

AWARENESS

*Awareness — Awareness Without
the Interference of Thought*

Dr Venkata Rao Potluru

Introduction

We stand at a turning point in human history.

Everywhere one looks—whether in personal relationship or in the world at large—there is conflict, division, confusion, and increasing violence.

This unrest is not the result of political mismanagement or economic failure alone; it is the outward projection of the inner disorder of the human mind.

It is high time, sir, that life itself understands the place of thought and the structure of the “me” born from thought.

For without this understanding, humanity will continue along the path of conflict, fragmentation, and perhaps even self-annihilation.

Thought has its right place.

It is essential in the field of knowledge, in technology, in the everyday functioning of life.

But thought has no place in the realm of relationship, in the understanding of fear, in the perception of beauty, or in the flowering of compassion.

Yet we have given thought absolute authority over the whole of our existence.

We use it to shape our identities, to build our beliefs, to cling to our nationalities, to defend our religions, to interpret love, to protect our wounds, and to justify our fears.

The “me” with all its anxieties, ambitions, sorrows, and hopes is nothing but the movement of thought seeking security in its own projections.

When thought—which is mechanical, conditioned, and rooted in memory—tries to guide life, it inevitably creates

contradiction. And contradiction is the ground from which conflict is born.

This book returns to this question again and again. Some readers may notice the repetition—not as insistence, but as an invitation to look more deeply. For in matters of the mind, one glimpse is not enough. Truth is never grasped through a single statement; it is approached through repeated, quiet observation.

This book begins with the recognition that there is an urgent need for a fundamental transformation of human awareness. Not a slow evolutionary change over centuries, not an improvement in the outer structures of society, but a radical inward mutation in the very way we see ourselves and the world.

For the real danger is not external. It is not merely in governments, systems, institutions, or nations. It is within us—within the unexamined movement of thought that divides and isolates, that blinds the mind to the wholeness of life, that perpetuates the illusion of the separate self. Unless this illusion is understood deeply and directly, humanity will continue to live in conflict while speaking of peace, continue to seek unity while sowing division, continue to long for love while living in fear.

The “me” cannot be dissolved through discipline, through method, through effort, or through spiritual ambition. Any attempt to overcome the self is still the self-operating—still the same centre acting under a new disguise. The thinker is thought; the seeker is the search.

And any movement of becoming merely strengthens the very thing it tries to transcend.

So, the question is not how to transform the self,
but whether the self can end effortlessly—
through direct observation.

This is the central insight on which the teachings in this book rest.

To observe thought as it arises—
without resistance, without judgment, without the desire to
change or control—
is to see the whole movement of the self.
And when the movement is seen in its totality,
it loses its momentum.

Seeing is the ending.

Not gradually, not through practice, not through time,
but instantly—like a flame that goes out when there is no
fuel.

When the self ends, even for a moment,
the mind becomes extraordinarily quiet.
Not the quietness manufactured by discipline or concentrated
effort,
but a natural stillness that arises when thought realizes its
own limitation.
In that stillness, there is clarity—
a clarity untouched by fear or desire.

From this quietness, compassion flows.

Not the sentiment or the emotional tenderness that thought can cultivate, but a compassion that has no centre, no direction, no motive. It is the fragrance of a mind in which the self is not.

Such compassion is the sacred. It is not an idea, not an image, not a belief. It is a living presence— a brightness, a depth, a tenderness— that permeates all existence when the mind is free of its own shadow.

This book is an invitation to explore this transformation. Not through belief, not through imitation, not through the authority of a teacher, but through your own direct seeing. If we can understand the movement of thought as it actually is— if we can watch the birth of the “me” from moment to moment— then perhaps there can be a radical revolution in awareness.

Such a revolution is not merely beneficial. It is essential. For only in the ending of the self is there the beginning of a different kind of life— a life free of conflict, free of fear, free of division, rooted in clarity and compassion.

This is the urgency of our time. And this is the essence of the journey we undertake in this book: to discover whether awareness— free of the interference of thought— can transform not only the individual mind, but humanity itself.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru
Consultant Surgeon and Author of ‘The Timeless Awareness’

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*“You are the universe
becoming aware of itself—
until thought narrows the vastness
into the small word ‘me’.”*

*“The stars are silent,
yet in their silence
is the truth of all things.
A quiet mind hears it.”*

*“Where thought ends,
space begins—
and in that space
the infinite whispers.”*

*“Awareness is older than the stars,
yet it waits for you
in the stillness of this moment.”*

Beyond the ‘Me’ Lies Life

Without the ‘Me,’ Life Is the Cosmos

When the “me” is not,
when the centre with all its demands, fears, ambitions,
hurts, and memories is utterly quiet,
life reveals a completely different dimension.

The “me” is the distortion.
It is the screen through which we look at the world,
and because the screen is cracked, conditioned, limited,
everything we see is fragmented.

Where the “me” is,
there is conflict.
There is fear, comparison, loneliness, pursuit, sorrow.
The “me” lives in time—what has been and what must be—
and therefore, it can never meet life as it is.

But when the “me” ends—
not through effort, not through discipline,
not through belief or suppression,
but through the simple, clear seeing of its movement—
there comes a silence that is not cultivated,
a stillness that is not imposed.

In that silence
there is choiceless awareness.

Awareness without direction,
without motive,
without the observer looking over its own shoulder.
It is observation without the shadow of thought.

It is perception without the past interfering.

In that state of complete simplicity,
one begins to sense a vastness—
not mystical, not imagined,
but a fact.

One is no longer living in the narrow stream of personal
struggle.

One is part of something immeasurable.

You can call it the cosmos.
You can call it truth.
You can call it God.
Or you can call it nothing at all—
for the name has no significance.

What matters is the state of mind
in which the self is not.

Where the self is not,
compassion flowers naturally.

Compassion is not sentiment,
not charitable action,
not the product of thought.
It is the natural fragrance of a mind
that is not centred in itself.

Such a mind acts without conflict,
loves without demand,
sees without distortion.

In that intelligence,
there is no division—