

Shedding

§ 3.1 *Jenta*:

I was
 drunk with the intoxication
 of my birth, wealth, & sovereignty.
 Drunk with the intoxication
 of my body's build, coloring, & form,
 I wandered about,
 regarding no one
 as my equal or better,
 foolish, arrogant, haughty,
 my banner held high.
 I—disrespectful, arrogant, proud—
 bowed down to no one,
 not even mother,
 father,
 or those commonly held
 in respect.

Then—seeing the ultimate leader,
 supreme, foremost of charioteers,
 like a blazing sun,
 arrayed with a squadron of monks—
 casting away pride & intoxication
 through an awareness serene & clear,
 I bowed down
 my
 head
 to him, supreme
 among all living beings.

Haughtiness & contempt
 have been abandoned
 —rooted out—
 the conceit “I am” is extracted,
 all forms of pride, destroyed.

—*Thag VI.9*

§ 3.2 *Sister Vimala:*

Intoxicated with my complexion
 figure, beauty, & fame;
 haughty with youth,
 I despised other women.
 Adorning this body
 embellished to delude foolish men,
 I stood at the door to the brothel:
 a hunter with snare laid out.
 I showed off my ornaments,
 and revealed many a private part.
 I worked my manifold magic,
 laughing out loud at the crowd.

Today, wrapped in a double cloak,
 my head shaven,
 having wandered for alms,
 I sit at the foot of a tree
 and attain the state of no-thought.
 All ties—human & divine—have been cut.
 Having cast off all effluents,
 cooled am I, unbound.

—*Thig V.2*

§ 3.3 Once, monks, in Varanasi, Brahmadata was the king of Kasi—rich, prosperous, with many possessions, many troops, many vehicles, many territories, with fully-stocked armories & granaries. Dighiti was the king of Kosala—poor, not very prosperous, with few possessions, few troops, few vehicles, few territories, with poorly-stocked armories & granaries. So Brahmadata the king of Kasi, raising a four-fold army, marched against Dighiti the king of Kosala. Dighiti the king of Kosala heard, “Brahmadata the king of Kasi, they say, has raised a fourfold army and is marching against me.” Then the thought occurred to him, “King Brahmadata is rich, prosperous ... with fully-stocked armories & granaries, whereas I am poor ... with poorly-stocked armories & granaries. I am not competent to stand against even one attack by him. Why don’t I slip out of the city beforehand?” So, taking his chief consort, he slipped out of the city beforehand. Then King Brahmadata, conquering the troops, vehicles, lands, armories, & granaries of King Dighiti, lived in lordship over them.

Meanwhile, King Dighiti had set out for Varanasi together with his consort and, traveling by stages, arrived there. There he lived with her on the outskirts of Varanasi in a potter’s house, disguised as a wanderer. Not long afterwards, she became pregnant. She had a pregnancy wish of this sort: she wanted to see a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, standing on a parade ground at dawn, and to drink the water used for washing the swords. She said to King Dighiti, “Your majesty, I am pregnant, and I have a pregnancy wish of this sort: I want to see a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, standing on a parade ground at dawn, and to drink the water used for washing the swords.” He said, “My queen, where is there for us—fallen on hard times—a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, standing on a parade ground, and water used for washing the swords?”

“If I don’t get this, your majesty, I will die.”

Now at that time the brahman adviser to King Brahmadata was a friend of King Dighiti. So King Dighiti went to him and, on arrival, said, "A lady friend of yours, old friend, is pregnant, and she has a pregnancy wish of this sort: she wants to see a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, standing on a parade ground at dawn, and to drink the water used for washing the swords."

"In that case, let me see her."

So King Dighiti's consort went to King Brahmadata's brahman adviser. When he saw her coming from afar, he rose from his seat, arranged his robe over one shoulder and, with his hands raised in salutation to her, exclaimed three times, "Surely the king of Kosala has come to your womb! Surely the king of Kosala has come to your womb! Don't be worried, my queen. You will get to see a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, standing on a parade ground at dawn, and to drink the water used for washing the swords."

