

# **BHARATI UPANISHAT**

**WORKS OF MAHAAKAVI BHAARATIYAAR**

**PART FOUR**

**JNAANA RATHAM**

**[KNOWLEDGE-CHARIOT]**

TRANSLATION AND EXPLANATION

*by*

*Narayanalakshmi*

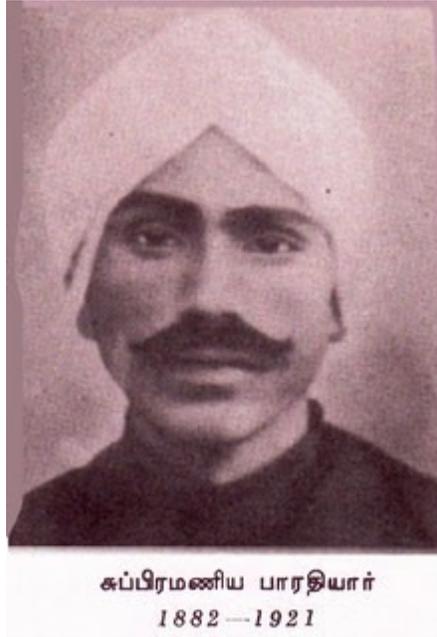
***DEDICATED***  
***TO***  
***ALL THE DEVOTEES***  
***OF***  
***BHAARATIYAAR***

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Narayanalakshmi (Maa Tejaswini)

Narayanalakshmi, also known as Tejaswini in her ascetic life 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 life is to retrieve the lost knowledge of the ancient Rishis and offer it unblemished to all the seekers of the Truth.

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## BHAARATI, THE GREAT JEEVAN MUKTA

Subramanya Bharati is a renowned poet of Tamil Nadu known for his patriotic poems. However, very few have been able to know his hidden side, his realized state, his knowledge of Upanishads and Vedas, his philosophy, his state of a JeevanMukta (liberated while alive).

Here is an attempt to explain the meanings of his 'Knowledge-poems' based on his knowledge of Upanishads and his self-realized state.

**JNAANA RATHAM**

**ஞானரதம்**

## **KNOWLEDGE-CHARIOT**

By

**MAHAAKAVI SUBRAMANYA BHAARATIYAAR**

What is a Knowledge-chariot?

It is the process of thinking of something, to the exclusion of all other thoughts; and trying to analyze everything rationally.

Like churning the curds to extract butter, a man has to silence his mind; bring it to the state of curds; then churn it through Vichaara (analytical thinking) and bring out the butter of Knowledge.

Bharati was a great reader. He has read anything and everything that was worthwhile.

Puranas, Bhagavadgita, Upanishads, science developments, Kaalidasa's romantic works, the mixed information from all these varied knowledge-texts was crowding his mind.

His own country's plight under the British rule was saddening his heart.

Added to all these were the day to day problems he faced in his poverty-stricken life.

Keeping aside all his problems, he sits relaxed on the front platform of his house and tries to merge his mind in the quiescent state of the Self, as instructed by the Upanishads.

However his mind overflowing always with poetry and 'love for beauty' refuses to die.

Unable to bring the cessation to his thoughts, he decides to enter the next level of the silence-state, namely imagination, his favorite pastime where he can create a new world like Brahma and make it contain all the good and beautiful things that this world lacked.

And for that he had no need to perform any special penance; but just use the knowledge, which he had gained by studying innumerable books.

He calls it the Knowledge-chariot (ஞானரதம்).

## பூர்வ கதா ஸங்கிரகம் (முன்கதை சுருக்கம்)

### PROLOGUE

Evening time!

I was reclining on the cement platform attached to the front of the house.  
A cool wind blew from the sea and it was very pleasant.

(Evening time – Sandhyaa – the time where Sages merge their minds in contemplation of the Supreme; or lovers pine for the union.)

*‘How nice it would be if I could ride in a horse carriage, reading some Upanishad text or a romantic literary work like Kaalidaasa’s Shaakuntalam, along the beach’* I thought.

(Bharati, the modern Sage also is merged in the silence of the Supreme Self, the Paramaatman. Actually he ‘is’ the Paramaatman now. He is in the true nature of the Self which is proclaimed by the Upanishads as the goal supreme of the mankind. And in that state, what is there to be rejected as bad, or accepted as good? Upanishads which proclaim the truth of the Brahman and the work of KaaliDaasa which describes the romance of a human couple; both are of the same value; both shine with the essence of knowledge called Brahman.)

My mind asked-

*‘When you own the knowledge-chariot which can go anywhere you like instantly, why are you dreaming about a horse-carriage?’*

I approved my mind’s suggestion and got ready the Knowledge-chariot; traveled to many worlds and saw many wonders.

(When you are in the Brahman-state, which is the essence of each and everything that is there, then what world is impossible to visit? Just conceive; and it is there!)

## FIRST CHAPTER – UPASHAANTI LOKA (WORLD OF QUIESCENCE)

(அதாவது கவலையற்ற பூமி. கவலைகளே மனிதனுக்கு பெரும் தொல்லையாக இருப்பதால், இவையில்லாத நாட்டிற்குப் போகவேண்டுமென்றெண்ணி ஞானத் தேரை உபசாந்தி லோகத்திற்கு ஏவினேன்.)

That means ‘worry-less’ world.

As worries are the greatest problems of mankind, I decided to go to a worry-less country and hence drove my chariot towards the Upashaanti-world.

(Which world did he go to?

A world which is not this world filled with worries and day to day problems!

Bharati was sitting in the front platform of his house; he ignored all the noises that surrounded him and closed his eyes. His Knowledge chariot was ready inside his mind-road. The other name for this Knowledge chariot is ‘Vichaara’, rational analysis based on Viveka, the discriminating power.

And he drove his chariot towards the Upashaanti world.

What is Upashaanti?

That which is very quiet?

No noise...?

No!

There is no remembrance of any object with name and form, including the name and form of oneself.

However, Bharati could not or rather did not want to lose his identity as a poet.

His mind would not forget the love for love and beauty.)

‘Mind’- I know not what reason- did not want to go there. I ignored its pleas and reached that country as per my decision. The chariot stopped outside the fort.

(In such a state, mind cannot exist.

What is mind? Mind is not an organ inside the heart or brain; but is the continuously vibrating thought-force inside you which vibrates along with the Praana force inside you. Stop one; the other also stops states Ramana Maharshi!

This power of Manana – the power of the individual to gather the sense-input and view it as a solid coherent world is called by the name of Manas or mind.

It cannot exist in the quiet state of the Brahman.

You cannot have thoughts of this world in such a state.

Bharati did not want to stop thinking.

He had to think of love and poetry; if that is gone, what good is there in any existence?

He did not want to kill his mind.

So instead of entering any trance state of quietness, he started to imagine with his mind and entered a world where there was no worry at all.

And that was Gandharva Loka – the world of illusions!)

I asked the man standing guard outside the gate-  
*“Can I go inside and see?”*

He said-

*“You can enter with ease; but if the mind which you have brought along, enters inside, it will get destroyed instantly like cotton fluff in the fire.”*

I was very much attached to the mind; and so returned without entering that country.

