Vaasanaa got fulfilled for him as another field of experience.
Whatever you want, the Brahman-state appears as that 'Bodha' of the perceived.
Perceived itself is false information of sense-paintings; ask for the proof of its reality; and you will get more false information of proofs proving the previous experience as real.
It is like asking a ghost about the proof of its existence!]

लवणोऽसौ महीपालास्तथा दृष्ट्वा तदा भ्रमं द्वितीये दिवसे गन्तुं प्रवृत्तस्तां महाटवीम्। (120.02)

After having gone through such an illusory experience (of Chandaala-life) , King Lavana started on his journey the next day, in search of that huge forest.

यत्र दृष्टं मया दुःखमरण्यानीं स्मरामि तां चित्तादर्शगतां विन्ध्यात्कदाचिल्लभ्यते हि सा,

इति निश्चित्य सचिवैः प्रययौ दक्षिणापथं पुनर्दिग्विजयायेव प्राप्य विन्ध्यमहीधरम्। (120.04)

'I remember well that huge forest where I suffered so much. It is well-imprinted in the mirror of my mind. Somewhere among the Vindhya mountains there may be just a chance of finding that forest.'

Having decided thus, he journeyed towards the southern regions.

पूर्वदक्षिणापाश्चात्यामहावनतटस्थलीं बभ्राम कौतुकात्सर्वा व्योमवीथिमिवोष्णगुः। (120.05)

Having reached the Vindhya Mountain as if desiring to conquer that place once again, he wandered all across the eastern, southern and western part of the forest region, his mind quivering with curiosity, like the hot Sun moving across the skies.

अथैकस्मिन्प्रदेशे तां चिन्तामिव पुरोगतां ददर्शाग्रामरण्यानीं परलोकमहीमिव। (120.06)

At last, in some place he saw that terrible huge forest that appeared like the 'terrifying world arising after death (ParaLoka)', as if 'worry' itself had manifested in front of him.

(Lavana wanted his magical experience to be real and he indeed saw what he wanted, namely the famine stuck land of Vindhya, where he had lived.)

स तत्र विहरंस्तांस्तान्वृत्तान्तान्सकलानथ दृष्ट्वान्पृष्ट्वांश्चैव ज्ञातवांश्च विसिस्मिये। (120.07)

He wandered all over that area and saw all the places he had lived; enquired about those events from the people there; and understood all the events of the illusion to be true happenings, and was amazed.

तान्परिज्ञातवांश्चासीद्व्याधान्पुल्कसजान्पुनः विस्मयाकुलया बुद्ध्या भूयो बभ्राम संभ्रमी। (120.08)

He was able to recognize those hunters born of the Chaandaala clan, once again as before (in that illusory life). His mind stuck with surprise, he wandered again those places in a highly excited state.

अथ प्राप्य महाटव्यां पर्यन्ते धूमधूसरे तमेव ग्रामकं यस्मिन्सोऽभवत्पुष्टपुल्कसः। (120.09)

Then, he reached that very dusty smoke-filled village, at the borderlands of that huge forest where he had lived as a fat Chaandaala.

तत्रापश्यज्जनांस्तांस्तांस्ताः स्त्रियस्ताः कुटीरकाः नानाकाराञ्जनाधारांस्तांस्तांश्च वसुधातटान्
तांश्चाकाण्डपरिभ्रष्टान्वृक्षांस्तांस्त्वनुव्रजान् तांस्तथैव समुद्देशांस्तान्व्याधानेकलान्सुतान्। (120.11)

He saw there those very men, those very women, those very small huts, those very activities; those very lands, those very people shattered by the famine, those very trees, those very followers of his, those very personalized things, those very hunters, those very orphaned sons.

[The very same thing happened to Leelaa also, where she wandered again in the GiriGraama region and recognized even a blade of grass, and remembered every moment of her life as Arundhati. When Leelaa herself is a false identity, what is the meaning of her having the experiences of Arundhati in another identity?

‘Perceived states’ if not analyzed, will produce illusions within illusions, and keep you trapped forever within them.]

[Again, in the following verses, along with the surface-story of Lavana meeting the Chaandaala people of his illusory life, the author (Vaalmiki) hides the ‘subtle truths of Knowledge’ in an excellent manner. Read both the story-part and the hidden meanings together.]

[After realization, the same world continues for a Knower as before with the very same people and very same duties. However, burnt by the ‘Knowledge-fire’ and with all Vaasanaas burnt to ashes, Maayaa, the very ancient lady is left back lamenting about her loss.]

