

THE CONTEMPLATIVE MOOD: A CHALLENGE TO MODERNITY

Contemplation is an ambivalent word. Without attempting to say what contemplation is or how it may be defined, one trait emerges as constant: contemplation is something definitive, something which has to do with the very end of life and is not a means to anything else. A contemplative act is done for its own sake. It rests on itself. Contemplation cannot be manipulated in order to gain something else. It is not a stage in this sense. It has no further intentionality. It requires that innocence in which the very will to achieve contemplation becomes an obstacle to it. The contemplative act is one of pure spontaneity, a free act, unconditioned except by its own impulse, *svadhā*, as the Rg Veda would say.¹ The contemplative simply 'sits', simply 'is'.

Socrates eagerly learning a new tune on his flute the night before he was to die; Luther deciding to plant an apple tree in the morning of the day on which the world would come to an end; St. Louis Gonzaga continuing to play during recreation time even if he knew his death would come that very night; the delight of the Zen Master in watching the struggle of an ant in spite of the fact that he's hanging over an abyss, tied by a rope that is soon to be cut. These are examples of the contemplative attitude, whether it is called mindfulness, awareness, enlightenment, concentration or contemplation.

This attitude runs counter to the trend of Modern civilization, be it 'religious' or 'secular,' although I would not use these two terms in this sense, for the secular as well as the religious can be sacred and both can also be profane.

It seems in fact as if there are five great incentives in our society: 1) the Heavens above for the believers, 2) the History ahead for the progressists, 3) the Work to be done for the realists, 4) the Conquest of the Big for the intelligent and 5) the Ambition of Success for everyone. These five incentives are radically questioned by the contemplative mood. For contemplation stresses the *hic*, the *nunc*, the *actus*, the hidden *centrum*, and the inner *pax*; not the elsewhere, the later, the result, the greatness of external actions, or the confirmation of the majority.

The first of these five threats of contemplation challenges traditional

religiousness, which is all too often satisfied with postponing to another world the real values of life.

The second contests the cardinal dogma of a certain secularism which has simply transposed on to a temporal future the ideals of the first mentality.

The third is a praxis directly upsetting the pivotal values of the Modern, mainly pan-economic society.

The fourth appears as an extraneous and unwelcome interference with the inner exigencies of the technological world.

The fifth directly questions the prevalent anthropological idea that human fulfillment entails the victory of one over others so that victims are the necessary condition for one's sense of achievement.

1) *The Heavens Above (The Here versus the Elsewhere)*

If you act for the sake of a reward in a heaven, you may get what you desire, but this is not a contemplative act — i.e., a loving act, the whole concern of which is for the thing being done, with no preoccupation with acquiring perfection or attaining reward. When contemplatives eat, they eat; when they pray, they pray, as the Masters remind us. They act *sunder warumbe*, “without a why”, as Eckhart would say.² The contemplative cannot conceive of what is meant by an *after*-life, as if the life now witnessed were not life, the Life, the thing itself. According to most traditions, the contemplative experiences reality, God, heaven, brahman, moksa, nirvāna, satori, realization, the truth, being or nothingness here below, in the very act that is being performed, in the very situation that is being experienced. Contemplative life is already a heavenly status, a final life, as the mystics say. And if this is not the case, if there still remains something to desire, you have not yet reached contemplation.

“Master, three years have I followed you; what have I found?” “Have you lost something?” was the reply of the Hindu guru.³ “Philip, he who sees me has seen the Father,” says the Christian Gospel.⁴ *Nirvana is samsara and samsara is nirvana*,” affirms Mahayana Buddhism.⁵ “And if I have to go to hell it does not matter; heaven is this, it is you, it is here,” sing the Muslim mystics.⁶

A desire for anything, even if it be the desire not to desire, is already the sign that you have not the contemplative spirit, that you have not attained to that “holy indifference” so much stressed by the Ignatian spirituality, which transcends all differences to the point that the contemplative is seen to be “beyond good and evil”, as the Upanishad says.⁷ This last phrase should be correctly understood.⁸ If you do something which you think is wrong, then of course you are not beyond good and evil. One may question that it is possible to go beyond good and evil but, granted this possibility, the concepts of good and evil are no longer adequate to describe an act which has supposedly transcended both. “These two thoughts do not occur (to the realized): I have done evil, I have done

good,” clarifies the same Upanishadic text.⁹ The New Innocence is not something which can be claimed at will.