Next day I asked the mind- *“Where shall we go?”*

It said – *“Let us go a world where there are only pleasures and no pains.”*

So I went to the second world- ‘Gandharva world’.

(Gandharva-world means a world where there is only pleasure.

The bodies there are made of divine material. The people there have no hunger; no disease. They are not bound by marriage and the resulting pains.

There is greed; no envy; no arrogance; no hatred; no rudeness; and no poverty, in that wonderful world.

The evil thing called money is not at all known there!

Everybody is good.

Everybody gets what they want.

Everybody loves every one else.

Everybody is young and beautiful.

It is a land of lovers.

It is a land of pleasures only.

Moonlight sings there.

People float in the sky like birds.

It is free of all suffering that Bharati experienced on the earth.

He went there in his imagination and was happy there; very very happy!)

## SECOND CHAPTER - WORLD OF PLEASURES

(MOONLIGHT WHICH PRODUCED MELODY MUSIC)

As soon as I reached the Gandharva world, I felt happy for no reason.  
 Highly melodious music filled my ears.

(அவ்வொலி பொன்னாற் செய்யப்பட்ட தொண்டையினையுடைய பெண் வண்டுகளின் ரீங்காரம் போலிருந்தது.)

That sound was like the humming of female bees whose throats were made of gold. No, that is not the right comparison.

I did not know how to describe that sound which was fanning the rains of melodious music into my very being.

*“What is this music? From where is it coming?”* - I thought.

It was beyond my intelligence. My eyes closed in intoxication.

All the terraces, mansions, temples, arches, drama-halls, all houses were emanating – ‘cold, pleasing whitish golden light’ like the moon rays.

That light was falling on the mud, stone, floor and creating a panorama of colors.

Hey readers!

Have you ever sat on the sandy beach, in the evening time, in the monsoon season, when there are no rains; and seen the amazing show of thousands of various soft colours, when the sunrays fall on the soft clouds and the intermittent spaces between them, at the time of Sun setting from above? In this country of slavery, you would not have had much time to enjoy the beauties of ‘Goddess Prakrti’ (Nature)!

But, wouldn’t you have observed this scene at least once?

If you had observed it any time, then I can describe the beauty of that Gandharva world, a little at least so you could understand it.

There also, the varied colour patterns, soft and melting – were seen.

But they had in them the mixed intoxication of moon rays.

{GANDHARVA DAMSEL}

Even as I for a moment stayed there enjoying the light-show and music, suddenly a Gandharva damsel appeared in front of me and said-

*“Come hey mortal young man! I will show you all the amazing things of my world.”*

She held my hand and took me with her.

I almost thought that I am going to faint at the sight of that beautiful lady.

Somehow I stabilized my intellect, and addressed her-

*“Before we move from this place, I want to ask you a question. Answer me.”*

“Ask” she said - it was as if a golden Veenaa (stringed instrument) spoke in human language.

*“This music which is intoxicating me- from where does it arise?”* - I asked.

“Look above” – she said.

I saw the moon enthroned in the midst of stars in the blue sky.

“His rays” – she said.

*“Moon rays? What has moon rays got to do with this melodious music?”* -

I asked.

*“This music is the natural quality of the moonlight.  
You can hear it clearly in our world. In your mortal world, people cannot hear it. But even there, great poets can hear this music”* - she said.

I was surprised by her words and started to walk along with that lady.  
“Fly” – she said.

I laughed aloud and asked with surprise- *“You are asking ‘me’ to fly?”*

I then saw that she had two wings which were made of ‘milk-like white sky’.  
I had almost fainted at her first sight. Shall I describe her a little?  
I will try my best.

{BEAUTY OF THE GANDHARVA DAMSEL}

(சந்திரகலை வீசும் முகம். அதன் மீது சிறியதும் மூன்று விரல் உயரமுடையதுமாய் மலர்களால் செய்யப்பட்ட ஓர் கிரீடம். உயிரென்ற வண்டு வீழ்ந்து சிறகிழந்து தள்ளாடும் கள்ளூற்றுக்களாகிய இரண்டு கரிய விழிகள். தின்பதற்கல்லாது தின்னப்படுவதற் கமைந்தன போன்ற பற்கள் – இதழ். தனது பாலிறகுகளால் விகாரஞ் செய்யப்படாத திவ்விய உருவம். தீண்டுவோன் உடற்குள்ளே இன்பமயமான மின்சாரமேற்றுகின்ற கைகள்.)

Her face was like a moon emanating rays.  
She wore a crown made of flowers which was small and three finger-tall.  
Two big eyes which were like ‘wine-lakes’ into which, the bee namely the life, will fall and wither losing its wings;  
made not for eating, but to be eaten as it were, teeth, lips;  
a divine form which was not disfigured by the white milk like wings;  
hands which will give a current-shock of bliss to the person who touches them.

{PARVATA KUMAARI OR WAS SHE A COPY OF GIRIJAA, THE DAUGHTER OF HIMAVAN?}

When describing the mortal women, they will say that they are like the Gandharva women; with what will I describe her charm and say what she is like...?

divine-charm, divine-like...!??

(She read my thoughts; and blushed!)  
*“Though are a mortal, you have good eyes”* she blushed; and said- *“Do not keep thinking; fly.”*

I asked her- *“What is your name?”*

*“Ah great wits indeed!  
I tell you something and you answer back something else.  
Why do you want my name?”*

*“Tell me, let use see.”*

*“My name is ParvataKumaari. They will usually call me as Kumaari.”*

*“Alright! Can I call you by your name?”*

*“Oh yes”*

*“Alright, ParvataKumaari, how do I fly? Do I have wings like you?”* I asked her.

*“Did you see wings on me when I arrived?”* she asked.

*“When I was intoxicated by your sight, I did not observe your wings.  
When you introduced the topic of flying, I saw them.”*

*“You can praise me later. Did you see the wings n the beginning?”*

*“No, I did not see them.”*

*“In this world, when you want to fly, these white wings will appear by themselves. Make a decision in your mind that you should fly.”*

*“Alright”*

*“Now see your image inside my eyes.”*

{BHARATI TURNS INTO A GANDHARVA BY HER MAGIC}

The moon was shining so bright that it was like a sunny day.

I stared inside her beautiful eyes.

I saw my image as a Gandharva and was surprised.

Aha! I had seen myself like that in my dreams; no diseases; no wrinkles; no mortal clayness; beautiful!

I observed that I also had sudden wings from my person.  
I was delighted by this change in my form and immediately looked at her.  
She saw the sign in my eyes and understood what I was thinking.

*“Oho! It was my mistake that I told you to look into my eyes.”* She said.  
*“Why?”* – I asked and laughed.  
*“All this time you thought you had a mortal body and I had a Gaandharva body; and treated me that way. Now you will consider me as an equal.”*  
*“Pleasing Beauty! Even if I become a Great God (Eesan/MahaDeva), I will not stop being surprised at you. Even so, are you not pleased by my thinking of you as my equal?”*  
*“Oh Yes”*

Then our eyes mixed.

(கண்ணொடு கண்ணினை நோக்கொக்கின் வாய்சொற்கள் என்னபயனுமில்)

‘When eye meets the eye, words of mouth have no use.’

*“Fly”* she said.

