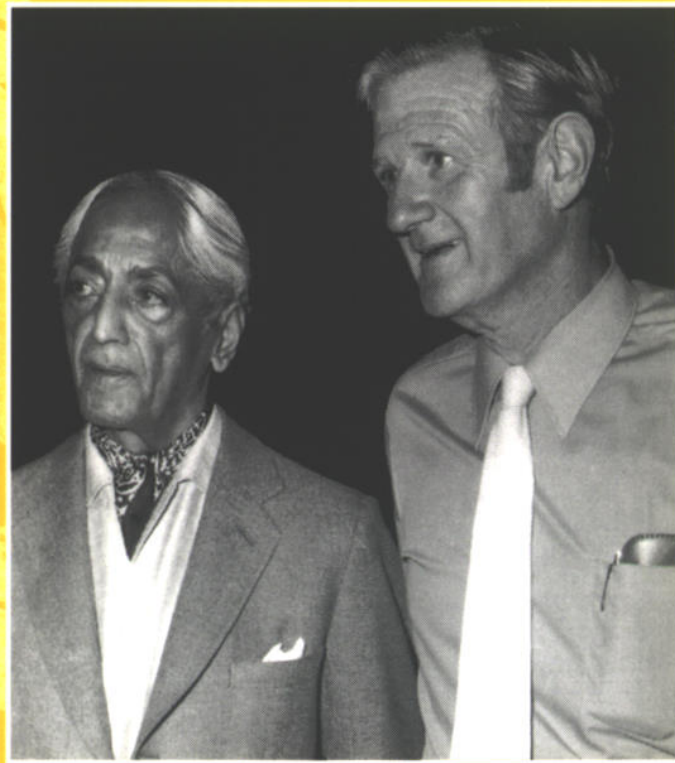


INGRAM SMITH

The
Transparent
Mind

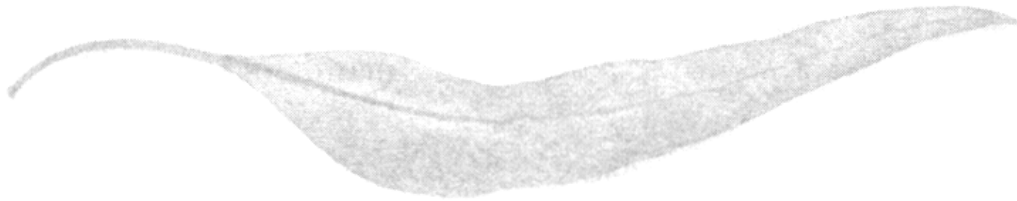


A Journey
with
Krishnamurti

The Transparent Mind: A Journey with Krishnamurti
Copyright © 1999 by Ingram Smith

INGRAM SMITH

The
Transparent
Mind:



a Journey
with Krishnamurti

C O N T E N T S

BY WAY OF OPENING

INTRODUCTION

Part One

A P A R A B L E

A P E R S O N A L N O T E

C O L O M B O , 1 9 4 9 / 1 9 5 0

First Meeting

The Evening Walks

The Colombo Commonwealth Conference

I Am That Man

A Young Dutchman

A Cry of Pain

Intuition

The Exploitable

Jokes

Spellbound

Habit and Desire

B O M B A Y , P A R I S , S E A T T L E , 1 9 5 0

Bombay

Meeting a Beggar

A Discussion in Bombay

A Swift Release

Paris

The Unexpected in Seattle

S Y D N E Y , 1 9 5 5

Beneath the Surface

Odd Experiences

I N D I A N S O J O U R N , 1 9 6 3 / 1 9 7 8

A Crucial Question

Rajghat, 1963

Early Morning Discussions at Rajghat

Drifting down the Ganges

Letters from Rajghat

Sleep

Letters from Rishi Valley

Ends and Means

Function and a Deceptive Shadow

Communication—Please Hear Me!

A Prediction

Sex and the Many Faces of Anger

Duality and Oneness

Thinking/Thoughts

Energy

Brief Euphoria

What Changes?

Spontaneity

Told to Me

An Admonition

What is—is Sacred

Transference?

Male/Female Wholeness

Tracing Sounds Inwardly

An Invitation

S Y D N E Y , 1 9 7 0

Replaying an Old Fantasy

A Breath of Life
The Teacher/Pupil Relationship
Teacher/Pupil

ORGANIZATION

Authority
Why Have an Organization to Perpetuate a Teaching?
Forming an Organization

COLOMBO, 1980

A Sacrilege

AN ENDING

Crisis
Release
A Reprieve
The Brockwood Meeting

A BEGINNING

Consequences
Master and Devotee
Loosening Bonds
Listening. Just Listening
Teacher as Mirror
Psyche/Soul/Self
When the Teacher Dies
Not Knowing

Part Two

REFLECTIONS AND RESONANCES

Speech and the Written Word
The Names: Krishnamurti, Krishna, and Christ
A Void

Listening Experience
Creation/Creativity
Light and Lightness
Consciousness and the Quiet Mind
Viewing Apparent Reality
The Creator and the Created
Religion—Self and Time
The Conglomerate Stream of Knowledge
Learning About Oneself
Love
The Ephemeral and the Eternal
Time and Thought
Duality and Wholeness
Mind/Thought/Self
Man's Presumptuous Brain
Now
The Search for Happiness
Action—What Action?
Problem Solving
Unraveling Thought
Desire
Desire—Its Multiple Forms
Negative Desires
Survival of the Fittest?

SELF — A CHARADE

Behind the Mask
Who Am I?
Another Inquiry into the Entity—Me
The Essence of Being
Need for Change
Going Beyond
A Pathless Land

BY WAY OF OPENING

This book is a new edition of Truth Is a Pathless Land, formerly published by Quest Books.

Part One includes that original text and other experiences, and new insights into pain, sex, awareness, authority, and the teacher/pupil relationship.

Part Two reveals perceptions that have occurred to the author in the fourteen years since Krishnamurti's death in 1986. I am well aware that these miscellaneous collections are often contradictory, repetitive and imprecise: I have deliberately refrained from trying to trim them to give the events a coherence and consistency that would falsify my own actual understanding.

The sojourn with Krishnamurti has gone on evolving, deepening, revealing that Truth is not a continuum but an ever-changing, always present reality, ever creating new meanings. Earlier perceptions have revolutionized, and opened a number of unexpected dimensions.

Awareness of the falseness in one's thinking and behavior reveals the need to stop, look, and listen. Perhaps in the pause, in the stillness, the clarity to see "what is" permits Life to make the needed change.

Given no energy, the false fades. The mind is transparent, a portion of the self is gone, allowing a new freedom and a new reality, a wholeness, to come into being.

INTRODUCTION

J. Krishnamurti, 1895–1986, at the outset of his life’s work in 1929, said that his only concern was to set men and women absolutely, unconditionally free. Until his death, he traveled throughout the world speaking to audiences on every continent. In support of his work, five foundations were established to coordinate the activities that grew out of his talks.

In his talks, Krishnamurti asked for a particular kind of participation on the part of the audience. He was not giving a predetermined lecture to which the audience listened with agreement or disagreement; he was not presenting a point of view, doing propaganda for an idea, belief or dogma, or leading the audience to a particular conclusion. Instead, the speaker and listeners were together exploring human problems. This is an art that is learned in the very act of attending to what Krishnamurti is saying. This attention is not an effort of concentration; it comes naturally when one is deeply concerned with the many problems of existence.

It is central to Krishnamurti’s teaching that for us to be truly free, we must first be aware of the psychological conditioning that prevents us from seeing things as they really are. This quality of attention to *what is*—not to what one likes or dislikes, nor to what some authority says is so, but to the actual thing itself—is at the very core of his work. In this attention, the mind stops chattering and is still. There is only *what is*, and in this, there is the quality of love, of beauty, of order.

Krishnamurti was born on May 12, 1895, in a small town in South India east of Madras. As the eighth child of a Brahmin family, and a boy, he was by tradition called Krishnamurti in honor of Shri Krishna, a Hindu divinity born an eighth child. While living at Adyar, the international headquarters of the Theosophical Society, he was discovered by C. W. Leadbeater, an eminent Theosophist. There its president, Annie Besant, along with Leadbeater, trained him for his future role as a Teacher known throughout the world. In 1911, the almost sixteen-year-old Krishnamurti, with his younger brother, was brought to England, where he was privately educated. He began to speak along lines that broke with all tradition in 1929, when he repudiated all connections with organized religions and ideology. From then on, Krishnamurti traveled the world, writing, speaking, and discussing.

Except for the years of the second World War spent in Ojai, California, Krishnamurti never stayed anywhere for more than a few months and did not consider that he belonged to any country, nationality or culture. He accepted no fees for his talks nor royalties on his books and recordings.

Many years ago he said, “*So, if you want to spread these teachings, live them, and by your life you will be spreading them, you will be communicating them, which is more true and significant than verbal repetition, for repetition is imitation and imitation is not creativeness. You as an individual must awake to*

your own conditioning and thereby free yourself and hence give love to another.”¹

Part One

The
Transparent
Mind



A P A R A B L E

A man who lived in a small village found his hands were manacled. How he came to be handcuffed is of no importance. It may have been a policeman, his wife, the mores of society, his religion or his education; more likely he had unwittingly locked the bracelets on himself. What is important is that he suddenly realized he could not use his hands freely, that he was constricted.

For some time he wrestled with the cuffs and their interlocking chain, hoping to break free. He tried to force the encircling steel rings over his hands. He merely tore the skin, lacerated the flesh. Defeated and anxious, he went out into the streets seeking someone who could release him. Though most offered advice and a few actually tried to free his hands, their efforts always resulted in further bruising, aggravating the pain, the disappointment and distress. Soon his wrists became so sore he was afraid to ask for help... yet he knew he could not tolerate the constant hurt—and the bondage.

Desperate, he wandered the streets until, while passing a noisy blacksmith's forge, he noticed the smithy beating a bar of red-hot iron into shape. He paused by the door watching. Maybe this man could...

When the smithy finished the job, he looked up, and seeing the manacles said, "Come in, my friend. I can free you." And at his instruction, the distressed man placed a hand on either side of the anvil, exposing the chain.

One blow and the chain snapped, two more blows and the manacles fell apart. His hands were released, and he was free to walk out into the sun and the open sky, free to do all those things he wanted to do.

It may seem strange that he decided to stay in the blacksmith's forge, in the grime and the noise. Yet he did. He felt beholden to his liberator. He had a deep feeling of reverence for, and a wanting to serve the man who had so easily released him. He thought it his mission to stay there and work. He did, and he made a poor assistant.

Free of one set of chains, he accepted another more profound, longer-lasting bondage, a manacle of the mind. Yet, he had come seeking freedom.

A PERSONAL NOTE

In 1947, eight people interested in Krishnamurti began meeting regularly at my parents' home in Newport Beach, Sydney, Australia, where we read passages from his books and discussed the teachings. They were all-day meetings, on the first Sunday of the month. We all brought our own lunch; tea and fruit juices were provided. The intensity and seriousness grew, as did the numbers (to thirty, and sometimes more).

Early in 1949 came the news that Krishnamurti was to give talks in Colombo, Sri Lanka, in December of that year, and I decided to be there. At that time, I was a freelance writer/producer of radio programs for the Australian Broadcasting Commission.²

The decision made, I talked to the Federal Director of Talks, B. H. Molesworth, about a leave of absence, and suggested that while I was in Sri Lanka I could record some programs for the national network. He agreed, and suggested that I also get an in-depth interview with the Prime Minister, D. S. Senanyeke, about how Sri Lanka's recent independence was working out. I was happy about the prospect. Letters were written ahead to Senanyeke and to Radio Lanka, seeking permission to use the facilities of the station should they be needed. I decided to leave early, to have time to acclimatize and to record the programs before Krishnamurti arrived.

When I left Sydney in September, no replies had come. The day before the ship was due in Colombo, I received a cable stating, "On arrival, please wait in lounge. You will be met. Signed John Lampson, Director General, Radio Lanka." Once the ship dropped anchor, I did not have long to wait.

Mr. J. P. Gunawardhane, the man assigned to meet me, was already in the lounge when I entered. His presence assured an easy passage through customs and on to the Galle Face Hotel, where he registered me and saw that I was comfortable. Before leaving, he offered to send me a car, if I wanted one. I was delighted with the unexpected VIP treatment, and of course I wanted to see the new, still-under-construction-but-already-in-use Radio Lanka station. I did not have to wait until the following day to meet Lampson. That evening at dinner a waiter handed me a note that read, "Come and have coffee with us." I looked around and Lampson, across the vast dining room, lifted a finger in greeting. John Lampson and his young wife June were charming. What great luck!

The following day, the car came at ten o'clock. After I had seen the radio station, accompanied by Gunawardhane, and was having morning tea with Lampson in his sumptuous office, he cleared up the puzzle of this "special treatment."

"I have a proposal for you," he said. "I think we could get on. Would you be willing to take a temporary appointment as the Controller of Programs?" He explained that he had found himself in a predicament after taking up his appointment as head of Radio Lanka only a month earlier. His administrative experience and abilities as a ranking BBC executive had been impeccable and

had won him the post, but he had no broadcasting experience. Now that he was here, the mutually antagonistic Sinhalese, Tamil, and Burgher producers were frustrating the broadcasting schedules and undermining his authority. He had to have someone he could trust who had practical knowledge of programing and studio production. Would I take the job?

I did, and found myself involved in racial conflicts and intrigues, in working out how one radio station can broadcast in three languages—Sinhalese, Tamil, and English—and have their programs aired in prime time. Right off, it was obvious why a Sri Lankan citizen could not, in those early days of freedom and independence, be trusted to be racially unbiased, which is why an independent director general and now a “foreigner” had been appointed Controller of Programs as a temporary solution. It was in this capacity that I first met Jiddu Krishnamurti.

COLOMBO, 1949 / 1950

FIRST MEETING

A meeting between Krishnamurti and me had been set up so that we could arrange for the two broadcasts that he had agreed to do.³ It was already dark when I arrived at Bodhidasa's⁴ house where Krishnamurti was staying. I was apprehensive as I waited in the drawing room. I was about to meet the man whose teachings had already turned my life around, the human being I most revered—a transformed man, a free man, a God-like being. Moments later, I was introduced to a highly nervous, agitated person. The serene being I had expected was not present.

Most of what happened in the next half-hour is a confused blur. I remember Bodhidasa introducing us and leaving; there was a fumbling, unsure hand-clasping. There were some quick remarks about the scripts, and Krishnamurti excitedly picked up a sheaf of typed papers from a table and began shuffling them about.

"Here are the two scripts. I wonder if they are too long," he burst out. In passing them over, we managed to drop them. They scattered across the floor. We began picking up the sheets and sorting them according to page numbers. As I offered him the ones I had gathered, he gestured to me to keep them and handed me his pile while again asking anxiously, *"Are the scripts too long?"*

I remember for one detached moment feeling, this is madness. How could I possibly answer? I had not the least idea how many pages there were, or any notion as to how fast he would read. Bewildered, I began counting the pages. "Both seem to be too long", I said. "A little too long."

I was in no state to give any accurate estimation of time. I riffled through the pages. There seemed to be too many for two quarter-hour broadcasts. However, I said, "No worry, sir, we can record both programs and do any needed editing later."

"Why not before the recordings are made?"

I had no answer and no intention of attempting one then. "Are there any carbon copies?" I asked. He looked bewildered. I recall there was some talk as to when it would suit Krishnamurti to record. When in great bewilderment I departed, it had been decided that with the windows open, the acoustics would be adequate, and that a recording van would come to the house at eleven o'clock the following morning. I walked away in turmoil. I had come by taxi, but now all I wanted was to continue walking. I hurried off into the night in the direction of the Galle Face Hotel. There are many lakes and waterways in and around Colombo, and presently I found I was pacing alongside a sheet of water.

What had happened? Every anticipation had been shattered. The serene, poised, liberated master had turned out to be a highly nervous, excitable human being. I was disoriented.

Suddenly it hit me. It was as though I had walked slap-bang into a tree or a wall. The shock of realization stopped all motion. I stood stock-still. The man I had just met was not Krishnamurti, but me. For the first time in my life I had met myself—seen myself, uncovered, reflected in another human being. That overwrought man in the room had been me. It was a devastating realization. I saw that when I am angry, the object of my anger is seen either as the angry person or as the cause of my anger.

With Krishnaji there had been no sense of separation. He had not acted differently from me. I had seen him fumbling and nervous. How insane to have expected Krishnamurti to match my anticipated picture of him; and I understood too the madness of foreseeing a free man who would exhibit the qualities I had imagined a liberated human being would have—serenity, God-like authority, detachment. I had met no such entity. There is no such person. I had encountered myself in action, seen a clear reflection, and heard my echo in the finely tuned body/being named Krishnamurti. Since then, of course, there have been many occasions when I have been distraught, but never again has there been such a clear mirroring of my confusion.

It took me more than two hours to find my way back to the Galle Face Hotel. Both talks were recorded the following morning. Both were too long to fit the quarter-hour time slot. They were both given extended time, broadcast in total, and later published.

THE EVENING WALKS

A few days after that first encounter, Gordon Pearce⁵ rang to ask if I would be free to accompany Krishnamurti on his walk that afternoon. I was delighted to have been asked, little knowing that the opportunity had come about because Krishnamurti liked to walk fast (at least four miles an hour as it turned out), and the Ceylonese committee members were not up to such a pace.

My job at Radio Lanka permitted great freedom, so I arrived at Bodhidasa's house at four-thirty. Almost immediately Krishnaji came out, and with Bodhidasa at the wheel and Dr. Adikaram⁶ in the front seat, we drove beyond the city to the villages and paddy fields flanking both sides of the road. The car stopped, Krishnamurti got out, and Adikaram said, "We'll be here when you return." We set off at a brisk clip.

Not a word was said. Everything seemed miraculously alive. I was highly aware of every movement, of the sky, of the swift flight of parrots as they swept overhead, the patches of jungle, the waving green rice, and particularly of Krishnamurti.

Sometime after five o'clock, a stream of buses, overloaded with office workers, came roaring past us. I was intrigued to notice that as each bus approached from behind, Krishnaji reacted in a different way. Sometimes he would walk right on and the bus would go around him; at other times he would quickly cross to the other side of the road; occasionally he would leap over the irrigation ditch running between the road and the rice paddy and walk there while

the bus went by. With no two buses did he react in the same way. There seemed to be no habit pattern whatsoever.

As I watched, I realized that in some extraordinary way he was responding to the attitude of each bus driver. He stepped aside for the aggressive driver, and let the accommodating driver adapt his driving to us. He seemed to move in relation to the intention of the man behind the wheel, to be an integral part of the whole movement, of the subtle interplay. Yet each was doing exactly what he intended—Krishnaji walking briskly for an hour, and the bus drivers reaching their destinations in whatever way they chose to drive. It did not matter to Krishnaji whether he was walking on the road or off it—it was the exercise, the oxygenation of the blood, the freedom of body movement that mattered.

A flock of screeching parrots rocketed across the road directly in front of us. Krishnaji's reaction was instantaneous and dramatic. He physically shuddered as though the birds had flown through him, then continued on as if nothing had happened.

Our speed in this slow-moving island made us objects of whimsical interest. Villagers stood and watched us as we strode by. Occasionally, as we paced through a village, a pariah dog would burst out snarling or barking. Krishnaji responded differently to each dog. As one approached he would shout, "*Get back*"; to another he would call softly and let it run alongside him, even patting it. Sometimes children would race up beside us. From one he would distance himself, another he would permit to jog for a while at his side or between us. Again, different responses, always patternless, his action relating completely to the present situation. It was a tremendous learning experience to observe such freedom from habitual reactions.

So began our evening walks. For the next month we were driven to a different location each night and then walked for an hour, except on those nights when there was a talk.

One evening Dr. Adikaram accompanied us. He wanted to discuss the possibility of traveling through Sri Lanka and talking to people in villages, towns, and bazaars; of discussing the teachings with them, probing into the domain of self-understanding as well as into their personal problems. Krishnaji asked, "*Your financial situation is such that you can do this?*"

"With care, yes." In addition, Dr. Adikaram went on to explain that his scientific writing was now earning him sufficient income to live by.

"*Then do it, sir.*"

It was the complete affirmation and confirmation Adikaram was seeking. Profound changes were in the air and were about to become realities through the coming years, not only for Dr. Adikaram, but also for Sri Lanka and beyond.

We had stopped. As we began to walk again, Krishnaji asked, "*What is the Sanskrit word for 'awareness'?*"

Adikaram pondered a moment. "There are a number of words that carry the sense of wakefulness, of being alert. *Vijnapitah* is one; *jnana* is another. Then there's *janati* or *jagarah*, or even *Prajna*."

"*They are well-known words among Sanskrit scholars?*"

"And laymen, too."

“Don’t use a Sanskrit word.”

Again, Adikaram halted. Krishnaji turned and said, *“To use it is to bring to mind the ancient tradition and to sanction past comprehension. A Sanskrit word will attach what you are saying to the remembered texts. Tell it in your own way, in your own words, what you are seeing. Use modern Sinhalese words.”*

One evening a few weeks later, as we walked, a question surfaced that had been building up in my mind and was now about to explode. I took a deep breath, but before I had uttered a word, Krishnaji lightly touched my hand, saying, *“Not now, sir.”* Denied expression, the pressure welling up inside me was held. There was no sense of frustration on my part, only a wonder at what was happening. It was as though the impetus had released itself inwardly. Immediately I felt a tremendous sense of lightness. Even the question that had been troubling me had vanished.

One evening Gordon Pearce came with us in the car. He had known Krishnaji from boyhood—indeed, ever since his uniqueness had been discovered—and he had lived in the Theosophical Society headquarters at Adyar. Pearce was in the front seat during the drive out of town, and there had been talk about those early days. Then, twisting right around to face Krishnaji in the back seat, he asked, *“During that time with C. W. L.,⁷ did you actually see the master K. H.⁸? Did you ever talk with Kuthumi?”* I was greatly surprised when Krishnamurti replied, *“Yes, I did.”* And so was Gordon Pearce, both of us having heard Krishnamurti discount masters and teachers and gurus. Moreover, here he was admitting to an old and trusted friend that he had actually seen the Master Kuthumi, a nonphysical being. *“Did you actually talk with him?”* Gordon asked. *“Yes,”* he answered, *“sometimes during the early morning meditation.”*

Krishnaji went on to say that under Leadbeater’s direction, he rose at four o’clock in the traditional manner and meditated, and that sometimes Kuthumi was present and a conversation took place. Then one morning just after sunrise—Krishnamurti was seated in the lotus posture facing east—Kuthumi appeared in the doorway. Until that day, talking with K. H. had been enough. *“That day I wanted more than talk. I wanted not only to feel his presence, hear his voice, but also to actually touch him, to make sensual contact. Until that day, he had been a voice, a presence standing in the doorway. It was a morning when the sun came clear into the room. Kuthumi was standing with his back to the light. I got up, walked to him and through him. I turned. There was no one there. He had disappeared. There was nothing there. And... I did not ever see him again.”*

Sometimes, after we had walked briskly for half an hour or more and we were feeling the exhilaration of movement, we would run for quite some distance. Krishnaji ran with the long easy strides of a trained athlete. When I asked him about his running, he said that back in 1924 Dr. Annie Besant⁹ had arranged for him to work out with the American Olympic track team during their training sessions on Staten Island, New York, just before they left for the games in Paris. This expert coaching, along with Krishnaji’s natural coordination and grace, no doubt helped him to run with such rhythm, balance and style. This information emboldened me to ask about his walking. Anyone who has ever seen him walk

will have noticed his erectness and poise. Did he ever have any instruction in how to walk? *“Oh, yes.”*

In the 1930s in Italy, he had spent time with the army officer in charge of the training of the Italian Alpine troops in skiing and walking quickly over long distances in snow. He had been shown how to conserve energy, the whole body moving in one poised forward flow, the arms swinging loosely from the shoulders, as easily as coat sleeves from a coat hanger. Even in his ninety-first year, Krishnaji still walked in this free, austere, poised way. He walked as he did everything else, with attentive, highly aware precision.

The first evening we ran, Krishnaji began to wheeze distressingly. There was phlegm in his throat. I asked if we should stop. His answer surprised me. *“No, sir, I’ll run till it breaks.”* An idea flicked through me. For a will-less man, this sounded like a most willful declaration.

He continued to run, choking, obviously having great difficulty in breathing. A hundred yards on, up came a great globule of mucus. Once rid of it he smiled. *“That’s it! I had this cold in Switzerland and now it is gone. Shall we run?”* And off he went again. I knew then that it had not been “will” but a sense that the condition was about to break, and he had assisted its release. An intelligent act, nothing more.

THE COLOMBO COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE

It was already dark when, one Friday evening after the hour’s walk, a huge limousine with the parking lights on was waiting outside Bodhidasa’s house. As we approached, a tall figure in white emerged and, open-armed, came to greet Krishnaji. The embrace was mutual. While they stood there talking, I wondered who this friend could be. I noticed that the pennant on the front of the Rolls Royce was the Indian flag.

I left and returned to my hotel. The next morning being Saturday, I arrived as usual, just before eight o’clock, to learn that Krishnaji was not there, that a car had called at seven-thirty to take him to breakfast with Jawaharlal Nehru, who was in Colombo for the “Colombo Commonwealth Conference—The Colombo Plan.” The man I had seen the night before was Krishna Menon, then the Indian Ambassador to the United Nations. Krishnaji did not return until twelve-thirty in the afternoon—a very long breakfast.

During the Sunday evening talk at the town hall in Cinnamon Gardens, Krishnaji spoke of the problems of independence in Sri Lanka, India, and Pakistan, now just two years in operation. He pointed to the need to understand the ongoing implications of Mahatma Gandhi’s policy of non-violence. He talked at length about ideals as non-facts—particularly emphasizing the ideal of non-violence, which was being given such political significance at the time.

He went on to say that nationalism inevitably leads to conflict and war. Here he used an interesting analogy. He said that living on the Indian subcontinent

could be likened to living in a large room: better for all to be able to move freely around the whole space than to hang a curtain across, or to build a wall dividing it, so that all had to live in a restricted area and everyone had less space.

After the talk, I heard one man say, “He claims not to read. He says he does not read newspapers. How is it then that he talks as though he knows what’s going on in the political world?” I resisted the temptation to tell him where Krishnamurti had spent the previous morning, and that Nehru had most likely talked through these very problems. I could also have mentioned that Ernest Bevan, the British Labor Cabinet Minister, ill as he was, had also visited Krishnaji soon after he had arrived in Colombo.

I A M T H A T M A N

During these Colombo talks and discussions, a pattern of operation was developing that would continue in the ensuing years: talks on the weekends and discussions during the week, talks for the general public, and discussions for those who wanted to examine certain topics further.

While thousands attended the Sunday talks at the town hall in Cinnamon Gardens, the discussions attracted only a modest, dedicated three or four hundred persons. Most squatted on the floor; a few Europeans and some of the elderly sat on chairs at the back and along the sides of the hall.