Then he went to King Brahmadata and, on arrival, said to him, "Your majesty, signs have appeared such that tomorrow at dawn a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, should stand on a parade ground and that the swords should be washed."

So King Brahmadata ordered his people, "I say, then: Do as the brahman adviser says." Thus King Dighiti's chief consort got to see a fourfold army, armed & arrayed, standing on a parade ground at dawn, and got to drink the water used for washing the swords. Then, with the maturing of the fetus, she gave birth to a son, whom they named Dighavu (LongLife). Not long afterwards, Prince Dighavu reached the age of discretion. The thought occurred to King Dighiti, "This King Brahmadata of Kasi has done us great harm. He has seized our troops, vehicles, lands, armories, & granaries. If he finds out about us, he will have all three of us killed. Why don't I send Prince Dighavu to live outside of the city?" So Prince Dighavu, having gone to live outside of the city, learned all the crafts.

Now at that time King Dighiti's barber had gone over to King Brahmadata. He saw King Dighiti, together with his consort, living on the outskirts of Varanasi in a potter's house, disguised as a wanderer. On seeing them, he went to King Brahmadata and, on arrival, said to him, "Your majesty, King Dighiti of Kosala, together with his consort, is living on the outskirts of Varanasi in a potter's house, disguised as a wanderer."

So King Brahmadata ordered his people, "I say, then: go fetch King Dighiti together with his consort."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," they went and fetched King Dighiti together with his consort.

Then King Brahmadata ordered his people, "I say, then: having bound King Dighiti & his consort with a stout rope with their arms pinned tightly against their backs, and having shaved them bald, march them to a harsh-sounding drum from street to street, crossroads to crossroads, evict them out the south gate of the city and there, to the south of the city, cut them into four pieces and bury them in holes placed in the four directions."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," the king's people bound King Dighiti & his consort with a stout rope, pinning their arms tightly against their backs, shaved them bald, and marched them to a harsh-sounding drum from street to street, crossroads to crossroads.

Then the thought occurred to Prince Dighavu, "It's been a long time since I saw my mother & father. What if I were to go see them?" So he entered Varanasi and saw his mother & father bound with a stout rope, their arms pinned tightly against their backs, their heads shaven bald, being marched to a harsh-sounding drum from street to street, crossroads to crossroads. So he went to them. King Dighiti saw Prince Dighavu coming from afar, and on seeing him, said, "Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance."

When this was said, the people said to him, "This King Dighiti has gone crazy. He's talking nonsense. Who is Dighavu? Why is he saying, 'Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance'?"

"I'm not crazy or talking nonsense. He who knows will understand." Then a second time ... a third time he said, "Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance."

A third time, the people said to him, "This King Dighiti has gone crazy. He's talking nonsense. Who is Dighavu? Why is he saying, 'Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance'?"

"I'm not crazy or talking nonsense. He who knows will understand."

Then the king's people, having marched King Dighiti together with his chief consort to a harsh-sounding drum from street to street, crossroads to crossroads, evicted them out the south gate of the city and there, to the south of the city, cut them into four pieces, buried them in holes placed in the four directions, stationed guards, and left.

Then Prince Dighavu, having entered Varanasi, brought out some liquor and got the guards to drink it. When they had fallen down drunk, he collected sticks, made a pyre, raised the bodies of his mother & father onto the pyre, set fire to it, and then circumambulated it three times with his hands raised in salutation.

Now at that time, King Brahmadata had gone up to the terrace on top of his palace. He saw Prince Dighavu circumambulating the pyre three times with his hands raised in salutation, and on seeing him, the thought occurred to him, "Doubtlessly this person is a relative or blood-kinsman of

King Dighiti. Ah, how unfortunate for me, for there is no one who will tell me what this means!"

Then Prince Dighavu, having gone into the wilderness and having cried & wept as much as he needed to, dried his tears and entered Varanasi. Going to an elephant stable next to the king's palace, he said to the chief elephant trainer, "Teacher, I want to learn this craft."

