

Samyutta Nikāya

The Linked Basket

Part I

Translated from the Pāli

by

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Namo tassa arahato sammā sambuddhassa

In the name of The Aristocrat, Consummately Self-Awakened

For my Mother and Father,
in gratitude for giving me this life.

To the Bhikkhus Sāriputta, Mahā Moggallān, Mahā Kassapa and Ānanda,
and all those unnamed Bhikkhus
that carried the *Dhamma* in mind before it was written down
and those who wrote it down.

To my book-learn'n teachers
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Ven. Mew Fung Chen,
Ven. M. Puṇṇaji

And to all those others,
too numerous to mention
that added to my understanding in small and large ways,
but among them especially must be mentioned
that of Carlos Castaneda.

Buddha Dust

**Bits and scraps, crumbs, fine
Particles that drift down to
Walkers of The Walk.
Then: Thanks for that, Far-Seer!
Great 'Getter-of-the-Get'n!**

Book 1

I Hear Tell:

**Once upon a time, The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Sāvatti-town revisiting,
Anāthapiṇḍika's JetaWoods Park.**

**There, towards the end of night,
a divinity of surpassing radiance,
illuminating the while
the whole of JetaWoods Park
with his surpassing radiance,
approached The Consummately Self-Awakened.**

**Having approached The Consummately Self-Awakened
he stood to one side.**

**Standing to one side
that deity said this to The Consummately Self-Awakened:**

**"How is it then Eminence,
that you crossed the flood?"**

**"Without stands, friend,
without pushes,
I have crossed the flood."**

**"How is it then, Eminence,
that without stands,
without pushes,
you have crossed the flood?"**

**"Whenever I took a stand, friend,
I slipped;
Whenever I pushed, friend,
I was pushed around.**

**This is how, friend,
without stands,
without pushes,
I have crossed the flood."**

"Finally!

**At long last we see
a brahman thoroughly extinguished —**

without stands,
without pushes
crossed the cloying world."

And the teacher approved of
what that divinity said.

Then that divinity, thinking:

"The teacher approves,"

saluted,
keeping The Consummately Self-Awakened to the right, and
exited on the spot.

SN 1.01.001

One time,
sitting by The Consummately Self-Awakened,
King Pasenadi, the Kosalan, said to him:

"Here, Bhante,
this was the subject of thought
that perchanced to rise to mind
when I had retired to
the solitude of my chambers:

'By whom now
is the self lovèd?
by whom
is the self not loved?'

Then this, Bhante,
perchanced to come to me:

'He who would go about
inflicting pain
with body,
go about
inflicting pain
with the voice,
go about
inflicting pain
with the mind,
their's is not
a loved self.

However much they speak thus:

**"Love for self,
surely,
is there
in this!"**

there is no love for self in that.

How come?

**Because what no friend would do
to no friend of his,
he himself does
to himself,
such is such as
no self that is loved.**

**He who would go about
giving pleasure
with body,
go about
giving pleasure
with the voice,
go about
giving pleasure
with the mind,
their's is a self
that is loved.**

However much they speak thus:

**"No love of self,
surely,
is there
in this!"**

there is love for self in that.

How come?

**Because what a friend would do
for a friend of his,
he himself does
for himself,
such is such as
a self that is loved."**

"Even so Great King!

Even so Great King!

**He, Great King,
who would go about
inflicting pain
with body,
go about
inflicting pain
with the voice,
go about
inflicting pain
with the mind,
their's is not
a loved self.**

However much they speak thus:

**'Love for self,
surely,
is there
in this!'**

there is no love for self in that.

How come?

**Because what no friend would do
to no friend of his,
he himself does
to himself,
such is such as
no self that is loved.**

**He, Great King, who would go about
giving pleasure
with body,
go about
giving pleasure
with the voice,
go about
giving pleasure
with the mind,
their's is a self
that is loved.**

However much they speak thus:

**'No love of self,
surely,
is there in this!'**

there is love for self in that.

How come?

**Because what a friend would do
for a friend of his,
he himself does
for himself,
such is such as
a self that's loved.'**

**Who as friend would know the self,
do not to evil ways be bound,
for not sweet is found to be the gain,
where pleasure's found in giving pain.**

**At end-making's taking down,
from what is of man now stripped away,
what then has one to call one's own?
what in that going stands one stead?**

**What has one got that follows one
inseparable as shadow in the sun?**

**Both evil deed and deed well done
as mortal man worked here —
That then has one to call one's own;
that in that going stands one stead.**

**That has one got that follows one
inseparable as shadow in the sun.**

**Therefore here in straight ways act
and so lay up for time beyond
rewards to be in future worlds found
taking hold and firmly standing ground.**

SN 1.03.004

There the King,

the Kosalan Pasenadi,
came to call, and
after the exchange of friendly greetings,
polite talk and
common courtesies,
he sat down
at a respectful distance,
on a lower seat,
to one side.