At one Thursday evening discussion there was a change. The front row of chairs was reserved. Gordon Pearce told me that arrangements had been made for a leading member of the opposition in the Sri Lanka Parliament—Dr. N. M. Perera, a barrister and a communist recently returned from a booster course in Moscow—to occupy this vantage position. The other seats were for members of the shadow cabinet.

What had happened was that the barrister had seen in Monday morning’s paper, *The Daily News*, the full-page report of Krishnamurti’s Sunday evening meeting. He had been profoundly impressed by the fact that the town hall had been packed, and that amplifiers had been placed outside so that those hundreds who couldn’t get into the auditorium could sit on the lawns and hear the talk. No recent political meeting had been able to generate such numbers or such extensive newspaper coverage. He had decided that he and his political colleagues should attend a meeting to see what was so special about the man and to discover what message he had that evoked such a magnificent turnout and so much acclaim. Therefore, he rang Gordon Pearce, asked when and where the next meeting was, and the special arrangements about seating were made. Just before five-thirty, eleven parliamentarians arrived and took their seats. All eyes were on them.

Soon Krishnamurti came in quietly, took up his position on a low dais, and slowly viewed the audience. “*What would you like to discuss?*” he asked. Everyone waited. Then Dr. Perera stood up. He said he would like to discuss the structure of society and social cohesion, and that such a debate must include an understanding of the basic principles of communism. He talked for some minutes

on the logic of state control as the supreme authority, and the proposition that those who do the work must directly receive the profits of their labors.

When no one else proposed a subject or question for discussion, it was clear that this man was important. Not only did he know it, but every Ceylonese citizen in the hall recognized him and the importance of his challenge. Krishnamurti asked if we wanted to discuss this.

No one spoke, no other subject was proposed. It was obvious that everyone was interested in hearing what Krishnamurti's reply would be. He smiled. "*Well, let's begin.*" The barrister, who had continued to stand, took up his political theme. He spoke at length about the basic tenets of communism, of communal use and ownership of goods and property, and the role of labor. It was a clear exposition of the communist philosophy and dialectic. When he had finished and sat down, I wondered how Krishnamurti would deal with the proposition that the State was all, and the individual subservient to the all-powerful central authority.

He did not oppose what had been said. When he spoke, it was as though Krishnamurti had left his place on the dais facing the barrister and crossed over to the other's side to view the human condition from the communist's position and through his eyes. There was no sense of confrontation whatsoever, only a mutual probing into the reality behind the rhetoric. As the dialogue developed, it became a penetrating search into how the human mind, conditioned as it is, was to be reconditioned to accept the totalitarian doctrine, and whether reeducating the race would solve the problems that beset human beings, no matter where they live or under what social system.

There was mutual investigation into the ways in which the communist philosophy actually operated, and the means by which conflicts were handled. And basically, whether in fact reshaping, repatterning human thinking and behavior freed the individual or the collective from ego, from competition, from conflict. After half an hour or so, Dr. Perera was still claiming the necessity for totalitarian rule, asserting that everyone must go along with the decided policy, and be made to conform.

At this point, Krishnaji drew back. "*What happens,*" he asked, "*when I, as an individual, feel I cannot go along with the supreme command's decision? What if I won't conform?*"

"We would try to convince you that individual dissent, perhaps valid before a decision is taken, cannot be tolerated after. All have to participate."

"*You mean obey?*"

"Yes."

"*And if I still couldn't or wouldn't agree?*"

"We would have to show you the error of your ways."

"*And how would you do that?*"

"Persuade you that in practice the philosophy of the state and the law must be upheld at all times and at any cost."

"*And if someone still maintains that some law or regulation is false. What then?*"

"We would probably incarcerate him so that he was no longer a disruptive influence."

With utter simplicity and directness, Krishnaji said, *“I am that man.”* Consternation! Suddenly, total confrontation. An electric charge had entered the room—the very atmosphere was charged.

The lawyer spoke carefully, quietly. “We would jail you and keep you there as long as was necessary to change your mind. You would be treated as a political prisoner.”

Krishnaji responded, *“There could be others who feel and think as I do. When they discover what has happened to me, their antithesis to your authority may harden. This is what happens, and a reactionary movement has begun.”*

Neither Dr. Perera nor his colleagues wanted to pursue this dangerously explicit dialogue. Some were now showing nervousness.

Krishnaji continued, *“I am this man. I refuse to be silenced. I will talk to anyone who will listen. What do you do with me?”* There was no escaping the question.

“Put you away.”

“Liquidate me?”

“Probably. You would not be permitted to contaminate others.”

“Probably?”

“You would be eliminated.”

After a long pause, Krishnamurti said, *“And then, sir, you would have made a martyr of me!”* There was no way of dodging the implications. *“And what then?”*

Krishnamurti waited, and then quietly went back through the course of the dialogue. He talked of interrelationship, of the destruction of life for a belief, for some blueprint for the future, for some five-year plan; the destructiveness of ideals, and the imposition of formulae on living beings. The need, not for environmental change, important as that is, but for inward transformation. When he finished, the meeting was over. There was really nothing more to be said. We sat in a musing communion. Then Dr. Perera rose and slowly, deliberately, wove his way through the packed crowd facing Krishnaji. Everyone moved a little to make way for him. He walked right up to Krishnaji, who had now risen and was standing, watching, waiting.

Stepping onto the low dais, the barrister opened his arms and enfolded Krishnaji. They stood there for a few moments, in each other’s arms. Then, without a word, he returned to his colleagues and the audience began to move. The meeting was over.

A YOUNG DUTCHMAN

People were constantly seeking private interviews with Krishnamurti. Every morning a leisurely, intermittent stream would arrive at Bodhidasa’s house. Appointments were at half-hour intervals. Most came early. As they arrived on the sunny verandah they were greeted, their names checked against the appointment list, and they waited. Some talked; most remained silent, preparing themselves.

On the morning after the Perera/Krishnamurti dialogue, I happened to have the pleasant task of greeting these people. Shortly after eleven, I noticed four men walking up the path. Some persons without appointments came on the chance of seeing Krishnamurti. I looked again at the book. The next appointment was a lady whom I knew by sight. As they approached, I recognized Dr. Perera accompanied by three of his party from the previous evening. He introduced himself and his friends, and then explained that he had rung Gordon Pearce and that the lady with the eleven-thirty appointment had graciously relinquished her time so that he could talk with Krishnamurti.

While we sat waiting, the barrister talked about the previous evening. He said he had not expected he would meet a man like Krishnamurti. He said that before the dialogue, he would never have imagined that a man could be publicly stripped of his social philosophy, have his private thoughts exposed to public view, and remain unshattered. Indeed, he had felt so well after the discussion that he had decided to see if he could arrange a meeting, and here he was, with three members of the shadow cabinet, ready to go into the whole question of the individual and society with Mr. Krishnamurti.

After their interview, they went quietly out to their car. I had no idea whether their expectations had been fulfilled. However, in a few days I was to learn of a quite surprising outcome. Bodhidasa's house stood beside a main road, and the noise from the traffic had disturbed Krishnaji. Some days later, he was invited to stay at the home of Dr. Perera—and he did.

Another day, a young Dutchman with a flaming red beard and hair came for his appointment, and while he was waiting, we talked. I had seen him at the meetings, and we were on nodding terms. He, too, confided his story.

As a young man he had been a Catholic priest in Holland. As his English was excellent, he had been appointed to the Catholic Dutch community in London. Basic religious questions, which his superiors had not been able to answer to his satisfaction, continued to trouble him. He became increasingly disillusioned with some of the doctrines, and the imposed disciplines grew burdensome. A crisis developed, and he had "resigned" from the church. Instead of going home to Holland, he had immediately sailed for India, hoping to find whatever it was he had not been able to uncover in the Roman Catholic faith. His serious quest led him first to Hinduism, then Buddhism. He became a Buddhist monk, and went through the meditative practices. After some years as a monk, he, like Dr. Adikaram before him, had gone to one of Krishnamurti's talks and had walked away to shed his monk's role, along with his yellow robe.

He had come, he said, to discuss the vulnerable state that had followed the extraordinary transformation that had taken place in his life. In addition, he had a problem. Though he had dreamed and thought about sex, he had never known physical union with a woman. In his newfound freedom, he had within a few months met and married an Indian woman. As we sat there on the verandah, he talked about his problem.

As a Catholic priest, and later a Buddhist monk, he had learned no trade, no skills, had no business experience, no worldly accomplishments. Now he had a wife who was pregnant, and somehow he had to earn a living. What was he to

do? What could he do? As a monk, a mendicant, people had given him food, looked after him. Now nobody was sustaining him. He had a major problem. His time to see Krishnaji came, and in he went.

When he came out, he was jubilant. He was in no hurry to leave. While we drank a cup of tea, he talked about what had happened. After he had explained his situation, Krishnamurti had asked, "*As a training priest, did you learn Latin?*"

"Yes."

"*Were you good at it?*"

"I was. Latin was my favorite subject."

Krishnamurti had then gone on to say that many sons of wealthy families in Sri Lanka wanted to become lawyers, and that Latin was a required subject for a law degree. "*Why don't you let it be known, advertise, that you teach Latin?*"

The practicality of the advice had surprised the Dutchman, not only because it was so direct and simple, but also because at that time Krishnaji had been pointing out that the practice of law was a profession to be avoided. Now he was privately urging him to assist law students with their careers. Krishnaji then posed a series of questions. "*What is wrong with giving people what they want? Is it for you to decide what they should ask for? When you have what they think they want, who are you to deny it? Why not allow them to find out for themselves that what they want does not bring the fulfillment they are seeking? You will probably find that there are enough budding lawyers wanting to learn Latin for you to be able to make a living.*"

The Dutchman shaved his beard, had his flowing hair cut short, and began teaching supplementary Latin to law students. Before Krishnaji left Sri Lanka, he was earning a living by tutoring.

A CRY OF PAIN

One evening, Muriel Payne, an Englishwoman who had been the principal of the Rishi Valley School in South India, joined Krishnaji and me on our walk. She had come to talk, so the pace slowed down to an amble. As we made our way up a long straight incline, we found ourselves walking beside a single file of carts homeward bound from the city. They were ancient, cumbersome, thatched carts with large wooden wheels, pulled by two small Brahma bulls harnessed on either side of a central pole.

All were proceeding at the same plodding pace, drivers and bulls weary, having left their villages in the early morning. The thirty or forty carts were proceeding up the side of the road. There was no pavement, and we found ourselves pacing alongside one of the carts.

As happens when three people are walking together and talking, we occasionally changed positions. One time Krishnamurti would be between Muriel Payne and me, another she would be in the middle; then Muriel found herself walking right beside a pair of Brahma bulls, the driver sitting on the pole between them. It must be mentioned that Muriel could be described as a

“tweedy,” brogue-shoe type of Englishwoman, who loved animals and would protect them in all circumstances. When she found herself near the bull, she noticed the driver kick the animal in the testicles, causing it to arch its back and lunge forward, jolting its teammate into wakefulness. It is an age-old technique to urge bulls into action. Villagers in Sri Lanka do not use whips and spurs. A kick by a bare foot suffices.

Witnessing this “brutality” within arm’s reach, she revolted. “Look Krishnaji, stop him! Stop him!” Krishnamurti looked—and we continued walking. Our conversation had abruptly stopped. For a few paces, there was silence. Then the driver kicked the bull again. It grunted and arched forward. “Krishnaji, you’ve got to stop him!” she demanded.

Krishnamurti’s reply was equally dramatic, but much quieter. “*To ease your pain?*” The implications were vast. A swift high-voltage charge swept through me and through Muriel.

When disturbed, angry, frightened, or upset, as Muriel was then, the natural reaction is to vent the pain and the anger onto the object or person we assume had caused it. Habitually, we deal with it “out there.” It is easier than to admit that the distress is “in here.”

Of course, animals are not to be hurt or maimed, but tired drivers are unlikely to listen attentively or understandingly to an angry attack. Usually aggression evokes matching aggression, multiplying the original problem. It had been a real learning experience. The implications were to reverberate through me for many years.

Muriel Payne told me once that on her first meeting with Krishnamurti, her first appointment, she had not spoken. Not one word. He had indicated a seat. She sat down and suddenly, irrationally, and totally unexpectedly burst into tears and continued crying for the whole half-hour. He handed her a handkerchief and sat through her turmoil with her. When she rose to leave he said, “*If you wish, come again.*” It was the first time in her adult life that she had experienced total, uncontrollable release.

INTUITION

When Muriel Payne relinquished the task of administering the Rishi Valley School, a new principal had to be found. Gordon Pearce had agreed to resign from his post as secretary of the Sri Lankan education department. This meant he would forego his pension. He was sixty-four at the time, and a government service pension was paid only if the officer had served until the statutory age of retirement, sixty-five. Pearce was willing to take this financial loss. He was excited about the opportunity to participate actively in a school with the possibility of awakening children, rather than conditioning them.

So, during Krishnamurti’s Colombo visit and at his behest, Gordon had provisionally accepted the post of principal of Rishi Valley School. The questions now were: Who would be the teachers? How would they be selected? In addition, would the educators themselves need educating? The location of the

school was a further problem. Rishi Valley, stark, beautiful, and isolated as it is, away in the mountains of Andhra Pradesh, is 140 miles west of Madras and twelve miles from the nearest town, Madanapalle, where Krishnamurti was born. How to pre-select teachers who would be happy there and so function well? If for any reason they later turned out not to be satisfactory, real disruption to their lives, as well as to the cohesion of the school, would result.

Hopefully, the elected teachers would be extraordinary human beings. Besides their academic qualifications, adaptability, and creativity, a love of children was essential. The candidates had to meet all of the above criteria. If the school was to succeed, a whole range of qualities was needed. It was Gordon Pearce's task during that December/January 1949/1950 period, while Krishnaji was present, to choose at least some of the teachers. As an interested outsider, I was invited to take part in these discussions.

Beyond reflecting on the various academic qualifications and teaching experience, the task was how to get to know the prospective teacher's attitudes and manner.¹⁰ It was seen to be necessary to invite him into your home to observe how he behaves, responds to you, your wife and family, to other teachers, and to find out what subjects he likes and dislikes, how he talks, acts, and where his interests lie—a whole host of attributes that make up a human being and would form the basis of relationships. Towards the end of one such discussion, after three possible teachers had shown up, it was decided to invite Krishnaji in to hear what had been done and what was proposed.

Pearce tapped on the door of Krishnamurti's room, which adjoined the drawing room where we were gathered. Krishnamurti immediately joined us, taking a place in the circle on the floor. Pearce gave a resume of our discussion and the situation as he saw it, and asked, "We'd like to know, sir, what you would do to select the right teachers?"

Krishnamurti said, "*I am a teacher looking for a job. Interview me.*" I recall Gordon laughing and saying half seriously, "Will you be? Would you come for a term?"

"No, sir. We are talking about teachers you are going to select."

In much greater detail, Pearce explained his proposal. Then Krishnamurti said, "*All right. So you would invite me to your home, to your table, and I would be most pleasant to you and your wife and children. I would be on my best behavior. And, if I were as subtle as you are, I would pick up where your interests lay, whether you inclined towards the humanities, languages, mathematics, science, history; and I would go along with your interests. When you took me on a tour of the school, I would be open to whatever you proposed without being sycophantic. In this way, I would establish a friendly relationship with you. I would also be playing a role, scheming to impress you.*"

Gordon responded, "If I sensed you were playing up to me, not being frank, yet I still liked you, I might engage you. However, not as a teacher. I could assign you to work on the farm and gardens that supply the school. I would watch you out there, see how you behaved and functioned. If you did a satisfactory job, I could bring you in to teach in the school."

Krishnamurti said, *“If I wanted the job and accepted your terms, I would, while I was working in the garden, apply myself not only to the job. I would also be listening for others who felt they were getting a raw deal. I would cultivate anyone who was grumbling about conditions, anyone who was not seeing eye to eye with you. Eventually when you did let me in, I would already have a bond with every dissenter. And if ever I saw you in difficulty, I would, with the aid of that group, challenge and maybe overthrow you.”* It was an unexpected and startling pragmatic statement.

After a long pause, Gordon shrugged. “Then what do I do, sir? Assuming that one of the young teachers takes teaching at Rishi Valley as a stepping stone to becoming the principal, that he or she is as awake and astute as me, how can I know of this ahead of time? How can I discover here and now before he is engaged, before any trouble begins, the teacher’s hidden characteristics?”

Krishnamurti said, *“Sir, I would do exactly what you have said you will do. I would invite him to the table, talk with him. I would take him on a tour of the school. I would do all that you propose. I would be watching, listening to how he spoke, observing how he related to others, how he watched the sky, birds, and people. And particularly, I would be watching how he looked at women.”*

Then Krishnaji’s voice changed, along with the emphasis. *“But... I wouldn’t be watching him, how he related to people. I wouldn’t be listening to him, how he spoke, how he watched women, or if it was a woman, how she watched men... I would be watching the responses in me to their actions. I would be aware of my responses, the mirroring of him that was occurring simultaneously in me. On that I would go. On that awareness I would act.”*

The recruiting of teaching staff for Rishi Valley, 1950, began that morning.

THE EXPLOITABLE

These were early, heady days and nights. The entire world was a challenge.

One morning after a midweek public meeting, I brashly asked Krishnamurti why, on the previous evening, he had allowed so many irrelevant ideas to be introduced. I do not remember what the theme was, but I do remember that the meeting had ended in confusion. He had permitted people to raise questions that were unrelated to the developing direction of the discussion.

Krishnamurti’s reply was that until a person discovers for himself the futility of trying to think up other angles and new answers to a problem, he keeps the brain churning information. Clarity comes when speculative thinking ceases, for listening is the essential ingredient. Until the limited role of thinking is realized, thought remains trapped in its own confusion. That had happened last night. *“You noticed it, so did some others. Confusion stops only when it is seen and dealt with first in yourself. To be told by somebody else you are confused only adds another idea to the existing confusion.”*

On another occasion I asked, “Why is it you don’t actually answer people’s questions? Why don’t you give specific answers?” He replied, *“I answer the why of the question. When someone asks you how old you are, it may not be to*

discover your age, but to find out whether you are too old for the job, or too young for the responsibility. Questions are asked in relation to something else. When you ask someone the time of day, it is related to some activity you have in mind. Beyond the question—listening reveals the intent behind the words. Except in physical matters, a specific answer to the specific question is not relevant. The answer lies in understanding the question.”

At one early morning discussion, the matter of politicians, political leaders, and dictators was raised. As ever, Krishnamurti discounted both the divisions each category implies, and in the “democracies,” the built-in conflicts between government and opposition—the personal power and egotism that are endemic in all forms of government.

Someone asked, “Then, what is the intelligent thing to do? Everywhere there is the growing power of the state and politicians and dictators. Hitler is dead but Stalin is alive, and there is the new ruler in China, Mao; and nearer to home, the autocratic Prime Minister. What can be done?”

Krishnamurti’s reply was unexpected. *“The dictator, the politician is not the problem. There will always be those who want power, who believe they know what to do. It is not the exploiter but the exploitable who needs attention. It is the gullible, the ones looking for direction, for guidance, who need examination. While you refuse to take responsibility for your own life and are prepared to let someone else do your work, dictators will exist.”*

For days those words rang through me: “It’s not the exploiter but the exploitable who needs attention.”

It is not surprising that we are so easily coerced, so prone to suggestibility that we fit in, allow ourselves to be persuaded, albeit reluctant and protesting, but mostly quite voluntarily. For instance, we agree to go along with all kinds of controls that limit us. We have learned that if it does not make money, do not touch it. This currently is a universal philosophy: do nothing unless there is a calculated financial gain. It is no wonder the banking, legal, and medical professions dominate the social conscience and control the constitutional practices. Through massive propaganda these power structures manipulate people, educate them through schools and universities to comply and to believe that the legal statutory body is necessary.

J O K E S

On one of the days when I was greeting those with appointments and ensuring that Krishnamurti was not disturbed, there was a lull. Someone had not arrived on time. After a while I tapped on the door, which was slightly ajar. “Come in,” he called. There he was lying on the bed reading a book. I could see the title, *The World’s 2,000 Best Jokes*. I had been told he rarely read, though in the car on the way to our walk one evening, he had mentioned Orwell’s *1984* and some novels and essays of D. H. Lawrence. However, *The World’s 2,000 Best Jokes!* I was delighted.

SPELLBOUND

During the amazing four months in Sri Lanka and particularly from mid-December 1949 through January 1950, the work at Radio Lanka, the evening walks with Krishnaji, the public talks and discussions, and the small early morning meetings were to revolutionize my life. I was under the spell of this extraordinary man. His depth, his beauty, his otherworldliness, and his skill in discerning what was actually going on in those around him and in the world; his clarity, and the starkness with which he asked direct and fundamental questions—all this brought my old way of life to a halt... at least for the time being. I had begun to listen not only to him but to my own actions and reactions.

HABIT AND DESIRE

At one time, I was quite a heavy smoker—forty cigarettes a day. I had wanted to give the habit away, and had tried many times, and failed. As Bob Hope said: “It’s easy, I’ve done it hundreds of times.” Perhaps not resisting the desire to smoke, but to watch its inward course might be the needed action. So, where did the desire originate?

When the next impulse came, instead of searching for a cigarette, picking up a packet, selecting one, lighting it, I waited watching—*not* the thoughts, but the subtle body sensations. Soon following the vapor trails of feeling, tracing their passage through my body became more important than the next cigarette. Watching what was happening allowed all sorts of strange sensations to emerge. Subtle twinges of pain, twitches, aches, sore spots, piercing stings, all asking for recognition, like a child calling for attention when it is hurt. No longer was I the controller but the willing observer/experiencer of my woes. Watching, fascinated by the body’s performances, it was soon clear that each time the urge returned it was less urgent. Within days even the twinges of longing for a smoke would pass by, like a breeze rustling through leaves leaving no effect. My health improved quite significantly.

It was not thinking about smoking and ways to stop the habit, but watching, following its course inwardly, that ended it.

BOMBAY, PARIS, SEATTLE, 1950

BOMBAY

When Krishnamurti flew from Colombo to Madras, then on to Bombay, I wound up the job with Radio Lanka, took a boat up the west coast of India to Bombay, and arrived there just before the beginning of the talks. Although the close relationship I had with him in Colombo did not continue, the inward movement that had been occurring within me in Colombo did. Here I was to experience other kinds of discussions, particularly in Pupul Jayakar's¹¹ home in Malabar Hill. It was a vast, beautiful dwelling with an enormous drawing room.

One morning near the end of a long session we were all feeling weary from the oppressiveness of the crowded room, and from the heat. It was about eleven o'clock when someone said she was exhausted. "And I have only been listening. You must be tired, Krishnaji?" He looked cool and surprised. "*Not at all,*" he said, "*I have not been thinking.*" Extraordinary! Twenty years later he was often to remark, "*I'm doing all the work.*" Never have I heard him claim to be tired.

Another time when the discussion had come around to the domination thought has assumed over all human activities, someone wanted to know how this mental supremacy had come about and asked, "When did it begin?"

"*You mean historically?*"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"*That could lead to speculation. Thought thinking about what might have happened in the distant past. Begin near. Let me ask you a question. Each morning when you waken, what do you do?*"

"I prepare myself for the day, beginning with my habitual routine. And I probably give some thought to what I will have to do." The expression on our faces confirmed a recognition of the common practice.

A woman asked, "What do you do, Krishnaji?"

"*On waking—before I do anything I ask my body, 'How are you this morning?' And my body lets me know how it is, rested, ready to get up and go, or lazy. It shows me any aches and pains. And I listen.*"

So Krishnaji's day begins with open communion between body and mind. Cooperation. No domination.

MEETING A BEGGAR

The 1950 Bombay talks were held on the high roof playground of a school at sunset; the discussions were at Malabar Hill, Dongarsay Road. Occasionally a small group met at Mr. Ratansi Naraji's¹² house.

Krishnaji's attentive "emptiness," his starkness, generated enormous energy and interest. In those days, Pupul Jayakar and Maurice Friedman¹³ were intensely urgent in their questioning. One evening we were all seated on the floor in a semicircle facing Krishnaji. Gradually, as the discussion intensified, these two edged their way forward, closer and closer. The theme of the inquiry was dying, and what it is to die. Soon the two were directly confronting him. Their urgency to capture his meaning was so compelling, so stressful that Krishnaji leaned backward, delighted, detached, wholly in control.

"You don't understand. Why don't you get it as it is being said, as it is? If I change one word, then you will understand. If I change the word 'death' to 'love,' you will immediately say you understand. You will fit it into your conditioned memory and claim to comprehend. Do see that which does not fit into the framework of your experience. Truth is always new—never the known."

During one morning discussion about dependence, a European woman brought up the fact that she always avoided beggars, not knowing what to do when one approached. This raised the whole domain of sympathy and empathy and compassion and all sorts of basic attributes about giving surfaced. How do you decide to whom to give, and how much? When the beggar is insistent, what do you do? Do you give a coin, an anna or two, a rupee, everything you have? How can you know what the beggar needs? What is there to be done when faced with another's needs?

Now, clearly, if a person asks a simple question like the time of day and I happen to know it, I tell him. We normally answer people in terms of their questions; we give people that which they ask for, or what we think they need. There is always a kind of duality involved in giving, that of the recipient—the one with the begging bowl or with open hands held towards you—and that of the donor "me," giving what is thought to be required. It is all a matter of calculation, of measurement, of separation, and of trying to find out what I should do about their problems.

It was eleven when the discussion finished. Though it was hot, I decided to walk the couple of miles back to the Sea Green Hotel at the far end of Marine Drive. Until this morning, I had avoided beggars, especially the persistent ones who would not give up, like the standard woman with a baby on her hip. Usually I passed by the crippled and the maimed who sat or lay on the pavement, as well. Sometimes I gave an anna or two to get rid of them or to ease my conscience, yet often their persistence angered me, and I had rarely felt compassion when faced with those pleading eyes. I had heard ugly tales about parents who were pleased when a child was born crippled or deformed, since he could become a money earner for the whole family. I had been told stories of organizations that meticulously controlled the districts, the streets, and the locations where a particular cripple or beggar was permitted to operate, for a fee. The entrances to the great hotels and the extensive shopping centers commanded high tribute for the mendacious organizers of begging in Bombay. Whether these reports were true or false, I did not know.

However, I did know that I had seen an old man with no hands (they were probably eaten away by leprosy), festering wrist stumps held out—not to receive,

but for inspection; and a cripple who walked on his hands, his legs grotesquely twisted behind his back, his feet interlocked to hold them in place. I had seen these human beings. Sometimes I had been deeply moved, often annoyed, but usually indifferent as a form of self-protection.

This morning I was about to experience what I had been avoiding: direct contact. I had to meet a beggar, and it had to be the very next beggar I saw, otherwise I might instinctively select one I could feel relatively comfortable with. The enormity of what I was about to do was daunting—to meet and greet the first beggar I sighted and let what happened happen.