(Bharati looks into ParvataKumaari’s eyes; and immediately transformed into a lover of ParvataKumaari, the romantic personality of Shiva.  
(Brahman-state can become any character in any world.  
Bharati had no need to become the Supreme Shiva, the ruler of the three worlds; but he in his world of imagination was a Gandharva-Shiva and ParvataKumaari was there as his companion, another Gandharva lady.)

Was it because of the newly arising feeling of love in the mind; or is it with the help of the wings? I flew behind her, like a needle going behind the magnet. I do not think that I flew with the help of wings; because flying was so easy and natural.

*“Where are we going? To your mansion?”* I asked.  
*“There is no talk of ‘my house’ and ‘your house’ here.”*

(இது ஸ்வேச்சா லோகம் - முற்றிய ஞானத்திலே எவ்வாறு அபேத நிலை ஏற்படுகிறதோ அது போலப் பரிபூர்ணமான போகத்திலேயும் அபேத நிலை தோன்றுகிறது.)

*This is a 'Svecchaa country (free for all); just like there is a state of 'non-differentiation in the ripened knowledge', in the 'wholeness state of pleasures' also there is 'non-differentiation'.*

*Here all the mansions are owned by everyone. Anybody can live anywhere they like. I am taking you to the 'fragrant-house' (Sugandha-palace, where all wonderful fragrances were experienced)."*

(Bharati is surprised that the pretty lady was ripened in knowledge.

She said-

There is no idea of 'mine' and 'yours' here. Everything belongs to everybody.

In the liberated state of knowledge also, a JeevanMukta has no ideas of differentiation as 'you' and 'I'. (He does not actually go mad and act foolish saying 'you are not there' 'I am not there'!) He understands that all names and forms are unreal; and only the Supreme shines as everything, including himself.

In this state of ripened knowledge, the idea of differentiation is not there at all.

In the Gandharva Loka also, where there is only the experience of pleasures, there is no idea of differentiation. The fight of 'mine' and 'yours' is not there, as in earth.

All are happy and own everything together. They never fight.)

*"You are talking profound words like differentiation and non-differentiation. Where did you study Vedaanta (Upanishads)?"*

(Vedaanta means the concluding portions of Vedas which are also known by the name of Upanishads, which talk of the oneness of Aatman and Brahman.)

(ParvataKumaari talks very profound words now.)

(போகநிலை நன்றாக உணர்ந்தவர்களுக்கு அத்வைத ஞானம் இயற்கையிலேயே உண்டாகும். போகமறியாதவர்கள் பேசும் அத்வைதம் பொய். உங்கள் மண்ணுலகத்தில் அந்த ஞான நடிப்பு மிகுதியாக உண்டு. எங்களுக்கு அபரோக்சு ஞானம் சுலபம். பரோக்சுமும் எளிதுதான். இங்கிருந்து உபசாந்தி லோகம் வெகு சமீபம். போகமுர்தியாகிய விஷ்ணுவும் யோகநாதனாகிய சிவனும் ஒன்றேயென்பதையரியாயா? இதெல்லாம் பொகட்டும். இப்போது ஞானம் பேசத்தருணமன்று. கீழெல்லாம் பார்.)

*"The knowledge of Advaita naturally rises in those who understand the state of pleasure properly.*

*The Advaita spoken by those, who do not know how to have proper pleasures, is just a lie.*

*In your mortal world, this type of fake knowledge is too much.*

*For us, the Aparoksha Knowledge (Self-knowledge) is very easy.*

*Even Paroksha knowledge (Indirect Knowledge) is easy.  
From here the Upashaanti (Quiescent world) is very near.  
Don't you know that Vishnu who is the Lord of enjoyments and Shiva who is  
the Lord of dispassion are one? Leave that alone.  
This is not the time to discuss knowledge. Look below you” - she said.*

*(The knowledge of Advaita naturally rises in those who understand the state of pleasure properly.*

What is Knowledge of Advaita?

Advaita means ‘not two’.

Aadi Shankaraachaarya is the founder of this theory.

Brahman-state is the source-essence of all.

(Upanishads never talk of Brahman as a God; but Brahman is just a state which is the essence of all that exists. Brahman is not ‘Kadavul’ (or God).)

This Brahman is the world; so there are no two things like God and a world created by him. This is what Advaita means.

According to Advaita (and also Geetaa), all the pleasures that we seek outside are inside one's essence. He, who is in the state of Brahman in this world (JeevanMukta), is always in the bliss state of experiencing all the pleasures.

He sees no differentiation outside. He does not see pleasure as the quality of an object.

He is satisfied in himself, in his quiet state.

*The Advaita spoken by those, who do not know how to have proper pleasures, is just a lie.  
In your mortal world, this type of fake knowledge is too much.*

A true Yogi renounces everything in the mind-level and lives without faking renunciation outwardly.

Even in the midst of pleasures he remains unattached and dispassionate.

Those who have not realized the truth, differentiate between good and bad; and pretend to renounce pleasures outwardly. Their minds always be restless and be absorbed in sense objects always. These fake Yogis - Krishna calls as hypocrites.

The Advaita spoken by these people is meaningless and not correct.

Wearing a saffron garb is not true Sannyasa.

Men like Bharati are true Yogis, who maintain dispassion even when living within the family circle.

*For us, the Aparoksha Knowledge (Self-knowledge) is very easy.*

*Even Paroksha knowledge (Indirect Knowledge) is easy.*

*From here the Upashaanti (Quiescent world) is very near.*

Aparoksha – is a philosophical term which means ‘not indirect’; that means ‘direct’.

According to Shankara, one's own Self (Aatman) is directly known to everyone and that alone is Brahman, the essence of all.

In Gandharva Loka they are happy in the Knowledge state. They are all ripened in Advaita Knowledge; but they do not sit in Samaadhi state like Yogis. They live in a world of beauty and goodness and enjoy the pleasures also.

It is the level that is very next to the Upashaanti level.

In the Upashaanti level there is no world; no mind.

In the Gandharva world of Bharati, his mind will accompany him.

He can have all the pleasures of love and beauty; but will have the true Knowledge also like Shiva or Vishnu.

*Don't you know that Vishnu who is the Lord of enjoyments and Shiva who is the Lord of dispassion are one?*

Dispassion of the highest kind and pleasure enjoyment at the highest level – both are same. How?

Brahman is the totality of all bliss that is in any world.

The bliss state of Brahman alone is experienced as pleasures in the outside world.

Brahman is a state of 'Poornatva' – completeness.

Suppose in that quiescent state of Brahman, a mind appeared...?

Will it not enjoy all the pleasures at the same time?

Complete dispassion is also there; complete enjoyment is also there.

Brahman state alone is Shiva who sees everything as burnt ashes.

Brahman state alone is Vishnu, who enjoys all the pleasures.

Both Shiva and Vishnu are the in the same level of knowledge and dispassion.

(Bharati wants to be like that now.)

{BHARATI FLIES FREELY IN THE SKY}

I was flying above the city at a height of two palm trees and went towards the wondrous mansions of the Gandharva country, music-halls, temples, drama-halls, sport-arches.

The joy of flying is not a little.

It should be understood that among all the species of the earth, birds alone enjoy the maximum happiness.