"In that case, young man, you may learn it."

Then, rising in the last watch of the night, Prince Dighavu sang in a sweet voice and played the lute in the elephant stable. King Brahmadata, also rising in the last watch of the night, heard the sweet-voiced singing & lute-playing in the elephant stable. On hearing it, he asked his people, "I say: Who was that, rising in the last watch of the night, singing in a sweet voice and playing a lute in the elephant stable?"

"Your majesty, a young man—the student of such-and-such an elephant trainer, rising in the last watch of the night, was singing in a sweet voice and playing a lute in the elephant stable."

"I say, then: go fetch that young man."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," they went and fetched Prince Dighavu.

Then King Brahmadata said to Prince Dighavu, "I say: Was that you rising in the last watch of the night, singing in a sweet voice and playing a lute in the elephant stable?"

"Yes, your majesty."

"I say then, my young man: sing and play the lute."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," and seeking to win favor, Prince Dighavu sang with a sweet voice and played the lute.

Then King Brahmadata said to him, "I say: You, my young man, are to stay and attend to me."

"As you say, your majesty," Prince Dighavu replied. Then he rose in the morning before King Brahmadata, went to bed in the evening after him, did whatever the king

ordered, always acting to please him, speaking politely to him. And it was not long before King Brahmadata placed the prince close to him in a position of trust.

Then one day King Brahmadata said to Prince Dighavu, "I say then, my young man: harness the chariot. I'm going hunting."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," Prince Dighavu harnessed the chariot and then said to King Brahmadata, "Your chariot is harnessed, your majesty. Now is the time for you to do as you see fit."

Then King Brahmadata mounted the chariot, and Prince Dighavu drove it. He drove it in such a way that the king's entourage went one way, and the chariot another. Then, after they had gone far, King Brahmadata said to Prince Dighavu, "I say then, my young man: unharness the chariot. I'm tired. I'm going to lie down."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," Prince Dighavu unharnessed the chariot and sat down cross-legged on the ground. Then King Brahmadata lay down, placing his head on Prince Dighavu's lap. As he was tired, he went to sleep right away. Then the thought occurred to Prince Dighavu: "This King Brahmadata of Kasi has done us great harm. He has seized our troops, vehicles, lands, armories, & granaries. And it was because of him that my mother & father were killed. Now is my chance to wreak vengeance!" He drew his sword from his scabbard. But then he thought, "My father told me, as he was about to die, 'Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance.' It would not be proper for me to transgress my father's words." So he put his sword back in its scabbard. A second time ... A third time the thought occurred to Prince Dighavu: "This King Brahmadata of Kasi has done us great harm. He has seized our troops, vehicles, lands, armories, & granaries. And it

was because of him that my mother & father were killed. Now is my chance to wreak vengeance!" He drew his sword from his scabbard. But then he thought, "My father told me, as he was about to die, 'Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance.' It would not be proper for me to transgress my father's words." So once again he put his sword back in its scabbard.

Then King Brahmadata suddenly got up—frightened, agitated, unnerved, alarmed. Prince Dighavu said to him, "Your majesty, why have you gotten up suddenly—frightened, agitated, unnerved, & alarmed?"

"I say, my young man: Just now as I was dreaming, Prince Dighavu—son of Dighiti, king of Kasi—struck me down with a sword." Then Prince Dighavu, grabbing King Brahmadata by the head with his left hand, and drawing his sword from its scabbard with his right, said, "I, your majesty, am that very Prince Dighavu, son of Dighiti, king of Kasi. You have done us great harm. You have seized our troops, vehicles, lands, armories, & granaries. And it was because of you that my mother & father were killed. Now is my chance to wreak vengeance!"

So King Brahmadata, dropping his head down to Prince Dighavu's feet, said, "Grant me my life, my dear Dighavu! Grant me my life, my dear Dighavu!"

"Who am I that I would dare grant life to your majesty? It is your majesty who should grant life to me!"