I began the long walk up to the Malabar ridge, over the hill and down the main road to Chowpatty Beach without seeing a beggar. The tide was out and the stench was terrible. A little way along, there was a woman sitting on the pavement with her back to the wall, a small child beside her and another at the breast. She was surrounded by red blotches of beetlenut expectoration. I was probably twenty to thirty feet away when I noticed her. Clearly, she had been watching me for some time, and as I approached she held out her hands in supplication, upturned to receive. I found myself looking into her eyes and she into mine. I stopped, and the expression in her eyes changed. Calculation gave way to gentleness and interest; her hands moved from the receiving position and came together as Christian hands in prayer, or Indian hands in salutation. I greeted her the same way.

For a little while we remained there looking in each other's eyes and marveling. Then, I was aware she had taken the baby from her breast and was holding it out towards me. I took the tiny black hand in mine. As I did, the little child who had been nestling shyly close to her mother, watching and wanting to be included—leaned forward. I reached out and touched her head. She gave me her hands.

There we were. I came to realize this beggar woman was not begging for money, but for love, for communion—and so was I. Reaching out and receiving communion, her intense eyes were luminous. She had no English and I, no Marathi. After some timeless minutes I gestured that I would be back. I walked to a nearby hawker of fruit, bought a bunch of bananas and a pawpaw, and returned. The little girl was hungry, and immediately accepted a peeled banana from her mother and began eating. Soon I was on my way. No word had been spoken, nor had there been any exchange of money.

I was to visit the family trio every day. Over the next three weeks a free, quite delightful relationship developed. Always I brought some fruit. Of course, she needed money to live. So do I. That necessity is one reason why I work. Yet, somehow there was something other in these enchanting exchanges, for me and for her. Money can buy food, clothing, shelter, and amusement, but it could never buy the joy of those meetings. Not money but something beyond, a sense of wholeness, of wellbeing, of vulnerability... yes, of love... The last time I met the family was the morning before I left Bombay. As I was about to walk away, I offered her some rupees and I saw a querulous look come into her eyes. I suspect that she knew that this was a parting gift.

Clearly whatever I do is done in order to find something beyond, some indescribable... happiness? When the barriers drop, love has a chance. Fear of what might happen, fear of letting go what I knew or imagined to be true, had prevented me from discovering the freedom there is in meeting fear directly. From then on, I either gave or refrained from giving, as seemed fit in the instance. My skepticism as to beggars' motives and begging techniques was as high as ever, including those of the family trio on the sidewalk at Chowpatty Beach on Marine Drive. Perhaps it is not strange that thereafter the approach of a beggar was not to bother me as it had before, nor did beggars pursue me in the old way. Quite without effort on my part, a change had occurred.

Speculation as to what would have happened if... if, first up, I had met a streetwise male operator, is invalid. The fact was, great good fortune attended that vital first meeting.

A DISCUSSION IN BOMBAY

At Pupul Jayakar's home, one morning there was a discussion with Krishnamurti and fifty people. We began with ordinary everyday consciousness, our normal ways of thinking. We receive impressions through the senses from the world about us, and this reception includes, of course, ideas expressed by others. We then examined another aspect of consciousness—the layers of memory, the recording of things learned and acquired, and the memories of what we have thought about these experiences.

When these two meet, when the immediate incoming impression is met by these memories, thinking begins. The past rises to meet the new challenge of the present. Such thinking, such consciousness, is part of the daily experience of us all. However, obviously this is not the whole content of consciousness. There are deeper layers, incidents and experiences now forgotten, racial memories below the surface of consciousness that also operate in our lives. Occasionally when we are greatly disturbed these hidden, forgotten memories rise in response to what happens.

The question, then, is: Is there a difference between these two states, the conscious and the unconscious? Psychology has divided them, perhaps for the sake of convenience and clarity. However, are they essentially different? When we search out this question, we see that they are the same. It is like fishing with a float or a sinker, one at the surface and one deeper; but it is still the same water and the fish, in both instances, can be brought to the surface, as can the accumulations from the deeper unconscious when the conditions are favorable.

Again, are these two apparently different states of consciousness the whole of consciousness? Do they cover the whole field of consciousness? Or is there some factor that has not been taken into consideration? In other words, is consciousness limited to thought? For consciousness, as we normally think of it, is thought. Are we only conscious then when we are thinking? If it is confined to thought, then every new challenge, everything that happens must inevitably be interpreted in terms of our experiences and the conclusions we have arrived at

about them. Can we ever meet life afresh; can we ever directly experience a quick, fluid movement of consciousness? Can there ever be a whole, immediate understanding of *what is* and what is happening, or is there merely a translation of it in terms of our past experience and conclusions?

The question, then, really is: Is there consciousness wholly free from idea? Are we ever conscious without thought? Are there any intervals of time, moments when we are not thinking? When we watch a bird in flight, observing its movement, its color, in that moment there is no thought. We are alertly conscious, but there is no thought. That we may begin to think immediately afterwards, in no way negates the conscious experiencing, fleeting as it may be. And this state of consciousness is not accumulative. It lives in the moment, in direct relationship with *what is...* and that is always changing. It is an alert, alive state, continually renewed, eternally in the present. There is no thought to divide us from the experience, the experiencing.

As the discussion reached this stage we all seemed to be in a state of alert, quiet watchfulness, when everything that was being said was understood, when even the most subtle nuance and suggestion was sharply clear.

Krishnaji then asked, "*What is the state of your mind now?*"

Instantly we all began to think, "Well, what is the state of my mind?"

A few people gave answers, tried to define what was happening in their thought. One said, "My mind is quiet." Another, "I am thinking of another experience I had like this." A third, "My mind is a blank." To each response Krishnaji said one word: "*No.*"

After some minutes, one said, "When you asked that question there was a sense of shock and my mind stopped." The man was about to go on when Krishnaji said, "*Don't speak. You've said it. There was a sense of shock and your mind stopped. That's all.*"

After a while he went on, "*That state wherein the mind has stopped is the beginning of reality. When you are all attention to what is happening without thinking, there is understanding. Thought can only think about what is; it can never know.*" There was a long silence. Then he laughed. "*You know, I've only just noticed that I haven't thought all this morning. My mind has had a complete rest. I have simply been responding to what you have been saying.*"

A S W I F T R E L E A S E

An instance of piercing directly to the heart of a problem, when there is no time for the full story to be told, occurred on the afternoon that Krishnamurti was to leave Bombay and India. A farewell tea party had been arranged at Ratansi's house. Surprisingly, as we were about to leave, Achyut Patwardhan¹⁴ and Krishnamurti began singing Indian religious songs, harmonizing together and obviously enjoying it. Others joined in while we half-dozen Westerners listened. Soon after, Krishnamurti asked to be excused, saying he had to complete his packing. We were about to leave when a young man I had noticed at the talks burst in unannounced, asking to see Krishnamurti. Pupul Jayakar took over. "I'm

sorry, but you're too late. Mr. Krishnamurti is preparing to leave. You can't see him now."

He stood his ground. "I have to see him!"

Krishnamurti appeared at the door. "*You want to see me?*" he asked gently.

"Yes, urgently." He was almost shouting. "I've got to talk!"

"*Come with me.*"

Bypassing Pupul, the man crossed to Krishnamurti, and as they walked down the long hall towards Krishnamurti's room, we could hear the man relating his problem. Before they reached Krishnamurti's door, we heard the man suddenly begin to laugh. "Ali, yes, of course!" we heard him cry out. Seconds later he reentered the drawing room. He was radiant. "I knew it! I knew he could solve it. Thank you." He glanced around the room, said goodbye, and left. The whole incident could have taken no longer than three minutes. It was a revelation of the immediacy of perception when a person is in crisis, when there is no time for explanations.

P A R I S

A hall in the Rue des Ecoles was the venue for the Paris discussions. There I met Mr. H. W. Methorst, a Dutchman.¹⁵

It was at the first public discussion that Krishnamurti made one of his devastatingly direct exposures of national phobia. He began by talking about the clarity of the French language, which he knew well, and the ability of the French to use words precisely, their pride in articulate speech and writing, and the fact that the international diplomatic language is French. After these pleasing opening remarks, he began to demolish the thinking process, the reliance on words for communication and comprehension, and to point out that insight is free of words. He went into "consciousness," into what lay beneath the word *awareness*—not the description of awareness, but the state of being itself. He spoke in English, sentence by sentence, and paused while a translation into French was given. He pointed out that thinking in French is no different from thinking in any language—that pride in the French tongue engenders arrogance.

From my diary: May 1950

Pride in nationality is internationally upheld. It is expected of everyone to be patriotic. From birth, each child is encouraged never to question this divisive mindset.

To question nationality is daunting. It carries the fear of social ostracism, of being seen to be different. This keeps most people within the monstrous framework. The overwhelming majority of people in the modern monumental state dare not question the dictum of the sovereignty of the nation. Custom and culture still applaud and confirm the traditional belief that bigger is better.

This persistent malaise with its constantly recurring crisis keeps increasing. Why is it that we fail to see that what we are doing continues the turmoil? Few

see and break away or become revolutionaries. When the crisis is big enough, fearful enough, the upheaval—personal and social—becomes catastrophic: the whole system is shattered and those who administered it destroyed, as happened in France, and in Russia in 1917. However, no fundamental change at all! Everyone keeps on working for personal fulfillment within the tradition, using the same impractical, social procedures, still trying to make failed institutions function.

The religious myths also remain unchallenged. The assumption that although personal fulfillment may not be possible here on earth, it may be possible after death. Not here and now but maybe in some other place and at some other time.

Why not take a pause and see what we are doing? Is it possible to stop talking about what has to be changed, what ought to be done? Can we observe what is happening inside ourselves, and out there in the world, without reacting or judging? Can the mind be quiet, perhaps to experience directly another dimension?

Humanity has reversed the natural order of life on Earth. In nature, the roots and trunk of a tree are strong and powerful. They support the smaller, weaker, more numerous branches above. We have turned this natural order onto its head: the powerful, privileged few at the top of the social tree are supported by the frail underprivileged majority below.

When this cultural phenomenon, this mindset, with its excessive top-heavy, monumental imbalance begins to crack, the leaders of the resulting revolution, if successful, straightway set about re-establishing the same structure with themselves in the exalted positions. The same old edifice is painted with another color. Yet we still reaffirm the dictum: “We learn from our mistakes.” We learn from experience while we go on repeating our mistakes.

What we are learning, and so very painfully, is that the social institutions are failing. Though we no longer believe in any authority, have no faith in leaders, we still persist in electing people and giving them power.

THE UNEXPECTED IN SEATTLE

After the talks, I crossed to London and worked for a month at the BBC. While there I had the good fortune to meet George Moore O’Farrell who invited me to sit in on the rehearsals and the telecast of *Othello* at Alexandra Palace. Those six days let me see the great Irish director at work, how he saw possibilities and manipulated both actors in their performance and technicians with their skills to bring about a superb Sunday night production.

On the journey from Southampton by boat to New York, and Greyhound bus to San Francisco, a magical lightness carried me, and I was still floating on its invisible wings when I arrived. Within a week I was offered an on-camera job with the newly opened NBC television station (television came to the United States that year, 1950). But with one condition: the gold fillings in my two front teeth would have to be removed and the teeth capped. That same evening I heard Krishnaji was giving a series of talks in Seattle, and the following day I took a

Greyhound bus up the Pacific coast to hear him and to ask him about the possibility of my assisting with the editing and arranging of the manuscripts of his talks for publication. In those days everything was taken down in shorthand as he spoke, typed and checked, then prepared for printing—quite a task.

This demanding work was carried out (in India) by Madhavachari,¹⁶ and (in Europe and America) by D. Rajagopal.¹⁷ Years later, Madhavachari told me that in 1947 and 1948 (before shorthand recordings of the talks and discussions were made), he would immediately, after each talk, write down the whole talk as if he were hearing it again—much as some musicians are able to hear a whole score just once, then play it note by note on a piano, allowing it to unravel from memory. Madhavachari said he always wrote down the opening sentence, the exact words, and that as he began to transcribe what he had heard, the whole story would come sequentially, sentence after sentence. This he said was the way those early post-World War II Indian publications were recorded. I wondered if my radio scripting experience could be applied to the punctuation and paraphrasing of Krishnamurti's talks in preparation for publication.

A few days after I arrived in Seattle, I received a phone call from Bill Winter, a newscaster friend in San Francisco, to tell me that the NBC job was still open and to ask whether my teeth had been capped. When I told him, "No," he said, "Don't come back until you can smile on camera."

So at the first talk, I asked Alan Hooker¹⁸ about getting an appointment with a local dentist. And it was arranged that a few days later I was in the surgery of a Dutch dentist. Here now was a real opportunity to experience pain and fear, the fear that accompanies pain, and it was to turn out to be a revelatory experience.

Once I was seated in the chair and comfortable, the dour dentist said slowly, "Each tooth will take forty-five minutes to drill down, leaving enough peg to be capped, so I will only be able to do one today. I will inject Novocaine, then start after it has taken effect."¹⁹

"No Novocaine."

"Then no operation."

"Why not?"

"Because when I get near the nerve you will flinch and I might stab you, and you can sue me for damages."

"Novocaine makes me feel sick."

"So be it. No Novocaine, no operation." He stood back.

"It's a long tough job for me as well as you."

This was a definite impasse. Then he said bluntly, "We're both wasting our time!"

I understood his position but I wanted to experience what was about to happen, so I countered, "Allow me to pay for this session now before you start. The first time I flinch that's it, and we begin again with Novocaine." The Dutch dentist was adamant: "You want to use me so that you can find out if you can handle pain."

"Yes, that's true."

"Why suffer when you don't need to?"

I said something about wanting to discover what pain is. He stared at me incredulously; clearly he thought I was mad. As it was agreed that I was paying for his time, I said I suspected that a major factor in the actual experiencing of pain was resistance to it. And that this natural resistance came from the anticipated fear of what could result, and so it usually did. The dentist smiled, “Okay, fear is a major cause. Now let’s begin so that both of us can test out your theory.”

The operation began easily enough. Every minute or so he would stop to allow the hot drill to cool by dipping it in cold water. But as the loud burring drill circled and circled ever nearer and nearer the sensitive nerve, it became more and more difficult not to anticipate an unbearable sensation. At this point I let go, lay back in the chair, not waiting for what might come but experiencing, feeling what was happening, and almost instantly everything changed: a calm pervaded me. The expected excruciating climax never came. I lay there in silent wonder while the dentist finished that front tooth and in an extended session burred the other. Impressions were taken and two days later, with both teeth capped, I could smile in public.

The following morning I awakened with what seemed an overall view of pain, its source, its transition into passion/ecstasy and beyond. For a long time I had wondered why pain can go on for hours, days, even years while passion/ecstasy arises, flowers and quickly passes away. Why does pain continue and ecstasy climax and wither?

That day at the dentist’s, it was all quite obvious. Pain persists primarily because it is resisted. Though it focuses my attention, one’s only real concern is how to get rid of it. What to do to end the agony? My attention has been diverted away from the pain, and while thinking, urgently hunting around, searching for a quick release... from outside—the pain will persist. I am far more interested in a solution than in the reality of the pain; I’m involved only with what I want, and not with what I am actually experiencing. Meanwhile the life energy (which heals wounds and pain) is dissipated, is directed away, searching for a future result, and bypassing the present phenomenon. And so pain continues to recur endlessly out of fear of what might be. I avoid *feeling*, deny what is occurring. The dilemma is that I like to believe that I am in control.

Ecstasy I do not resist. I want it to continue, I want it to stay on the high plateau, to go on, for it not to end. Because I do not resist it, because I allow it to have its way through my body/mind, it blooms and fades, quite quickly. The moment the sun reaches its zenith it instantly begins to go down. Life naturally flows this way. However when pain comes, tradition and education tell me it should not be, that I have to do something to correct it... and so the ego is reborn, the self once again becomes active.

Put simply: The belief that I am a separate entity, that humanity is the apex of creation, that we can direct not only our own affairs but the earth we live on, has proven to be false.

I want pain to end and pleasure to continue. The pain that I want to end continues; the ecstasy I want to continue ends. What a dilemma!

The dreadful realization is that I am not in fact in control of “my” feelings, that what I so desire and work for, what humanity has struggled for throughout history (to be free of pain and to live happily, healthily) has not eventuated. This inability is evident throughout the entire range of human experience: fear, anger, aggression, war still plague our lives.

Isn't it obvious that it is not more change, but rather to experience, watch, see what we do all the way in to the source, to realize the enormous psychological, moral, medical, and physical consequences of our failure to understand the core of the problem—the idea of a separate self. Nothing humans have done has altered our inability to cope. Apparently it is too arduous, too difficult to watch, to actually experience what is happening, to follow it inwardly to its very source in the body consciousness, to be *what is* and allow that to change.

Here my musings wandered off to include memories of my Christian childhood background. Why was the crucifixion of Christ called the passion of Christ? Was this description stating that pain (suffered even to death) had transformed into passion? Such a portrayal of the mutation of energy is still enacted at Oberamaga each year. Such a transformation in the human spirit from pain to passion may be possible only through passivity, by being completely passive. It is perhaps not strange that the two words *passion* and *passive* differ only in their endings. Pain-passive-passion, one sequential transition of spirit/feeling.

Perhaps pain is the experiencing of the body healing itself, the natural intelligence of the body to function holistically, energy working to restore what has been damaged. The very action of the life-force brings the pain of healing, as when a baby is being born, the new life form can stretch the mother's body to the limit—and sometimes beyond.

So why not allow what is actually happening to happen, being aware of the miraculous transformation? All thought (during an excruciating experience) is an avoidance of reality, a mental siphoning off of the very creative energy that is essential for the repairing of the damaged part.

An appointment with Krishnaji was arranged for Saturday at Professor Will Tyler's house by a lake, with its tremendous view of Mt. Baker and the mountains to the east. There were fourteen adults at lunch and several of their children.

During the meal, one of the most surprising and inexplicable actions I ever witnessed happened. The adults were seated at a long table and the little children at a small, low table immediately behind Krishnaji. I was sitting opposite him and could not see the children; they were very quiet. At one point Krishnaji was talking and at the same time buttering a slice of bread, which he then cut into four pieces and, with his left hand, passed one quarter down behind him; at that moment a small hand appeared and took it, without a word, with no apparent interchange of any kind before, during or after the event. An astonishing exchange had taken place. A seemingly impossible meeting. Was it of minds, or consciousnesses? The small hand did not appear again. Nor did Krishnaji offer another piece of bread. I glanced around. No one else seemed to have noticed the extraordinary action. How did the child know to put his hand up and have food

placed in it, and what moved in Krishnaji that he acted as he did, and both at precisely the same moment. It was as if, by some impossible synchronicity, two consciousnesses had acted as one—a need for something and its fulfillment—a single movement with no visible or verbal contact.

Later, in his room, I put my proposal about helping with the editing to Krishnaji, and immediately he replied, “*You must see Rajagopal in Gower Street, Hollywood, and discuss this with him. There is already talk of a change in the publications.*” He then went on to talk about the many people who wanted to help. Most offers came to nothing. He said he had received a letter the day before, with a check for twenty-thousand dollars, from a woman in New York. Although the money was a gift, he was returning it to her. Apparently it was an attempt to buy her way into a working association with Krishnamurti. The twenty-thousand had not been a free gift, but a donation with strings.

Krishnaji was making sure I understood that, should Rajagopal decide to accept my offer, it would need to be free from any personal tags. Krishnaji had read me like an open book. I was willing and wanted to be involved in the work, especially with the publication and presentation of the talks and discussions. Parallel with this new urgency was the feeling that I did not want to lose my independence.

The interview was over, and he had other appointments. I rose to leave. Krishnaji said, “*Stay, sir.*” Uncertain, I hesitated. “*If you have something else...*”

“No, I’d like to stay.”

“*Then do.*” He indicated a seat by one of the large windows overlooking the lake, with a view of the mountains.

A middle-aged woman came in. She was distressed and barely noticed my presence. After awhile she launched into her complex problem. I heard the discussion almost without listening. When she was through and had left, I was brash enough to ask, “Why was it that you did not go further into her problem? I felt that you didn’t go the whole way.”

Krishnaji’s answer was astonishing. “*She came in love. Why go beyond it?*” To that there was no answer. He added, “*If she wants to go further, decides to probe deeper, she will come again.*” It was a salutary lesson.

From my earliest observations in Sri Lanka, it had been obvious that probing into the private or undiscovered areas of people’s lives is not Krishnaji’s way. Only when we ask for another’s advice are we likely to listen, and then, being vulnerable, be capable of receiving. Only with the mutual consent of both to probe together into the same area of the same problem is free and open examination possible.

Late that afternoon as I was leaving, Krishnamurti walked with me into the garden. As we approached the gate, I began wondering how I would say goodbye—how I could thank him for all he was doing, for the incredible afternoon, for arranging for me to see Rajagopal. Suddenly I realized he was no longer beside me. Turning, I saw that he was already ten yards away. He looked back, waved, and vanished. He had solved my problem of how to say goodbye.

I took a bus down the coast to Hollywood and Rajagopal’s house in Gower Street. He met me at the door, barefoot and in his dressing gown. As we talked, I

couldn't help noticing the extraordinary flexibility of his feet and toes. He was rolling his big toe completely under his foot. On occasion I have observed Indian women and children foot-playing in this way, which is quite similar to folding a thumb into the palm of the hand. But never had I seen such pliancy. His feet seemed as flexible as his hands, fingers, and thumbs. If mental subtlety is related to physical suppleness, then Rajagopal indeed had a most lucid mind.

Rajagopal politely let me know that he really did not need help. After all, this was his undertaking, and all was going well.

The next time I saw him was some weeks later at Arya Vihara in Ojai. We again talked about the work and what needed to be done. I was looking for something that might give significance to my life. It was already clear that whatever I might do, I would have to discover it for myself. I sensed that while the important outward work was the spreading of Krishnamurti's teachings across the world, there was real and immediate work to be done in freeing the patterns that constituted "me," and that both tasks were simultaneously possible and practical. Indeed, they were complementary—freedom in me and in the world.

The following day I received a cable from B. H. Molesworth, Federal Director of Talks for the Australian Broadcasting Commission. The position of Supervisor of Talks for the State of New South Wales was vacant, and if I wanted to apply, I must cable one word, "Yes," right away, and then send my written application as soon as possible. I cabled "Yes," and very shortly was on a plane back to Australia. So ended the first crucial life-changing contacts with Krishnamurti.

SYDNEY, 1955

BENEATH THE SURFACE

Five years later, in November 1955, Krishnamurti visited Australia for the fourth time and gave a series of talks. Spencer English, Krishnamurti's representative in Australia since 1939, and I drove out to the airport to meet Krishnamurti and Rajagopal. On the way to Spencer's home on the north side of Sydney Harbor, Raja sat in the front seat with Spencer, who was driving, and I was in the back with Krishnamurti.

As we were crossing the Harbor Bridge, he asked me, "*What would be the proportion of Catholics in Australia?*" I didn't know. Every politician and sociologist wants to know the percentages of dedicated Catholics and other ideologically committed people. Any estimate would be guesswork. But he had asked me, and he was expecting an answer. I remembered years ago I had heard that one-third of Australians were Catholics, or of Catholic descent. I told him this. Then he asked about the number of communists. I estimated that one percent were card-carrying members of the party, but that the number of their left-of-center sympathizers, socialists and others would be considerable—a third perhaps.

As I was talking, and before we had crossed the long bridge, I realized that, although I had not known the actual figures and had been hazarding guesses, I had in a sense answered Krishnamurti's question. I had been born in the country, was numbered in the population, and while I had been speaking he could hear my hesitations, which indicated what I knew and what I didn't know. Right then I sensed that in some miraculous way, I was communicating to Krishnaji what he wanted to know. There was that extraordinary attentive listening of his—a stillness. I realized that in listening openly, the limitations of what is being said, the hesitation, the falseness, and the certainties are apparent. As I was speaking, I suspected I was revealing to Krishnaji that which I didn't even overtly know about myself. Krishnaji must have been satisfied. After a moment or two, he was again viewing the water on that bright morning.

The talks were held at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music. It is a beautiful setting, overlooking the Botanical Gardens and the harbor. It seats seven-hundred people, and was crowded for every talk. One of my jobs was to test the microphones and speaker system, to ensure that Krishnamurti would be heard in every part of the hall by everyone. Another was to escort him through the labyrinth of passages and dressing rooms to the stage when he arrived, and after the talk to accompany him out of the building to the waiting car.

One evening as Krishnamurti came off the platform, I noticed he was beating his right hand and arm vigorously against his side and leg. Noticing my look he said, "*My hand's gone to sleep.*" And then I recalled that during the talk, he had stood erect and still for an hour and fifteen minutes. Certainly, I had not noticed

any movement—an incredible feat, then or at any time. During the next thirty years, he would gesture more.

Another equally astonishing fact was that after each talk, to get to the car, we had to walk along a side corridor and then through the crowded foyer. There was no rear entrance to the Conservatorium. Every night en route to the car, I walked a few steps ahead of Krishnamurti to clear a way for him. Only once did someone notice him and attempt to talk. On the other eleven occasions as he walked through, he walked invisibly. No one saw him. It was as though the man had dissolved into nothingness. Certainly he had no persona. That this “absence” was not often perceived is probably due to the fact that on leaving the stage he went out of sight—and, as a presence, “out of mind.” He had already gone. Occasionally, people would remark to me, “I saw you going through the foyer after the talk.” They hadn’t noticed Krishnamurti, the one they had come to see and to hear.

ODD EXPERIENCES

Krishnamurti was staying at Spencer English’s house beside the Pymble Golf Course. One day I had an appointment with him, and as I came into the drawing room, Krishnaji, in his gracious way, indicated an easy chair for me while he sat on an austere stool. That is all I remember. As I began to sit, I recall crossing my legs, and my next recollection was uncrossing my legs and realizing that the appointment was over. I know that sounds quite mad, but it is a fact. What happened in that half-hour I do not know. Amnesia? I doubt it. I walked away feeling light and free.

Another quite astonishing experience happened one morning when we had been talking about freedom. Suddenly I realized I was seeing right through the walls of the house. I could see Barbara English making a bed in a room that I later learned was at the far end of the house, through four layers of brick. As I continued to look, I could see people working outside the house, beyond the furthest wall. There is no rational explanation for this, and I record it simply because it happened.

One night during dinner, there was a violent thunderstorm with lots of lightning—a real November early summer turbulence in the Southern Hemisphere. We stopped talking to watch. Krishnamurti pushed back his chair, and without a word went out onto the open patio and began to dance in the rain, joyously leaping in the midst of that extraordinary lightning and thunderous storm. It was beautiful to watch a man dancing spontaneously, wildly, and gracefully in nature’s violence.

One day a young man, Bill De Vere, asked if I could arrange for a number of “YTs”—Young Theosophists—to have a group appointment with Krishnamurti. The morning after the meeting, Bill rang to say excitedly, “An extraordinary thing happened. For the first time ever, I met myself. Until yesterday I had seen myself as different. As we talked, I suddenly realized that in Krishnaji, I was experiencing a true reflection of myself—a shattering discovery—to see myself

as I am. What a shock!” There is a singular similarity between his experience and mine in Colombo.