Swimming in a flowing stream may give a little pleasure; but swimming in the sky is delightful at all times. That too, if a companion like ParvataKumaari is there, then one can keep flying all throughout the life.

{WEST, THE LAND OF PLEASURES}

Europeans are a class of people who have only Gandharva pleasures as their model of life. They make air-chariots and fly them. But as they have excess of Tamo Guna (lethargy, dullness, ignorance) they do not know to increase this novelty into pleasure paths.

'Even before they have perfected the flying of air-chariots, they have started discussing about wars that can occur in the sky'.

(Pleasures are not true pleasures if hatred, envy, greed, selfishness etc accompany the experience. Only a pure mind without attachments and passion can experience the maximum bliss. If dispassion and detachment are to the maximum, the bliss got from objects is also of the maximum level.

That is why Shiva and Vishnu enjoy the maximum bliss in their worlds; because their minds are full of dispassion.

They are like the ocean which drinks its own water from an outside cup, just for fun!  
 The ignorant see only the cup and not the ocean! So they suffer!)  
 As their thoughts are all focused on wars and killings, though they have  
 Gandharva pleasures as their model of life, they are not qualified enough to  
 follow them. Let that topic rest.

{BHARATI FEELS FRESH AND IS ABLE TO THINK CLEARLY}

When I entered this land of Yakshas (supernatural beings) itself, I was stuck by  
 amazement and intoxication; this fact I have already mentioned.  
 Now those feelings had become less and only the bliss-feeling was left back.  
 My intellect was clear.  
 When you get up in the morning, wash your face and go to the seaside, you  
 will see everything clearly. I also could see clearly all that was happening  
 below, when I flew in the sky.  
 If I have to describe all that happened there, even thousand chapters would  
 not suffice; I mention only a few.

{BHARATI SEES SOME KIDS PLAYING ON THE GROUND}

(It is really a wonder that Bharati is describing here a context from Shiva Puraana of the  
 yore.  
 Shiva has a daughter named Taijasaaa, a very attractive child, who steals the mind of  
 both Bhairava (AadiShesha) and Naaraayana, brother of Paarvati.  
 While Taijasaa child-like in her character plays around with Naaraayana at all times,  
 Bhairava's love is not understood by her at all.  
 Bhairava is well-known for his talent as a poet in Puraanas.  
 Here Paarvati calls Bhairava by the name of Chitta-Ranjanan – a person who pleases the  
 mind with poetry. Naaraayana is named as KreedaaRamanan (a person who enjoys in  
 various types of sports).)

### **(PANDAATTAM/ BALL-PLAY)**

Some Gandharva kids were playing ball in some play ground. The balls were  
 made of roses.

One boy said- *“Hey Chandrikaa (pretty as moonlight)!  
 Whenever you throw the ball, you are not throwing it at my hand-stick but  
 are throwing crosswise towards my face. I will not play with you anymore.”*

All the children laughed aloud hearing his words.  
 All the children, in this manner, conversed with each other, dashed against  
 each other, danced, sang, laughed and were playing.

But one boy was reclining on a rose-coloured marble bench outside the play ground; and was watching the play with bloomed up eyes.

I turned towards ParvataKumari and asked- *“Who is that boy sitting separately?”*

She said- *“He is my younger brother. His name is Chitta-Ranjanan (Mind-entertainer). Though he is a child, he is blessed by our house-deity KaamaDeva (God of Love); so he does not show interest in playing with other children. He passes his time only in composing poems, day dreaming about nice things. He has a divine love towards that girl Rasikaa who threw the ‘rose flower ball’ towards the boy called KreedaaRamanan (enjoyer of sports). Now it looks like he is composing some poem. I will call him here. Would you like to hear his poem?”*

I felt surprised and said- *“I would like it very much.”*

ParvataKumaari made some gestures by hand towards the direction where he was sitting. Immediately, he flapped his wings and came to the place where we were flying, within the wink of the eye.

ParvataKumaari embraced him tightly and kissed him on his cheeks. She pointed me out to him and said- *“This person has come here to have a glimpse of our country. He is our guest.”*

The boy looked at me and greeted me respectfully and said *“Vande”* (Salutation).

I also embraced, kissed him on the forehead and blessed him.

Then I gave a side-glance to ParvataKumaari and reminded her about why her brother was called.

She looked at her brother and said- *“Ranjana, you were composing a poem in your mind now, can you say it? This person wants to listen to it.”*

The boy acted shy.

I said- *“Child! Do not feel shy! Simply say it out.”*

He sang a poem about KreedaaRamanan, who was annoyed by Rasikaa throwing the ball at him; in the Gandharva language of sweet words, which was like the Praakrta language of the earth.

Should I mention ever that ParvataKumaari’s brother’s voice was very melodious?

Like describing the Sun I will somehow translate his song through the incapable words of Tamil, and show you.

“இடியேறு சார்பிலுற உடல்வெந்தோன்  
 ஒன்றுரையாதிருப்ப, ஆலி  
 முடியேறி மோதியதென் றருள்முகிலைக்  
 கடுஞ்சொற்கள் மொழிவான் போலக்  
 கடியேறு மலர்ப்பந்து மோதியதென்  
 றிநியானைக் காய்கின் றானால்  
 வடியேறு வேலெனவெவ் விழியேறி  
 யென்னாவி வருந்தல் காணான்”

*Whereas the person who was hit by a thunderbolt,  
 and got scorched in the body,  
 did not say anything;  
 the person who was hit by a hailstone on his head  
 harshly retorted against the blessing cloud.  
 Likewise,  
 this person is scolding my beloved,  
 for hitting him with a fragrant flower-ball,  
 and does not see me hurt by the spears thrown by her  
 from her beautiful eyes.*

{ A BREAK IN THE JOURNEY }

*(Author note-*

*My knowledge-chariot needs some repairs; that I told you already.*

*There are some faults in the wheel named practice (பயிற்சி) and nave named clarity (தெளிவு).*

*The horse named enthusiasm (ஊக்கம்), is slightly lame in the legs.*

*The charioteer named ‘Firmness in the heart’ (திடசங்கற்பம்) is ill.*

*Another problem is also there in the chariot.*

*There is a great effort going on in the earth for converting the desert called ‘condition of Indian populace’ (பாரதஜனநிலை) into a city filled with rivers, streams and cool atmosphere. There, many good people are working without a break, with their diamond-chariots. My broken chariot goes there now and then and does some work; but gets tired soon. Therefore it left the hero and the Gandharva lady in the sky of Gandharva world and did not bother about them. Now I will take the chariot again there.)*

{STORY CONTINUES}

After some time, ChittaRanjanan took leave of us and went away.  
We flew further in the sky.

On the path were amazing experiences like the moon rays making melody-music; Gandharva ladies on all terraces; all the youngsters, children and old people spending their time in thousands of enjoyments.  
I have not seen so many enjoyments on earth even with my power of Pratibhaa (talent of imagining).

Before we passed some instance, ParvataKumari pointed out to some scene below and said- "*See there*".  
"*Aha! Aahaa! What is special there?*" I asked.

{A CROWD UNLIKE EARTH}

A wide space of a terrace was seen.

It looked as though some fifty thousand people were there.  
A heavy crowd.