"In that case, my dear Dighavu, you grant me my life and I grant you your life."

Then King Brahmadata and Prince Dighavu granted one another their lives and, taking one another by the hands, swore an oath to do one another no harm.

Then King Brahmadata said to Prince Dighavu, "In that case, my dear Dighavu, harness the chariot. We will go on."

Responding, "As you say, your majesty," Prince Dighavu harnessed the chariot and then said to King Brahmadata, "Your chariot is harnessed, your majesty. Now is the time for you to do as you see fit."

Then King Brahmadata mounted the chariot, and Prince Dighavu drove it. He drove it in such a way that it was not long before they met up with the king's entourage.

Then King Brahmadata, having entered Varanasi, had his ministers & councilors convened and said to them, "I say, then. If you were to see Prince Dighavu, the son of Dighiti, the king of Kasi, what would you do to him?"

Different ministers said, "We would cut off his hands, your majesty"—"We would cut off his feet, your majesty"—"We would cut off his hands & feet, your majesty"—"We would cut off his ears, your majesty"—"We would cut off his nose, your majesty"—"We would cut off his ears & nose, your majesty"—"We would cut off his head, your majesty."

Then the king said, "This, I say, is Prince Dighavu, the son of Dighiti, the king of Kasi. You are not allowed to do anything to him. It was by him that my life was granted to me, and it was by me that his life was granted to him."

Then King Brahmadata said to Prince Dighavu, "What your father said to you as he was about to die—'Don't, my dear Dighavu, be far-sighted. Don't be near-sighted. For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through non-vengeance'—in reference to what did he say that?"

"What my father said to me as he was about to die—'Don't be far-sighted'—'Don't bear vengeance for a long time' is what he was saying to me as he was about to die. And what he said to me as he was about to die—'Don't be near-sighted'—'Don't be quick to break with a friend' is what he was saying to me as he was about to die. And what he said to me as he was about to die—'For vengeance is not settled through vengeance. Vengeance is settled through

non-vengeance’—My mother & father were killed by your majesty. If I were to deprive your majesty of life, those who hope for your majesty’s well-being would deprive me of life. And those who hope for my well-being would deprive them of life. And in that way vengeance would not be settled by vengeance. But now I have been granted my life by your majesty, and your majesty has been granted your life by me. And in this way vengeance has been settled by non-vengeance. That is what my father was saying to me as he was about to die.”

Then King Brahmadatta said, “Isn’t it amazing! Isn’t it astounding! How wise this Prince Dighavu is, in that he can understand in full the meaning of what his father said in brief!” So he returned his father’s troops, vehicles, lands, armories, & granaries, and gave him his daughter in marriage.

Such, monks, is the forbearance & gentleness of kings who wield the scepter, who wield the sword. So now let your light shine forth, so that you—who have gone forth in such a well-taught Dhamma & Discipline—will be their equal in forbearance & gentleness.

—*Mv* X.2.3-20

Modesty

§ 4.1 “‘This Dhamma is for one who is modest, not for one who is self-aggrandizing.’ Thus was it said. With reference to what was it said? There is the case where a monk, being modest, does not want it to be known that ‘He is modest.’ Being content, he does not want it to be known that ‘He is content.’ Being reclusive, he does not want it to be known

that 'He is reclusive.' His persistence being aroused, he does not want it to be known that 'His persistence is aroused.' His mindfulness being established, he does not want it to be known that 'His mindfulness is established.' His mind being centered, he does not want it to be known that 'His mind is centered.' Being endowed with discernment, he does not want it to be known that 'He is endowed with discernment.' Enjoying non-complication, he does not want it to be known that 'He is enjoying non-complication.' 'This Dhamma is for one who is modest, not for one who is self-aggrandizing.' Thus was it said. And with reference to this was it said."