अन्यासु वृद्धासु सबाष्पनेत्रास्वार्तार्तियुक्तासु च वर्णयन्ती
अकालकान्तारविशीर्णबन्धुदुःखान्यसंख्यानि सखीषु वृद्धा,
वृद्धा प्रवृद्धोज्वलनेत्रबाष्पा कंथावृता शुष्ककुचा कृशाङ्गी
अवग्रहोग्राशनिदग्धदेशे तत्रार्तनादा परिरोदितीदम्। (120.12,13)

Among all those old ladies who were lamenting with tears in their eyes and pouring out their sorrows, there was one oldest amongst all who was describing to her companions all the sufferings she and her family went through by the unexpected famine that stuck that area.

Her eyes were burning red, and her tears were profusely pouring out more and more.

Some torn patched up rag covered her emaciated body. She was all bones and hanging folds of skin.

She was moving all over that area burnt by the blazing fire, and crying in a pitiable manner.

[Maayaa is the oldest of all her attendants (delusions) and laments about the dispassion that had burnt off all the desires and the wants in a Jeeva. She is mourning the death of her daughter ‘Avidyaa’ and weeping out aloud.]

“हा पुत्रि पुत्रावृतसर्वगात्रे दिनत्रयाभोजनजर्जराङ्गि
कृत्वासिना वर्मणि जीर्णदेहाः कथं क्व मुक्ता भवतासवस्ते। (120.14)

“Ha my daughter, you were always surrounded by your children!

You had become so thin by not eating food thrice a day! Ah! How the lives were gone from you all, when you had become emaciated as if by a sword stuck in the skin?

(Hey Avidyaa my daughter, you were always surrounded by desires and frustrations.

You ate well with the three states of Svapna, Sushupti and Jaagrat.

You all died slowly (including the Jeeva state), when stuck by the sword of Vichaara!)

तालीदलालम्बनमम्बुदाद्रौ दन्तान्तरस्थारुणसत्फलस्य

स्मरामि गुञ्जाफलदाम भर्तुः पुरस्थमुद्रामरहासिनस्ते। (120.15)

I remember you laughing at your dear husband who wore the garland of Gunjaa seeds, and who looked like the immortal monkey (Hanumaan, who tried to swallow the red-sun believing it to be a fruit), when he had climbed the ‘Taala tree which reached the clouds’, and was holding the ‘red fruit’ between his teeth in his mouth (because his hands were busy in holding on to the tree); and he had held on to a leaf trying not to slip and fall.

[How you had laughed at the Jeeva, the restless monkey, when he had mastered all the books of philosophies; yet could only give a good talk on them without being able to swallow it (as if it was stuck between his teeth) , and was always busy in his day-to-day routine works (hands holding on to the tree of 'profound language of philosophy) ! He was 'Amara' (Immortal), the essence of Brahman, yet was behaving like a restless monkey! And with the fear of falling, he had held on to worthless philosophies that teach the incorrect view of Reality.]

कदम्बजम्बीरलवङ्गगुञ्जाकुञ्जान्तरस्तु चरत्तरक्षोः

पश्यामि पुत्रस्य कदा नु भूयो भयंकराण्युड्यतिवल्गितानि। (120.16)

Hyenas hid inside the bushes of Kadamba, Jambira, Lavanga and Gunja; and the dear son-in-law used to leap on them and get attacked by them. When will I see all those frightening scenes?

[Violent qualities like anger, hatred, envy, rudeness, cruelty, irritation, violent conduct; all these hid in all the varied desires good and bad; and when the Jeeva tried to subdue them by force, they attacked him with more vigour and conquered him.]

न तानि कामस्य विलासिनीह मुखेऽपि शोभालसितानि सन्ति

तमालनीले चिबुकैकदेशे सुतस्य चान्यास्यगतामिषस्य। (120.17)

Such 'lovely plays of passion' do not exist even with the 'deity of passion' (Manmatha), as when my son-in-law's chin that was black like the Tamaala, shines when chewing the meat-piece offered from another mouth.

[Avidyaa forced the Jeeva to compete and steal the wealth of others; even the deity of desire would not have so many desires as a Jeeva did; and 'Tamas the darkness of ignorance' prevailed in all his actions, and the sense of duality was his blissful state.)

सुतापनीता सह तेन भर्त्रा यमेन यस्या यमुना समाना

तमालवल्लीसहपुष्पगुच्छा समीरणेव वने वरेण। (120.18)

My daughter, who is dark in hue like Yamunaa, was taken away by 'Yama' along with her husband, like a strong wind carries of the Tamaala creeper along with the flower clusters.

[Yamunaa is the sister of Yama, like Avidyaa is the sister of Death. Both always stay together.

The ignorant Jeeva along with all its merits and demerits is carried away by the death, as willed by Avidyaa.

Avidyaa follows the Jeeva after death also, entrapping him into more illusory experiences.]