But unlike the earth crowds, nobody pressed on the other by falling over the others making them fall; nobody pushed and crushed people under their foot; nobody wrinkled their faces in annoyance; nobody was burning by the heat and sweating.

Though those Gandharva people were moving here and there, nobody troubled the other; made space for everybody and were walking around with smiles.

If by chance women came off to the front of them, and if there was no space to move, then they spread their wings and flew up and descended down only after the women had moved away. I was amazed that though the crowd was so huge, it was very pleasing. They embraced each other and kissed each other; sometimes greeted each other with salutations; sometimes they conversed laughing aloud!

What love, what respect! I am incapable of describing it.

## {STATUES-GALLERY}

*“ParvataKumaari! What is special there?” I asked.*

*“Can you see a Mandapa (a small hall with closed arch) on the terrace?”*

*“Yes!”*

*“What is sitting on the parrot-vehicle?”*

*“Statue of Manmatha.”*

*“His festival!”*

I was frozen with surprise when I saw the statue of Manmatha.

I asked – *“Kumaari! Who has made this statue?”*

*“By the sculptors of our country.”*

Suddenly I remembered that the profession of carving stone statues had deteriorated in my Bhaarata country.

*“Ah! Though I have come to the Gandharva country, the memory of that suffering country has not gone!”* I cried out aloud.

*“Though your form has changed to that of a Gandharva, your birth has not changed. Remember that.”*

*“Let it rest! Do you have many statues like this in your country?”*

*“Tomorrow, I will take you the picture gallery near the nectar stream. You can see all of them, then”* she said.

When I was talking like this with Kumaari, my eyes did not move from the statue of Manmatha.

*“Though the sculptors of your country are so talented, they do not seem to know that Ananga (Manmatha who has no form) cannot be made to have a form. It is indeed surprising!”*

*“Well said! Coming from a human world, you have started to find fault with the works of Gandharva people already! In our entire country, there is no statue as perfectly made as this. Just gaze at it properly.*

*However much you scrutinize it, you will not know of the hidden fact, unless told. That statue is not made of clay or marble. It is made of the subtle space called the mind. This is the real form Of KaamaDeva born in the mind. We call the divine architect ‘Maya’ who made this as a second Brahma.*

*KaamaDeva made by the first Brahma is endowed with life. This statue does not have life but has been given the art-life (life picturized)”* she said.

As I describe every scene, I end it up with the word *‘I was surprised’* *‘I was surprised’* again and again and I was feeling tired of that word.

Gandharva land itself is an amazing land.

“Why is Rati’s statue is not next to Manmatha’s?” I asked.  
 “That is s secret of Gandharva Loka. I cannot tell you.” she said.  
 “You forget that I am a Gandharva at this moment.”  
 “If that is so, then you will understand that matter yourself. Leave that alone. Let us descend down and see everything properly. Come. It is better that we see them there than just talking with each other here.”

We descended down a little and saw all the amusing things of the festival. On one side, the statue of Manmatha was getting worshiped. On another side, the entire story of Manmatha from when he was burnt off to when he became alive again was described in statue forms and paintings. I saw that they had depicted the spring season. Actually it was spring season in the Gandharva country.

(That is why they were celebrating the festival of Kaama.)

So, even the Goddess of Nature supported the amazing profession of Gandharva sculptors.

From the singing Cuckoos, flowering trees, pools, sporting deer, bees to the pollen brought by the wind – all the spring scenes are appearing truer than the truth.

(அங்கு தேவதாரு மரங்களால் அமைக்கப்பட்ட ஒரு பெரிய மண்டபத்தில் சூரிய காந்தக் கல் மேடையில் உட்கார்ந்து, சித்தத்தை யடக்கி , உள்ளே இருத்தி சுவாஸத்தை யொடுக்கி, முகத்தை ஒரே நிலையில் நிறுத்தி, முக்கண்களின் பார்வைகளையும் மூக்கின் நுனியிலே செலுத்தி அலையோய்ந்த சமுத்திரம் போல அசைவற் றிருந்த சிவபெருமான் உருவப் பதுமை நிறுத்திவைக்கபட்டிருந்தது.)

There was a statue of Lord Shiva also kept inside a huge hall covered by arch, made of *DevaDaaru* wood. He was seated on a Sun-stone. He had controlled his mind; subdued the Praana; had kept the face looking in one direction only; and all three eyes were directed to the tip of the nose. He was unmoving like an ocean without waves.

(எதிரே தவத்தால் மெலிந்த ஸௌந்தரிய தேவதை வந்து நிற்பது போலத் தவவேடங்கொண்ட பார்வதி தேவி நின்று அர்ச்சனை செய்து கொண்டிருந்தனள்.)  
 In front of him, Goddess Paarvati in the guise of an ascetic, looking like the slightly emaciated form of Goddess of beauty, was worshipping him. Behind her, there stood a form which was shooting a flower arrow in his sugarcane bow.

In another corner, the burning of Manmatha was depicted in paintings. I trembled in my mind when I saw flames of anger in Shiva's face as if the deity of Truth was enraged and the fire from the 'Knowledge eye' on the forehead flooding towards Manmatha and his body burning in the blaze. I jerked off my hand from the hand of ParvataKumaari.

ParvataKumaari laughed aloud and said- "*Are you afraid of the painting?*"

I could not convince myself that it was just a painting.

Though, in the temple there was no statue of Rati next to Manmatha's statue, here it was depicted in the painting as Rati standing next to the burning body and crying '*Ha! Ha!*'

I can't describe fully, the sadness and the wretchedness filling her face and body.

Where is the painting stick of the Gandharva sculptor and where my ordinary pen? Where is the comparison?

In another corner, Shiva has married Paarvati and standing along with his spouse. Rati Devi is saluting him. Shiva is smiling and Madana rises from the ashes alive again; is bending his head in salutation; and shooting arrows at them both. Paarvati embraces her Lord.

In this manner Gandharva people are all standing in front of all paintings in the Madana temple and worshipping them in various ways. Some women had Veenaas in their hands and were singing.

{DANCING}

On one side, young men and women were joined in pairs and dancing in various manners standing in circles.

In one corner, there was 'bird dance' going on. They were all in the sky, circling each other in thousands of ways without missing a single beat of the music. It was not less amazing. Of those dances one was very charming.

In the centre was a girl; two youths at a distance of four hands intermittently floating around in the sky; they will circle up and down like the cart wheel going round its nave. When one boy floats up another will stand under his feet. Two pretty girls will stand at her side in the same distance and circle around like a stone tied to a rod circling fast around it. When one comes to the left hand side, the other will be in the right hand side.

When they are going around in circles like this, two power points will be there; is it not so? At that time, they will make a sound like kissing and it would be part of the music of the flute played by the central girl. Thousand such things will become a huge circle. After half a minute, another dance style would be followed.

{SEA SHORE}

*“It is getting late Let us go to the sea beach.”* said ParvataKumaari.

I did not want to leave the festival scene at all. But how can anybody act against ParvataKumaari’s words?

We flew and arrived at the sea shore. As we neared the sea, a pleasing fragrance which entered deep inside the soul and produced sweet sensations and which was soft without any essence. I understood that we were nearing the fragrant mansion.

*“How did this mansion get so much fragrance?”* Before I opened by mouth to ask her this question, she understood my thoughts and said like this.