Contemplatives do not need the Heavens above because to contemplatives everything is sacred: they treat “sacred” things as profane. They eat the forbidden bread, burn holy images, put their feet on the linga and do not keep the detailed precepts of the sabbath. Why? Because they treat all profane things as sacred. “So in heaven as it is on earth” is an ancient prayer.¹⁰ “If you see the Buddha, kill him!” says the Mahayana tradition.¹¹ If you meet the Christ, eat him! could be a Christian *mahāvākya*.

Contemplation is not worried about the morrow, is not concerned about how to reach nirvāṇa or to conquer heaven. This is also why the contemplative does not quarrel about doctrines. The mystic accepts the given doctrines but has no faith in them. Doctrines are crutches or at best channels or glasses, but do not encompass walking, the water or the sight implied in these traditional metaphors. Dogma is hypothesis, not *theoria*. You know that “truth can only be apprehended by itself,” as the Cusanus¹² said, echoing Meister Eckhart; this was repeated by Ramana Maharshi and so many others before and after — by each independently because in each case it is an immediate discovery. Any affirmation which is based on something other than itself cannot be absolutely true. The contemplative knows that “no me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte / el cielo que me tienes prometido” (it does not move me, my God, to love you/the heaven you have promised me), as the Spanish contemplative of the ‘Golden Age’ used to say, struggling to show the positive side of ‘quietism,’ re-enacting what the Gītā and Buddhist texts had said centuries before: you should be neither careless nor careful because you are neither ‘less’ nor ‘full’ but free and thus carefree.¹³ *Svarga kāmo yajeta*, “sacrifice for the sake of going to heaven,” is a great thing, says the Mīmāṃsa, but it is not in this way that you will attain *moksa* (liberation) adds the Vedānta.

Moderns may not believe in a God who rewards and punishes and not care much about a heaven above, but most of their actions are done with an attentive eye on the moods of Mammon who punishes and rewards and who is not above but behind. Contemplatives are impervious to such incentives. They have discovered in their heart that “*makarioi*, happy, are the poor in spirit.”

2) *The History Ahead (The Now versus the Later)*

Secular society has to build the City on Earth. But this takes time. That is to say, if temporality is all there is, the City of Man is always the City of the Future, because the present city is far from being what it should be. Modern life is preparation for *later*, for the time to come. Credit, growth, education, children, savings, insurance, business — all is geared for later, oriented toward the possibilities of a future which will forever remain uncertain. We are always on the go and the quicker the better, in order to gain time. Without planning, strategy, preparation and purpose for the

future, our lives are inconceivable. Temporality haunts modernity; the time factor is the aspect of nature to be overcome. Acceleration is the great discovery of modern science. Individually and collectively, our lives are all bent forward, running toward the goal, the prize, in unrelenting competition, heading toward the 'Great Event.' Soteriology has become eschatology, sacred as well as profane.

The contemplative stops the rush of time in the world. Temporality stops for the contemplative or, rather, it turns toward itself — and thus the tempiternal reality emerges. Contemplation is not interested in the later but in the now. Even when the contemplative is actively engaged in something which concerns the future, the act is performed with such an absorption in the present that the act which follows is truly unpredictable. The contemplative act is creative, a new beginning, not a conclusion. If you are a contemplative, you may find a Samaritan on the way and come late to the meeting, or just remain playing with a trifle which happened to catch your fancy. Ultimately, you have no way to go, no place to reach. All pilgrimage is renounced. Only the tempiternal present counts and is experienced as real. The meaning of your life does not rest only in its final achievement, just as the sense of a symphony is not merely in the finale. Each moment is decisive. Your life will not be unfulfilled even if you do not reach your golden age but meet with an accident along the road. Every day is a life and each day is enough in itself.