One evening, Rajagopal and I went for a walk on the golf links. We again talked of Krishnamurti’s books and publishing. I mentioned that I had given a series of talks in Sydney in 1953, which had been recorded at the time and later typed. Picking up my feeling, he asked if I wanted to publish them. I said I had been contemplating this. “Let me see them,” he said.

When I next went to Pymble, I took the manuscript and left it with him. The following morning, he rang to say he had stayed up very late and “finished the thing,” and that “certainly this should be published,” which it was, within a few months. The title is *Being What I Am*.

One day we went for a picnic down the south coast. Spencer English and Rajagopal were in the front seat, Krishnaji and I in the back. Rather than following the highway, we turned off into the Royal National Park. After we had been driving for half an hour in the virgin bush, Rajagopal said, “This is an enormous park to have so close to the city. How big is it?” I hadn’t the faintest idea, nor had Spencer. While we pondered the possible area of the park, Krishnaji said, “*One thousand, eight hundred, fifty hectares.*” I didn’t disbelieve him, but I couldn’t help being a little skeptical. “*It was on the sign at the entrance gates,*” he said. This was yet another example of how, for all his inwardness, Krishnamurti never lost touch with the immediate present.

A few days before Krishnamurti was due to leave Australia, Rosalind Rajagopal arrived. Raja went back to California and Rosalind accompanied Krishnamurti on the flight to India for the talks that were to begin that December, 1955.

INDIAN SOJOURN

1963 / 1978

A CRUCIAL QUESTION

Although from 1955 to 1962, work with the Australian Broadcasting Commission kept me in Australia, I was to have a sequence of Indian sojourns beginning in 1963, which were to go on through 1978. For approximately three months every two years during the winter—from early November through mid-February—I recorded Krishnamurti's talks (1963/64, 1965/66, 1967/68, 1969/70, 1971/72, 1973/74, 1975/76 and 1977/78). Although I had been to India in 1962 covering the Indo-China border war for the ABC, I first began recording the Krishnamurti talks and discussions in 1963.²⁰ My first tape-recorded interview with Krishnaji was in Shiva Rao's²¹ home in New Delhi. I had discussed the possibility with Madhavachari and he arranged the session.

Before we began, Krishnaji asked me to talk about his Sydney visit back in 1955, thus to establish a relationship and to give a lead into my questions. This I did, and a forty-minute interview followed. As with the half-dozen subsequent recorded interviews, passages were broadcast over the ABC network in Australia.

RAJGHAT, 1963

The day after I arrived at Rajghat,²² the Krishnamurti Foundation School near Benares,²³ an appointment with Krishnamurti was arranged for me. The time and place were five o'clock in the afternoon on the verandah of his house overlooking the Ganges. I came early, and waited in the small gazebo on the high bank overlooking the river. By November, the yearly flooding is subsiding, yet the amazing river is about eight-hundred yards wide at Rajghat, four miles east of Varanasi. Many fishing boats, seemingly motionless on the water, drifted silently, one still figure seated on each stern. Beyond the river, the southern shore was bright green with the new shoots of young rice planted in the mud as the water level dropped. The pale blue sky, the pink cumulus clouds, and the yellow and purple of the coming sunset were reflected in the dark water.

Entranced, I watched. I was also waiting. So when Krishnamurti lifted the edge of the blind that protected the first floor verandah from the sun and waved, I walked over to the house, up the stairs, and out to where he stood. Greetings over, he asked me why I had come. I said I wanted to share the extraordinary freedom and lucidity that came when I was with him, and which I occasionally experienced on my own.

He hesitated. "*And you want it? You want to get it?*" The emphasis on the "you" gave me pause.

“Yes. Even though I realize it’s not a personal thing at all, that it’s not mine.”

He let that go for the moment and we sat in silence. Then I asked about the possibility of breaking through the limitations in my way of life.

“*What then is your question?*” he asked.

“What is the essence, the free-flowing energy that animates life?”

Krishnamurti’s answer: “*Energy is always here, but normally it’s involved in pursuing thought, is expended in thinking, so that the real world is secondary and your own responses occupy your attention and use up your energy.*” He was describing my situation. He was again reflecting me, and this was obvious when he added, “*When there is no division between you and the world around you, the energy flows freely.*”

“But,” I countered, “Energy in me is confined, is directed, is not free.” “Yes.”

“*See for yourself.*” There was a long pause. “Yes.”

“*It demands tremendous sensitivity.*” I was listening intently. “*Are you prepared for psychological surgery?*”

The dramatic metaphor rocked me. This was no longer a speculative project that I could work on at my leisure; not some transformation that may possibly come about at some future time. It was an ultimate question. Was I ready for immediate, slicing-through surgery? No matter what the outcome? That moment I realized that I was being faced with a total decision: the cutting out of the false. I had no idea what was involved, but I did understand that it meant fundamental change. Was I prepared? Well, ready or not, there I was. There was actually no decision to be made. I had come to this situation and this crisis point. “That’s why I’ve come,” I remember replying.

“*Then come tomorrow morning at eight o’clock. When you go downstairs, see Mamma²⁴ [Madhavachari] and tell him that you will be attending the early morning discussions.*”

The interview was over. The work was about to begin.

EARLY MORNING DISCUSSIONS AT RAJGHAT

The following morning I arrived early once again and wandered around the garden watching the mists on the river and a wild peacock far up in a tamarind tree. Numbers of these exotic birds inhabit the flats adjoining the Varuna River down by the school’s playing fields.

I went up the stairs to find eight people sitting cross-legged in a circle, five men and three women. They made space and I sat with them. Soon Krishnamurti joined us and straightaway asked what we would like to talk about.

Someone proposed “cooperation,” adding “co-operation that has no goal as its motive.” Someone else observed that without a purpose there would be no incentive for cooperation—and the discussion had already begun. We went into what it means to cooperate without an objective: simply being together, inquiring together, watching together, was cooperation. The discussion quietly led to the fact that, being conditioned, we project our purposes out of our pasts and so keep

moving in the constant round of past/present/future repetitive activity. And that we “cooperate” in this known pattern.

Krishnamurti asked, “*Aware that we are this repetitive mechanism, is there awareness that the deadening, recurring process prevents spontaneous cooperation? Maybe there is another movement altogether that is not mechanical, not repetitive?*”

The question highlighted the admission that living usually consists of a boring routine, and that simultaneously, one looks for a way out of the habitual round, to make a passage into another dimension, something new and whole, often called “freedom.” Rather than speculate about what freedom may be, simply to observe one’s mode of daily living may be the only action needed. Certainly to remain focused on what is actually happening is to uncover its operation (in a thousand ways), and to discover the diminishing significance and power of habit. One of the men pointed out that awareness brings about an enormous release of energy, energy that has been blocked and stored in repetitive patterns.

This discussion group, like the others I was to attend over the years, included a dimension normally beyond ordinary consciousness. It didn’t matter what direction our talk took, or what the theme had been at the beginning, for the area being investigated would open out and often change course. As we followed the flow, domains and depths immeasurably beyond the opening understanding were uncovered. There was always a sense of wholeness and urgency. Sometimes during a dialogue, one or two of us would become distressed or troubled. There would be long pauses, followed by a sudden pick-up; baffled responses sometimes erupted. There would be a quick seeing, a quick leaping through one another’s perceptions, like a game of mental leap-frog, with each one of us leaping over and beyond the other’s stance—no going back to what had been, but a vaulting through the present perception to a new position, and occasionally, into another dimension. I would leave with a sense of extraordinary lightness and wholeness.

In the early sixties, these get-togethers were not recorded. Only after the use of the Nagra recording machine was there consistent recording.

DRIFTING DOWN THE GANGES

During this month of talks/discussions/meditative “seminars” at Rajghat, a new sense of freedom enlivened my consciousness.

One early evening, two companions and I were returning from Varanasi where we had spent the afternoon. We were at the Burning Ghats on the river bank when the full moon rose, and we decided to hire a boat and drift the mile or so back to the temple on the school property. Like us, the boatman was happy merely to drift eastward under the enormous railroad bridge, just floating gently on this silent river. Occasionally, the oar was moved to guide the craft as we flowed serenely with the silver stream. The night and the sound of the water lapping gently induced a dreamlike tranquility, yet we three were starkly awake.

When we came to the temple steps, which led down into the water, the craft slid in. We were in no hurry to move with no wish to change the magic mood. The boatman was paid, and we stepped off onto a little stone platform. As though in a waking dream, we meandered up the steps.

The silence held an extraordinary stillness. No one spoke. At the top of the bank there was a giant banyan tree. As I passed under its vast canopy, with the moonlight shining through the leaves and making dappled patterns on the sandy earth, a strange sensation came over me. I had a feeling of such lightness and the whole world had suddenly changed—and I with it. Everything was totally different, sharp and clear. It was as if a great burden had fallen away. Everything was right and beautiful just as it was. Perfect.

This sensitivity, fragile yet with wholeness and strength, was to be present through my body/being for four days—a sense of seeing and being in a completely new world. This sounds as though it were a personal experience. It was not. What was happening had nothing to do with me or anything I was doing or had done or intended to do. It was as though my old consciousness was in abeyance. And everything was present and changing its own totality. There was no sense of separation.

In this miraculous state, we walked up to the Pilgrim's Way and to our rooms in one of the college residential buildings overlooking the Varuna River.²⁵

This experience was the beginning of wholly tranquil days and nights when the slow rhythm of the daily round, the timeless tempo of the river, the beauty of the dawns and sunsets, the sense of being, and of being timeless, filled the world with wonder.

As I began to come back to my normal consciousness, I jotted down some thoughts.

Perceptions are instantaneous, but although the mood had been there as we drifted timelessly in the moonlight, the change in consciousness had not come until I walked under the banyan tree. At that moment, another dimension was suddenly here. And this raised again the questions: What is consciousness? Where does consciousness begin? Where does it take place? In my brain and head? In my body? Where? And what is it that changes? What actually is consciousness?

When I am introspective I seem to be looking inward to an inner space somewhere behind my eyes. Sometimes I close my eyes not only to listen more acutely, but also to recall something I have forgotten. I close my eyes to look inside. Watching this phenomenon, I saw that closing my eyes cuts out outside distractions, the sights/sounds of the physical world around me, so that they do not intrude and distract from what is going on inwardly. This introspection apparently behind the eyes indicates that physiologically this is where I assume consciousness is.

When talking, I tend to rely on eye contact as though consciousness were operating in the other's head as well. Somehow I assume that the brain/space inside my head is talking to the brain/space in some other's head. I imagine mind/space is inside me—in back of my eyes where I cannot look—sight being only forward. Consciousness can also be feeling butterflies in the stomach,

gasping a quick breath, a racing heartbeat. Locating consciousness is an arbitrary role. Consciousness has no fixed location.

So what is consciousness? Is it simply reactivity to some stimulus? One thing was certain, an unlocated magnitude was present during those four days.

LETTERS FROM RAJGHAT

November 30, 1963

There is a serene sense of well-being, an inner tingling, a kind of dancing in slow motion. This morning I awoke early, as usual, and walked to the river to watch the predawn colors emerge in the eastern sky and find their reflection along the vast waterway. As the sun rose, the river banks, the trees, the buildings—the whole world—materialized. The very air was penetrated by the light of the sun, as I was penetrated by miraculous light and lightness; the spirit lifted, everything clear. The past days, what I see around me is mirrored in consciousness; what I feel inwardly is out there in the world around me—all one harmonious interflow. This unitary moment, this consciousness of consciousness, seems to be the very essence of consciousness.

These words, like all others, are failing to reveal the idle emptiness that is here. Even so, I feel impelled to try to tell you. Impossible as it may be, I urgently want to communicate this wondrousness, to share the silent, powerful joy with you. As I write, every word is a metaphor, a label for something else, a verbal recording, not the living reality. I'm tempted to try to explain by saying, "Well, it is like..." and go on to relate some action or object already known to us both, and thereby hope to communicate something entirely new. Metaphor doesn't actually do the job, and cannot. And there is a further hazard, because any metaphor I use to elucidate what I'm trying to convey can only add a different picture. Though consciousness can be shared, it cannot be communicated, and is impossible to translate. Communication is not communion.

Again, I'll still try. At a distance, what else can I do?

These days are filled with a delicious idleness. Two nights ago, a group of musicians played in the auditorium for Krishnamurti, the school staff and students. The subtle drumming on the tablas, the singing, and the plucking of the vina produced an extraordinary atmosphere. As the music developed, I was aware that the rhythm was all through me—a very fine, unmistakable tingling. Every nerve and fiber of my body was alive with the intricate rhythm and the song. As the vibrations moved more completely through me, I became the rhythm, my whole being participated in the jubilation. If I had not been seated there, the sound would have filled the space I occupied—as it was, my body was pulsating with sound, as though I were not there. Separate consciousness, for the time being, had dissolved.

Of course, I didn't think this at the time. I sensed a glorious wholeness and vibrant emptiness. Only later, quietly, consciousness re-emerged and "I" was present again. My sense of wonder continued as an afterglow.

Last night, as I walked, everywhere I looked—at the sky, the river, the ancient temple by the river's edge with the paint peeling from its neglected walls, and across the bamboo bridge over the Varuna River where villagers were returning from Varanasi along the Pilgrim's Way, and further on, the village fires, the wheat fields, the groves of trees—there was a miraculous seeing without my consciously looking, a learning without intended listening, which lifts the heart and stills the mind.

It's not strange that all relationships have sharpened and every circumstance is acute and clear. It is as though time itself has come into crisis—and stopped. No past, no future, only what is happening is real. All else is illusion, non-fact. All life is here/now. Consciousness is the limitation—as are these written words.

December 2, 1963

The discussion this morning began with the topic of beauty, and the division in India between religious belief and the sordidness of daily living. Why it is that the appreciation of beauty and its wonder has been stultified and channeled—corroded into a series of given patterns? How the habitual is difficult to uproot, because what is familiar is not noticed or seen as fresh but accepted as natural and real, and so becomes an unperceived movement of consciousness—the way of one's life.

This developed into a search into the vast problem of what we know, the accumulation already stored in the brain cells; and of why we want to know, why we each desire our separate comprehension of everything. This inquiry led to the realization that every investigation begins with what we know—that we start with the known and go on from there. We don't examine the known, the familiar. The known is this entity's (my) accumulation—the known is “me.” We begin with it as the base, and so are never free.

December 5, 1963

The days slip by with extraordinary rapidity. Today's discussion (ten o'clock to twelve-thirty) slipped by in a flash. It related only, though not exclusively, to why there is not direct action; why the mind deals in ideas, why we ensure inaction by translating perceptions into ideas and plans, ensuring that there is no direct action, only the development of ideas, of techniques, and possibilities, all of which is delay, and merely creates a future in which action may occur.

Krishnaji had an astonishing ability to open up a question at many levels simultaneously! This discussion was on why idea is introduced, following perception of anything, and it also included what it is to cooperate without idea. Which means not only without a common purpose (which is simply a common desire, a common motive), but to meet, match and mingle with another at the same time on the same level, with the same intensity, without motive; to be with another, or a group, in communion.

Also, into this discussion came the question of schools, and the need to build up a climate of attitude wherein the need of children to be free is the first consideration. Not the educator, not the administration, but the children. That the teacher, the administration, and so on, are one wheel, and the children the other. In this sense, both are important and interdependent, but the teacher and the administration are important only in that they free the children. He suggested this morning that a man go around India, awakening the possibility of educating children for freedom, in freedom.

It could be a new movement in Australia.

December 7, 1963

Today I talked with Madhavachari, and he has arranged for me to go to Rishi Valley for the talks and discussions there; so I leave Rajghat on the fourteenth, and arrive at Rishi on the seventeenth of December.

It is astonishing what is happening, the change in the quality of perceptive thinking, the simple clarity into all the passing nuances of thought and behavior, the extensional awareness, without blockage, the “flowing with” in full, free, open simplicity.

Yesterday in the talk to the children (the last talk to them at Rajghat), Krishnamurti began by developing the theme we have been opening up in the small daily discussions, of giving space in the mind so that understanding can occur. He began by saying that to see anything clearly, there has to be space between you and that thing, whether it is the other side of the river, or a feeling, or an idea, a flower, or a person—space without the intervention of anything else, space in the physical world (distance)—space in the mind, an area of stillness without thought, feeling or any reaction—space in which perception can grow, in which seeing can take place. Space is timeless and total. In this openness, creativity has its being.

He talked of aggression, of how we brutalize ourselves and others. At first I thought he was overemphasizing the aggressiveness of human beings until he opened it up, and I saw that all attempts to free oneself, or to do anything is an act of aggression; that all control is aggression, be it of anger or annoyance—and at subtler levels, all thought is an intrusion, and so a bruising and blurring of *what is*.

At Dr. Chak’s²⁶ invitation I have talked twice to the children at their early morning assemblies, and find them a great delight.

At one group discussion with Krishnaji in his house, he talked of waking up in the morning and letting the body “tell what it requires”—sensing what it feels to be indolent, to stretch, to twist, and to move with its movement or its need to remain quiet. Instead of waking up and the mind immediately going into its patterned procedure of rising and doing whatever is the routine habitual procedure—to invite the body to let its needs be known so that at the very beginning of wakeful consciousness each day, there is no division between mind and body. It is not that the body dictates to the mind, or the mind dictates to the

body, but that the whole being and body are aware together, completely as one. Then movement for the day begins as a totality.

December 9, 1963

Yesterday, Sunday, was the last talk. The exodus has been general. There has been a change in travel dates. I leave now on the eleventh and it will take two days and nights aboard four trains and a long bus ride to reach Rishi Valley, all being well, on the night of Friday the thirteenth. This going to Rishi has been arranged through Madhavachari, who I now discover is a remarkable man, and perhaps a closer link with Krishnaji these days than Rajagopal. This morning at five forty-five, I called at his house, to find him working. With quiet grace he put aside the manuscript he was checking, and we talked for half an hour (they're up early in these parts). Around six-fifteen, I walked down to the river to see the sun rise and to greet the coming day—and there, on the mud bank, right at the junction of the Varuna and Ganges rivers, I saw a dog tearing at some object. I took a closer look. It was a human body, mostly skeleton, but still with patches of flesh. An astonishing sight, right there at the water's edge! Nearby a man was washing himself and gargling the water. Three crows on the ground waited for the dog to eat his fill, so that they could have theirs. The bare bones of the legs dangled about as the dog tore at the head. The harsh basic reality of a body after death gave me a strange feeling of the transience of life.

The red sun rose on the scene from the horizon across the river, the Ganges. In the ancient Hindu temple fifty yards away the monotonous bell was ringing. A boatload of forty women on some sort of pilgrimage was being rowed up the river by one man (in near the bank to escape the undertow), and the women were singing (chanting). The rower, straining to make slow headway against the current, pulled himself right off the seat to complete each stroke.

Everything is brutally stark here. Human life is regarded as cheaply as animal life is to Westerners. The culture is totally different from life as we know it, and cannot be comprehended by meeting it with conditioned eyes and responses. Strangely, much of my conditioning seems to have evaporated into thin air, so that I see all this without distress, almost as though it were an everyday occurrence and merely of passing interest. But it does make me wonder about Indian people—in the sense that no one cares. Oh, they will spend time and care on designing and knitting beautifully patterned cloth and on making fine jewelry, and they have an enormous, flowing affection for family and friends. But the very weight of numbers—thirteen million more births than deaths every year, a hundred million more mouths to feed every eight years—wipes out the individual Indian's concern for the plight of other human beings.

S L E E P

Ever since the last talk with the children at Rajghat, I have been aware of an inward peace when I awaken and of the extraordinary nature of this daily

phenomenon itself—coming into consciousness on waking, and drifting away as sleep quietly vaporizes consciousness. So common is this transition that for most of my life I gave it no attention. When I would lie down, my purpose was to sleep. I paid little heed to the process itself. And on waking, my consciousness quickly became engaged with the tasks for the day, or habit automatically took over and I began the usual round. I had been missing the miracle, overlooking the natural twice-daily opportunity to uncover a mystery of existence, the birth and death of consciousness, of understanding, of being, that momentary mutation of consciousness as it is actually happening.

For millennia human beings have meditated, prayed, contemplated, watched, studied, written, read, and worked to find the answer to the riddle of existence, the essence of reality, the source of being. Thousands of techniques have been used—from Zen to Hatha Yoga, from climbing Mt. Everest to fasting, from entering a monastery to making a million dollars.

The fact is that to be aware of the daily awakening of consciousness each morning and its fading into sleep, into infinity, in the evening, I don't have to develop a system or learn a technique. The transition happens for everyone with every rotation of the earth. I don't have to wait until the "I" dissolves or disappears as the body does at death. The means, the opportunity, is already here in the daily transition of waking and sleeping. No practice is needed. It happens naturally; is inherent in daily life.

So I began to give "the transition" an opportunity to expand. I began to watch the beginning and the ending of consciousness each day. And wondered why I had not noticed this ever-present chance before—this transformation into life (consciousness) and transformation out of life (unconsciousness). What I had been searching for always had been sought as though it were not already here. I had not noticed because I had not looked into the actuality of waking and sleeping. I had placed comprehension away in the future.

Watching this wondrous, twilight state of mind with its dreamlike clarity is far vaster than an individual experiencing. It happens throughout the phenomenal world as the sun, and so dawn and dusk, sweep around the globe. Everything is most alive during the two brief daily transitions. At dawn the world is filled with activity and bird-song. Not only are the day creatures awakening, but the night animals are actively settling down. At dusk the process is reversed. At noon and midnight, all activity is less.

Watching the twice-daily transition into and out of life (or consciousness), into and out of death (or unconsciousness), into being and out of being, reveals the process itself: When I lie down, I want "out," oblivion, sleep. When I awaken, I am concerned not so much with what is happening, as I am with projecting what I have to do or want to do, and the ways to achieve these results. Moreover, when consciousness slides away into sleep, so does "the world," along with "me"; we disappear together. And, of course, it is not only at dawn and dusk, but endlessly, all the time, that consciousness keeps changing, coming and going.

During this "other", this twilight consciousness, it was clear on waking one morning that while Krishnaji spoke with such simplicity, there was a certainty in

the way it was said, such lucid authority that it was so easy to pick up his words and to quote those words to express my own hazy understanding of deep and complex issues.

Yet Krishnamurti denied all authority, the whole claim of hierarchical authority. He refused to have any disciples. Nor, to my knowledge, did he ever comment that one should retire from the world, withdraw from ordinary life.

What he did say, and often, was, “*Watch what you are doing, listen accurately to the intimations of your feelings/thoughts, allow what is actually taking place to be your teacher and your guide.*”

Never have I heard him say that he was a great teacher. On the contrary he said, “*Be a light unto yourself.*” Uncover your blockages, take the ego mask off. Whenever you are a light you will cast no shadows, no shadows at all.

It is obvious that without clarity, without inward light, to stand facing the light will cast long shadows, making it more difficult for those behind you to see the light you see. It is obvious that whenever the mind is watchful, is aware of what is happening, the outside and inside are quite similar. And there it was.

Each person is a center of the universe. In and from each individual consciousness the whole universe radiates inwards and outward. Each one is an integral part of the whole, and is capable of comprehending the cosmos. It is only the one who happens to be empty of the refuse of past accumulations who sees.

So it behoves me to recognize the blockages, allow them to run their course, give them opportunity to release themselves. This demands a recognition that I do not own anything, that what I have is mine only in a transitory sense.

LETTERS FROM RISHI VALLEY

December 15, 1963

The countryside around Rishi Valley is truly magnificent with its granite hills, cultivated valleys, and stark beauty. Most wonderful of all, I am in the guest house, along with three other men and Krishnaji, whose rooms are upstairs.

I am in luck: with work, this is the opportunity I have been waiting for, to break through all the patterns at one stroke; to go beyond that small area of life, the intellect, into total existence, total life; to live fully with every movement and every nuance of life.

December 17, 1963

This morning was the first talk with the children, immediately after breakfast, at eight thirty-five. Krishnaji spoke for half an hour and then answered their questions. He explained what intelligence is: that it is not being clever; not the astute mind, the calculating mind, the knowledgeable mind; not the mind that cultivates its own talents, as a man tills his own field as separate from all the earth. Intelligence is the ability to understand all this.

Krishnamurti was asked by a young girl: “How do you find out what you want to do?” He replied that this is a most difficult question because it involves the whole of one’s being to discover what is the innermost necessity of a boy or a girl, or for that matter, for a man or woman. He went on to relate this need to discover what one will do “for the rest of one’s life” to intelligence, saying that intelligence is love—and to discover what love is, what you love doing above all else, what you are prepared to let go, demands the utmost intelligence. Very few discover what it is they need to do, and that intelligence is love, and love is sensitivity to everything.

December 20, 1963

The days have slipped by. I take long, long walks—up Rishi Konda (the mountain to the west, after which the valley gets its name), through the surrounding villages, and into the mountains on both sides of the valley—and attend Krishnaji’s discussions with the teachers (on Sundays and Wednesdays) and with the children (on Tuesdays and Fridays). I also spend time writing a little, talking to the children, playing tennis with them, and in the evening, watching the dance dramas of the eldest students. These dances are superlative; the girls have been training for six to eight years—throughout their whole schooling—with the South Indian *bharatanatyam* dancer Miss Meenakshi, who directed the Indian dance troupe that performed at the first Edinburgh Festival of 1961. They are thoroughly professional, in fact, better by far than any dancers I saw in Bombay or Delhi last year. The programs are made miraculous because of the setting, as all performances are danced under the banyan tree. This magnificent tree, ninety feet high, with a girth of around sixty feet, is a perfect backdrop. A famous tabla player and a drummer and a flautist were brought up from Madras and spent weeks in rehearsal with the dancers. Wonderful! In every way. And the folk dancing!

Apart from the talks, my joy has been the walks—alone in these ancient, rock-clad, granite mountains, long hikes, often eight to ten miles. The sunsets are splendid, and these last three nights the new moon has followed the sun down with Venus into Rishi Konda.

December 23, 1963

Life in the valley moves quietly and with a rhythm of its own. Krishnaji and two of the teachers, Venkatachalam, the vice-principal, and the house master of the Golden House—the small boys’ house—are practicing the Vedic mantras. These are intricate tonal and rhythmic chants from way back, probably more than three thousand years ago. Krishnamurti is rehearsing with that untiring, interested persistence until every phrase, every nuance of meaning and tonal expression is mastered.

Last night I walked with Krishnaji through the dusk into the early evening. I had wanted to talk with him about what to do back in Australia, but there was no

heat in me about what is to be done—so we walked—and the changing lights in the sky and the rhythm of the walk took over. We scarcely talked at all.

December 24, 1963

This morning Krishnaji talked to the children from eight thirty-five to nine twenty-five. It was an object lesson for anyone in how to teach.