*“This mansion is built by Kasturi stones and divine sandalwood. And also the garden around it contains fragrant flower plants of immense varieties which are not found in your world.”*

Thus conversing together, we descended on the top roof of the fragrant mansion. Many pairs of young men and women had arrived there like us both and were watching the scene of the sea and feeling delighted. We sat on the two chairs in a corner and reclined on them deciding to rest awhile. Those seats were stuck with something soft like the silk cotton and were covered by white silk. The moment I lay there, I felt soothed as if I was on my mother’s lap.

(எதிரே கடல். சந்திர கிரணங்களால் ஜோதியுயிர் கொடுக்கப்பெற்ற அலைகள். வெள்ளைமலர்கள் புனைந்து, புஷ்பக் குன்றுகள் கிடப்பதுபோலத் தோன்றிய கப்பல்கள், தூரத்திலே அன்னங்கள் மிதப்பதுபோல மிதந்த இன்பப்படகுகள். மேலே சந்திரன். வெள்ளி மேகங்கள்.

இம்மேகங்களிலே சில வலைகள் பரப்பி யிருப்பது போலத் தோன்றும். கீழே மிதக்கும் படகுகளுக்கு வானக் கண்ணாடியிலே தோன்றும் சாயைகள் போலச் சில மிதந்து செல்லும்.)

In the front was the sea.

The waves were alive with shine because of the moon rays.

Ships were like flower heaps adorned by white flowers.

Pleasure boats were floating at a distance like swans.

Moon above. Silver clouds.

It will look as though these clouds were covered by nets.

Some appeared like rising waves. Some will slowly move like the reflections of the boats below in the sky-mirror.

(இனி நகூத்திரங்கள்.

வானக்கடலிலே வெடித்தெழந்த வயிரங்கள். சிதறுண்ட இன்பங்கள்.

வானப்பொய்கையிலே மனமெனும் சிறிய வண்டு போய் ஒளித் தேன்

குடிப்பதற்கமைந்த எண்ணிலாத மலர்கள். திசையென்ற அநந்த வஸ்துவடன்  
ஈசனறிவு என்ற அநந்த வஸ்து தாக்கியபோது பொறித்தெழந்த சுடர்ப்பொறிகள்.)

And then stars!

Diamonds exploded in the sky-ocean!

Splattered pieces of joys!

Countless flowers blooming in the sky-river, where the little bee called the  
mind could go and drink the light-honey.

Sparks of fire which shot out when the thing called 'Knowledge of the  
Supreme' stuck the direction called the 'endless Supremacy'.

{BOATS}

Young Gandharva men and women joined in pairs were in the boats. Some  
were singing. Some were dancing. Some were playing musical instruments.  
Thus happily sporting around, they were accompanying rhythmically the  
great music played by Nature in the form of waves. The moon rays were also  
humming like the golden bees and playing ever fresh music and joining the  
orchestra.

The sea wind was playing with the curly locks on the forehead of  
ParvataKumaari.

Ah! Though my form was that of a Gandharva, my soul was still of a human.  
I couldn't bear the excess of this pleasure. My senses were in a shock state.  
Intelligence was in a blurred state.

My life started to dissolve liked the small drop of foam in the ocean of joy.

My life was caught like a small straw in the storm of joy.

What fragrance! What music! What scene!

I started to blabber to ParvataKumaari in various languages. The strong  
liquor of joy had suppressed my intelligence; the tongue like a wild horse  
freed of its harness, was moving madly here and there meaninglessly.

I am not saying that I had got sick of the joy.

Instead of me being the (Bhoktaa) experiencer (of joy), that had become an  
eater (Bhoktaa) and had devoured me fully.

As I talked, I fell asleep.

I woke up after some time.

(சூரியோதய காலம். கடலும் வானும் கூடி தழுவிய இடத்தில், அவற்றின் கூட்டத் திலே தோன்றிய ஜோதிக் குழந்தைபோலப் பரிதிவட்டம் பிறந்தது. கிழக்கு திசையில் வானமெங்கும் நெருப்பு குழம்பு பரந்திருந்தது. தீபட்டெரியும் தீவுகள் போல மேகங்கள் காணப்பட்டன. மேகங்களுக்கு மனித புத்தி யுண்டென்று நினைக்கிறேன். தமது இருளியற்கையை மாற்றித் தம்மை ஒளியுடையனவாக செய்யும் சூரியனை இவைகள் அழுக்கி கொண்டு விடப் போகின்றன.)

In the early morning time, in the point where the sea and the sky embraced each other, Sun appeared like a light-child born from their union.

The red blaze of the fire had spread all around the sky in the eastern direction.

The clouds appeared as if set on fire.

I think that clouds have human intelligence. They want to smother and kill the Sun who is changing their dark nature and making them filled with light.

{CHRIST}

“Be affectionate to each other” “Love alone is the God-state” – when Sage Christ taught this great method of life and tried to enlighten the Jews –

when the Sage Christ gave fame and honour to the community of Jews by his birth among them –

did not Jews hate him and kill him?

Rather they tried to kill him; but could not kill him.

Christ is alive even now.

Christ shines in each and every man who is suffering nailed to the cross, namely harassment and vilification by the people of the world, and bears everything for the sake of love for the world and for the enlightenment of the people.

When I saw those clouds, it brought to the mind the thoughts of the Persians, and the Jew priests.

{SUN-CHILD}

(கூணப்பொழுது. பின்பு அந்த ஜோதிக் கோளம் மேலெழுவதாயிற்று. வஜ்ராயுதங்கள் போலத் தோன்றிய தனது கிரணங்களால் அம்மேகங்களை உடைத்து சிதறி எற்றி அசைத்து குழப்பி புரட்டி ஓட்டி தொலைத்துவிட்டுப் பாலசூரியன் மிகுந்த வெற்றிக்கோலத்துடன் கிரணங்களை உலகமுழுவதிலும் பரப்பி விடுதலை பெற்றதோர் பேருண்மைபோல ஒளிவீசுவானாயினன். உலகம் மகிழ்ச்சிபெற்றது. கந்தர்வமாதர்களெல்லாம் பூபாளராகத்தில் காயத்திரி பாடித் துதித்தார்கள்.)

After a second, that light-disc started to rise up.  
 With rays shining like the thunderbolt weapons (of Indra),  
 the Sun-child broke those clouds into pieces,  
 scattered them, shattered them, rolled them, and threw them far;  
 and shining victorious, spread the rays all over the world and  
 shone forth splendidous as if  
 he was the ‘truth which was freed of its shackles.’  
 The world was joyous.

Gandharva ladies sang the Gaayatri in the Raaga (tune) of Bhoopaala and  
 praised him.

{WATER-SPORTS}

*“Come to the riverside! Get up, let us sport in the water”* – spoke that young  
 lady who had appeared like the sailor for the boat of my soul.

We reached the river bank.  
 The river was falling from the hill above; fell through two steps; fell into the  
 pool in the middle land and again fell on the ground.

Many scholars have compared the waterfall to garland etc.  
 I do not approve of it.  
 Sky, sea, and Raamaayana are comparable only to themselves; so also the  
 waterfall is beyond comparison.