Contemplation reveals the fulness of everything that is, in the very fact of its being what it really is. "Man has to be happy because he is" says Ramon Llull at the beginning of his bulky *Book of Contemplation*.¹⁶ Happiness seems to be the contemplative's lot because the true contemplative expects nothing for the morrow. Time has been redeemed, overcome or denied. The Kingdom, nirvāṇa, is already here and now — though not in a Newtonian sense. If you are a realized person, realization has brought you nothing. Only (before) you did not know it. You were already there, or rather, you were already *that*. The costly perfume could have been sold and the money given to the poor, but the lover was justified because she performed "a beautiful act" with pure spontaneity, as Jesus implied when he defended her.¹⁷ Rejoice with me, sings the blind Baul singer: "I cannot see darkness." Nor can we see the light — only the illumined world.

A dangerous and risky doctrine indeed. Contemplatives are 'above' or 'outside' society, as so many texts affirm, but they can lose their bearings. They can also be abused by people who take advantage of that indifference and unconcern, for exploitation and injustice. In the end, however, their "perfect joy" seems to be untarnished by any event, as the Franciscan tradition describes.

Today's men and women are always in a hurry to get to the 'next thing,' whereas for the contemplative there is no fundamental difference between a heaven above or a history ahead. They are both postponements: you 'ingress' into heaven or 'progress' into history. Whether it be indi-

vidualistic capitalism or State capitalism, the traditional belief in heaven or the Marxist belief in history, the difference between a profit which is above and one that lies ahead is one of degree and direction only. The attitudes they encourage are distressingly similar. If Marxism in the West is seen as a (Christian) apostasy, in the East it appears as a (Christian) heresy.

The contemplative attitude does not follow such a pattern. When you have to play the secular game, you do it honestly but without worshipping the rules. Each moment is full in itself and at most begets the next: “Caminante no hay camino, se hace camino al andar” (“Wayfarer there is no way, the way is made in the going”), sings Antonio Machado.¹⁸ Each moment contains the whole universe. Continuity is not a solid thing, not a substance: *anātmavāda*. There is no sense of frustration if you do not accumulate merits, power, knowledge or money because every moment is a unique gift and complete in itself. *Khano ve mā upaccagā*¹⁰ (“Do not let the instant escape”). It is obvious that this tempiternal *now* that the contemplative experiences is not just the crossing of a hurried past and an accelerated future. It is rather a cross that has in itself all the past because, having died, it has risen, and all the future because, although not yet dawned, it conserves all the luminosity of a hidden sun that can appear in any corner of the horizon.

It is not by escaping from time — even if that were possible — that the contemplative discovers the tempiternal. It is rather by integrating it completely with the vertical dimension which constantly intrudes on the horizontal temporal line. Tempiternity is not the absence but the fulness of time, but this fulness is certainly not just the future.

3) *The Work Duty (The Act versus the Product)*

It looks as if the modern addiction to work is becoming an epidemic for humankind. You have to work because apparently your naked existence has no value; therefore, you must justify your life by its usefulness. You have to be useful by contributing to the welfare of a society that has ceased to be a community. You cannot afford to be an ornament; you have to become an asset. It is not just that you have a role to perform; it is not your *svadharma*²⁰ that is expected of you; it is not that you fit into a more or less dynamic pattern, as in most traditional societies. You are expected to produce, to make something which is not you, something which can be objectified, and through money made available and interchangeable. You have to earn what you consume, in addition to your reputation and privileges, or you will be looked down upon as a worthless parasite. The mendicant is a criminal liable to prosecution. Nothing is gratuitous, comes as a gift, ‘gratuities’ are taxable income! Everything has a price and you must earn enough to pay that price. Works may be of many types, but all are here homogenized in as much as they are all convertible into money. The realm of quantity required by science has become the reign of money for human life.