The little ones, six and seven years old, were restless and coughing, so Krishnaji played with them by asking if they could sit still, to see how long they could sit without moving their eyes. Immediately most began coughing self-consciously even more than before, and after thirty seconds, settled down, eyes closed. After a minute or so, Krishnamurti began talking again.

Unlike the older children, who were attentive, the young ones soon became restless once more. Krishnamurti sat watching them with amusement. When most had become aware that he was not talking but watching them, they quieted and he again asked if they ever played at being still. Did they know if they could sit still? *“Let’s do it.”* After, say, two minutes of comparative peace, he said, *“Don’t you find it very pleasant, just for a little while, to be still, to be quiet?”* And he went on to talk about what it is to be natural, to react without the heavy-centered weight of habitual restlessness.

In each talk, each discussion, he moves only from fact to fact. When an idea intrudes, rises in someone’s mind and is expressed, he goes into it in detail, interested to see what has arisen, so that the whole of this “reaction” is given room to blossom, to be seen, and perhaps be understood. Even the least thought, the least feeling that apparently sidetracks a discussion is investigated, so that all the blocks are permitted to open out into consciousness, to develop and reveal their nuances and meanings.

At lunch in the dining hall, some older students and I were discussing the morning’s talk and the thoroughgoing way in which Krishnaji opens up questions—the meticulousness—when one student remarked that he couldn’t now recall a flash of understanding he’d had during the talk. He said that the most astonishing thing was that, while Krishnaji was talking, he had had a vivid insight into the source of the “self” and “self-consciousness.” But now, “for the life of him,” he couldn’t recall what it had been.

We found we had all had similar lapses of memory. As we talked it became clear that such lapses can be an emptying out of the past, and as there is nothing real left to remember, so there is nothing remaining to be recalled—not even the insight that had released the store.

December 25, 1963

A most extraordinary thing happened today. The teachers met with Krishnaji in the upstairs room of the guest house facing south. We had talked for a while when a school teacher asked a question about the “comparative spirit.”

Krishnamurti said, *“To compare is to destroy both.”* An American, Gordon Young, thought Krishnamurti merely meant comparing two pupils. Krishnamurti went on, *“I mean the one who compares and the two persons or pupils or situations that he is comparing. Comparison indicates no understanding. When one views the whole map of man, his divisions and comparisons, what is one’s response?”*

For an hour he probed and questioned us (we were thirty-five: twenty-five teachers and ten Westerners); one said “despair” was his feeling. Another said “futility,” when “one realized what must be done.” Another answered that to be aware of all this was crushing; that she felt quite impotent.

Over and over Krishnamurti asked what humanity is doing. He pointed out that all our knowledge, our study, our experience is not answering this question, and he inquired, *“What is your total response to this total question of man—comparison?”* He emphasized that we have to find an immediate and total answer to the whole problem, the whole situation, and not to carry it forward as a problem. A crow called. We were all stabbing at answers, partial answers, incomplete responses, individual reactions. Krishnaji asked, *“What is it like to listen? How do you listen to that crow? Do you listen emptily, like an empty vessel, an empty cup, or do you hear it along with all the other sounds? Do you name it? Do you suppress all ideas, feelings—leave them in the bottom of the cup and with the remaining emptiness on top, with that empty remainder at the top of the cup, hear the crow? Can you listen to the sound of the crow, see the flower in total emptiness? Are you totally empty when you view the whole problem of man, and in that total emptiness see the heart, the core, of what man is doing—what he is—and so, all that he does?”*

We sat in silence; quietly Krishnaji rose and walked away, leaving the whole problem and its resolution with us in a room now empty of his presence and stimulation. The state of emptiness remained. No one moved for some time; the state of unenclosed, uninfluenced emptiness, of stillness, of silence, lived on. In that hour the whole problem of man’s confusion and struggle dissolved into stillness... temporarily.

December 27, 1963

Life is a free and rich experience to be lived, not struggled with.

The question of this morning’s discussion was made by a brilliant final-year boy, Papaji, when he asked: “What makes thoughts and feelings keep coming—keep repeating?”

Krishnamurti: *“What you like, you seek to repeat; what you dislike, you seek to avoid; this sets in motion the repetitive habit/pattern of thinking/feeling. All your relationships are based on like and dislike. Thoughts and feelings cannot come to an end while you perpetuate the habit—the continuance of your likes and dislikes; only when you understand the whole content of a like or a dislike is there no carryover. So, watch the feeling, the response—every feeling, every response.”*

Then Krishnaji said, “*May I ask you a question? What is beauty?*” When no one replied he asked, “*You understand the question? Look at that tree. How do you see it?*” No reply.

“*When you watch the road leading up the valley, is it beautiful? The skyline of the horizon against the sky, is that beautiful? The dirt on the road, the face of the man you pass, which is twisted, do you call that ugly or beautiful?*”

The boy Papaji said, “It is beautiful if it gives me a feeling of joy, of happiness.”

Krishnamurti: “*And it is ugly if it gives you a feeling of distaste? But is it ugly just because you don’t like it? Is beauty dependent on your response—if you do not see, is there no beauty?*” Again he asked, “*So what is beauty?*”

Papaji was now really into the question. He glanced at the tree, but it was clear that he was seeing inside himself. Presently Papaji said, “Beauty is sensitivity?”

Krishnamurti: “*You are sharp and perceptive. Sensitivity is beauty. If you sit quietly, or when you walk, listen to every sound. Let them all come in; hear their multiple beauty. Do it now. Sit quietly, close your eyes, or leave them open, and hear what is going on about you... [We sat for a minute.] You heard that distant crow? The slapping of the rock with the wet cloth, the movement of the boy next to you, or the one away from you; the very far and the very near sounds. This listening cannot be learned from a book, or from anyone. It cultivates a quick, vivid sensitivity; listening sharpens the senses and the mind. Listen to every sound, let every sight come in, every sensation. Sensitivity is beauty, and to be sensitive you have to be done with ‘likes’ and ‘dislikes.’ I like this, I dislike that. Sound, sight, feeling, idea, person, all come into consciousness and reveal themselves as they are. This is the sense of beauty. It is total and immediate.*”

January 1, 1964

Today was the deepest, most freeing discussion with the teachers. It went through and beyond many crucial levels, and fortunately I recorded it.

Krishnamurti began by asking what we wanted to discuss. One teacher said, “How do we teach children so that they are ready to face tomorrow?” Another asked, “What is meditation?”

Krishnamurti said, “*Let us combine the two questions, for in the answering of the one, there will be meditation.*”

First we explored what it is to live in an isolated beautiful valley like Rishi, apart from the main flow and stimulation of world events. We saw that no matter where one lives, the sources of information—radio, newspapers, television, periodicals—are the same, but that in this valley away from it all, there is the tendency to think of what is happening elsewhere as only relatively important, to narrow everything down, for interest to be focused only on local things and happenings. This leads to a certain shallowness of outlook and interests, and to a tendency to gossip about people on the campus—a preoccupation with the commonplace. This is because there is less diversion, less distraction, fewer amusements and more concentration on a narrower field; which means that any

inherent tendency to character weaknesses in individuals here is emphasized and exaggerated. So more care needs to be taken of the tongue, eyes and ears; otherwise these frailties, these tendencies, and peculiarities in isolation can lead to abnormalities—even to madness.

Krishnamurti then said, *“As to teaching the children, preparing them for tomorrow—there is no tomorrow.”* This came as a shock. Krishnamurti went on: *“There is chronological time—tomorrow follows today—but there is not development towards tomorrow. Now, when this statement ‘There is no tomorrow’ is put, what is your response?”*

One young American woman said, “It would be dreadful if there were no tomorrow!” Another, when directly questioned, replied, “If there is no tomorrow, then there can have been no yesterday.” And a third said, “Then there must be only the present.”

Krishnaji: *“Please listen to the question. Don’t give answers. Someone has said, ‘There is no tomorrow,’ and you immediately respond with words, with concepts; you speculate as to what the answer is. All your answers are reactions. Are your conditioned pasts meeting the statement? It doesn’t matter who has said, ‘There is no tomorrow,’ or whether the statement is true or false. You yet do not know. Give the question space in your minds, so that it can grow, develop; so that you can see its full implications, its meaning, its substance—if it has any.”*

To the American woman, Krishnaji said, *“When you said, ‘It would be dreadful if there were no tomorrow,’ it meant there are things you want to do—have a baby; complete your career; understand all that you do not now understand. You meant you want time—time in which to do all these things and to experience them, to complete them. These are all reactions of your past, of your conditioning, projected into the future—into what you hope will be the future.*

“And you, sir, said, ‘Then there must be only the present’; but the statement, ‘There is no tomorrow,’ has nothing to do with the present. What is your response, not in words, not your conceptual reaction, but what is your immediate seeing in the statement, ‘There is no tomorrow’? What do you find taking place in you?”

Krishnaji waited while we listened inwardly to the question. Then he said, *“You discover, don’t you, the past; the reaction, the response, whatever you like to call it, comes up out of memory, and is intensified.”*

Someone asked, “What do you mean by intensified?”

Krishnaji: *“What rises is intensified: a pain or a sight or sound is intensified, becomes more vivid, the moment you give attention to it. So what arises in the mind in response to the statement is a response from the past. Now let us go slowly, step by step. What do you say now?”*

Another asked, “Can the mind see anything but the past? Isn’t the mind only the reflection of the past, and nothing more?”

Krishnaji: *“What do you mean by the mind?”*

Reply: “The whole mind, the whole being, including all feeling, sensitivity, thought, experiences, awareness, memories—everything.”

Krishnaji: *“Let’s go on from there. The total mind includes all that; the whole of one’s being—all that you are conscious of, and all that of which you are unconscious. Now, when the mind is confronted with a question, a statement, any question, any statement, any fact or falsehood, what is your response? And the statement we are watching is, ‘There is no tomorrow.’*

“The past, which is the mind—and there is only the past—responds. Anything that occurs in you is the past rising to meet that statement, that challenge. Any thought, any feeling, any conception of or about tomorrow is illusion—is not fact. You do not know tomorrow. You know nothing about tomorrow. The only fact in you is your own reflection, from the past. And there is no present. Watch it carefully, openly, accurately. What is the present? Any reaction to the present is the past responding to, operating in, the present. Any response is the past, the old memories, conditioned accumulation, evoked by the question. Watch it! Listen with your whole attention.

“All you observe, all you see, is the past and only the past—and that’s all there is—the past. Is the observer different from his past—and is the past a series of remembered highlights, memories, or is it a total thing—though only parts of it are seen?

“Is the past whole, or is it seen fragmentarily? And is the observer of the past, of the mind—is that observer who is the past, different from what he is observing? The observer is the past. There is only the past, only the accumulations. The accumulation is the mind, and that is all. The observer, the mind, the accumulations, the responses, the past, is all there is.”

Krishnaji paused, and we watched, letting the meaning, the implications of this unfold. Then he said, *“This seeing is the present—and this seeing has no tomorrow—and the past has gone. This empty, still state is without past or future. This dissolution of the past is transformation, is freedom. This perception frees the total past, and the ever-new present is.”*

After a long, long pause, he said, *“So there is no tomorrow, and this is meditation.”*

Everything was still. Though there were bird calls and activity outside, movement within the room was suspended, vividly alive. The resonance remains in me, not as a continuation, but as an evanescent reality.

This is a summary of a two-hour discussion taken from the tape. Krishnamurti was so inwardly alive that every flicker of feeling showed in his face and body movements.

ENDS AND MEANS

January 2, 1964

For a week now I’ve been sleeping out on the roof of the guest house surrounded by moonlit mountains. It is early morning and I’m still in my sleeping bag. At this hour the stillness is immense. It’s all here in the silence; one doesn’t have to

do anything to get it. It is now obvious that living each day is not a means to an end, not something I do or can do in order to get some desired result.

Since Rajghat, there's been a shift in the way I see change—instead of the old procedure, with the brain churning around searching for ways either to escape (when what is going on is painful) or planning to get some goal (that will improve my situation or myself). Why not experience what is happening? The present reality? Otherwise one goes on living in illusion, in dreams, in ideas, in egoism, goes on believing that “I” have to do something to discover the ever-changing reality which is already here, there, everywhere. It is now obvious that living, freely and fully, is not an achievement. There is no way to awaken the mind to reality, although over the centuries every imaginable technique has been tried. All practice implies conscious effort to grasp more life. Perhaps all that can be done is to relinquish one's hold on the conceptual world.

January 6, 1964

The question that has been with me ever since Rajghat relates to hearing Krishnaji's statement, “*Why don't you start awakening India, a climate of awakened attitude towards education.*” It had occurred to me then, at Rajghat, that such action might be taken in Australia. Yesterday I mentioned this to Krishnaji, and he said, “*Let's walk one evening and talk about this.*”

This evening we walked all the way to the main road and back, and although I brought up the matter, Krishnaji seemed uninterested, and I again realized that there was no fire or determination in me, that I was looking for something to do, some work that would be interesting and worthwhile. The whole idea was a kind of speculation, without deep significance—an alternative to working for the Australian Broadcasting Corporation—a better way of living and working, a comparative possibility, a choice. So, naturally, Krishnaji's response reflected my lukewarm proposal.

On the return, as we came to the stream, he said, “*Have you considered teaching, and in teaching, discussing and learning with others?*”

The question came as a surprise. I have never taught. I shall talk with Krishnaji about this in Madras, about the possibility of talking, teaching, and learning with others. I want to explore further what listening is, and speaking out of a state of mind that does not begin with information and past knowledge.

January 11, 1964

This morning there was a discussion with the whole school—teachers and students together. The little ones squatted up front close to Krishnaji and were, as usual, restless. The older students were seated on chairs, attentively quiet. Krishnaji talked for ten minutes about education, what were students being educated for, about the immense social problems in India, and finally asked directly, “*What do you want to do with your lives?*”

There was the usual reticence to draw attention to themselves by speaking. Then a final-year student talked about the difficulty of getting a job, and the vastness of this problem in overpopulated India. The discussion came alive when one small boy—he turned out to be eleven years old—challenged Krishnaji's question. He asked, "What can one boy do to change the world? The problems are so big, what can one boy do?" He was seated directly in front of me and fifty feet from Krishnaji, who immediately focused on the boy whose questions had gone to the heart of the problem, "What could one boy do with his life?"

As I recall, the dialogue went like this: "*Let us begin small, with ourselves here at the school in this beautiful valley. Here you are related to your teachers and your school mates, and at home with your parents, brothers and sisters, friends. This is your world. Begin with the world you know. What can you do to change this, the actual world of your daily living?*"

Immediately, the boy replied, "*I could get to know them better.*"

K: "*Yes. Do you ever have fights? Or get angry?*"

Boy: "*Sometimes, yes.*"

K: "*That's something you could look into. Uncover what makes you get angry. You could do that, couldn't you?*"

Boy: "*Yes, but that won't change the whole world.*"

K: "*How do you know? [We sat silent.] I've been told some of you are studying the beginning of Western civilization. The history of Greece.*"

Boy: "*Yes, we are.*"

K: "*You've read about Socrates.*"

Boy: "*The philosopher—yes.*"

K: "*He did not talk to great crowds. He took no active part in public affairs. It is said he talked only to small groups of students, not more than five or so at a time. He didn't even write down the conversations, what was said. It was Plato who later recorded these dialogues. Socrates was no Pericles addressing the assembly in the Parthenon, proposing plans to change Athens or the world or society. He did not talk about implementing social programs. Socrates was inquiring into reality, into the human consciousness with a handful of friends; yet by investigating inwardly, he was to change Western civilization far, far more than the lawmakers. Begin small, understand the world in which you live. Let what you see and say and do be the real beginning of change.*"

Afterwards, I talked with the boy. He had been profoundly affected by the outcome of his challenge. He had seen not only into himself, but had had a dawning realization of what he could do; of what had happened when he challenged and then held to what he saw and understood, when he did not defend his information, but tested it.

One morning when I went to the Rishi Valley School post office with some letters, I greeted the postman whom I knew quite well with a friendly conventional, "Good morning. How are you this morning?" "As you can see me," was his reply. Totally unconventional, and the "truest" response I had ever heard to my commonplace greeting. It was an accurate description of himself. Normally what I take away from a meeting is *not* what people *say* about their health that I remember, but what I *see*. So impressed was I that for a long time,

“As you see me,” became my response to the habitual conversation opener, “How are you?”

FUNCTION AND A DECEPTIVE SHADOW

The Indian “Krishnamurti circuit” usually began in New Delhi, then went on to Rajghat, Madras, Rishi Valley, Bangalore, and Bombay. On the first two sojourns, I took an Akai recording machine. From 1965 to 1975, I brought a Nagra—loaned by the ABC. The recordings were of top broadcast quality.

I went to listen, to experience, and also to record the public talks and discussions and some of the group discussions held in the residences where Krishnaji was staying. These tapes were sent to Sydney. Excerpts from the tapes were broadcast nationally over the Australian Broadcasting Commission in a weekly program called “Scope.” The full tapes were played on a regular weekly basis at a central location in Sydney—the Wayside Theatre. Once videos were produced, these replaced the audio presentations at the theater on a monthly basis.

Apart from the 1962/63 winter when Krishnamurti did not come because of the Indo-China border war, my Indian sojourns were pilgrimages, refresher courses, and delightful holidays, which formed a kind of biannual structuring of my life, each three-month visit giving it renewed impetus and meaning. And the spin-off from this was the work in Australia, the dissemination of Krishnamurti’s books, tapes, and information across the continent.

In a sense, two parallel streams were in operation in me. One was the work, the function itself—the other the status and the feedback that resulted from a recognition among those concerned that something of importance was being done. But a shadow gradually accumulated as acknowledgment of the work widened, and more people became interested.

Power corrupts. Simply to see it and to deny it is not enough. Some assumed that I had a special link with Krishnamurti. Yet there was none, apart from mutual remembrance and esteem, and my heightened awareness in his presence. This is my relationship.

Just as there are “in” jokes that are only understood and appreciated by those involved in a particular occupation, so there is a belief that those who are not in the know must work through those who are. In a very real way, recognition not only goes with function, but it is assumed that these “special” persons, through their associations and links, have access to sources of control. The hierarchical pyramid power structure is inherent in human tradition and thought. It is a future-gear activity that nurtures ambition and breeds devotees, sycophants, and coterie of like-minded people, as well as devious behavior—both overt and concealed—fooling others along with ourselves through self-trickery and illusion, and the illusion of leaders and followers. Krishnamurti denies the master/pupil relationship and affirms that individuals can be free from authority. Even so, the experience of being touched by his astonishing energy can evoke the age-old behavior of looking to another to learn about oneself.

Often the first experience of Krishnamurti is dramatic. One reads or hears some “truth” and it reverberates through one’s being. Sometimes it begins simply as a fresh insight into self, pointing to a vaster perspective of life. Thus is born the desire to learn more—read more books or listen to tapes and perhaps meet the man himself. So emerges the devotee and a euphoria that can go on and on.

The “search” has thus become dual: first, what he says, then the listener/hearer’s comprehension and behavior. The duality is in looking out, hoping for guidance, and looking in, hoping for change, which leads to overlooking, looking out over the present and missing the immediate living reality.

COMMUNICATION—PLEASE HEAR ME!

The urgency to communicate what I had seen and heard and particularly what was happening in me—was immense. And I wanted desperately to tell anyone who would listen. One of the great human cries is: “Hear me! Understand me. Please understand me!”

What normally follows is: “Why can’t you hear what I so urgently want to tell you?” or “Isn’t there anyone who will listen? Hear me! Hear not only my cry for help, but my insights, my story and my song. Listen. Please!”

Such anguish is present in us, as is the need to be loved, to be accepted as I am, and to be heard. Love me, hear me, whether I have anything to say or nothing worth giving or receiving. In my heart I know that until I can listen to you in the very way I want you to listen to me, openly, generously, freely, following me wherever I may go, that until I can so listen and hear, is it likely that anyone will be ready and willing to receive what I am expressing?

Can I get the attention I cannot give? Can I expect from you what I do not give? Until I can and do give what I so desire to receive—your full attention and comprehension—it is foolish of me to expect open listening from you. Perhaps the greatest gift one can give to another human being is not any thing, not ideas, not knowledge, but one’s full attention.

A PREDICTION

New Delhi, 1967

One morning at the Shiva Rao home in New Delhi, I was recording a small-group discussion when an extraordinary prediction was made casually. As often happens in the intense explorations, a point is reached when there is no answer, when the known is exhausted, no new leads appear, and the essence is still hidden. A halt had come—yet no solution. Everyone was alert, looking, and waiting. I was stuck, as, apparently, was everyone else. Krishnaji suddenly smiled, “*I’ve got it!*” It came out lightly.

Although Krishnamurti was the focal point of these discussions, everyone was directly involved in the inquiries, working with and through the group. In a very real sense, human consciousness was at work; we were all sharing and contributing, each according to our capacity and comprehension.

Krishnaji's delighted, "*I've got it,*" prompted Pupul Jayakar's, "I haven't."

For a few minutes Krishnaji talked about the way we let him do all the work while we waited for his answer. Then he said, "*When I'm dead, you will have to do the work. So do it! Find out for yourself, now!*"

Pupul replied pragmatically, "But you are here!"

Krishnamurti retorted, "*I'm dead!*" and he sat back, hands raised, palms facing out, unmistakably indicating that he was out of it, that the problem was ours.

We sat silent for a while. The discussion's impetus had dropped. Thrown back on myself, I was looking inward. But Pupul, pursuing her search and wanting to hear Krishnaji's insight, was adamant. "You're not dead. While you are alive and talking..."

"...and I will be until I'm ninety-two." It was an inconsequential, inadvertent admission, given no importance, for he went right on to tell what he had seen, and what all of us wanted to hear.

A spontaneous, throwaway sentence—"and I will be until I'm ninety-two"—an unstressed, casual prediction. But it had been said and heard and recorded. A chance prediction made in 1967, nineteen years ahead of time. Krishnamurti died at twelve-ten in the morning on Monday, February 17, 1986, in Ojai, California, in his ninety-first year.

SEX AND THE MANY FACES OF ANGER

Madras, 1965/66

The consequences of being somewhat high-strung, as I am, are many: instant sensations, fast reactions, quick movements, rather rapid talking and walking. So, when I notice something needing attention, I straightaway want to act and if it is possible, usually do. This urgency to act is actually a reaction. And, I "hasten" to add, these responses are brief and though vivid soon pass from my consciousness (even if not carried out). Often they provoke similar responses in others, with all the ensuing interactions and consequences.

Take anger, and its many manifestations. I was recording the public talks/discussions and some small discussions, then sending the tapes back to the ABC in Sydney. There were always endless delays at the post offices while these packages were maneuvered through the system. Usually registration took two or three hours.

Instead of blowing my top, I tried every artifice: smiling to cover my distress, urging the clerks along, waiting patiently, resignedly, for the interminable process to end. Every stage of the registration of the bulky packages was done by a different person. Each operation had to be checked and rechecked. Of course, I

fooled no one, not even myself, with my antics and attempts to camouflage my real feelings. It didn't work. Other customers with time on their hands stayed to watch and enjoy the entertaining charade.

Nothing altered, whatever I did or refrained from doing. The two to three hours were standard, and having once been to a post office, when I returned with another neatly sewn linen packet, the post office team re-enacted the slow farce. Even after I came to know one or two employees quite well, they made no concessions to my frustration; the post office crew knew the game, and played it, or so it seemed. Even setting aside half a day and treating the whole excursion as an interesting experience did not stop my agitation. I could not help thinking how futile the Indian postal system was, that it engaged so many different postal clerks to handle one package—nor how banal I was, reacting the way I did.

I had watched my behavior and seen that anger can be the outcome of frustration, and frustration the outcome of will, and will the outcome of a desire to get my own way... and wanting it quickly. I had seen thwarted achievement lead to impatience, and impatience to anger, and anger to neurotic action or farce. Thus began another probing into anger and its devious expressions. So every week I went through this debilitating process. And I got better at letting my feelings arise and go by. However, I was not free. In one form or another, anger arose every time, and it had to be dealt with. Eventually, I became fascinated by my performance.

There was no real alternative to posting the tapes back to the ABC. Besides the inconvenience of lugging them from place to place, and the chance of losing them or having them stolen, there was the hassle of boarding planes with ten, twenty, thirty reels of tape and of having my luggage overweight, and the problem of customs and customs duty on a great batch of tapes on arrival at the Sydney airport.

I asked Mamma for an appointment with Krishnaji, and it was arranged. When I arrived, Krishnaji was in the office at Vasanta Vihar. We went through to the ground-floor room where the interviews were conducted during that visit. We squatted on the floor facing each other, cross-legged. Krishnaji's steady, inquiring look held the question, "*Well...?*"

I said I wanted to talk about anger, in its many forms, and the many masks I wore to disguise it. I talked about frustration and the multiplicity of associated feelings. He leaned slightly forward and asked, "*Do you really want to go into this the whole way, sir?*" Once again, I had that awesome sensation of high apprehension—of not knowing what might come out, what I might have to admit.

"Yes, sir." He had now asked for, and I had invited, the probing. This is why I had come, and an agreement had been established. I must have been expecting the inquiry to begin gently, at the periphery of anger, with impatience, and then work inward. It was not to be. The first question probed an area I had not considered.

"*What is your sex relationship with women?*" Krishnamurti had touched a vast reservoir of unconscious energy and urges. For months there had been no sex and no interest, other than delight in women's beauty, movement, gentleness,

attractiveness, and the indefinable feminine grace and vapor trails that emanate from them and which elicit my attention. Since I had been in India there had been no overt sexual stirring whatsoever in me. And elsewhere, often for long periods, I felt no sexual arousal, no desire, until some woman would come and the magic would awaken.

These and many other flashes raced through my mind. Tell Krishnaji all this? What to tell? What to withhold? I put the question directly to myself. “What is my sexual relationship with women?” The implications were enormously wide and disturbing. I watched, recalling, looking, sensing. Krishnaji in his stark, impersonal way, focused my attention. “*When was the last time you slept with a woman?*”

For a moment I was in shock. Such a direct question challenged me to the core. Expose my inmost private life? Yet, this was what I had come to Krishnaji for—“psychological surgery” he had said in Rajghat. “About eighteen months,” I replied.

This account of that conversation is a paraphrase of what took place. I said something like, “The desire to be with a woman is dormant most of the time. It awakens when I see a beautiful woman and sense, feel in her an echoing response. Since I’ve been in India there has been no sign of an arousal; my interest has been inward.”

Krishnaji made no comment. He waited. Was I being given an opportunity to unravel my “problem”?

Sometimes there is a real sense of being lonely and a longing to love and be loved, a looking out for an opportunity to slip free from separation, isolation. Then it was that I heard another inner voice. It said and so I said out loud, “There are occasions when the subtle interflow becomes apparent. I want to go on, to experience and for her to experience the ecstasy that bursts through at the climax when I am blown away, out of myself completely. This momentary, ecstatic ending of the me, the agony of isolation gone, is a wondrous feeling.”