हा पुत्रि गुञ्जाफलदामहारे समुन्नताभोगपयोधराङ्गि

वातोल्लसत्कज्जललोलवर्णे पर्णाम्बरे बादरजम्बुदन्ते। (120.19)

Ha my daughter, you always wore the necklace made of Gunjaa seeds (worthless actions)!

Your bosom is high and attractive (with all the enjoyments that end up only in harm).

Your hue is that of a black cloud (made of of Vaasanaas) that float in the wind (of Praana).

You wear the garment made of leaves (of successive lives).

Your teeth are like Baadara seeds (tiny seeds of Vaasanaas).

हा राजपुत्रेन्दुसमानकान्त संत्यज्य शुद्धान्तविलासिनीस्ताः

रतिं प्रयातोऽसि ममात्मजायां न सापि ते सुस्थिरतामुपेता। (120.20)

Hey prince (Jeeva)! You shine like the moon (as the mind)!

You discarded all the ladies of pure families (the excellent virtues) and were attracted towards my daughter (Avidyaa); even she did not stay with you for long (because you had developed dispassion)!

संसारनद्याः सुतरङ्गभङ्गैः क्रियाविलासैर्विहितोपहासैः

किं नाम तुच्छं न कृतं नृपेशो यद्योजितः पुष्कसकन्यकायाम्। (120.21)

After uniting with the Chaandaala girl (Avidyaa), what lowly acts were not done by the emperor (Aatman), sporting in the Samsaara River with its transitory waves (of enjoyments), doing various result-bound actions accompanied by ridicules and humiliations?

(What a couple Avidyaa and Jeeva were; each made for the other indeed!)

सा त्रस्तसारङ्गसमाननेत्रा स दृप्तशार्दूलसमानवीर्यः

उभौ गतावेकपदेन नाशमाशा सहार्थेन यथा ममेहा। (120.22)

She had the eyes of the frightened deer (always running away from the hunter of knowledge).

He was ferocious like an arrogant tiger (with self-conceit and self-importance based on the ego).

Both of them (Avidyaa and the ego) at once perished, like my desire (of entrapping him forever) and the wealth (of Vaasanaas), (by the arrival of dispassion and discrimination like the forest-fire).

मृतेश्वराश्वस्तनिजात्मजास्मि दुर्देशयातास्मि च दुर्गताऽस्मि

दुर्जातिजातास्मि महापदेऽस्मि साक्षाद्भयं भोऽस्मि महाऽऽपदस्मि। (120.23)

My daughter (Avidyaa) has died and with no one to support (since Jeeva-ego has disappeared), I have no place to go; I am ruined; I am born in a family stuck by misfortune (of dispassion); I am in great danger; I have become the personification of fear; I am myself the 'ruin that is ruined'. (*Knowledge has made me homeless.*)

नीचावमानप्रभवस्य मन्योः क्षुधाप्रपन्नस्य कलत्रकस्य

शोकस्य वृत्तावनिवार्यवृत्तेर्नार्यस्म्यनेकायतनं विनाथा। (120.24)

I am a lowly woman (the inert body-state Prakrti as against the concept of Purusha), (and have been discarded by the Knower), and am dependent on so many desires and their fulfilment; and now I am without a 'protector-husband' (delusion).

My daughter (Avidyaa) also did not care for me, because of not getting any food herself (as desire-fulfilment), was feeling irritated, humiliated, and distressed, and was bound to such a sorrowful state that she could not care for me also (and thus prolong the wretchedness of the Jeeva).

दैवोपतप्तस्य विबान्धवस्य मूढस्य रुढस्य महाधिभूमौ

यत्प्राणनं यन्मरणं महापद्यस्यात्मनिर्जीवितमुत्तमं तत्। (120.25)

It is better to be lifeless (vanish off completely) than be in this state of wretchedness (unsupported by the Jeeva) of life (by delusion) and death (by dispassion), stuck by the destiny (a Mumukshu's sincerity), having no relatives (Vaasanaas), and stay in this land stuck by mental afflictions (of purity of thoughts), of a fool (Knower).

जनैर्विहीनस्य कुदेशवृत्तेर्दुःखान्यनन्तानि समुल्लसन्ति

सहस्रशाखारससंकुलानि तृणानि वर्षास्त्रिव पर्वतस्य"। (120.26)

In a land where all the people (desires) are gone, and the land (Jeevahood) is ruined, countless pains (of the delusions) abound (where divisions do not have any effect at all); like a single stretch of grass covering up all over, when the monsoon rains (of knowledge) pours over the mountain (of the reality of the world)".

[Lavana's story continues]

एवं लपन्तीं स्वकलत्रवृद्धां दासीभिराश्वास्य नृपः स्त्रियं तां

पप्रच्छ किंवृत्तमिहैव का च का ते सुता कश्च सुतस्तवेति। (120.27)

Observing that old lady lamenting like this, the king got her consoled through his maids, and questioned that old woman, "Why are you here? Who are you? Who is your daughter? Who is your son?"