You are real in as much as you are a worker and a producer. There is no other criterion for the authenticity of your work than its results. You will be judged by the results of your works. Grace is an empty word. Justice is what is needed. Your discipline and asceticism must be channeled into better production and more work. You may relax and even entertain yourself, but only in order that you may be able to work better and produce more. You may be able to choose your type of work, because if you work with pleasure you will produce more and with less attrition. Even cows are given music. "Work is worship." Efficiency is a sacred name and life is subordinated to production. Even food is a military weapon — euphemistically called political.

To be sure, traditional societies are not free from a certain compulsion to work and even work for others. We should not idealize the past or other cultures. But there is something specific in the work-duty of modernity. A capital sin in Christian morality used to be sadness, disgust, *acedia*. Nowadays it has been translated as laziness, idleness. *Otium*, leisure, has become a vice and *negotium*, business, a virtue. In a hierarchical society, once you have reached adulthood, you have your own place, which may give you a sense of fulfillment. In an egalitarian society the highest posts are supposedly open to everyone.

The modern technological world has become so complex and demanding that in order to 'enjoy its blessings' one has to obey its laws. Work becomes an end and this end is not the fulfillment of the human being but the satisfaction of its needs. The assumption that every human being is a bundle of needs whose satisfaction will automatically bring fulfillment and satisfaction is the underlying myth I have called elsewhere the 'American Way of Life,' now collapsing in the country of its origin but spreading all over the world as the necessary condition for a successful technology.

Be all this as it may, the contemplative is at loggerheads with such a discourse. First of all, she has a totally different attitude to work. The primacy will not be given to the work but to working — i.e., to the act itself, so that every work will have to yield its own meaning. If an act is not meaningful in itself, it will simply not be done. Respect for each being and its constitution is characteristic of the contemplative attitude. A plant will be cultivated because the act of cultivating it is meaningful in itself: a collaboration between the human and the vital forces of nature, an enhancement of both nature and culture, an ennobling inherent in the act itself. It is neither the act of a slave nor that of a lord — but that of an artist.

The second intentionality (the *finis operantis* of the Scholastics) or the intention of the agent will be a harmonious prolongation of the very nature of the act. You cultivate the plant not only because it enhances beauty and increases life, but also because you may want to eat it. Eating belongs to the cosmic order which stands for the dynamism, mutual influence, growth and transformation of the whole universe.

Thirdly, your intentionality will tend to coalesce with the very end of the

act itself (*finis operis*) so that your private intentions are reduced practically to nil. The contemplative renounces the very results of the work, performing every kind of activity for the sake of the act itself, and not for what may come of it (*naiskarmya karma*).²¹ If the act is not meaningful in itself it will not be done. If it is already full of meaning, it should not be treated as a mere means to something else. The contemplative does not perform anything in view of obtaining something else. There is place for art because each and every one of the intermediate steps are discovered to be meaningful in themselves, just as the tentative sketch or the torso may be as beautiful and complete in its own way as the finished composition. This does not exclude the consciousness of performing partial acts in view of a whole; but as in a Japanese tea ceremony each act is an organic part of the entire operation. The contemplative eye is the eye attentive to the radiance of each moment, the transparency of the most simple, the message of everyday. There is still place for activity toward the future because the final cause is present from the beginning, and the act itself is the totality of all its different aspects.

The present-day work-obsession, even when it is not geared to productivity and is proudly called creativity, is not able to make each of us a true *homo faber*, a maker, because what you *make* is neither your life nor your own happiness, nor even that of a collectivity. You travail — i.e., you are chained to the *tri-palium*, the instrument of torture — in order somehow to justify your existence in the eyes of others and, alas, for many people today, justify it in their own eyes and in the sight of their God.

The contemplative is not the ascetic who sets to work on herself, on others, and on worthwhile goals. The contemplative enjoys life because life is joy and *brahman ānanda*, and sees a whole garden poised in a single flower. She is able to see the beauty of the wild lillies even if the fields are idle. The contemplative has the power spontaneously to transform a situation by the sheer joy of having discerned the bright spot in the otherwise dark canvas of human transactions.