There he spoke to
The Great Teacher,
saying:

"Is there any one thing,
Great Teacher,
that will gain
one's getting of attainment
both in the here and now and
in the hereafter?"

"Yes Great King,
there is such a one thing."

"But what is that one thing,
Great Teacher?"

"*'Appamāda'*,
Great King,
not being careless, is that one thing
that will gain
one's getting of attainment
both in the here and now and
in the hereafter.

In the same way,
Great King,
as all the tracks of
breathing things
that walk
are encompassed by
the track of the elephant, and
of tracks,
on account of its size,
the elephant's is reckoned number one,

**in the same way,
Great King,
this one thing
on account of its scope,
gains one's getting of attainment
both in the here and now and
in the hereafter."**

SN 1.03.17

**Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Uruvelā land,
on the banks of the Nerañjarā,
at the root of the Goatherd's Banyon,
revisiting,
first thing after his
all-around-self-awakening**

**There,
alone in solitary reflection
this thought
came to mind:**

**"Free at last from
that grinding,
pain-racked
body!**

Thank goodness!

**Free at last from
that worthless,
good-for-nothing,
grinding,
pain-racked
body!**

Thank Goodness!

**Taking a stand,
conscious,
awake,
I have got
the highest
high-getting."**

**Then Māra,
The Evil One,
knowing with his mind
this thought of
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
drew close.**

**Drawing close to
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
*'e wispaas:***

**"Penitential works he gives him up
What purifies the son of man.
Impure, 'I'm purified' he thinks
And thereby gives him up his way to purity!"**

**But The Consummately Self-Awakened
heard;
and responded:**

**"Know I well that
good-for nothing penitence,
at death-defeating aimed,
all-for-naught is made to be,
as oar and rudder on dry land
and not the sea.**

**Give me ethics,
get'n high and wise
The Way to Waking up
I'll place before your eyes
Purified
the way to purity I've gained
Get thee gone
thy thing of ends
I've had my fill of
making thee amends."**

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1.4.1

**At this point in time
The Consummately Self-Awakened
had come to be sitting down
in the open air
in the deep darkness of the night and
rain was coming down from
the heavens
one drop after another.**

**Then Māra,
Death,
The Evil One,
whoishta scare The Consummately Self-Awakened stiff
make'es hair stan on en, hèhèhè,
trickṭ he's self up
in the shape of
a huge bull elephant and
drew close —**

**Head like
a huge block of stone
tusks a-gleam'n silver
trunk like a plow pole.**

But The Consummately Self-Awakened saw:

**"This is Māra,
Death,
The Evil One", and
he pronounced this canto:**

**"Long, long the time of
lengthy rounds
Now beautiful
now vile
the shape
Get thee gone
thy thing of ends
That bag of tricks
is no man's friend.**

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot**

SN 1.4.2

**At this point in time
The Consummately Self-Awakened
had come to be sitting down
in the open air
in the deep darkness of the night and
rain was coming down from
the heavens
one drop after another.**

**Then Māra,
Death,
The Evil One,
who wished to scare The Consummately Self-Awakened stiff,
cause his hair to stand on end,
drew close.**

**Drawing close
he projected forth
various luminous shapes,
now beautiful,
now vile.**

But The Consummately Self-Awakened saw:

**"This is Māra,
Death,
The Evil One", and
he pronounced this canto:**

**"Long, long the time of
lengthy rounds
Now beautiful
now vile
the shape**

**Get thee gone
thy thing of ends
That bag of tricks
is no man's friend.**

**Who in body,
speech and
mind
restrained
By shimmering lights
will not be sway'd
Nor Māra's
spell-bound vassel
made to be.**

**And Māra,
The Evil One thought:
"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."
And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1.4.3

**Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Baranasi revisiting,
Isipatana,
Deer Park.**

**There then The Consummately Self-Awakened
addressed the beggars:**

"Beggars!"

"Bhadante!" The beggars responded.

**The Consummately Self-Awakened
said this to them:**

"Beggars!"

**It is through
tracking things back to
their point of origin,
studious examination of
starting points,**

tracking down starting points
through consummate exertion,
that I have attained
unsurpassed freedom,
that unsurpassed freedom
has been seen
with my own eyes.