—AN VIII.30

§ 4.2 *Sumana*:

When I was seven
& newly gone forth,
having conquered with my power
the great powerful serpent,
I was fetching water for my preceptor
from the great lake, Anotatta,¹
when the Teacher saw me & said:

"Look, Sariputta, at that one,
the young boy coming there,
carrying a pot of water,
well-centered within,
his practices—inspiring;
his bearing—admirable.
He's Anuruddha's novice,
mature in his powers,
made thoroughbred by a thoroughbred,
good by one who is good,
tamed by Anuruddha,

trained by one whose task
is done.

He, having reached the highest peace
& realized the unshakable,
Sumana the novice
wants this:
'Don't let anyone know me.'"

NOTE

1. Anotatta: A fabulous lake located in the Himalayas, famed for the purity of its cool waters. Sumana would have had to use his psychic powers to fetch water from there.

—*Thag VI.10*

Contentment

§ 5.1 "This Dhamma is for one who is content, not for one who is discontent.' Thus was it said. With reference to what was it said? There is the case where a monk is content with any old robe cloth at all, any old almsfood, any old lodging, any old medicinal requisites for curing sickness at all. 'This Dhamma is for one who is content, not for one who is discontent.' Thus was it said. And with reference to this was it said.

—*AN VIII.30*

§ 5.2 "And how is a monk content? Just as a bird, wherever it goes, flies with its wings as its only burden; so too is he content with a set of robes to provide for his body and alms food to

provide for his hunger. Wherever he goes, he takes only his barest necessities along. This is how a monk is content.

—DN 2

§ 5.3 “There is the case where a monk is content with any old robe cloth at all. He speaks in praise of being content with any old robe cloth at all. He does not, for the sake of robe cloth, do anything unseemly or inappropriate. Not getting cloth, he is not agitated. Getting cloth, he uses it unattached to it, uninfatuated, guiltless, seeing the drawbacks (of attachment to it), and discerning the escape from them. He does not, on account of his contentment with any old robe cloth at all, exalt himself or disparage others. In this he is diligent, deft, alert, & mindful. This is said to be a monk standing firm in the ancient, original traditions of the noble ones.

“Furthermore, the monk is content with any old almsfood at all. He speaks in praise of being content with any old almsfood at all. He does not, for the sake of almsfood, do anything unseemly or inappropriate. Not getting almsfood, he is not agitated. Getting almsfood, he uses it unattached to it, uninfatuated, guiltless, seeing the drawbacks (of attachment to it), and discerning the escape from them. He does not, on account of his contentment with any old almsfood at all, exalt himself or disparage others. In this he is diligent, deft, alert, & mindful. This is said to be a monk standing firm in the ancient, original traditions of the noble ones.

“Furthermore, the monk is content with any old lodging at all. He speaks in praise of being content with any old lodging at all. He does not, for the sake of lodging, do anything unseemly or inappropriate. Not getting lodging, he is not agitated. Getting lodging, he uses it unattached to it, uninfatuated, guiltless, seeing the drawbacks (of attachment to it), and discerning the escape from them. He does not, on account of his contentment with any old lodging at

all, exalt himself or disparage others. In this he is diligent, deft, alert, & mindful. This is said to be a monk standing firm in the ancient, original traditions of the noble ones.”

—AN IV.28

§ 5.4 *MahaKassapa*:

Coming down from my dwelling place,
I entered the city for alms,
stood courteously next to a leper
eating his meal.

He, with his rotting hand,
tossed me a morsel of food,
and as the morsel was dropping,
a finger fell off
right there.

Sitting next to a wall,
I ate that morsel of food,
and neither while eating it,
nor having eaten,
did I feel
any disgust.

Whoever has mastered
left-over scraps for food,
smelly urine for medicine,
the foot of a tree for a dwelling,
cast-off rags for robes:

He is a man
of the four directions.

* * *

This is enough for me—
 desiring to do jhana,
 resolute, mindful;
 enough for me—
 desiring the goal,
 resolute,
 a monk;
 enough for me—
 desiring comfort,
 resolute,
 in training;
 enough for me—
 desiring my duty,
 resolute,
 Such.