उवाच सा बाष्पविलोचनाथ "ग्रामस्त्वयं पुष्कसपोषणामा,

इहाभवत्पुष्कसकः पतिर्मे बभूव तस्येन्दुसमा सुतैका।

सादैवयोगात्पतिमिन्दुतुल्यं इहागतं दैववशेन भूपं

अयं विशीर्णं मधुकुम्भमाप वने वराकी करभी यथैका। (120.28,29)

Her eyes were filled with tears and she said, “This village is known as ‘Pukkasaposha’, the shelter of the Chaandaalas. My husband was the chief of this village. He had a daughter who was pretty like a moon. Like a female bear gets a lidless pot of honey in the forest by chance, she by her good fortune got a *‘king who had come here as her husband - who was shining in beauty like a moon and who was in a wretched forlorn condition’*.

[The world of ignorant is the Pukkasaposha (Chaandaala colony), where the deluded Jeevas stay protected. I am Maayaa the deluding power of my master the Brahman-state. He is the supreme Lord of all, being the essence of all. Avidyaa (lack of knowledge) is our daughter who shines as the mind in all the Jeevas. She catches hold of Jeevas who have no control over their thoughts and actions, and who are like the lidless honey-pots, easily accessible to any Avidyaa-form.]

सा तेन सार्धं सुचिरं सुखानि भुक्त्वा प्रसूता तनयाः सुतांश्च

वृद्धिं गता काननकोटरेऽस्मिंस्तुम्बीलता पादपसंश्रितेव। (120.30)

She enjoyed pleasures in his company for long and produced sons and daughters. She grew up well in this hole of a jungle like a Tumbi creeper (yields gourds as fruits) enveloping many trees.

[Avidyaa and the Jeeva were comfortable with each other; and they produced countless wicked qualities as their darling children. Avidyaa went on growing and growing like a Tumbi creeper yielding gourds, like the hard hollow-skulled Jeevas with dried-up flesh inside; and she was supported by the trees of many philosophies which gave her support by proving the world as real and absolute.]

केनचित्त्वथ कालेन ग्रामकेऽस्मिञ्जनेश्वर अवृष्टिदुःखमभवद्भीषणं भग्नमानवम्। (121.01)

महतानेन दुःखेन सर्वे ते ग्रामका जनाः विनिर्गत्य गता दूरं सर्वे पञ्चत्वमागताः। (121.02)

तेनेमा दुःखभागिन्यः शून्ये वयमिह स्थिताः सौम्य शोचाम सद्वाष्पमाचान्तेक्षणधारया"। (121.03)

Hey King, in course of time a terrible famine stuck this village destroying all the people here.

Facing extreme difficulties, all the villagers left this place and went off far away and died.

Because of that, we who were left back here are alone and eking out a living with great difficulty.

O Good man! We are now shedding all that we swallowed, as tears from our eyes.”

[Then in course of time, dispassion rose up in a Jeeva like the fire that burns off all forests in no time.

All the desires were turned to ashes. Vaasanaa-weeds were never allowed to grow. The attachment to families and friends flew off like the frightened bird. All the wild animals of wicked qualities perished in the blazing fire flames of Vichaara.

The mind was completely free of anxieties and apprehensions.

Avidyaa who followed the Jeeva till the end vanished, when the Jeeva burnt his ego in the knowledge-fire.

Maayaa had no place to haunt now, and was left back crying for her loss.]

इत्याकर्ण्यङ्गनावक्त्राद्राजा विस्मयमागतः मन्त्रिणां मुखमालोक्य चित्रार्पित इवाभवत्। (121.04)

Hearing these words from the mouth of the lady, the king was surprised. He looked at the faces of his ministers and remained frozen like a painted picture.

भूयो विचारयामास तदाश्चर्यमनुत्तमं भूयो भूयोऽथ पप्रच्छ बभूवाश्चर्यवानिति।

He again analyzed the amazing horrifying events he had experienced. He again and again questioned them in many ways; then was amazed by the answers he obtained.

तेषां समुचितैर्दानसन्मानैर्दुःखसंक्षयं कृत्वा करुणयाविष्टो दृष्टलोकपरावरः

स्थित्वा तत्र चिरं कालं विमृश्य नियतेर्गतीः आजगाम गृहं पौरैर्वन्दितः प्रविवेश ह। (121.07)

He who had seen the people of his other life-story was filled with compassion and offered them suitable charities and made lots of gifts alleviating their pains. He remained there for some more time analyzing in his mind the peculiar ways of the Creation.

Then, he returned home. He entered his city hailed by the citizens.