And you, too, beggars,
by tracking things back to
their point of origin,
studious examination of
starting points,
tracking down starting points
through consummate exertion,
attain
unsurpassed freedom,
see unsurpassed freedom
with your own eyes!

There then Māra,
The Evil One,
came near The Consummately Self-Awakened and
having come near,
uttered this canto:

"Art bound by Māra's snare?
For gods and men
By Māra's bonds are bound —
Not from me, shaman, are thee free."

There then,
Māra,
The Evil One,
having thus spoken to him,
The Consummately Self-Awakened responded
with this canto:

"Freed am I from Māra's snares
For gods and men.
From great bonds I am free.
Get thee gone thy thing of ends!"

And Māra,
The Evil One

thought:

"I am found out!

The Well-gone recognizes me."

And pained and depressed

he vanished on the spot.

SN 1.4.4

There then

The Consummately Self-Awakened

addressed the beggars:

"Beggars!"

"Bhadante!" The beggars responded.

The Consummately Self-Awakened

said this to them:

"Freed am I, beggars,

from all snares

whether heavenly or

human.

You, too, beggars, are

free from all snares

whether heavenly or

human.

Carry on, beggars,

journey on for

the benefit of the many, for

the happiness of the many,

led by compassion for

the world, for

the benefit and

happiness of

gods and men.

Not by one way

be-go'n two!

Teach, beggars,

Dhamma,

helpful in the beginning,

helpful in the middle,

helpful at the conclusion,

with spirit and
with letter
wholy-synchronized —
let the utterly pure
best of lives
shine-forth.

There are beings
born with little fog
thoroughly lost
not hearing *Dhamma* —
they will become
Dhamma knowers.

And I, beggars,
will go to Uruvelā,
Senānigama-town,
and there teach *Dhamma*.

There then Māra,
The Evil One,
came near The Consummately Self-Awakened and
having come near,
uttered this canto:

"Art by great snares bound?
For gods and men
Are by great bonds bound —
Not from me, shaman, are thee free."

"Freed am I from every snare
Set for gods and men.
From great bonds I am free.
Get thee gone thy thing of ends!"

And Māra,
The Evil One thought:
"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."
And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.

SN 1.4.5

Once upon a time,

**The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Rājagaha revisiting,
Bamboo Forest,
squirrel's offering place.**

**At this point in time
he had come to be sitting down
in the open air
in the deep darkness of the night and
rain was coming down from
the heavens
one drop after another.**

**Then Māra,
Death,
The Evil One,
who wished to scare The Consummately Self-Awakened stiff
make his hair stand on end,
tricked himself up
in the shape
of a King Cobra and
drew near.**

**Like a great single-hulled boat,
such was his body;
like a brewer's basket,
was his hood;
like metal bowls,
became his eyes;
like the forked-lightning
shooting forth
in a thunder storm,
was his tongue
as it shot forth
from his mouth;
like the sound
made by a smith's bellows,
was the sound of
his breathing
in and out.**

**But The Consummately Self-Awakened saw:
"This is Māra,**

Death,
The Evil One", and
he pronounced this canto:

"Who to empty hut
resorts for bed,
— a sage's skillful course —
Letting go of goings-on
and such,
Such
such-like
such as he
indeed befits.

Many the very fearful
things that roam,
Many the creeping things,
many too
the flies,
But not for such
as such as that
stirs he a hair —
That great
empty-hut-gone sage.

The thunder cloud bursts,
the earth quakes,
All that breath
fear
The arrow
aimed at breast,
But not by such
is going on
by Buddha's made."

And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:

"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."
And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.

**There then,
towards dawn,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
having spent much of the night
pacing back-and-forth
in the open air,
washed his feet,
entered his residence,
arranged himself lion-like
on his right side,
foot-on-foot,
recollected,
self-aware,
formed in mind
the perception of getting up.**

**There then Māra,
the evil one,
drew near The Consummately Self-Awakened.**

**Having drawn near,
he addressed The Consummately Self-Awakened
with this canto:**

**"What's this?
You sleep?
What's this?
You sleep *now*?
What's this here?
Like a hypocrite,
you sleep?
Thinking
'The house is empty!'
you sleep?
What is this here?
Though sun is up
you sleep?"**