* * *

There is no such pleasure for me
 in the music of a five-piece band
 as there is when my mind
 is at one,
 seeing the Dhamma
 aright.

—*Thag XVIII*

§ 5.5 On one occasion the Blessed One was staying near Alavi on a spread of leaves by a cattle track in a simsapa forest. Then Hatthaka of Alavi, out roaming & rambling for exercise, saw the Blessed One sitting on a spread of leaves by the cattle track in the simsapa forest. On seeing him, he went to him and, on arrival, having bowed down to him, sat to one side. As he was sitting there he said to the Blessed One, "Lord, I hope the Blessed One has slept in ease."

"Yes, young man. I have slept in ease. Of those in the world who sleep in ease, I am one."

"But cold, lord, is the winter night. The 'Between-the-Eights' is a time of snowfall. Hard is the ground trampled by cattle hooves. Thin is the spread of leaves. Sparse are the leaves in the trees. Thin are your ochre robes. And cold blows the Verambha wind. Yet still the Blessed One says, 'Yes, young man. I have slept in ease. Of those in the world who sleep in ease, I am one.'"

"In that case, young man, I will question you in return. Answer as you see fit. Now, what do you think: Suppose a householder or householder's son has a house with a gabled roof, plastered inside & out, draft-free, with close-fitting door & windows shut against the wind. Inside he has a horse-hair couch spread with a long-fleeced coverlet, a white wool coverlet, an embroidered coverlet, a rug of kadali-deer hide, with a canopy above, & red cushions on either side. And there a lamp would be burning, and his four wives, with their many charms, would be attending to him. Would he sleep in ease, or not? Or how does this strike you?"

"Yes, lord, he would sleep in ease. Of those in the world who sleep in ease, he would be one."

"But what do you think, young man. Might there arise in that householder or householder's son any bodily fevers or fevers of mind born of passion so that—burned with those passion-born fevers—he would sleep miserably?"

"Yes, lord."

"As for those passion-born fevers—burned with which the householder or householder's son would sleep miserably—that passion has been abandoned by the Tathagata, its root destroyed, like an uprooted palm tree, deprived of the conditions of existence, not destined for future arising. Therefore he sleeps in ease.

"Now, what do you think, young man. Might there arise in that householder or householder's son any bodily fevers

or fevers of mind born of aversion so that—burned with those aversion-born fevers—he would sleep miserably?”

“Yes, lord.”

“As for those aversion-born fevers—burned with which the householder or householder’s son would sleep miserably—that aversion has been abandoned by the Tathagata, its root destroyed, like an uprooted palm tree, deprived of the conditions of existence, not destined for future arising. Therefore he sleeps in ease.

“Now, what do you think, young man. Might there arise in that householder or householder’s son any bodily fevers or fevers of mind born of delusion so that—burned with those delusion-born fevers—he would sleep miserably?”

“Yes, lord.”

“As for those delusion-born fevers—burned with which the householder or householder’s son would sleep miserably—that delusion has been abandoned by the Tathagata, its root destroyed, like an uprooted palm tree, deprived of the conditions of existence, not destined for future arising. Therefore he sleeps in ease.

“Always, always,
he sleeps in ease:
the brahman totally unbound,
who doesn’t adhere
to sensual pleasures,
who’s without acquisitions
& cooled.

Having cut all ties
& subdued fear in the heart,
calmed,
he sleeps in ease,
having reached peace
of awareness.”