4) *The Power of the Big (Intimacy versus Exteriority)*

A fundamental praxis in the contemplative life is concentration — i.e., the attempt to reach the center. This center is within; it has no dimensions and is equidistant from all activities. When established in the center, you acquire contentedness, *Gelassenheit*, *sosiego*, *śama*, *aequanimitas*, *sophrosyne* — none of which is to be confused with self-satisfaction. This inner poise is such that it does not draw you to where 'the action is,' lead you to the great city, tempt you with greater and greater success, or entice you with the power of the Big just for the sake of it. A concentrated substance has more density but less volume.

The very way in which words like 'big' and especially 'great' denote quality and goodness betrays the modern temperament in its adulation of empires, corporations and superpowers. When we speak of the 'great

religions' we mean the 'important' ones. The so-called power of the majority is another example. Even though a tiny technocracy can manipulate the masses through the power of technology, the 'majority' dictates and sets the tone. What counts here, what gives value are numbers. If it happens that you are different from 'the rest,' you may easily be threatened or at least feel insecure about yourself. In this situation your center is not within you. You are displaced.

Linguistic imperialism is yet another example of this attitude. Dialects, if not despised outright, are certainly not taken seriously. You have at least to speak a 'world language.' This makes you important. The villagers are simply provincial. Your idioms, if they do not follow the fashion shaped by the mass media, are either unintelligible or considered queer by the majority. Language has always been a creation of the living — speaking — group. The poetry of most languages has its humble birth in the colorful specificity of the spoken dialect. This dialect may be that of Dante becoming accepted by others, or of a Sanskrit text put together by pandits, or a modern academic Western language subtly imposed by so-called scholarly standards. Nowadays it is those who are powerful enough who send their idiosyncratic language into the air, who propagate their particular way of viewing the world, of saying things, before the eyes and ears of millions of spectators. The storytellers and singers of the Indian villages are quickly disappearing. Language has become something that is passively heard or read, a commodity you receive rather than a living way by which you express yourself creatively and also shape the meaning of the words of your partner. We have far more monologues than dialogues. No wonder we find our language deteriorating and the art of conversation becoming elitist, for they are products of those whom we see televised or hear on the radio, or of those who compose the watered-down simplistic prose we are subjected to in our newspapers. The *idiotes* (one who has one's own proper nature) has become an idiot and idiosyncrasy almost an insult.

The very symbol of civilization is the Big City, where the mass media mentality is paramount. The pressure is to move ever higher up the ladder of importance, power and success; you have to be promoted in order to feel real to yourself, gain self-confidence, and inspire confidence in others. Mobility becomes the very sign of your status. Growth has become a quantitative concept. The maximum is the ideal.

The contemplative will not only understand the theoretical need for the decongestion of modern society, but will put it into practice. If I am not able to find the center of reality in my own self — or at least reality concentric with my own center, I will not be able to overcome the schizophrenic feeling of being a displaced person if I do not live in the capital or work in the biggest university, industry, corporation or firm, or earn the highest possible salary. I will be nervous or at least tense until I have reached the top — not the center.

Contemplatives do not play that game. Not because of selfishness or the

kind of hedonism expressed in the Spanish proverb “*ande yo caliente/ riase la gente*,” (may I go warm/ and let people sneer at me). Not because they do not care about efficacy or enjoy what is small more than other things, but because the real meaning of life is seen to be elsewhere. Although many statesmen and secular thinkers like Aldous Huxley and Arnold Toynbee have written about the illusion that politics will change the world, this illusion continues to tempt truly religious people to become *mere* politicians. There is a deeper dimension to life, however, a more profound arena where we can work for true change. Here is where we discover the often neglected monastic dimension of Man.

The contemplative is happy, like a healthy child passionately playing with a toy. Seeing her contentment, some may snatch the toy away, but she will return to her play with another toy, which may in its turn be snatched away from her by the same people who mistakenly believe that joy comes from the toy itself.