Even before we went there, many had started bathing there already. It was  
 wonderful to watch the amusing way they sported in the waters.  
 Writing all this from the earth level, exactly as it was, embarrasses a little.

In the earth world, many express great purity in their writings and in their  
 speeches; but in thoughts and behaviour...?

The water falling on the ground flows like a stream. There are many small  
 rocks in the path of the stream.  
 At every rock, we see a pair of lovers.  
 They fly ‘whizz’ from the top of the rock, go around the stream and stand in  
 the centre for some time and go back to their own rocks.

“For those pure in heart, everything that they see is pure.”

In the Gandharva world, no one has any impurity in the mind. Therefore they are not particularly shy about the dresses they wear. ...Ah! What a beauty!

After the bathing was over, some people went to the temple nearby and offered worship to their favourite deities.

The people of Gandharva land, who are extremely talented in the art of painting pictures, have kept some temples without any statues.

On the peak of those temples, the letter ‘ॐ’ was written in lighted letters.

Statues are kept only in those temples which have the domination of festivities, and amusing sports. They do not keep statues where one has to search for the purification of the mind sincerely.

They all worship their favourite deities through meditation.

*“Enjoyment and Yoga are connected. Shaanti Loka is very near to Gandharva Loka”*

(When a Yogi enjoys any pleasure (love and beauty, poetry, dance, delicacies, etc), he is fully absorbed in the bliss state of Brahman only. He actually experiences his own bliss-nature in the perceived objects. He is not attached to objects or momentary pleasures; but is always in the happy state of his true nature. Objects of pleasure are also his shine of bliss alone and not separate from him.)

Now I slowly began to understand this statement uttered by Kumaari. For those who search for beauty with real thirst will indeed attain Truth also.

*“Truth is beauty, beauty is Truth”* some wise man has quoted thus.

I and Kumaari entered that temple.

*“Kumaari! You are saying that this temple is a place where favourite deities get worshipped. What is your favourite deity? Whom are you going to worship?”*

I asked.

Kumaari said – *“My favourite deity is Madana (Manmatha). I will meditate on him. You can think of your own favoured deity.”*

*“You are my favoured deity. I am going to meditate on you.”* – I said.

*“Good! Good!”*

She said this much and laughed aloud.

{GOD}

Then she said-

(தோழா, மனங்கொண்டது தெய்வம். நீ எந்த வடிவத்திலே தெய்வத்தை வணங்குகிறாயோ தெய்வம் உனக்கு அந்த வடிவமாக வந்து அருள் செய்கின்றது. தெய்வமென்பது யாது? தெய்வமென்பது ஆகாசம். தெய்வமென்பது சித்த லக்ஷயம். தெய்வமென்பது உண்மை. தெய்வமென்பது வனப்பு.)

*“Friend! God is what the mind believes in.  
In whatever form you worship the deity, God will appear in that very form  
and bless you.*

*What is a God?*

*God is sky (Aakaasha). God is the goal reached by Siddhas. God is Truth.  
God is beauty.”*

(ஆம்! உலகத்திலே மனிதனாகப் பிறந்தால் இராமனைப்போல ஒழுகவேண்டும், அதிற் சிறந்தது வேறெதுமில்லை, என்று சொல்பவனுக்கு இராமன் தெய்வம். தன்னை மறந்து தனதீன்பம் கருதாமல் ஸௌந்தரிய வெள்ளத்திலே தனது உயிரை இழந்து பர்வதகுமாரியை நான் தெய்வமாகக் கொள்ளும் பகூஷத்தில் எனக்கு அதுவே மோகூஷாதனம்.)

Yes! ‘A man born on this earth should have good conduct like Rama. There is nothing better than that’-  
for a man who believes like this, Rama is the God.

Forgetting my own self, without bothering about my own happiness, losing my soul in the flood of beauty, accepting ParvataKumaari herself as my God, then that alone becomes my path of liberation.

The made up story of Kaalidaasa’s worship in the prostitute’s house also has some amount of truth in it.

(He saw Kaali even in a prostitute.)

She sat in a solitary place in the temple, facing the east, in the lotus posture; and with her eyes floating in the bliss, she recited the chant – Om NamaH Premne (Om Salutation to the Love).

I too, not for amusement – but actually, sat in the lotus posture in front of her; focused my mind, intellect, and eyes on her and remained absorbed in the Yoga of meditation chanting – ‘Om NamaH Kumaaryai’ (Om Salutation to Kumaari).

After the Yoga was over, we stood up.  
ParvataKumaari gestured – “*Start*”.

Drinking the tender rays of the morning to quench our thirst, we started to fly. We flew and reached the Art Gallery.

Aha! What a great job I have undertaken! Even to describe the art gallery of Calcutta, I have to write a huge book. How can I write about the scenes of the art gallery in the Gandharva world?

*“Let us go to the Art Gallery, come, yesterday we have enjoyed well the beauty of nature. In the morning we saw the river. I want to see the artificial beauties of your world today. This forest is very big; very beautiful. Look! How beautiful it looks where the sky meets the peak of that mountain at that distance. Oho! If we go on watching all this, the time will finish off. Let us go to the art gallery.”*

ParvataKumaari laughed aloud. The edge of her eyes expressed mischief.  
*“Kumaari! If you laugh like this and all, then you will not be my favourite deity. I will kiss you off, beware.”* I said.

ParvataKumaari laughed double times more than before. I kept threatening her and punished her. She looked at me in anger.

*“I warned you beforehand. Why did you laugh again?”* I apologized.

*“I did not get angry because of that. When true devotees punish the Gandharva world girls, they do not touch the cheeks. You..che..che”* she stuttered.

I meted out the punishment on lips to that beautiful criminal, as per the rules of Gandharvas.

*“Let us go to the art gallery”* I insisted again.

She laughed aloud and said- *“You foolish friend! This alone is the Art gallery.”*

I stood frozen.

*“Kumaari! Are you making fun of me? Is this the art gallery?”*

*“Yes. This is the scene of the forest created by a person named RaamaNaatha in the past, in our art gallery. It is not surprising that you thought that this was a real forest. Even people of our country get fooled not able to tell the difference between this and the real forest.”* - she said.

Then we went across and reached a hall with arch where the statues were kept.

On one side there were pictures of living beings. I could see the pictures of all animals there except those small living things to be observed through a magnifying glass.

As I had no training or interest in the science of Zoology, I could not enjoy the beauty of those pictures properly.

{BEAUTY}

On the other side, statues of Gandharvas stood in a line. I went towards them eagerly. Though beauty is there in the form of a man or woman, such scenes are in great numbers in the world. Beauty seen in even in inert objects makes one salute them with reverence. As this is the case, if beauty shines mixed with the conscious light in the face of a man or woman, should I say that it becomes very attractive?

I always thirst to see the human form as beautiful. But, in the human world, there are not men and women with perfect beauty. Because the mind is not pure and quiet, the earth people are usually ugly, because the state of the mind manifests in the body also.

That too, in my native country, because of famine, diseases, and the slavery the source of it all, all the men and women are so much ugly that it hurts the eyes to see them.

(This is the common rule of Bhaarata country at present times. The fact that this might have been otherwise also, need not be stated in words.)