Krishnamurti did not say a word. He was simply there, a friendly presence. He was not leading me, not opening it out for me, no longer questioning me. It was as though the whole internal inquiry into sex and anger was up to me and I had to uncover my own responses.

I was aware of the inward contradiction that comes from seeking completion of aroused desire by some action or through some person, and of the conflict that can erupt from attempts to find expression or release, of the foolishness that exists in not allowing the turmoil in my mind to run its course through my body. Why look outward for fulfillment? Why any willful effort, with the ensuing frustration when the desired result is always so temporary?

It was as though this self-questioning, self-answering inward dialogue was being uttered aloud, as though Krishnaji was asking, “What actually is it that gets frustrated?” And me replying, “When the desire for release is denied, and the energy so urgently thrusting outward is reversed, a ‘blowout of anger’ can happen.” And in my mind I heard Krishnaji say, “Without desire, is there any frustration?”

He had not said a word. When I came out of my reverie he bent forward, touched my knee and said, “*Come again tomorrow morning. Ask Mamma to arrange the time.*”

So began a series of investigations into anger. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the dynamics of energy, its flow and blockages, opened out. My desire, from its initial impetus and throughout its whole course, was loosened and unraveled. Anger can come when fulfillment is frustrated, and always there is fear joined to it—the fear of failure that underlies every venture.

Throughout those days and nights, I watched the kaleidoscope of reactions, actions, and feelings that passed through consciousness. What madness is anger! It can bring temporary release through some neurotic act, but what an enormous waste of energy!

First, when anger is about to explode, I am not concerned with watching what is going on in me. I am much more concerned with getting rid of the distress—dealing with the person or situation that I know is causing it. And simultaneously, whatever action I take, fight or flight, I am making and remaking escape routes by which the pain I am experiencing finds an expression. I am avoiding experiencing “the wild flow” itself. As I am not concerned with what is happening inwardly, anger remains hidden, unresolved, and feared.

Energy, expressed as anger, is universally accepted as a natural, phenomenal reaction to frustration and pain. Anger is examined and analyzed—as though it had a separate existence and so is controllable. Indeed, the motive for examination is to discover its operation in order to control it. And who is the controller? Who is the entity who feels the anger? What is anger? These and many other angles surfaced.

On Thursday we were, as usual, sitting on the floor of the sunlit room when an insight came. Anger appeared in a totally new guise, as “hurry-sickness.” The impatient way I approached issues, problems, tasks. The frantic urgency in me to get it finished—whatever the task. Impatience with others, as with myself.

“*Leave anger for the moment. What is impatience?*” Krishnaji asked. “*What is this hypersensitivity?*”

I watched, feeling again the kind of urgency that impels me to act quickly, to complete the job as soon as possible... For what? To begin the next task? And again, to hurry impetuously through that? And so on and on. I seem to be constantly active, doing whatever thought dictates. And the recurring question comes up—who, what is it that hurries? What is impatience that can turn into anger?

I was highly aware of Krishnaji sitting there. Nothing had been said for some time—yet much was happening. Eventually I looked up. His quiet gaze probably matched mine. We sat for a brief spell, maybe three or four minutes, before I rose and left.

Leaving Vasanta Vihar, I walked for a while along the grass flats beside the Adyar River, amazed not only at what had happened—and at the perceptive emptiness of Krishnamurti—but at the impossible-to-describe joy that I felt at having been given the opportunity to “go through patterns of me,” and

experience the silence and heightened awareness that comes in Krishnamurti's presence.

On Saturday, an arrangement had been made with Rukmini Devi to visit Kalakshetra, the unique Indian art school and center she'd set up on the Bay of Bengal, four or five miles south of Adyar. As usual, I rode a bicycle. The impact of the daily sessions with Krishnaji and the resonances that had kept resounding through me were still operating. I had turned off the southbound trunk road, and was pedalling through a small village when suddenly it burst through me. The madness of anger, the emotional explosion that has no actual substance, erupted, but not outwardly. In the inward flood I saw the whole anatomy of violence and the source of the illusion made real by interpretation, by habit, by translation, by ignorance.

For a second, consciousness was alight, all clear. Suddenly it was as though I was hearing the laughter of the ancient gods, all bellowing together, wildly amused at the goals, hopes, activities, frustrations, angers, hates, and fears of human beings. Then came the recognition that the laughter was mine. What a huge cosmic joke humanity has fallen for, accepted, claimed as natural, taken seriously. By setting up noble projects and ignoble wars, incubating plans, expanding when we win, collapsing or exploding when we fail, we live in a mess of our own making. Sparse attention is given to the ego who dreams up, then acts out the illusions, who "experiences" the successes or failures—the human mind that is never free.

The enormity of humanity's oldest jest blew right through me—I was laughing wildly, uncontrollably. The bike began to wobble. I did not care. Let it go. I fell with the bike and lay there in the dust hooting with laughter. A dozen curious children and some men and women, intrigued by the spectacle, quickly gathered, curious about this oddity who, having tumbled from his cycle, found his own condition amusing. They picked up my bike, straightened the handlebars, helped me to my feet, dusted me down, saw I wasn't hurt, and then shared my joy. I loved them all.

It was so ridiculous. The kids frolicked about, acting up. I was aware of all this as though I were not involved, and in a very real way, I wasn't. Their amusement continued as I mounted the cycle and rode off—vastly empty and amazingly light.

The following day, Sunday, I wrote in my diary, "The anger, impatience, anxiety, hurry-sickness is not to be judged as right or wrong, not to be dealt with or avoided, but to be experienced fully—inwardly. There is no necessity to act it out. It may or may not express itself. Enjoy whatever comes as it comes."

From then on the weekly post office dramas were more like light comedies. It no longer mattered to me, so there was no matching reaction in the staff. My stress and their play-acting disappeared simultaneously. They were no quicker, and it still took most of the morning, but now I enjoyed it.

DUALITY AND ONENESS

During the ensuing days I pondered that first question Krishnaji had asked once he knew I had come to talk about anger. “*When was the last time you slept with a woman?*”

What *is* my relationship with a woman? I knew the subtle wisps of sensations, feelings, thoughts that awakened in me when I met a beautiful woman, and the urgency that then surged through my body/mind/being. I began noticing, too, the social conditioning that predisposed me to being proud of being male, and that as a man I traditionally had choices—I could put women on an impossible pedestal, enshrine them, idealize them, deify them, as has happened with the millions worshipping the Christian Virgin Mary, or the Chinese Quan Yin. Also, women have been denigrated, made objects of witch hunts, treated as existing for man’s sexual satisfaction, home comforts, and the bearing of children. Or as a distraction for men seeking some “spiritual” ultimate.

The denial of sex for priests and holy persons worldwide has traditionally been assumed to be that energy expended (wasted) in the sex act has to be retained (held in) in order to attain enlightenment or transcendence.

Perhaps it is no great wonder that the latest and most widely held theory of the creation of the universe is “The Big Bang”²⁷ concept. This scientific conception of the original cause of everything may unconsciously have been inspired by the quick climax of the explosive male orgasm.

Yet the sexes share so much in common. I read somewhere that the ancient Greeks had two names for the brightest star in the sky. For half the year following the setting sun, the evening star, heralding the night, was seen as feminine and called Venus, the Goddess of the Night and Love. That same star during the other half of the year, when it preceded the rising sun, anticipating the day, was the masculine and named Lucifer, the God of Light. The brightest star in the sky was seen as male and female at different times. And on earth each person displays both male and female characteristics. For instance, in conversation the one talking and the one listening play alternating roles, each as the giver and the receiver.

Perhaps the need for a stable family, social coherence, and popular culture sanctifies the idea of the enduring man-woman union; how long they remain together is socially regarded as the measure of its success or failure.

So what is duration? What is it that endures through time? The continuity of what has been and will be? What, in fact, is time? Time!

To the tribal aborigine, it is day-by-day living in the world as it is, the natural bush; to the scientist, time is searching for the structure of matter; to the historian, the study of the past; to the business man, the extension of his enterprise; for the stock-market investor, the ticker-tape; for the mother, the growth and development of her children, and since the sixties, the advancement of her career; for the student, how many years before I get “that piece of paper” and can get on with my life?—each one translating *time* according to his or her perceived or imagined needs, each molding time to accommodate that personal particular ambition.

Yet, we *do* live in time. True chronological time is the way of physical growth, is a reality of our daily lives. There are the hours awake, the hours asleep, the time to work, and the time to play. And I know that physically, the interval between the cause of illness and its debilitating effect may be days, even years apart, and its cure may take even longer. However, psychologically, when Krishnaji asked me, “*Can you actually think at all except in chronological time?*”, my thinking stopped. There was a moment or two of silence before, in an attempt to find an answer, thinking began again. As Krishnaji then pointed out, “*Without a problem to solve or some goal in mind, time has no meaning, no reality.*” I could see that the perceived gap between what I have been, am now, and what I would like to be is time-in-the-head, my mind at work producing a space/time interval in which the action can be carried out.

I put Krishnamurti’s question, “*Is there a psychological interval in consciousness between the cause and the effect?*”, directly to myself. It was quite obvious that cause/effect is a unitary process, an immediate perception, a hologram of perception and fact.

There is no line demarcation in the mind between them. For instance, the smile appears at the moment one catches the point of the joke. There is no split between the cause and effect. But normally I make a mental separation between the situation/problem *now* and the desired solution *then*. No wonder living has become a continuum of problems and confusion, a never ending series of partial answers. Only when these observations, experiences, thoughts, feelings are allowed to flow freely; only when greed, jealousy, joy, laughter, hate, fear, hurt are allowed to run their complete course through body/brain/being, can there be freedom. Whilever the controller, “me,” keeps interfering, suppressing or promoting what is happening, trying to stop or to change the natural course, there will be no freedom. An ending only comes when whatever is being experienced develops, blossoms, fruits and drops. Only then, like all other natural phenomena, can it pass away. The fulfillment of a process is its completion and its ending.

THINKING / THOUGHTS

Very early this morning I awakened with some stark thoughts on thinking. It was as though I was listening to an inner voice and hearing precise phrases. I wrote them down.

Thinking is normally the avoidance of the present situation. Thinking begins when one wants to change what is happening. Thinking is the mechanism by which change is made. Thinking comes into being when what is happening does not feel right and the desire for change awakens thought.

Thinking speculates about what has to be done to correct the problem, dissolve the pain, or to uncover the means whereby to materialize that desire. The very search (for a means to achieve the desired goal) is just another urge whereby thought can remain in control of proceedings, meanwhile maintaining the illusion that thought is not a mirage.

My greatest difficulty has been to be widely and deeply aware that thought/thinking does not bring the desired happiness, freedom, and so forth. Thought is merely a multiplicity of mental reactions to stimulation. It can only be aware of its own movement, its own activities, its own deceptions; only when thought is completely inactive is there clear seeing, unbiased perception.

It is clear now that the benediction I so desire cannot be the result of effort on my part, that it comes into being only as thought fully understands that it is, itself, merely a thin ribbon of restless, ever-changing thinking. This seeing spotlights the fact that only when thought ceases chattering, is completely silent, does a profound blessing emerge in consciousness.

E N E R G Y

The next interview with Kishnaji pointed up the versatility of consciousness. Since the last Saturday, my attention had moved from anger and related moods to energy, and particularly the transformation of energy, the instantaneous changes in perception that occur. This I wanted to examine with Kishnaji.

Once we were seated, facing each other on the rattan mat, I asked about the variable flow of energy, the wide diversity of its expression and the extraordinary interplay between the actuality of a mood and my consciousness of it.

Kishnaji leaned across and lightly touched my knee. *“Slowly, sir.”* I was aware I was again running on from one idea to another, one feeling to another. *“Go slowly, sir. Don’t miss a step. When you are walking you don’t miss one step, so...”* Again I was being made aware that in seeking answers I was leaping over areas that needed minute, meticulous attention and which, unless investigated thoroughly, would remain hidden.

Again Kishnaji was reflecting my hurry-sickness, my impatience to have the investigation over and to arrive at an understanding. In pointing out the falseness of quick, peripheral probing, he was turning my consciousness back into itself, inviting me to examine its actual movement as it was happening. It was immediately obvious that in slowing down verbalization, there was also a slowing of consciousness itself, permitting an observation of the hidden mechanism of my thoughts.

B R I E F E U P H O R I A

A few days later, though an aura of lightness remained, the euphoria had slipped away. I wondered why the miraculous state that sometimes visits was not my normal, everyday reality, and why it departed. Why joyousness once experienced ever disappears.

With this came the realization that to try to regain this wondrousness was vain; that “I” could not do it; that mankind, seeking this ever-elusive freedom, has tried everything. Joy visits briefly, and though it may be sensed, it cannot be

created. If it could, society would not be as it is; human beings would have been free and happy long ago. Happiness is not within the realm of the known.

Yet whenever, as now, I address this lifelong yearning to be joyous, thinking starts trying to devise means whereby it might be achieved. And always, I begin with what I already know—knowing that it doesn't work. It's the old abiding, binding dilemma.

Through Mamma, an appointment was made for the following morning, and I took “my” problem to Krishnaji. The following is what I wrote immediately after the meeting:

My question was, “What is inner joy, inner happiness?”

Krishnaji paused, then asked, “*Do you know what outward joy is? In the colors of the sunset, in the sight of a beautiful woman or a beautiful man, a flower, a tree? Do you ever give yourself to this outward beauty... so that there is for the moment a timeless moment—nothing else? No thought, no re-creation of a memory—pure joy, pure pleasure?*”

He leaned forward and lightly touched my knee. “*That joyous pleasure in the outer is the inner. And it cannot be evoked, worked for. It cannot be discovered. No effort is required, only interest. Interest—not in yourself, not in response, but in the life around you, in others, in the sky, a man, a woman, a child, in everything, without translating—is joy.*”

That night, and through the ensuing days and nights, the interflow between the outer and the inner continued. The very words “outer” and “inner” point up the dual way of experiencing, and so, of describing wholeness in a divisive way. And more, it clarifies Krishnamurti's statement, “The observer is the observed.” When the observer is not making anything of what is seen, heard, sensed, then the wholeness of the beauty in the world comes into being.

Krishnaji's piercing clarity, “That joyous pleasure in the outer is the inner,” and “To be interested in the outer, without translating, is joy,” again transforms the world, transforms the voyeur, the beholder.

On a later occasion in Rishi Valley, he said, “*You have finished looking at things outside, and now you look into what is inside. Watch what is happening inside. Do not think, but watch. You become very sensitive, very alert to things outside and inside. You find that the outside is the inside, that the observer is the observed.*”

WHAT CHANGES ?

At my next interview/dialogue I was to find I had trapped myself like an unwary fly in a spider's web—a web of my own making. This had not been so clearly apparent until then.

We were talking about intention and action, the difference between the decision to act and what actually transpires, how a positive desire gets transformed into a negative result. And also how it is that when I do get what I am after or something near, as sometimes happens, it soon passes and I'm back searching for another person or project that re-awakens in me the urge to act.

K: *“Once there is no will to change, once there is no struggle to be this and not to be that, there is the feeling of being at home, of wholeness with what is. The moment there is an inward struggle, an ambition to be something else, something more, there is conflict and division; and to overcome that separation and conflict there has to be a controller, one who decides what has to be done. As long as you think there is something to be done, you will go on creating a future for yourself. Freedom does not exist in the future but in the dissolution of the past, with a releasing of the known. And as the known—what has been—lives on in memory, is present and can be investigated, Freedom can happen for anyone at anytime. It happens when there is complete inward detachment from goals of any kind. Only then is it possible to be integrated, to be whole and free.”*

There was a long pause before I said, “I want to change *what is* only when what I see, hear, feel, experience, begins to hurt. It takes a crisis to awaken me to an awareness of danger.”

“Why don’t you bring time into crisis? Why wait until you are at your wit’s end and forced to act?”

I asked, “Instead of pursuing goals, to pause and be and see what I am doing?”

Krishnaji said, *“Being good and becoming good are two different things. Becoming good is the denial of goodness. Becoming good is always in the future. It has no relationship with what is.”*

I nodded. “But even when I know that what I am doing is foolish—when it gives temporary pleasure—it is as though I can’t help it. While I am in the presence of the person, it is so easy to go along with a developing situation, or to commit myself to a future encounter, knowing that I really don’t want it. It is as though my mind and body function in two different ways.”

Krishnaji asked, *“Are these words your actual observation or are they merely a verbal description, your remembrance which you now realize after the actual event?”*

Pushed back into myself, I saw that thinking about past incidents or future events was indeed just another mental excursion. I said, “When I see that what I am doing is false, there is a fear that unless it stops, my present position will worsen and I don’t know how to stop my thinking—it just goes on, dreaming up ways that might bring a real change.”

Krishnaji asked, *“What is important is not your thinking, not your conclusions, your principles, your beliefs, but why are you burdened with them at all?”*

This was a real shift. I waited. Krishnaji went on: *“You accept thinking as your reality. It is thinking which prevents you from being directly aware with what actually is. [Krishnaji emphasized this word.] Thinking is fear of what might be. This makes for a commitment to act in a certain way. Your thinking—all thinking—is in fragments, never whole.”*

I said, “Yes.” I nodded, “I know. But I don’t feel I am a fragment. I feel—I sense—I am a unique, whole, human being.”

Krishnaji asked, “*Do you see that seeing yourself as unique and separate is committing yourself to what your thinking has accepted as the reality, when it is really merely a part of the thought process?*”

Faced with the obvious reality that I am but a complex sequence of ideas/feelings passing through my brain/mind—for the moment I stopped thinking.

So what is real? The brain/body only? The material world and universe of forms? Thinking about reality or myself can lead anywhere and to almost any conclusion—nowhere? Is thinking merely a movement away from the extraordinariness of this present tumultuous void in which I live?

I felt as I had felt so often before that when Krishnaji spoke, he was not only telling me what he was seeing but simultaneously blocking all my exits, not allowing me to move in any direction. I had no choice but to be and see what I am now at this moment or indeed at any moment. A stand-still look! I said, “You force me into a corner. You deny me freedom. You refuse to allow me to move.”

“You have come unpersuaded to this unknowing state.”

SPONTANEITY

Most are afraid of spontaneity, and so deny spontaneity, fearful of the spontaneous because it reveals ourselves as we are, to ourselves and to others. We are determined to inhibit it, and the measure of social success is one’s ability to conform to the cultural pattern or to one’s own closed selected standard of behavior. And so there is little self-revelation. Most responses are curtailed, yet spontaneity is the only means through which the machinations of the self, of one’s conditioning, may be seen. The spontaneous response exposes the feeling/thinking, lifts the lid from the ever-changing mix of thoughts and feelings. In practice what is seen is all too often covered over, rationalized or denied, spontaneity closed off. The denial of spontaneity is the way of fear, fear of exposure, of becoming aware of what I am.

A disciplined mind is capable of finding the hidden flaws. Only in freedom from control can discovery occur. The controlled, the disciplined mind can function effectively and quite ruthlessly, but it cannot emancipate the immeasurable depths of being human. The resistance called discipline precludes the possibility of any spontaneous discovery of the nominal, observing the observable without including the observer, without understanding the creator of the world and civilization in which we exist.

TOLD TO ME

Often I have asked, what makes this man, Krishnamurti, such an extraordinary human being? What contributed to a mind so awake and clear? A sensitivity so subtle? Were the unique qualities there at birth, or did the esoteric education, the lack of personal conditioning, permit the emergence of this transforming

presence in the world? Here are two stories told to me by Madhavachari and Malati Naroji, who had long and intimate relationships with Krishnamurti.

The Madhavachari Story: A Boyhood Incident

I often accompanied Mamma on the long train journeys, from Varanasi to Madras, twice, and from Madras to Bombay. We spent whole days together, the two of us, in the compartment. He had been a top railway engineer and had a lifetime free first-class pass. While Krishnamurti flew from place to place with a light bag, Madhavachari carried the luggage on the train. We had an excellent open relationship, and during these days and nights we talked about everything under the sun, and a great deal about Krishnamurti, the teachings, and the work. Sometimes Mamma would tell of Krishnaji's boyhood days at Adyar.²⁸

One incident concerning the dreamy boy, "the otherness" of Krishnamurti, as a youth, bears recounting.

After the very private tuition had gone on for some time, it was decided that Krishnamurti should have more contact with the world, and especially with children of his own age outside the confines of the Theosophical Society compound. For a time he attended the Olcott School situated just beyond the main gate.²⁹

One morning his teacher told the boy to stay after school, saying he wanted to go over some of his work. At three-thirty, when all the other children went off home, the teacher, forgetting his order, left too. When Krishnaji failed to return from school at the usual time, other children who attended the Olcott School were asked if they had seen him. In the general exodus, no one had specifically noticed where he had gone. A search of the compound was begun. All his usual haunts were checked. By dinner time there was real concern. Had he decided to go somewhere, he would certainly have told someone. Consternation began to grow. Search parties ranged more widely. At nine o'clock, someone finally went to the deserted school. There, in the dark, was young Krishnamurti, seated at his desk, waiting. Five-and-a-half hours had gone by, and he had not moved. He was taken home and given a late supper. Stricter supervision for the dreamy boy was ensured—and a return to tutoring inside the compound.

*The Malati Naroji Story: Krishnamurti and the Dalai Lama*³⁰

I had met Malati in Sydney in 1939, had gone shopping with her in Colombo in 1949, and had visited her farm outside Bombay in 1950. In 1962, we met again in Ootacamund. Sitting on the steps of the Blue Mountains School³¹ late one afternoon, Malati, who had just returned from six months of working for the Tibetan refugees and had been in close daily contact with the Dalai Lama, presented an intriguing theory.

In talking with the Dalai Lama about his early and unique education, she had perceived a real similarity with Krishnamurti's tuition. The Dalai Lama had been told he was "the light of the world," a reincarnation into human form of the

essence of life. Unlike princes and all other born-to-be-rulers whose regents make the decisions, the Dalai Lama “from the very beginning” was informed he was “the enlightened one.” He had shown all the signs. He was not educated in the same manner as other children. The practical, normal teaching approach is that a child does not know but will learn as he grows from those who already know. From the very beginning—even though he did not know what to do, or what should be done—it was understood that the boy Dalai Lama had the capacity to uncover the truth, that, magically, he was the truth.

Bewildering as this may have been at first, it allowed confidence and a certain quality of inward listening to be the essence of his conscious life. The boy Dalai Lama had been told that clarity, perception, and intelligence were not separate from him, that he embodied “the light.”

Malati then said that, basically, Krishnamurti’s education from the time he was “discovered” had been, in this respect, no different from that of the Dalai Lama. Krishnamurti too had been told he was “the world teacher,” and the vehicle for the “light of the world.” Those around him were protectors and nurturers of the hidden flame he embodied.

With this education, the “knowledge” that both boys were already that for which humanity had been seeking through the ages, their attention was not primarily focused on learning things for use in some illusory future, but on what was directly related to the living present. The boys were taught not to look outside themselves for guidance or authority, but to be inwardly watchful. With such “non-education” as their normal pattern, such inwardness, it was no wonder that two exceptional “enlightened” human beings emerged.

AN ADMONITION

At Rishi Valley that year,³² I was invited to lunch with Krishnaji in the old guest house. There were five of us. Someone had given him a pot of special mango conserve, and it was recommended that I taste it. Dipping the small spoon into the earthenware pot, I found the glutinous mixture difficult to get out, and even more difficult to loosen from the spoon onto my plate. In trying to shake it free, I tapped the plate a couple of times before the conserve dropped. As I reached out to put the spoon back into the pot, Krishnaji touched my outstretched arm. “*No, sir, you tapped your plate with the spoon,*” and by way of explanation added, “*Mamma is a strict Brahmin. Once a spoon has touched your plate, it must not be returned to the jar.*”

This was said as though Madhavachari were not present. Such directness testifies to Krishnamurti’s injunction, “*...the seeing is the doing*”—and points up that there is, in a real sense, no personal connotation in such utterances and acts of his, no personal overtones. The fact is stated and left at that. Make of it what you will: that is your affair.

WHAT IS—IS SACRED

At Vasanta Vihar, Greenways Road, Madras,³³ the magic operated more than anywhere else. It may be that Krishnamurti felt more at home there. Maybe there are more people who felt in tune with the man and the message, whose very listening permitted complete simplicity in what was being communicated. Certainly the atmosphere, the gardens, the huge trees, contributed, as did the time of day—sunset; and the fact that he walked only fifty yards from his house to the low dais. This of course is guessing, but nowhere else in the world have I experienced the magical quality so completely, so often.

One talk in 1967 had a profound impact. The crowd, two thousand and more, were ready as Krishnaji walked serenely through the trees to the low rostrum. The crows were still calling and cawing, boisterously preparing to settle for the night. As always, Krishnaji slowly viewed the whole expectant gathering, recognizing here and there an old friend. Seated beside the rostrum, ready to record, I watched all this.

He began: “*We keep on ploughing and re-ploughing the same ground—never sowing a seed. We churn the ground over and over, and we do not know what to plant. We have no seed to plant... so nothing grows...*” As the talk developed and the depth of communion grew, it seemed as though the whole audience was mesmerized by the beauty of the voice, the rhythm of the words, the profound penetration, the shared wonder that included all.

He told how throughout history, humanity had searched for the essence of being, the source of life, and asked, “*Is there anything sacred? Not in temples or churches or mosques. Not in beliefs, in dogmas. Not in ceremonies or rituals. Not in any symbol. The stone by the side of the road is as holy as any image made by the hand or by the mind. Not through sacrifices or offerings, not by placing flowers before idols or on altars. Put a fresh flower before an object, any object, every day, and soon that object will be seen as holy. Repeat a word or a phrase over and over, and it will very soon be heard as holy. Any word will do—‘Coca Cola.’ Do it, sir, and find out! We plough over and over this over-ploughed ground, and have come up with nothing—and further ploughing will continue to produce nothing. So, is all the searching, the struggling, an illusion? Is it all for nothing? If there is anything sacred—what is it? Where is it?*”

Krishnamurti, with two thousand people in tow, listening, sensing, waiting. And then it came. It was there for all to hear, to see, to experience; the most profound, the most commonplace, the most obvious, the simplest perception. “*What is—is sacred.*”

The talk was over. No one moved. Magic spread in the silence. Krishnamurti remained seated, still, as were we all, sharing the wholeness.

What is; ever-transforming, ever-present. *What is—is sacred.* Of all Krishnamurti’s profound statements, these words were to penetrate me the most deeply. There are vast implications in the uncovering of *what is*. Often, as I walk—usually in the morning—the immensity of the present brings me to a halt, and I stand filled with the wonder of *what is—what is* being the beautiful

immediate world, a sense of wonder and wholeness, sheer joy at the extraordinary sharpness and clarity of everything.

What initiates these interludes—temporary endings to the normal stream of consciousness—I do not know. They are usually preceded by a sudden recognition of some pettiness that was engaging my attention. And I hear the words, “*what is—is sacred.*”

What is—is real. I stop... looking, listening, sensing *what is*. A new consciousness and a new world emerge.

TRANSFERENCE ?