§ 5.6 I have heard that on one occasion the Blessed One was staying at Anupiya in the Mango Orchard. Now at that time, Ven. Bhaddiya Kaligodha, on going to a forest, to the foot of a tree, or to an empty dwelling, would repeatedly exclaim, "What bliss! What bliss!" A large number of monks heard Ven. Bhaddiya Kaligodha, on going to a forest, to the foot of a tree, or to an empty dwelling, repeatedly exclaim, "What bliss! What bliss!" and on hearing him, the thought occurred to them, "There's no doubt but that Ven. Bhaddiya Kaligodha doesn't enjoy leading the holy life, for when he was a householder he knew the bliss of kingship, so that now, on recollecting that, he is repeatedly exclaiming, 'What bliss! What bliss!'" They went to the Blessed One and, on arrival, having bowed down to him, sat to one side. As they were sitting there, they told him: "Ven. Bhaddiya Kaligodha, lord, on going to a forest, to the foot of a tree, or to an empty dwelling, repeatedly exclaims, 'What bliss! What bliss!' There's no doubt but that Ven. Bhaddiya Kaligodha doesn't enjoy leading the holy life, for when he was a householder he knew the bliss of kingship, so that now, on recollecting that, he is repeatedly exclaiming, 'What bliss! What bliss!'"

Then the Blessed One told a certain monk, "Come, monk. In my name, call Bhaddiya, saying, 'The Teacher calls you, my friend.'"

"As you say, lord," the monk answered and, having gone to Ven. Bhaddiya, on arrival he said, "The Teacher calls you, my friend."

"As you say, my friend," Ven. Bhaddiya replied. Then he went to the Blessed One and, on arrival, having bowed down to him, sat to one side. As he was sitting there, the Blessed One said to him, "Is it true, Bhaddiya that, on going to a forest, to the foot of a tree, or to an empty dwelling, you repeatedly exclaim, 'What bliss! What bliss!'"

"Yes, lord."

“What meaning do you have in mind that you repeatedly exclaim, ‘What bliss! What bliss!’?”

“Before, when I was a householder, maintaining the bliss of kingship, I had guards posted within and without the royal apartments, within and without the city, within and without the countryside. But even though I was thus guarded, thus protected, I dwelled in fear—agitated, distrustful, and afraid. But now, on going alone to a forest, to the foot of a tree, or to an empty dwelling, I dwell without fear, unagitated, confident, and unafraid—unconcerned, unruffled, my wants satisfied, with my mind like a wild deer. This is the meaning I have in mind that I repeatedly exclaim, ‘What bliss! What bliss!’”

Then, on realizing the significance of that, the Blessed One on that occasion exclaimed:

In whom there exists
 no provocation,
 & for whom becoming & non-becoming
 are overcome,
 he is one— beyond fear,
 blissful,
 without grief,
 whom the devas can't see.

—Ud II.10

Seclusion

§ 6.1 I have heard that on one occasion the Blessed One was staying near Savatthi in Jeta's Grove, Anathapindika's monastery. Now at that time a certain lay follower from Icchanangalaka had arrived in Savatthi on some business affairs. Having settled his affairs in Savatthi, he went to the Blessed One and, on arrival, having bowed down to him, sat to one side. As he was sitting there, the Blessed One said to him, "At long last you have managed to come here."

"For a long time I have wanted to come see the Blessed One, lord, but being involved in one business affair after another, I have not been able to do so."

Then, on realizing the significance of that, the Blessed One on that occasion exclaimed:

How blissful it is, for one who has nothing
 who has mastered the Dhamma,
 is learned.

See how they suffer, those who have something,
 people bound in body
 with people.

—*Ud 11.5*

§ 6.2 "'This Dhamma is for one who is reclusive, not for one who is entangled.' Thus was it said. With reference to what was it said? There is the case where a monk, when living in seclusion, is visited by monks, nuns, lay men, lay women, kings, royal ministers, sectarians & their disciples. With his mind bent on seclusion, tending toward seclusion, inclined

toward seclusion, aiming at seclusion, relishing renunciation, he converses with them only as much is necessary for them to take their leave. 'This Dhamma is for one who is reclusive, not for one in entanglement.' Thus was it said. And with reference to this was it said.

—AN VIII.30

§ 6.3 Now at that time a large number of monks, after the meal, on returning from their alms round, had gathered at the meeting hall and were engaged in many kinds of bestial topics of conversation: conversation about kings, robbers, & ministers of state; armies, alarms, & battles; food & drink; clothing, furniture, garlands, & scents; relatives; vehicles; villages, town, cities, the countryside; women & heroes; the gossip of the street & the well; talks of the dead; tales of diversity, the creation of the world & of the sea; talk of whether things exist or not.