The paintings of the talented artists, the statues carved by the talented sculptors alone preserve the scenes of beauty of the populace of Bhaarata, without allowing it to deteriorate. Our ancient poets also help us in this matter. If at present times, if we do not protect the art-profession of our country, then, after two or three generations, everybody would become blind in the country of Bhaarata.

Let this matter rest.

When I saw the statues of Gandharvas, I did not feel the same bliss I felt when I had seen the statue of Madana previously; because, in that Gandharva world, except the statues of deities, other statues expressed the superior talent of those artists, but were incapable of expressing the innermost thoughts.

That is, in the earth world, the statues made by the Greek are very much acclaimed. Though those sculptors had access to the vision of only imperfect human forms, they could find the perfect beauty hidden in their minds and had depicted it in their statues. We consider these ancient men not only as great men but also as visionaries.

In GandharvaLoka everyone have complete beauty in some way or other; so the sculptors do not have a chance to use their talent fully. It is true that the statues I saw there shone with great perfection. But, the women and men of that country also have such beautiful forms only.

I searched and searched for a statue that was more beautiful than the living statue of my beloved Kumaari.

There was not one.

xxx

We went to eat food.

Thinking that, since that world provided great pleasures to all the five senses, I will get some great feast for the sense of tongue, I went there with great excitement.

We reached a flower garden.

Seated inside a cool creeper house, Kumaari shouted- "*Ranjanaa, Ranjanaa*'.

Kumaari's brother Chittaranjana who was not far came immediately.  
*"Bring food for me and ... also for this guest of ours"* - she said.

He smiled in an amused way and went off.

After a few minutes, he and one friend of his, brought some golden plates and placed them on the marble table in front of us.

I eagerly looked to see what food was there; fruits, fruits, fruits, nothing but fruits.

{TASTE}

Kumaari, who could look through my mind, spoke like this.

*"Friend, like the people of your world, we do not search for varied tastes, showing great interest in food.*

*Among all the five senses, tongue (sense of taste) is the enemy of the other four.*

*Those who are addicted to food, will lose the 'ability to choose and consume the great joys of the divine senses namely ears and eyes'.*

*We eat food only to hold on to the life and not for any pleasure.*

*Even then the taste of these fruits is not ordinary.*

*Eat and find out for yourself."*

We satiated our hunger by eating those fruits which were tasty and served the purpose well.

Then, ChittaRanjanan brought the wine cups and placed them in front of us. I did not touch them with my hand.

ParvataKumaari looked back.

*"I do not have the habit."* I said.

*"This is not your earth world"* said she.

*"There are so many varieties of wine here- the winds of your world, the light, the coolness, the sceneries, and you by my side – are they not enough? Why should I get intoxicated by consuming this wine also?"*

I objected in many ways possible; yet pressed by her I emptied the wine cup. The intoxicated state of ecstasy arose.

## {ECSTASY}

Ecstasy is a fever. In the state of fever, after a certain point, there is coolness and one reaches the state of 'delirium'; so also, at the peak of the ecstasy there is distress.

I experienced many states of joys and other effects also.  
Many days passed.

Now when I bring back to my mind those days, it appears as though all those days had passed off in a second; and in another sense it was as though every second of those days equaled a joyous Yuga-span of time.  
Many days passed.

Kumaari became my soul-mate. I had the complete forgetfulness of mental excitements, exhaustion, disease, lethargy, sadness etc, which I had not even attained in a dream at any time.  
Still I was not satisfied. I felt something was missing.

As time passed by, the Gandharva pleasures did not lose their taste; but became ordinary. The blissful feeling of the first time was no more there. Though one should feel blissful in the natural sceneries of sea and moon at all times, the wicked mind is incapable of getting absorbed into them.

Ah! The mind lost even the attachment towards Kumaari which was felt at the beginning.

One day in the morning time, I started to ponder like this.

*"Aha! My mind is not feeling satisfied even after coming to this Gandharva world of maximized pleasures. The residents of this land do the same actions day after day and yet live happily with smiling faces. They do not feel any dissatisfaction. I alone have got this mental illness which cannot be cured by any medicine. What a wonder!"*

As I was lost in thoughts like this, Kumaari arrived there flying from somewhere; embraced and sat close to me. And as usual she gauged my thoughts very easily and started telling me some profound truths.

## {SOME PROFOUND TRUTHS}

*“Friend!*

*You are surprised that there is no novelty in the actions of our world people.  
Have you forgotten the life of the earth people?*

*Is there any novelty there?*

*Among the human animals, some fortunate animals die off in youth.*

*Some live for eighty, ninety and hundred years.*

*The food he started consuming at the eight month, is not considered  
ordinary even at his eightieth year.*

*Hey human!*

*In your world people utter lies even for things like food and clothes.*

*They cheat, pretend, deceive, steal, hurt, murder, sell their bodies, sell the  
intelligence, become slaves and sell their souls.*

*Hey human!*

*In your world, the poor people are mostly slaves without any self-respect.*

*They will do anything for meager pleasures.*

*If they are wealthy, most of them are thieves.*

*If they are weak, they are of mean nature that is disgusting.*

*If they are strong, they are evil natured ready to crush anyone under their  
foot.*

*What else do all these do except doing what they do again and again?*

*They eat, sleep, pretend and die.*

*In our world, there is no death; there is no lie.*

*There is not the great sinful nature of evil acting off (hiding one’s true  
nature); wicked pretence; disguising oneself; think something and talk  
something else; the sadness which results from such acts are also not there.*

*Even then, it is not a mistake that you are not satisfied by living like us;  
because, though the human life is of an inferior nature, it is better than ours  
in one important point.*

*For the search of the Self, the human life is the best suited.*

*“Not satisfied in anything” – this very nature of the human beings becomes  
their shield and unique greatness.*

*A man feels dissatisfied in any state connected to the delusory power of the  
Supreme (Maayaa), observing its unstable nature.*

*Though it is a fact that most of you keep confusing their intellects in many  
ways and perish like worms, yet some are able to reach the Supreme state.*

*You must have heard that even gods have to take a human birth if they desire  
liberation.*

*It is true indeed; it is not possible that Shankara, Shuka, Janaka, Krishna, Buddha, Jesus, and other great men cannot take birth in our country. Maayaa is a binding chain; because we are bound by golden chains, we cannot easily start hating it. But, because your binding chains are sharp and hurting, the noble feel easily disgusted with everything. Some great men cut off those binding chains and get rid of them. As you always thought that a woman like me is fit to be only kissed and for singing, now you feel surprised much that I am talking like a great Sage. In our country, wisdom and clarity of thoughts are natural for all the people; so we can easily understand them in our intellects. But, it cannot be experienced. A human birth is needed for that” she said.*

I was not actually surprised that she talked like this. After all these talks, that beautiful witch (Kiraataki) who could understand all the changes that took place in my mind in a second, was blinking her eyes like a deer as if she did not know anything; that indeed surprised me.

*“Thief, thief” – I murmured.*

*“Please punish me once” she pleaded; I mean the previous lip-punishment.*

*“You are not my lover, you are an aged Sage.” – I said.*

*“Both are same- go off - hey” – she said.*

Later, pressing the lip against the lip, we remained for a few minutes as one soul.

**GANDHARVALOKA IS COMPLETE**

OM OM OM