We warned earlier, however, that contemplation is a risky thing, for this ‘holy indifference’ can be exploited by others who will eventually overstep the limits of the tolerable. Often a religion fostering contemplation becomes the opium administered not only, for instance, by the British to the Chinese, but also by missionaries, brahmans and priests to the people. In this light, the masters have always spoken of *viveka*, discernment, as an indispensable element in true contemplative life.

5) *The Ambition of Success (Contentment versus Triumph)*

Ambition is a key word for modernity, but an ambivalent one. On the one hand, every human being, or so we are told, wants and needs to achieve something. There is an innate ambition which spurs humans towards perfection in a kind of self-transcendence. We want to unfold all our dormant possibilities, to actualize our potentialities. On the other hand, this urge *to be* is clothed in a very special way, mainly in the West, with the need for success on a societal level. Today’s men and women are frantically concerned with gaining the acceptance of their fellow beings. In a so-called democratic society our power is, among other things, directly proportional to the reputation we hold. We are told we must fashion our own image and then skillfully project it outward to others so that our words and actions will carry weight. Modern Man aspires to be at the center of decision-making. He has to be involved in the concerns of society at all levels because it is society and not an acknowledged *dharma*, right, order, or God which is sovereign and decisive in our lives. We need to triumph. When we look for the dominant motive which drives people on in our society, it is desire for success, for achievement.

Success in a technological society has become an objectified value, easily measurable in terms of financial power or supposed economic freedom. Success in a competitive society is measured by the number of people

(victims) you have left behind. It is not personal contentment but objectified achievement.

To be sure, many traditional religions have often had the same objectified model, so that only victors and heroes reach heaven — the others are annihilated, go to hell, or are condemned to return endlessly to the earth. In such a framework, you can easily fall into the trap of despising earthly ambitions simply because you have projected the same type of desires onto a heavenly realm. Monasteries for both men and women could easily be replenished by people who, realizing they were not likely to succeed in the affairs of this world, were seeking a last chance to succeed by working and toiling for a reward in heaven. A certain anthropomorphic image of God is equally a transfer, if in a somewhat more refined way, of the same attitude. You will do anything to please a personal God, even neglect human recognition, provided you are sure that God is satisfied with you, sees you, and will recompense you in due time.

This attitude should not be confused with that of the motivation of love for the beloved, human or divine, whereby you do everything to please and for the sake of the beloved. He or she or the loving divine person is the very end and driving force of your life, of your every action. The *bhakti* spirituality of all times and places seems to be a human invariant, something which will always attract a certain type of person. But even with the necessary corrections and despite important variations, this approach is that of the contemplative.

Contemplation, of course, is not without love, but there can be love without contemplation. Further, to the contemplative love is not the ultimate motive. Or rather it is the last *motive*, but the motive is not the thing. In the final instance, the contemplative acts without motives. There is no further external or alien motive that could be separated from the action done for its own sake. Jacopone da Todi has expressed this by saying: “la rosa non ha perchène” (the rose has no ‘why’). It is because it is. It is simply there even if, like the lilies of the field, it is only for a short while. Or rather, no while is short, each while is and is unique. Contemplatives burn their own lives every day. Every day exhausts all the eons and universes. Each moment is a ‘new’ creation. The authentic contemplative attitude should not however be confused with any of its pitfalls, such as narcissism, or the purely aesthetic pleasure or self-complacency. “La vertu non è perchène, ca’l perchène è for de tene” (“virtue has no why, for the why is out of place”) says the same Franciscan.²² To contemplatives there is no such thing as above, behind or below; they will never quarrel as to whether there is or is not a ‘God’ in the sense understood by most of the traditional religions.