There is Krishnamurti, a voice from the silence, a sage with enormous authority—and Krishnaji, the listening and responding person.

I had been introduced to an American woman who was in great distress. She had fallen under the spell of an Indian guru, had left her husband, and gone off with the sorcerer to his ashram. After three weeks, she had returned, disillusioned and humiliated, to be rejected by her husband. He had even refused to speak to her. Through a mutual woman friend, he ordered that she pack her bags and be aboard the night flight out of Madras that very evening. The same friend took me to see the defeated, miserable woman, and I was asked if an appointment with Krishnaji was possible.

I rode over to Vasanta Vihar, saw Madhavachari, and within the hour both women arrived by taxi and were ushered in to Krishnaji. I was still sitting on the porch outside the office when, about ten minutes later, they came out, both serene and smiling, and entered the waiting taxi.

As they drove off, Krishnaji walked slowly out of the doorway. There were tears in his eyes and a great sadness. “*Poor woman...*,” he said, “*...poor woman.*” It was as though all the woman’s travail had been transferred to him, leaving her tranquil, her pain gone—at least temporarily. He stood there watching, then took a long quiet breath and his demeanor, his whole physical appearance, changed completely. A kind of release had occurred; the stress had passed. He turned to Madhavachari and, as though nothing had happened, the two entered the house.

Two days later, at the morning public discussion, in the huge ground floor auditorium at Vasanta Vihar, a remarkable incident took place. I had arrived early to set up the recording equipment against the wall in the middle of the hall, beside Krishnamurti’s low rostrum. I noticed a man already seated at a vantage place at the front of the stage, a very still, self-contained man, whom I had not seen before. His arrogant air announced he had come, not to listen, but to challenge. Occasionally, at public discussions, gurus and other public figures turn up to test themselves and their ideas against the “internationally revered” Krishnamurti. I guessed that was why he was here.

As Krishnaji came in and seated himself, the man shifted his position just a little. My attention was again drawn to him. His piercing gaze was acute.

Krishnaji, as usual, was quietly viewing the silent audience. And, before he began speaking, he turned away from the microphone and softly said to me, “*Sir,*

would you mind moving just a little forward so that you are between me and that man.”

I moved, and when I looked again, the piercing intensity had gone from his gaze. I do not know what happened. I suspect, speculate, that once he realized that Krishnaji was awake to what he was up to—the way a child, discovered in some sly act, is suddenly dismayed and powerless—the guru gentleman had given up; he had become part of the crowd.

MALE / FEMALE WHOLENESS

An appointment had been made for a London *Times* Sunday supplement correspondent to interview Krishnamurti.³⁴ I was with him in the drawing room when the man and his wife arrived. As on some other occasions, Krishnaji gestured for me to remain, saying “*Stay, sir.*”

Once the formal introductions had been made, I was included as a friendly onlooker. After an hour or so of questions and answers and a lot of note taking, there came an incident that was to transform the occasion. A camera was produced and the *Times* man, with Krishnamurti’s permission, began taking photographs. After perhaps half a dozen shots his wife, noticing the bright light of the late afternoon sun streaming in through the open doorway, looked outside and suggested that a photograph in sunlight might be the one they were after. Gracious, as always, Krishnaji complied, and I followed the three out onto the wide verandah. There he stood, quietly waiting while the cameraman decided what composition was wanted.

It so happened that close by the door was a most beautiful life-size statue of the Buddha, so simple in its economy of line, so serene in its portrayal of passivity as to be feminine in its tenderness. Even before I saw the magnificent possibility, it was clear that the photographer had seen and decided the two resplendent heads presented an opportunity not to be missed.

He gestured, “Just a little to your left, sir.” Krishnamurti moved and stood, watching, waiting. Never before had I seen his features so composed, with such compassionate delicacy, such essential femininity, such sweet passivity. The two figures made a superbly complete picture—Krishnamurti’s tranquility and the stillness of the Buddha statue at his shoulder—both luminous in the afternoon light.

So unexpected, so immense was the impact they made that tears welled up inside me. Suddenly all my self-possession had gone. I stood there with tears trickling down my cheeks. The camera clicked quickly three or four times. The professional had the shots he was after. The session was over. I thought that in the flurry of activity my release had not been noticed. I was wrong, for as Krishnaji turned to walk back into the drawing room, I caught his discerning glance.

During those brief moments I had witnessed in Krishnamurti male/female wholeness—masculine austerity and strength and feminine patience and

adaptability—revealed in one human being: the immediate and the abiding in one body.

I never saw the published article or what must have been a unique photograph.

TRACING SOUNDS INWARDLY

Rajghat, 1969

During a talk to the students and teachers (and a sprinkling of adults from nearby Varanasi), Krishnaji's voice was blurred out by the roar of the goods train rattling its slow way across the iron railway bridge over the Ganges. He stopped, and we all listened.

When the noise had faded sufficiently, he asked, "*Did you resist the sound of the train? Did you try to block it? Did you listen to the sound as it moved through you, trace the sound inwardly in your body? Did it end in you? Has it ended in you? Otherwise it is not finished but caught in memory.*" He went on to talk about listening, the state of mind that is listening. Why do we choose to listen to this and not to that, why make decisions about what we want and do not want to hear, why react the way we do? It was "the teacher" in action: using a real situation to point out what was actually happening in consciousness, drawing our attention to the way we were responding; a lesson in self-awareness, an immediate insight into human behavior.

Always when I listen to Krishnamurti or as I read him, beyond the actual phrases yet enhancing their meaning, I hear the melodic beauty of the words, the rhythm, the poetry, the song. There is, for me, a stimulation not dissimilar in its mesmeric effect to listening to superb music; a joyous surrender so pleasant as to bring me a dreamlike euphoria and miraculously, simultaneously, a vividly awakened state.

AN INVITATION

That winter, 1969/70, Krishnamurti was staying at "Rosie" Jayalakshmi's house, and so was I. It had been fifteen years since he had been in Australia, and one lunch time the occasion seemed right to invite him to Sydney again. He replied that he did not know, as yet, what his itinerary for 1970 was to be, and gave me heart when he asked, "*What time of the year would be best in Sydney?*" I had, of course, considered this, and how it might be included in his regular yearly commitments in India, Europe, England, and the United States. I replied, "November," and suggested that rather than flying from Ojai to India via Britain, that he fly the Pacific and, after Sydney, jet on to India.

The Sydney sojourn became a distinct possibility when he said, "*Write to your friends in Sydney and get them to write to Mary [Zimbalist] in Ojai telling*

her of this conversation, so that she receives an official invitation. In the meantime, you write to Mary too, letting her know of the proposal.”

I wrote both letters and posted them that day. And so it came about.

SYDNEY, 1970

REPLAYING AN OLD FANTASY

In november, Krishnaji arrived with Mary Zimbalist, and they stayed in an apartment at Manly overlooking the harbor and the Pacific Ocean.

Besides five public talks in the town hall and two public discussions, there were a number of television interviews recorded at the apartment. One interview was to highlight not Krishnamurti's "freedom from the known," but a repetition from the forgettable past.

It happened this way: Like all good television reporters, the interviewer (a colleague working for the ABC) and her producer had done their homework. They had delved into the archival files and found that, fifty years before, a member of the Order of the Star in the East had built an amphitheatre at Balmoral Beach (used for plays and dance performances) on a site with a magnificent view to the east, out through the Sydney Headlands to the Pacific Ocean, and that seats had been sold to hundreds of believers. The fantasy at the time was that, as a kind of second coming, Krishnamurti would walk on the water through the Heads, into Sydney, and that they would witness it. Fantastic! But the story had been reported and the records are in the archives of Sydney newspapers to testify to its validity. Armed with this background, the reporters, including my colleague, had come.

The interview went well. Everyone was pleased. The crew packed up and left. That evening when the program was aired, everyone interested in Krishnamurti who was watching received a real shock. The producer had come up with a presentation gimmick. The opening shot had my friend standing up to her waist in water at Balmoral Beach, microphone in hand, with the Sydney Headlands as her background, saying, "Today the Indian philosopher, Jiddu Krishnamurti, flew into Sydney by jet; fifty years ago he was to have walked into Sydney through these Heads and on this very water." An attention-grabbing opening, and completely out of character with the interview that followed, which showed clearly that the girl had been deeply moved by what Krishnamurti was saying. However, the opening had indicated a madness in some of his "followers."

When I next saw her, my friend apologized. "It wasn't my idea, but the producer saw the dramatic beginning of me up to my waist in water. Immediately after the interview with Krishnamurti, we drove to Balmoral Beach and, for the cost of a new dress, I waded into the water and did that introduction." So fantasies, once recorded, are perpetuated.

The following day, Mary told me that Krishnaji had seen the interview that night and had made no comment. The talks were given in the largest public venue in central Sydney, the Town Hall. The overflow crowds at each meeting stood in the hallways, with all the doors open so they could hear.

During one talk a man, obviously a little drunk, made his way through those standing at an entrance and, advancing up the aisle, stood for a while, listening.

Then he challenged Krishnamurti, calling out, “No! No! I don’t see it that way.” It seemed as though he could be a real disturbance—certainly he was a distraction. Many people turned to see what was happening. What to do with a drunken intruder? Unpredictable as ever, Krishnamurti beckoned the man forward. Rather belligerently he walked up the aisle to the high stage. Some of the audience were becoming apprehensive, even restless. They had come to hear Krishnamurti, not an intrusion by a drunk who shouldn’t even be there. For a little time Krishnamurti, in complete control, quietly sat waiting. The tension began to release. The surprise came when Krishnaji invited the man up onto the stage and placed a chair for him nearby. The man sat and serenely listened to the remainder of the talk. Within minutes after being included, he became unnoticed.

A B R E A T H O F L I F E

The following morning I was walking on the beach at Newport, when a flock of gulls swept down over the Pacific, glided onto the sand, and with a few quick running steps, each came to rest. I happened to notice one bird breathing, and suddenly I rediscovered that every sentient creature on Earth breathes; that while they breathe, they live—reptiles, birds, animals, mammals, whales, insects, human beings—and when they stop they die.

I became aware of my own breathing, the incoming, life-giving air entering through two nostrils, between two eyes, and into two lungs, enlivening the whole body/brain/being—the dual interflow of breath that sustains all creatures.

Air is invisible and empty and cannot be grasped, seen, heard, smelled or tasted. It is the primal essence of life on Earth in its pre-form state, unmanifest energy. Standing anywhere on Earth in the global atmosphere, it is unmanifested Heaven that we are inhaling. This invisible essence is not only in the sky, but is right down here, wherever we are. You don’t have to go anywhere or do anything to get it. We are all eternally in it. Heaven on Earth. We have never been out of it. Not only does it surround us, it is in us. With every breath we take we are participants in creation.

T H E T E A C H E R / P U P I L R E L A T I O N S H I P

At the Thursday morning interview I raised the question of the teacher/pupil relationship. I had been watching my gestures and attitudes, thoughts and feelings, and it was quite obvious that I was not only the pupil learning, but the subject/object of my observations, and so my own primary teacher. One consequence of this realization had been that my reading of Krishnamurti’s books had greatly diminished. When I mentioned this to Krishnaji, the following dialogue, which I taped, took place.

As he often does, Krishnamurti transposed our positions. He began, “*I am the teacher and the disciple. I discover it is me K is talking about. The book I am*

reading is me; the teacher is me.” He went on. *“You are the pupil, not of the book, but of yourself.”*

I said I had seen that to some extent. However, it seemed to me that learning about myself was a way of changing what I am and so a form of becoming, of gradual psychological growth, which Krishnamurti denies.

He pointed out that normal living is a way of becoming. He questioned the whole process of slowly learning, slowly understanding oneself. *“Why does my mind accept the idea of slowly learning, slowly understanding myself? It may not be slow at all.”* He went on to say that human beings are conditioned to slow progress and asked, *“Why don’t I grasp what is said, what I see, what I hear, immediately? Either you understand it all or you understand nothing.”* Here he smiled delightedly.

I said I didn’t feel capable of seeing the whole all at once, that there was so much to be aware of.

Krishnaji then questioned why it is that the mind is not open to view the whole movement of life. Is it because we pre-select only what we desire, refusing to take in the whole? Is it because the brain is so engaged, so focused on our aims and purposes, that it notices nothing else? He likened the normal thinking process to looking at a map of Australia with a purpose, wanting to find some particular place like Canberra and the way to it, and not bothering about the rest of the map.

“All else is distraction to the blinkered mind.” He asked what happens when you enter a room. Do you look at it in a piecemeal fashion, item by item, or without intent see the whole room at a glance, instantly? The whole room is there to be seen.

For a few moments I pondered the importance of this way of looking. Krishnaji was right, yet I still had a query. I said that it did seem to be historically true that the human brain and body have evolved slowly through time, which implies an evolution of the learning process.

Krishnaji reached out and lightly touched my knee. *“We’re talking of psychological, inward revolution. Direct seeing.”* Yes. However, I was determined not to give up until it was all quite clear. I asked if it isn’t right that we humans get to understand something by thinking it through logically, and if this process isn’t an evolutionary psychological development.

Krishnaji smiled and took the wind right out of my sails by inquiring why I stopped there, since it must be clear that intellectual comprehension was not enough. *“I understand intellectually that quarreling with my wife or neighbor is destructive, yet I quarrel. Why?”*

He went on to question why it is that the brain doesn’t see the falseness of accepting logic as the ultimate criterion, why the brain accepts certain logic and then fails to carry it through. The dialogue ended with Krishnaji pointing out that self-interest is the operative factor, that everything is seen and heard in relation to our own self-interest.

On November 26, Krishnaji recorded a major interview for the ABC National Network. The half-hour program was an inquiry into “Belief.” When the floor manager gave “the final windup—thirty seconds to go” signal, the interview went thus:

Q: "So you are not setting yourself up as a teacher?"

K: "*No, no, sir, on the contrary, I say: Be your own teacher. Be your own light. Don't look to somebody else.*"

Q: "And where do you find truth?"

K: "*Only when a mind, and not only a mind, a life, is completely harmonious, not contradictory. It's only such a mind that can find truth, can observe truth. Truth isn't something abstract. It's here.*"

TEACHER / PUPIL

No teacher reproduces another teacher like himself. Cloning, photocopying, reproducing facsimiles is an aberration of man's thinking and behavior. No two waves roll onto the beach in the same way; no two seasons, dawns, days, hours replicate each other.

The teacher/pupil relationship, still the traditional teaching technique, is limited. Usually it is confined to passing on physical skills, specialized knowledge: baking a cake, building a house or a machine, learning a trade or profession, manipulating people, management of resources, programming a computer. These skills can be taught to those who want to learn.

The real skills in living—the art of living, freedom from tradition, awakening intelligence, ending anger, fear, hate, violence, war—cannot be taught. If they could, human beings would long ago have been through with misery and sorrow.

Nor can self-knowledge be taught. For self-knowing—the problem is not seeking and finding the "right" teacher; the problem is myself. The resolution, the revolution is not through someone else, not in the future, but in consciousness. And consciousness lives only in the present.

When I see this and see that myself trying to alter myself or the world, is false, then it is likely that I again fall back into the traditional pupil/teacher role that seeks self-understanding from and through some outside source; someone who claims he knows.

Learning from a teacher can be a triple bind.

1. It can encourage looking outward to find the "truth."
2. It can ensure the continuation of egocentric activity while the seeker searches.
3. It invites comparison and imitation—hence duality.

And so long as the inquiry, the search, inward or outward, involves a future state, I live in illusion. I am seeking something that for me does not actually exist. Any projection can only lead away from self. Though I may try, I cannot be something else. I can, however, watch and listen. This I can do and let awareness act. Perhaps there is no other action.

ORGANIZATION

Why didn't Krishnamurti tell people what to do? This question now puzzles many people. Why did Krishnamurti, in his wisdom, not tell people what to do? If he was as wise and intelligent as most who listened to him, read his teachings, "knew" him to be, if indeed, he did see so clearly, why did he not dictate, instruct, at least indicate what he saw or perceived was the needed action for the transformation of the human being? Would not such instruction have saved much of the division and turmoil that has been the lot of humanity ever since civilization began and which is now so obviously manifesting in the K foundations, committees, and activities set up to disseminate the teachings?

Why, if he was an enlightened human being, did he not lay down rules while he was alive so that he left clearly stated, correct, unambiguous procedures and intelligent ways with which to resolve the human condition—to transform human beings?

If he "knew" what to do, why didn't he, like Buddha with whom his teachings have been compared, announce an "eight fold" pattern, set up a series of *sanghas*, small elite groups—or like the Christ, gather around himself twelve disciples to probe deeply into the teachings, and then to go out into the world and spread the "good word" that could/would transform humanity, revitalize the world, and create new, free human beings?

This non-direction, non-statement, has, for some, been bewildering. It is seen to have permitted the old ego-drives to persist, with resulting divisions and confusion as to what to do. It has made thinking together, seeing together, what needs to be done, difficult. Compromising decisions are made that please no one completely, and make joyous and spontaneous working together unlikely.

So why did Krishnamurti leave this legacy when he so obviously saw through the whole charade of human behavior, the non-sense of normal committee decisions?

It seems to me that the answer is utterly simple. He gave no instruction as to what to do. Prior to Krishnamurti, human beings looking for answers, for guidance, traditionally searched for and so found someone, some power, some intelligence outside themselves for the resolution of their problems. They sought a prescription and became its followers. Unless and until we humans stop looking outside, there is no chance for a transformation in consciousness. Until there is an uncovering of the "me," there will only be a continuity of me. No real change—merely more of the same, illusory, transient activities that have produced the dilemma and confusion that is modern civilization. The belief still holds that through time and evolution and knowledge, our psychological miasma will be resolved. In the meantime, we go on dreaming, talking and planning, failing to see this is only the timeless present, that the primal task is discarding the false the moment it is noticed, and thus giving the non-sense no future, no time, no energy.

As I see it, Krishnamurti's "message" was not in any way a blueprint as to what to do to improve ourselves or the society in which we happen to live, obvious as these changes are, but to be aware of what we are doing—to doubt, to question, to let go. "Freedom from the known" is crucial to a comprehension of his teachings. Why hold in memory the psychological experiences of the past—why burden the mind with the residue of unresolved experiences?

For those who see the necessity to step free of the social structure, who seriously watch the working of the self in all its expressions, and who allow these pains, these inward feelings to flower in themselves, what can they do? Or what can they be told to do out there in the world?

As individuals begin to work and to live in the domain of the living present together, the old, the known, loses its power—and the unknown new may come into being, has a chance.

A second question: Why did Krishnamurti listen to and accept gossip; was he not wise enough to know that people lie, cheat, seek personal advantage by denigrating others, thereby hoping to promote themselves? Of course he was, but as he often said, "*I don't open people's letters unless they want to show the content to me.*" Otherwise, he did not look or probe—he accepted what they said as true. As he said to the woman at Professor Tylee's house in Seattle, "*If she wants to go further, decides to probe more deeply, she will come again.*" This is true innocence. Clearly, it is a greater shame to suspect a friend than to be betrayed by him. Such innocence is so necessary and so rare.

AUTHORITY

Everyone has a problem with authority. Why is it that we resist authority? When I am in authority, I see all my relationships change. People around me suddenly treat me differently. To be in a position of authority is to be isolated.

Normally, I am very wary of anyone assuming to be an authority. Yet there is nothing wrong in reading or listening to what some authority has to say. The difficulty is when I decide "this I will accept" and "this I will reject," and by doing so, bypass the investigating, the uncovering of the reality for my own decisive authority. Thus do I avoid understanding my own position, questioning my own authority? It is so much easier to accept or reject than to inquire for myself why I maintain my authoritative viewpoint and stance. Because I don't really know what is true until I have uncovered it for myself, I am likely to go on looking to outward authority for answers and assertions that will once again be questioned, challenged. Even when I do understand, in my own right, the answer that was true yesterday may not apply to my present need. Only the current situation contains the problem as it exists now. And as I am that person, the probing is up to me. I am the one responsible for "me," for what I think and do. So why would I seek authorities outside? Why not uncover the capacity to perceive inside the mind? This does not mean a refusal to listen to others. What it does mean is that I need to be aware of what is going on in depth now. By being

the author of my own book of life, I take responsibility for my every thought and act.

WHY HAVE AN ORGANIZATION TO PERPETUATE A TEACHING?

Human beings are gregarious creatures, and although “self” is everyone’s primary preoccupation, most of us also seek warmth and companionship and, hopefully, want to improve communal conditions. Organized groups seek to, and often do, achieve practical social goals, and they nourish personal relationships.

However, Krishnamurti was adamantly against spiritual organizations. On August 3, 1929, in a talk to three-thousand members of the Order of the Star, at the Ommen camp in the Netherlands, he announced his determination to dissolve the Order. A reprint of some passages of this message is pertinent here:

“I maintain that Truth is a pathless land, and you cannot approach it by any path whatsoever, by any religion, by any sect. That is my point of view, and I adhere to that absolutely and unconditionally. Truth, being limitless, unconditioned, unapproachable by any path whatsoever, cannot be organized; nor should any organization be formed to lead or to coerce people along any particular path. If you first understand that, then you will see how impossible it is to organize a belief. A belief is purely an individual matter, and you cannot and must not organize it. If you do, it becomes dead, crystallized; it becomes a creed, a sect, a religion, to be imposed on others. Truth is narrowed down and made a plaything for those who are weak, for those who are only momentarily discontented. Truth cannot be brought down, rather, the individual must make an effort to ascend to it. ...

“I maintain that no organization can lead man to spirituality. If an organization be created for this purpose, it becomes a crutch, a weakness, a bondage, and must cripple the individual and prevent him from growing, from establishing his uniqueness, which lies in the discovery for himself of that absolute, unconditioned Truth. ...

“I have only one purpose: to make man free, to urge him towards freedom; to help him to break away from all limitations, for that alone will give him eternal happiness, will give him the unconditioned realization of the self.

“Because I am free, unconditioned, whole—not the part, nor the relative, but the whole Truth that is eternal—I desire those who seek to understand me, to be free, not to follow me, not to make out of me a cage which will become a religion, a sect. Rather should they be free from all fears—from the fear of religion, from the fear of salvation, from the fear of spirituality, from the fear of love, from the fear of death, from the fear of life itself. As an artist paints a picture because he takes delight in that painting, because it is his self-expression, his glory, his well-being, so I do this and not because I want anything from anyone.

“You are accustomed to authority, or to the atmosphere of authority which you think will lead you to spirituality. You think and hope that another can, by

extraordinary powers—a miracle—transport you to this realm of eternal freedom which is Happiness. Your whole outlook on life [is] based on that authority.

“You have listened to me for three years now, without any change taking place except in the few. Now analyze what I am saying, be critical, so that you may understand thoroughly, fundamentally. When you look for an authority to lead you to spirituality, you are bound automatically to build an organization around that authority. By the very creation of that organization, which, you think, will help this authority to lead you to spirituality, you are held in a cage.

“Instead of old spiritual distinction, instead of old worships, you have new worships. You are all depending for your spirituality on someone else, for your happiness on someone else, for your enlightenment on someone else; and although you have been preparing for me for eighteen years, when I say all these things are unnecessary, when I say that you must put them all away and look within yourselves for the enlightenment, for the glory, for the purification, and for the incorruptibility of the self; not one of you is willing to do it. There may be a few, but very, very few.

“So why have an organization? ...

“As I said before, my purpose is to make men unconditionally free, for I maintain that the only spirituality is the incorruptibility of the self which is eternal; is the harmony between reason and love. This is the absolute, unconditioned Truth which is Life itself. ... Truth is in everyone; it is not far, it is not near; it is eternally there.”

This absolute statement can so shock the brain that, for the moment, the self-perpetuating process stops. Krishnamurti's challenge that truth cannot be organized, interpreted, or transmitted from one person to another stills the mind, demands attention. As the timeless challenge is allowed to act directly *in* consciousness and not be acted upon *by* consciousness, a new dimension of living begins. As yeast fermenting changes the form of food, so does truth transform the structure of consciousness.

FORMING AN ORGANIZATION

Human associations and organizations have always been a source of difficulties. However, there has to be some sort of skilled organization to arrange the Krishnamurti talks, disseminate the books and tapes, develop schools, produce bulletins. For fifty years across the world, dedicated individuals under Krishnamurti's guidance had carried out the work. As in other countries, a small number in Australia had long been engaged in spreading the teachings. In Sydney and other cities, as well as in country towns and private homes, groups met to listen to tapes. For ten years or so, every capital city regularly had video showings.

The work was carried out in Australia by a few dedicated people. In particular, Reg and Mavis Bennett³⁵ instigated some innovative ways of making Krishnamurti known and available to more people. Huge numbers of paperback editions of his talks were bought and bound in hard covers and sent to local

public libraries throughout Australia. Every town with a population of twenty thousand or more had Krishnamurti books, as did every university, and, for good measure, every jail. Materials were distributed to university libraries in Indonesia, in Japan, and in every South American country.

After 1968 and the new impetus that came with the establishment of the English, Indian, and American foundations and the opening of the school at Brockwood Park in England, a renewed interest in Krishnamurti's teachings was apparent throughout the world. One result was the setting up of other legally recognized bodies in several countries.

No such formalization was needed in Australia. There was, however, a block of land at Terranora that had been donated, back in 1927, to the long-defunct Order of the Star, which had been formed around Krishnamurti in his youth. Without a legal entity to receive the title deeds, the property could not be used or sold. For fifty years, successive Australian Krishnamurti representatives had failed to get the land transferred to them. It was in fact a costly liability, because the annual land rates had to be paid.

We were aware that any legal organization designed to receive donations and administer the work would persist even when the need for it had vanished. Organizations are valid only while they perform the specific function for which they were set up. When the task is completed, the structure requires dismantling, perhaps to be reformed by another group of individuals when another need arises. Thus ran our musings. So we wanted nothing fixed, nothing permanent. Could the work continue to be done without any formal structure? Well, no; to function on a statewide or national scale there had to be some coordinating body. But how much was necessary, and what was the practical minimum?

There was another important issue. If no legal body was approved and in operation while Krishnamurti was alive, what happened after his death would be chancy and possibly confused. Though rooted in speculation and fear of what might be, this matter had arisen and had to be answered.

We began to consider what had been done overseas with Krishnamurti's approval and backing. There was the precedent of the Krishnamurti foundations, established in India, England, Puerto Rico, and the United States. Whatever we did in Australia had to be so constituted that it would work harmoniously with those foundations. In 1975, I was asked by Mavis Bennett to see what could be done. Once again, the task of investigating the possibility and feasibility of an Australia-wide organization was under way.

Legal negotiations were begun, but the freedom we wanted and the restrictions the law required were incompatible. Over the years, three firms of solicitors took up the task, an expensive exercise. None produced a formula acceptable to both the government and us. The likelihood of establishing an Australian organization, provisionally called "Krishnamurti Australia," gradually faded. We carried on as we had always done. Money needed to finance the operation was supplied in the main by those doing the work.