**"Whatever nets
to which it clings,
Thirst is no guide
to anything.**

**All upholdings done,
The Wakened,
Sleeps.
What,
Māra,
is that to you?"**

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1.4.7

**Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Sāvatti-town revisiting,
Anāthapiṇḍika's Jeta Forest Grove.**

**There then Māra,
The Evil One,
came near The Consummately Self-Awakened and
having come near,
uttered this canto:**

**"Delights the one with sons,
in sons,
So too the cowherd
in his cows delights.
Acquisitions are
the delight of men
No delight
in non-acquiring
do they take."**

**"Grieves the one with sons
because of sons,
So too the cowherd
because of his cows
does grieve
Acquisitions are**

**the grief of men
Not from non-acquiring
do they grief take."**

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1,4.8

**Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Rājagaha revisiting,
Bamboo Forest,
squirrel's offering.**

**There The Consummately Self-Awakened
addressed the beggars:**

"Beggars!"

"Bhadante!" the beggars responded.

**The Consummately Self-Awakened
said this to them:**

**"Few here, beggars,
the years of man,
a passing on
to what's to come.
Do the skilled,
it's to be done!
Make the best of life!
Not for the born
is there not dying.
Who has long life, beggars,
lives a hundred rains or
but a little longer."**

**There then,
Māra,
the evil one,**

drew near The Consummately Self-Awakened.

**Having drawn near,
he repeated this canto:**

**"Long, long,
the years of man —
Good men scorn not such,
But drink
the milk of life!
There's no such thing
as death's on-coming!"**

**"Few, few,
the years of man —
Such do good men scorn,
Forging on
as tho head ablaze!
There's no such thing
as death's non-coming."**

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1.4.9

**There then
The Consummately Self-Awakened
addressed the Bhikkhus:**

"Beggars!"

"Venerable!"

**the beggars there responded to
The Consummately Self-Awakened.**

**The Consummately Self-Awakened
said this to them:**

**"Few here, beggars,
the years of man,
a passing on**

to what's to come,
do the skilled,
its to be done!
Make the best of life!
Not for the born
is there not dying.
Who has long life, beggars,
lives a hundred rains
or but a little longer."

There then,
Māra,
the evil one,
drew near The Consummately Self-Awakened.

Having drawn near,
he repeated this canto:

"No end is there of
nights and days,
No life comes to an end,
The years encircle mortal man,
As rim around
a carriage wheel."

"An end is there of
nights and days,
Life comes to an end,
The years pass passed mortal man,
As water from
a rivulet."

And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:

"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."

And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.

SN 1.4.10

Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,

**Rājagaha revisiting,
Mount Vulture Head.**

**At this point in time
he had come to be sitting down
in the open air
in the deep darkness of the night
and
rain was coming down
from the heavens
one drop after another.**

**There then Māra,
The Evil One,
who wished to scare The
Consummately Self-Awakened stiff,
cause his hair to stand on end,
drew close.**

**Having drawn close to
The Consummately Self-Awakened
he cracked large,
large boulders
nearby.**

**There then,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
thinking:**

**"This is Māra,
Death,
The Evil One",
addressed Māra,
The Evil One,
with this canto:**

**"Even if he,
the whole entire
Vultures Head
did shake
Never
the consummately freed Buddha
would he cause
to quake."**



Mount Vulture's Head.

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1.4.11

**Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Sāvatti-town revisiting,
Anāthapiṇḍika's Jeta Forest Grove.**

**There then,
at that time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened
was teaching *Dhamma*
to a great company
gathered round.**

**There then
this thought
occurred to Māra,
The Evil One:**

**"Now here is the Shaman Gotama
teaching *Dhamma*
to a great company
gathered round.**

**How about if I were to draw near and
make them distracted?"**

**Then Māra,
The Evil One,
drew near**

**Having drawn near
The Consummately Self-Awakened
he pronounced this canto:**

**"Why roar you
like lion
Master of his retinue?"**

**Indeed a wrestler's match is this!
Think you victorious now?"**

**"Roars he
as great hero
Master of his retinue
One-that's-got-it
has power-got
To nothing in the world clings."**

**And Māra,
The Evil One
thought:**

**"I am found out!
The Well-gone recognizes me."**

**And pained and depressed
he vanished on the spot.**

SN 1.4.12

**Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Uruvela revisiting,
River Nerañjaraya's edge,
root of the Goatherd's Banyon,
first thing after his Awakening.**

**There then arose
in the heart of
The Consummately Self-Awakened
in the privacy of
solitude,
this line of thought:**

**"This *Dhamma*,
deep,
difficult to see,
difficult to awaken to,
sane,
lofty,
no contorted conjecture,
subtle,
for the experiencing of by the wise,
has come into my possession,**

but dwelling on enjoyment
are these children,
dwelling on pleasure,
dwelling on pleasantries, and
for children
dwelling on pleasure,
dwelling on pleasantries,
difficult to see
is this position,
that is, this
this-conditions-that
rebounding con-founding.