Then the Blessed One, emerging from his seclusion in the late afternoon, went to the meeting hall and, on arrival, sat down on a seat made ready. As he sat down there, he addressed the monks: "For what topic of conversation are you gathered together here? In the midst of what topic of conversation have you been interrupted?"

"Just now, lord, after the meal, on returning from our alms round, we gathered at the meeting hall and got engaged in many kinds of bestial topics of conversation: conversation about kings, robbers, & ministers of state ... tales of diversity, the creation of the world & of the sea; talk of whether things exist or not."

"It isn't right, monks, that sons of good families, on having gone forth out of faith from home to the homeless life, should get engaged in such topics of conversation, i.e., conversation about kings, robbers, & ministers of state ... talk of whether things exist or not.

“There are these ten topics of [proper] conversation. Which ten? Talk on having few wants, on contentment, on seclusion, on non-entanglement, on arousing persistence, on virtue, on concentration, on discernment, on release, and on the knowledge & vision of release. These are the ten topics of conversation. If you were to engage repeatedly in these ten topics of conversation, you would outshine even the sun & moon, so mighty, so powerful—to say nothing of the wanderers of other sects.”

—AN X.69

§ 6.4 *MahaKassapa*:

One shouldn't go about
surrounded, revered
by a company:

one gets distracted;
concentration
is hard to gain.

Fellowship with many people
is painful.

Seeing this,
one shouldn't approve
of a company.

A sage shouldn't visit families:
one gets distracted;
concentration
is hard to gain.

He's eager & greedy for flavors,
whoever misses the goal
that brings bliss.

They know it's a bog—
 the reverence & veneration
 of families—
 a subtle arrow, hard to extract.
 Offerings are hard for a worthless man
 to let go.

—*Thag XVIII*

§ 6.5 Renouncing violence
 for all living beings,
 harming not even a one,
 you would not wish for offspring,
 so how a companion?
 Wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

For a sociable person
 there are allurements;
 on the heels of allurement, this pain.
 Seeing allurement's drawback,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

One whose mind
 is enmeshed in sympathy
 for friends & companions,
 neglects the true goal.
 Seeing this danger in intimacy,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn....

If you gain a mature companion,
 a fellow traveler, right-living & wise,
 overcoming all dangers
 go with him, gratified,
 mindful.

If you don't gain a mature companion,
 a fellow traveler, right-living & wise,
 go alone
 like a king renouncing his kingdom,
 like the elephant in the Matanga wilds,
 his herd.

We praise companionship
 —yes!
 Those on a par, or better,
 should be chosen as friends.
 If they're not to be found,
 living faultlessly,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

Seeing radiant bracelets of gold,
 well-made by a smith,
 clinking, clashing,
 two on an arm,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn,

[Thinking:]
 "In the same way,
 if I were to live with another,
 there would be careless talk or abusive."
 Seeing this future danger,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

Because sensual pleasures,
 elegant, honeyed, & charming,
 bewitch the mind with their manifold forms—
 seeing this drawback in sensual strands—
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

"Calamity, tumor, misfortune,

disease, an arrow, a danger for me."
 Seeing this danger in sensual strands,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn....

Avoid the evil companion
 disregarding the goal,
 intent on the out-of-tune way.
 Don't take as a friend
 someone heedless & hankering.
 Wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

Consort with one who is learned,
 who maintains the Dhamma,
 a great & quick-witted friend.
 Knowing the meanings,
 subdue your perplexity,
 [then] wander alone, a rhinoceros horn....

Unstartled, like a lion at sounds.
 Unsnared, like the wind in a net.
 Unsmear'd, like a lotus in water:
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn....

At the right time consorting
 with the release through good will,
 compassion,
 appreciation,
 equanimity,
 unobstructed by all the world,
 any world,
 wander alone, a rhinoceros horn.

Having let go of passion,
 aversion,
 delusion;