

The Offensive Smell of Selfishness

Extract from the Corrections

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To enjoy, to experience – this is something that even the true jnani has left behind a long time ago. But his atma has fallen for the stiff radiance of the attributeless Brahman and become petrified, motionless.

The atma of the bhakta has entirely become service. He is exceedingly alive and swift in serving, because in God's realm the lila-situation changes at every moment, and the lila is most intensive in the realm of God that constitutes the fullness of delightful exhilaration, because here God Himself, owing to the fullness of Divine sweetness, which He is, puts Himself into situations that make His bhaktas worry terribly for His sake and demand extremely attentive service – day and night. Wave after wave rushes forward – the 33 waves in the general rasa, i.e. reactions to the different situations of the lila.

The bhakta does not let himself be caught by these waves, as you say, but the bhakta's heart is identical with this wave of serving; he is rasa, actual service, through and through – but he is not the Embodiment of all the infinite rasas and their waves, as Krishna Himself is.

Service and atma are no longer separated, as they were in the beginning when the power of Divine Grace in the form of the will to serve first touched the atma; the power of service has now fully absorbed the atma into its essence, as the fire does with the iron. And so much more in the case of those whose atma is not only a tiny spark of the Paramatma's oscillating power, those whose atma, body, mind, etc., consist of prema, cit-shakti's power of serving Love.

It is an act of treachery to the Bhagavatam when you present something which resembles an idyll to your readers. You will never be able to understand what I tell you as long as you want to make something an object of your enjoyment, even if you want to excuse yourself to yourself by regarding this as holy joy.

As soon as you feel, 'I take delight and still I do not serve at all; yes, I do not listen and read with any other intention than forever wishing to fully and concretely serve', you know you

have gone astray, into Maya's stinking attitude of exploitation, and since God and the Bhagavatam never yield to exploitation, you experience something which you imagine to be God and the Bhagavatam.

I am sorry, but there is no corner here where one could hide and cultivate one's selfish mystic-lyrical emotions, simmering with blessedness. Animalistic people would call this a 'system' and dismiss it; they probably have to, since there is nothing left, not the least, that could please man as such. It is about the very life of the human 'I', rooted in enjoyment and therefore Maya, and there is no comfort, no compensation in the form of a higher world of blessedness and pension for the 'eternal' in man, no eternal peace.

The hypocrite's eternal peace has the offensive smell of selfishness. The bhakta's only peace is his awareness that he can serve GOD eternally, in ever-increasing intensity, that he is no longer a slave under his selfishness, his wretched 'I' or his atma, the infinitesimal spark of sat-cit-ananda.

Svami Sadananda Dasa, Corrections