And then
just this position too
is difficult to see:
that is,
the calming of all own-making,
the resolution of
all involvements,
the withering away of
thirst,
dispassion,
extinction,
Nibbāna."

SN 1.6.1

Once upon a time,
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Sāvatti-town revisiting.

There then Tangle Bhāradvāja brāhman
approached The Consummately Self-Awakened and
drew near.

Having drawn near
he exchanged greetings with
The Consummately Self-Awakened.

Having exchanged greetings,
he took a seat to one side.

Seated to one side then,
Tangle Bhāradvāja brāhman

**addressed The Consummately Self-Awakened
in verses:**

**"Tangled within,
tangled-without
a generation entangled in
tangles this!
Of you Gotama
I ask:
who from this
tangle's
untangled?"**

**"On ethics
standing firm
courageous in wisdom,
wise of heart become,
Ardent,
industrious,
he
this tangle
the bhikkhu's
untangled.**

**Those, of
lust,
anger and
blindness
cleansed,
Influence-rid Arahants,
these
this tangle
untangled.**

**Where
name and form -
reaction to
perception of form -
entirely extirpated are
there
this tangle's
cut through."**

This said,

**Tangle Bhāradvāja brāhman
said this to
The Consummately Self-Awakened:**

"Wonderful good Gotama!

Wonderful good Gotama!

**Just as though,
good Gotama,
one were to set upright
the upside-down, or
uncover
the covered, or
to show the way
to one who was lost, or
were to bring a light
into the darkness
so that creatures there
might see:**

'There are forms!'

**In the same way,
the good Gotama
has in many a figure
presented his *Dhamma*.**

**I take myself
to the venerable Gotama
for refuge,**

**I take myself
to the *Dhamma*
for refuge;**

**I take myself
to the *Saṅgha*
for refuge.**

**I would receive
the going forth
in the presence of
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
taking on
full ordination."**

Then Tangle Bhāradvāja brāhman

received the going forth
in the presence of
The Consummately Self-Awakened, and
took on
full ordination.

Then,
not long after his ordination,
Tangle Bhāradvāja brāhman,
living apart,
careful,
ardent,
self-determined,
quickly achieved that aim,
that unsurpassed
best of lives,
for which the sons of clansmen
go forth from home
into homelessness,
experiencing it for himself
in this seen thing.

And he knew
from personal experience
that:

"Left behind is rebirth
lived is the best of lives,
done is duty's doing,
no further it'n-'n-at'n' for me."

And the venerable Bhāradvāja
became another one of the Arahants.

SN 1.7.6

Once upon a time
The Consummately Self-Awakened,
Rājagaha revisiting,
Vulture Head Peak.

There then,
the Yakkha named Sakka
approached The Consummately Self-Awakened and
drew near.

**Having drawn near
he stood to one side.**

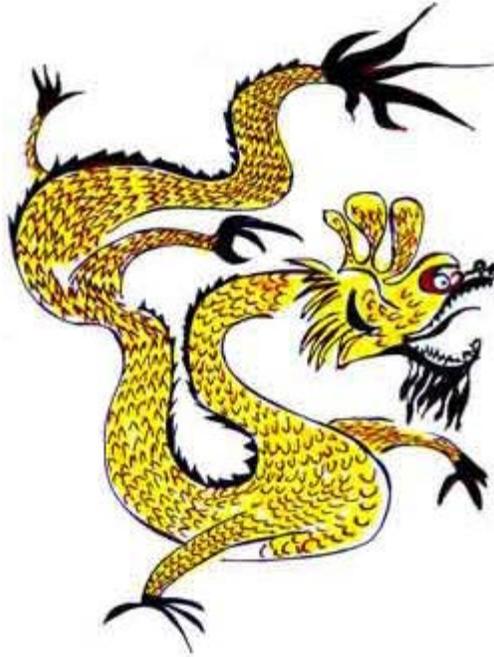
**Standing to one side
he addressed The Consummately Self-Awakened
in verse:**

**"Being fully freed,
All knots unraveled;
This ascetic is remiss
In that he instructs others."**

**"If in whoever, Sakka,
the color of co-habitation is produced,
not there does the wise Aristocrat
direct the mind of compassion.**

**But whoever,
where the mind is clear,
instructs another,
not therefore
is kind compassion bondage."**

SN 1.10.2



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