It is for this reason that contemplatives are startling. You cannot pin them down to anything. There is no predicting what they will do next, what will be their next move. The ‘fools’ of Russia, India and elsewhere, the Platonic madness and the enthusiasm of the shaman, could provide us

with examples of this apparently anarchic phenomenon. They are led by the Spirit. The Spirit is Freedom and is irreducible to the Logos. Yet contemplatives may also learn to act like everybody else, though with another kind of 'motivation.' You will discover a ray of mirth in their actions; often also a seemingly ironic smile. They do not confront you with another power, an anti-power, but somehow render your power powerless by simply not giving a thought to your might.

'Contemplative *studies* will, in the same way, challenge our idea of what it means to 'study,' or rather will recover its original meaning. You cannot teach contemplation or even 'study' it as a subject matter. *Studium* itself may become dedication to contemplation — that thirst for understanding what it is all about for no other motive than to know it — i.e., to practice and become 'it.' *Study*, then, is contemplation itself, an end in itself and not a means to master a certain discipline or to acquire some information on what so-called contemplatives have been talking about.

The concept of 'study' implies something further when applied to contemplation. Contemplative *studium* suggests that the contemplative act is not yet completed and so not yet perfect. It indicates that the act, contemplative in itself, is still in the making. *Studium* implies the effort or rather the tension of the soul which, having in some way reached the goal, is still not fully there and so is stretched, as it were, between our common condition and its (relative) fulness. *Studium* is the way. One single stroke of the brush in Japanese calligraphy may not be the whole sentence or convey the entire meaning. Yet in every single stroke there exists a world in itself and the final cause or the finished sentence is already contained in each of those strokes. This means that the contemplative act is a holistic act and cannot be atomized at will. In the final analysis, contemplative study is not a subject matter of inquiry, an object of investigation. It is much more an attitude, a special approach, or rather the authentic *appropriation*, the real assimilation of the goal (because *ead-propius*: nearer). Because all is near, it treats everything as sacred, as an end in itself and not as a means. It becomes your life — your love; *amor meus pondus meum*!²³

NOTES

¹Rg Veda X, 129, 2

²cf v g Predigt 26 (*Deutsche Werke* II, 26-27), Predigt 41 (DW II, 249) and passim as given in the critical edition, Quint (ed) (Stuttgart, Kohlhammer)

³Ramana Maharshi

⁴IO XIV, 9

⁵*Madhyamika-Karika* XXV, 19

⁶Rab'i'a and also Bistami

⁷TV II, 9

⁸Cf v g *Bhagavat Gita* II, 50

⁹TV II, 9 cf also BV IV, 3, 22, Matt V VI, 18, etc

¹⁰Cf Matthew VI, 10

¹¹Cf *Taisho* 45, 500 (The saying is attributed to Nagarjuna)

¹²*De Deo abscondito*, 3

¹³The Spanish text anonymous for fear of the Inquisition. It has been attributed to St Teresa among others. Cf *Bhagavad Gita* III, 4, IV, 20, XVIII, 49, *Dīgha nīkaya* III, 275, etc

¹⁴Ritual phrase of the *Brahmanas*

¹⁵Matthew V, 3

¹⁶*Libre de contemplació* I, 2 “molt se deu alegrar l'home per ço com es en esser.” The first chapter, of course, deals with the human joy that God is, and the third because the neighbor is “Philosophus semper et laetus” (the philosopher is always happy) has he added in his *Libre Proverbiorum* (*editio moguntina* VI, int. V, p. 122). He begins his *Libre dels mil proverbis* with a proverb on joy “Haja's u alegre, per ço car Deus es tot bo e complit” (Be happy for this, that God is good and perfect.)

¹⁷Matthew, XXVI, 10

¹⁸*Proverbios y Cantares* V

¹⁹*Dhammapada*, 315

²⁰Cf *Bhagavad Gita* II, 31

²¹Cf *Bhagavad Gita* III, 4, IV 20, XVIII, 49

²²*Laudi LX*. Cf also A. Silerius, *Der cherubimische Wandersmann*, I, 289 “Die Ros ist ohn warum, sie bluhet, weil sie bluhet.”

²³Augustine, *Confessions*, XIII, 9

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