Over the years at Brockwood and Ojai, I had observed some of the difficulties and ambiguities that fundraising presents. For instance, when there has to be cash in hand before the proposed project can begin, raising money becomes the

primary objective. Money, which is the means, can appear to be an end. Fundraising, no matter how civil and polite the appeal, smacks of begging. And, like the beggar, the fundraiser has to gratefully accept whatever is offered. Also, begging is false. It fails. It may have worked once, but no longer. There are too many appeals. No one really listens anymore. Another approach is required.

What now needs to be communicated, and clearly, is the new spirit that is awakening in the world. Be in it—participate. Permit those who hear the talks, read the books, and see the necessity to act to know that they can share in the new movement, that it is not only in themselves but also in the world. This sounds evangelistic, enthusiastic, urgent: it is all three. It is also serious, steady, profound, and provocative. For it is a privilege to participate and a joy to share in the awakening and in the work. If you have a skill that is needed, offer it; if you have money available, give it.

Human beings like to grow, to unfold, to work, and to contribute to a successful venture. People don't like to give to an anonymous, amorphous fund that might be used in ways that hold no interest for the donor, so why not let those who want to participate be free to nominate the project to which their contribution is to go? In this way they can see the use of their money, much as those who actually do the work can see the results of their labor. Why not have a fund for those interested in books and in their distribution to libraries, reading rooms, and so on? A fund for audio and videotapes and showings? A fund for adult education, for learning and facilities? A fund for a school? A fund for an archive; for a master index?

Such, briefly, was the Australian structure and attitude in 1980.

COLOMBO, 1980

A SACRILEGE

At the invitation of Dr. Adikaram, I went to Colombo for the November talks. As a guest of the Sri Lankan government, Krishnamurti was given the red carpet treatment: an official greeting at the airport and the state guest house, Ackland House in Union Place, as his residence while in the country. To his dismay perhaps, spick-and-span armed naval guards were on duty at the gates, and uniformed officers were in the house, for guests of the state are given full protection in Sri Lanka.

It had been arranged that all Krishnamurti's public talks would be broadcast over Radio Lanka. There were a number of prime-time television interviews with ministers of state, and the newspapers made him the subject of feature articles.

On the morning following his arrival, I attended a large media conference at Ackland House. The forty or so reporters were remarkably deferential, some reverential, in their questioning. One asked whether Krishnamurti was, in fact, the twentieth-century incarnation of the Buddha. Krishnamurti demurred but did not deny. The following day, and throughout his visit, most newspapers carried extensive stories about him.

During the late afternoon talks and the question-and-answer meetings at the de Silva Theatre, a similar worshipful obeisance was in evidence. In such a devotional atmosphere, it was not difficult to become involved in a misunderstanding.

My earlier links with Radio Lanka, with acoustics and public address systems, had pre-selected me for the task of checking the amplification speakers around the huge, open-sided theater before each talk. As they began in daylight and continued on after dark, the hall lights and the spotlights on Krishnamurti had to be checked. Night comes suddenly near the equator, making it difficult, if not impossible, to estimate in bright sunshine the electronic lighting needed after dark.

After the first talk, Krishnaji said that the stage spotlights had troubled him, that he couldn't see the audience. As it was essential for him to, Dr. Adikaram asked me to look into this. So on the evening of the next talk, after positioning the microphones and testing to ensure that everyone everywhere could hear, I had to check those spotlights to make certain they would not bother Krishnaji again. The obvious way was to position myself on the purple draped dais exactly where he would sit, and to have the electrician adjust the lights so that, while the audience could see me, I could also see the audience without any discomfort.

It was still full daylight when the electrician, predictably late, turned up ten minutes before the five-thirty start. The theater was already packed. After a brief preliminary explanation of what I was doing, I seated myself cross-legged in the exact position Krishnaji would take, and from there directed the focusing of the

spotlights. When I was satisfied, I left the stage and went to my seat, conscious that I had somehow caused offense.

After the meeting, my misdemeanor, my lack of sensitivity, and the existence of a culture gap concerning my behavior were plain to all. There was a distinct coolness from those who had previously been open and friendly. I was now acutely aware that I had violated a sacred trust: that in sitting in the Master's place, I had usurped and desecrated holy ground. I had committed a sacrilege. Sensibilities had been affronted; a number of persons wanted nothing to do with a man so insensitive.

And, of course, it was true. I had not considered the likely response. I had simply gone ahead with what I understood had to be done, in the most practical way I knew. At the time I was marginally conscious that my action was a mild status display. In overlooking the inward nudging, I had permitted "self" to reassert its secretive existence, almost without my noticing it.

Later that evening, when I talked with Dr. Adikaram and apologized for upsetting so many people, he too was sad and somewhat bemused by the distress such an unintended affront had caused. Later still, I was to realize that far from being merely an unfortunate error, the incident was to have far-reaching consequences. One was that in solving the lighting problem, I had created another and far more difficult problem of relationship. Many could not forgive me. A few, especially some of those closest to Krishnamurti, did not speak to me again.

This incident prompted me to ask: To what extent was I, too, a follower, an image-maker, a worshipper, a devotee? In what ways does devotion to a revered person lead to fanaticism? Was my own security, my self-image, in any degree dependent on an unquestioning subservience to this great man's influence? I began watching myself more closely for subtle traces of reliance on my idea of Krishnamurti and the teachings to sustain my own self-image, and for any signs of fanaticism. I realized that my defense of him was a justification of myself, my judgment, and my choice of mentor and guide.

The reverberations rang through me for a long time. Krishnamurti was surrounded by devotees. I kept wondering why he was not surrounded by free minds, free people, free relationships. Was it only the worshippers and the dependents who remained close to him, and those who "heard" and began the inward work themselves, who walked away? Was it perchance the very first step in a realization that there is no model; that freedom is a state of being, not something to be achieved; that wholeness and happiness emerge as self unravels, as the sense of separation dissolves? Truth is indeed a pathless land.

These observations and questions were to come into acute focus and be fully tested in me some three years later. Valid as insights are, nothing matches a crisis to halt the flow of dreams, to end the continuity of self and the past, and to make things clear in the present.

A few days before Krishnamurti left Colombo, I went to see him at Ackland House. For two hours we discussed the ramifications of setting up a legal organization in Australia, and explored the possibilities and difficulties of attempting to operate a school for children in Sydney. Besides pointing out the

rare dedication needed for such an important venture, and the long-term responsibilities for all concerned—teachers, parents, and students—he made it quite clear that if we did decide to go ahead, the school would have to function wholly in its own right, without using the name “Krishnamurti.” Unlike the already established Krishnamurti schools which he visited each year to talk with teachers and students, the Australian school would have to stand on its own. His final words were, “*Work closely with those already involved.*”

AN ENDING

CRISIS

Negotiations to establish an Australian Krishnamurti organization continued, but with decreasing eagerness. There were still a number of troublesome standard clauses in the charter, and one in particular, which read: "The organization has to transmit any lawful business in and of the Commonwealth of Australia in the prosecution of any war in which the Commonwealth of Australia is engaged."

The offensive statement was mandatory. So be it. It really would not affect the work. Finally, in December 1982, a draft of the Memorandum and Articles of Association was approved. It was not ideal, but it seemed workable. Copies were made and sent to Krishnamurti and all the foundations.

A time bomb arrived in the form of a letter from Krishnamurti posted from Madras, dated January 13, 1983. In it Krishnamurti wrote that as president of the various Krishnamurti foundations he was disassociating himself from "Krishnamurti Australia." His actual words were, "*I expect you not to use my name with any organization proposed by you.*" He went on to say that he and those working with him thoroughly disapproved of certain clauses in the Memorandum of Association of "Krishnamurti Australia." He asked why Mrs. Bennett was not the president, saying that such matters should be gone into with great care before I took any further step. He also said that "Krishnamurti Australia" could not by any means take over the properties in Australia belonging to the Order of the Star in the East.

Copies of this letter were sent to all the trustees. We all received a copy on the same day. The effect was stunning. Phones ran hot. That I had been rejected by Krishnamurti was clear. It was also clear that he wanted every trustee to know of his decision. Seven of the eight signatories to the Memorandum and Articles of Association of "Krishnamurti Australia," who were as bewildered as I by what read as an unwarranted indictment, wrote to Krishnaji. The fact was that all of us were implicated.

Days and nights of self-doubt followed, with continuous watching, questioning, and examining, not into what had happened, but into self and what was happening. Weeks went by before I replied.

In my letter of February 21, I acknowledged his decision to dissociate himself from "Krishnamurti Australia," and his name from any organization proposed by me, and said I would abide by this decision. I wrote of the shock that had exploded through me and of the bewilderment, sadness, and self-examination that followed. I pointed out that the work of disseminating the books, tapes, and information had no relationship whatsoever with the establishment of a legal entity in Australia. In fact, we had not wanted such an organization, nor did we consider one necessary, except for money management. We worked alone, each in our own way, and cooperatively whenever help was needed. I finished, "It

was, indeed, a pity that this happened, that clarity was clouded, that you had to deal with it.”

With the posting of the letter, I felt resigned to the reality that I was out of the picture, that the trauma was now over, and that it had run its course through me. The speculation turned out to be quite premature and completely illusory. What I had not realized was that the deep psychological momentum had not stopped. Of its own volition, the persistent inquiring into self was still going on. Unknown, untouched sensitivities kept surfacing.

Three weeks after my letter was sent, suddenly, without warning, my limbs and body were aching with a pain so excruciating that to remain still was impossible. Every position I assumed soon became unbearable. I would twist and turn, seeking relief. My body would find a comfortable position and the ache would lessen, then abruptly there it was, flaring in a leg, knee, thigh, shoulder. I would roll over, place my hands to the hurt and agonize. The particular torment would ease, and the muscles begin to relax. For a few minutes, I could rest—then the acute ache would arise in a foot, or along one side. There was no let-up, day or night.

On earlier occasions in my life, as when a dentist in Seattle drilled my front teeth without a drug injection, it was a matter of relaxing, watching, feeling, “putting up with it,” until the job was done. I knew what was going on, was aware of the source of the pain, and that there would be an end. A relaxed, serene watchfulness permitted me to cope with it.

Now, no real, specific “cause” for my distress had surfaced. I did not know its source, beyond the fact that my self-image had been badly damaged. Though the location of the pain changed, the condition did not. There was no release. For three months, I could not walk or even stand. I crawled whenever I had to move from my bed. I remained in the house, and friends brought me food. The suffering was not continuous but cyclic, coming in waves and subsiding.

Gradually, the self-questioning diminished, but the physical symptoms persisted, endlessly. There was, too, the feeling of being completely alone. I lay watching, experiencing, agonizing. Soon I was no longer interested in understanding, changing, or even getting rid of the dreadful pain. My only concern was with what was actually going on in my body/being. It became obvious that the pain aroused “me” (the feeler of the pain), and when the “me” disappeared so did my awareness of pain; that the observer/experiences of the agony and the agony arose and waned together as one consciousness. By not trying to be free, by not looking for causes or motives, for answers or ends or for relief, though the pain persisted, my mind was tranquil.

As I lay there, I would notice sly wisps of thinking occasionally sliding into consciousness. Once noticed, these thought trails would die away, leaving a kind of extensional awareness, an empty wholeness, until again the ache would start up in some other part of my body. I “knew” there was nothing to be done, that the body/mind/being condition had to run its course. I learned, too, that thought distances itself from pain and then tries to deal with it. My physical condition did not actually alter, even though consciousness did clarify and sharpen.

Where earlier just-below-the-surface fear of the next incursion of pain was ever-waiting, I now had an attentiveness to what was actually there. I began to have lengthening periods of unconsciousness. Over the weeks and months the onset of the next bout of pain held less terror and its dominance diminished.

R E L E A S E

Throughout the travail, there was no feeling of right or wrong, of justice or injustice. What was happening involved senses, consciousness, everything. The whole crisis was real, and somehow completely “right.”

I realized that had I been asked for an explanation by Krishnamurti or been given any opportunity to give an account of what had happened, I would have worked at presenting a rationale, a defense. No such chance had been given. I was free to watch what was going on. There was nothing else to do. “I” and “time” had come to a stop. The old impetus, the ongoing process of working in the present for some future result, had dissolved. I sensed a new freedom. Like a bird that has refused to leave the safety of the nest, I had been nudged out into the air, alone.

Months later I wrote a more sanguine, and perhaps, more apt yet stark metaphor describing my state of mind:

Unripe fruit clings to the branch where it is nurtured
and sustained.

When ripe and ready, no longer holding to the bough and no
longer being held it drops, falls free...

Perhaps to rot on the ground,
Perchance to realize its wholeness, and burst forth
into its own life.

And again:

My life came into crisis.
Suddenly hidden realities were exposed, opened out,
laid bare...

With this release came awareness that it was not the teachings, seductive though they are, true though they may be, that had bred my dependency, but what I had made of them. The teachings had not freed me; they had, like some superb mind dynamics course, merely given “the me” more scope. They had been an overlay, a brilliant veneer that had obscured direct perception of what I was and what I was actually doing. It was not that Krishnamurti had influenced me, but rather that I had taken from him what I wanted to enhance my understanding and my life. I had been on a subtle, semiconscious, partially understood ego trip. Self-advancement disguised as freedom from self had been my real goal.

I had long since realized that Krishnamurti was not a computing machine with already stored wisdom and knowledge, giving out answers to whatever

questions were put to him. He was a compassionate, awakened human being who opened out the question, the problem, as it was presented to him. He did not answer questions from his knowledge but showed the questioner the makeup of his or her problem, allowing the blockages to be seen. He talked to people according to their tendencies and capacity to understand their problem and the problem-maker—themselves.

The teachings stand. Their resonances ring true. Their starkness, intelligence, and seductive beauty are resounding throughout the world. But magnificent as they are, needed as they are, the teachings are not a positive, religious philosophy to be learned and then applied. It was back in 1930, in a talk published under the title, “Life’s Problems—Introduction,” that Krishnamurti said, “*You become a light unto yourself and hence you do not cast a shadow across the path of another or the path of yourself.*” I was casting shadows, and patches of darkness were being reflected back. Working in his light, following his teachings, my “I” could remain hidden and intact. Yet any attempt to live through another’s perceptions, however wise, does not free the unique assembly that constitutes “me.”

The Krishnamurti work went on, for people wanted to read the books, listen to the tapes, and have discussions. But the enthusiasm, the open, harmonious flow had faltered. The North Sydney and Narrabeen centers closed. Four of those who had willingly accepted responsibility for organizing regular video showings, meetings, and discussions had, on receipt of the letter (mailed directly to each committee member from Madras), decided not to continue.

Three months after it had started, one evening in May, the debilitating pain vanished. It went as suddenly as it had come. Around ten o’clock, without any prior warning, my body felt whole, every particle tinglingly alive with an indescribable sense of vividness. The crisis had passed.

Within a couple of days health picked up, and the mobility and the use of my legs returned. With this renewal came an aloneness and an extraordinary lightness. A blessing had come.

A R E P R I E V E

Within days of the ending of the pain, another letter from Krishnamurti arrived from Ojai, California, dated April 28, 1983, inviting Mavis Bennett and me to the meeting of the Krishnamurti foundations from September 7 to 14 at Brockwood.

In this letter he said it was important that we meet to clear up any misunderstanding so that we could all work together amicably. He suggested that funds collected for the work in Australia be used to meet the expenses of the flight to England, and said that room could be found for both of us as guests of Brockwood. “*Do please consider both of you coming as I particularly would like to clear up this matter.*” He asked that this letter be shown to all helpers in Sydney and in other places.

Mavis was not able to make it. I replied that I would be there. As there were no funds, I paid my own fare. Any contributions we received went to buying

more books and tapes for distribution, television sets, videotapes, and towards circulating the biannual *Australian Bulletin*. I turned up at Brockwood on August 26.

It so happened that the meeting of the foundations had been cancelled. An unexpected summons from California requiring Krishnamurti's presence in relation to an impending court case meant that immediately after the Brockwood talks he had to leave.

THE BROCKWOOD MEETING

The next morning I met with Mary Cadogan.³⁶ During the course of the conversation, she wanted to know how things were in Sydney when I left. I told her that after the initial shock, disruption, and resignations, the essential work had gone on, but that the joy was missing. As months passed and no replies to the members' letters had come, the bewilderment had remained and our momentum had faltered. Mary then informed me that someone from another state in Australia had written a derogatory letter about me, and that this letter, quite apart from the two offending clauses in the legal document, had been instrumental in Krishnamurti's writing his letter to me.

It was an intentionally circumspect piece of information, but it cleared up one incomprehensible factor, something that until then I had known nothing about. (A month later, in Ojai, I was told by two members of the American Foundation that they had read a copy of the disruptive letter, knew the writer's identity, and understood the letter's implications.) Besides wonder, there came a sadness that even among those working for freedom in themselves and in the world, there could be deliberate destructiveness.

That afternoon I had a session with David Bohm³⁷ and Mary. The next day we had another discussion. The talk mainly centered around what procedures were most likely to prove practical in handling the Krishnamurti work in Australia. They wanted to know whether there had been any change in attitude, how our organization was functioning, and what alterations were envisioned. Our conversations were friendly, open, and frank.

What follows is a transcript of my notes, written right after the meeting with Krishnamurti, so that the Australian Committee members would receive the information fresh and clear. I wrote what I was feeling and what had occurred as we talked. (The notes have been slightly edited for readability.)

Greetings over, and once we were seated, Krishnaji asked about the membership and the formation of the Australian Committee. He wanted to know who the members of the new organization were going to be, and how we proposed to operate.

As we talked, I realized that the past was to be forgotten. It was over. A fresh start, free from what had happened, was needed. Good. It was also clear from his questioning that Krishnaji was not interested in the offensive clauses in the Memorandum and Articles of Association, nor in the legal problems, nor his letters to me, which were never mentioned. His concern seemed to be exclusively

with the selection of those persons who would be invited to form a single nationwide committee.

It was proposed that there be two representatives from each of the seven Australian states.³⁸ Krishnamurti asked what could be done in this regard. I said I felt that such an arrangement would be impractical. In a continent approximately the same area as the United States and far bigger than Europe, distance and cost would make communication difficult, operation laborious, and even annual meetings virtually impossible. Krishnaji listened without comment. He clearly had reservations about setting up a national organization, and perhaps had doubts about any closely related local committee.

This surmise was confirmed when a list of suitable persons to serve on the Australian committee was produced. We went through the names one by one. They included not only those who were regarded as acceptable, but those who were to be omitted, based, as I was told, on the tenor of the letters they had written to Krishnaji.

That a list was being compiled in England of those who were to be asked to operate in Australia disturbed me. There were to be checks, and though benign, an external authority was being set up. Of course, the functioning of any worldwide movement presents problems. By permitting groups to develop along their own lines, there is the ever-present possibility, even likelihood, of division and disruption, and of the rise of interpreters and factions. And so, inevitably, centralized structures have been the method of control throughout history. This practice persists even though remote authoritative control can exacerbate the problems inherent in local operations.

Since power corrupts, is there anything that can be done organizationally to free humans from self-bondage? Here I had a delicious realization. What I was objecting to—supervision from London or Brockwood or Ojai or Adyar or anywhere else—was in no real way different from the proposal of a group based in Sydney, which could assume control of Krishnamurti's activities in Australia, and thus perpetuate a similar hierarchical structure with all its possibilities for division.

Krishnaji then asked, "*Is there anything further to be discussed, something you want to bring up?*" Yes, there was. I asked if there was any need for those who had received his original letter to be told that I was no longer *persona non grata*. Krishnaji's reply, "*You tell them, sir,*" was direct and unequivocal. He was once again turning me around, allowing me to see that the decision for whatever I might do was mine, and with it the responsibility.

Right then I realized there was no problem, none at all. There could be one only if I were to make this into a "situation to be resolved." Any difficulty that arose would be of my own making. Krishnaji was free. And, in letting go, so was I.

We sat quietly for a few moments. Then Krishnaji asked again, "*Is there anything more?*" The meeting was over. I walked to my room in the cloisters.

Even though nothing had been resolved with regard to the work in Australia or my function in it, a great deal had happened. Besides a real apprehension

concerning the free, open, and successful functioning of any worldwide organization that may be envisioned, there was an enormous sense of aloneness.

A B E G I N N I N G

C O N S E Q U E N C E S

There was no question then or now as to whether to carry on with the Krishnamurti work. I saw no intrinsic difference between acting with others in the world and learning about myself; between Krishnamurti's insights into the human condition and my own quest for self-understanding. Together they constituted a complementary inward-outward interaction. Once the yeast of inquiry had begun, I really had no choice. The thrill of living, of the beauty of the earth and sky, of following thoughts and feelings, were my deep and profound joy.

However, at unexpected moments, contending sensations like so many demons would invade consciousness. Clearly, so long as any agitating memories of what had occurred continued to surface, they had to be traced to their still-present source; otherwise the newfound freedom was fragile and could vanish at any time. An incident could reactivate whatever residue remained unresolved. So what was still hidden and needing to be uncovered and seen? I had to go after it and bring it to light. Months later I was able to write about it.

In retrospect, it now seems unlikely that those apparently rather small incidents should have triggered such a profound storm in my body/being. Why had this been such a catalyst for me? After all, I had talked and probed and been exposed in many different ways by Krishnaji on many earlier occasions.

The fact is that I still really do not know. I surmise that the revolutionary seed of a new dimension emerges out of the old in one whole movement. For when the psychological ego trauma had passed, so had the stress and anguish. The excruciating pain, physical and mental, which at the time had seemed unbearable, had gone, leaving little trace. And what did linger for eighteen months or so gradually disappeared until it now seems as though it had never been.

I ask myself: If all the hurt has actually gone, why am I writing about it? Why this consequence? Probably I'm writing because the crisis was an integral part of the whole experience. Somehow, and it does not now really matter what triggered it, a critical tension or focusing of energy had occurred, forcing a breakdown of self or a breakthrough into self.

To what extent the entrenched entity "me" released itself, I do not know. Yet without the catalyst of Krishnamurti's calling halt to my activities, it is unlikely that any real change in my life pattern would have happened. Any attempt now to recapture what happened would be illusory, as would any speculation as to what, if anything, had been in Krishnamurti's mind.

It was not Krishnamurti who had pressured me into whatever predicament I found myself in. What I encountered then, or experience anytime, is always of my own making.

There is an enormous gratefulness to Krishnaji for being, for the teachings, and for so profoundly shaking the very foundations of my being. As it turned out,

I really had nothing to do about my reinstatement. I only had to go on doing the work. As Krishnaji said, *“It’s up to you.”*

There was, however, the matter of the spreading of the revolutionary self-revealing message. Here is Krishnamurti’s answer given to that question when it was put to him in Madras in 1947. A man asked: “I am very interested in your teachings; I would like to spread them. What is the best way to do it?”

Krishnamurti: *“Many things are involved in this question. Let us look at it. Propaganda is a lie because mere repetition is not truth. What you can repeat is a lie. Truth cannot be repeated, for truth can only be experienced directly; mere repetition is a lie because repetition implies imitation. That which you repeat may be truth to someone, but when you repeat it, it ceases to be truth. Propaganda is one of the terrible things in which we are caught. You know something or you don’t know. Usually you have read something in some books and you have heard some talk and you want to spread it. Have words any significance besides the verbal meaning? So what you are spreading is really words, and do words or terms resolve our problems? Say, for instance, you believe in reincarnation; you don’t know why you believe, but you want to spread that belief. What are you spreading in fact? Your belief, terms, words; your convictions which are still within the field, within the layer of verbal expression.*

“We think in words, in terms; we seek explanations which are still only words, and we are caught in this monstrous lie, believing that the word is the thing. Surely, the word God is not God, but you believe that the word is God and that therefore you can spread it. Please see this. To you, the word has become important, and not reality. So you are caught in the verbal level, and what you want to spread is the word. That means you will catch what I am saying in the net of words and so cause a new division between man and man. Then you will create a new system based on Krishnamurti’s words, which you the propagandist will spread among other propagandists who are also caught in words—and thereby what have you done? Whom have you helped? No, sirs, that is not the way to spread. So don’t try what is stupid, what is the height of folly—to spread someone else’s experience.

“If you experience something directly, it would be experience not based on belief, because what you believe, you experience; and therefore it is not real experience but only conditioned experience. There can be experience, the right kind of experience, only when thinking ceases, but that experience cannot be spread as information to clear the mess. But if you begin to understand simple things like nationalism, surely you can discuss it with others, in order to make it known as a poison which is destroying man. Sirs, you are not aware of the enormous calamity that lies in wait for you and for the whole world because this poison is spreading. You are nationalists, you are Hindus, against Pakistan, against England, against Germany, against Russia, and so on. So, nationalism is a poison, is it not? You can understand that very easily because it divides men. You cannot be a nationalist and talk of brotherhood; these terms are contradictory.

“That also you can understand, that you can talk about. But you don’t want to talk about that because that would mean a change of heart within yourself, which

means that you must cease to be a Hindu, with your beliefs, ceremonies, and all the rubbish that is around you. We don't talk about nationalism because we might be asked if we are free of it ourselves. Not being free, we evade it, and try to discuss something else. Surely you can talk about something which you live and which you are doing every day, and that is what I have been talking about—your daily actions, your daily thoughts, and feelings. My words you cannot repeat, for, if you do, they will have no meaning; but you can talk about the way you live, the way you act, the way you think, from which alone there can be understanding; all that, you can discuss; but there is no use of groups with presidents and secretaries and organizations, which are terrible things in which you are often caught. Sirs, though you all smile, yet surely you are all caught in these. I don't think you know how catastrophic the whole situation is in the world now. I don't have to frighten you. You have merely to pick up a newspaper and read about it. You are on the edge of a precipice and you still perform ceremonies, carry on in your stupid ways, blind to what is happening. You can only alter by transformation of yourself and not by the introduction of a new system, whether of the left or of the right. In the transformation of yourself is the only hope, but you cannot transform yourself radically, profoundly, if you are above all a Hindu, if you perform ceremonies, if you are caught in the net of organizations.

“As it has always been in the past, so also at the present time the salvation of man is in his being creative. You are caught inwardly in belief in fear, and in those hindrances that prevent the coming together of mind and man. That is, if I don't know how to love you, how to love my neighbor, my wife, how can there be communion between us? We need communion; not communion between systems, but communion between you and me without systems, without organizations, and that means we must really know how to love one another. Our hearts must be opened to one another, but your hearts cannot be open if you belong to an organization, if you are bound by beliefs, if you are nationalistic, if you are a Brahmin or a Sudra [castes]. So, you can spread even a tiny part of what I have been talking about only as you live. It is by your life that you communicate profoundly, not through words. Words, sirs, to a serious, thoughtful man have very little meaning. Terms are of very little significance when you are really seeking truth, truth in relationship and not an abstract truth of valuations, of things, or of ideas. If you want to find the truth of those things verbally, it is of little importance; but words become very important when you are not seeking truth; then the word is the thing and the thing catches you. So, if you want to spread these teachings, live them, and by your life you will be spreading them. You will be communicating them, which is much more true and significant than verbal repetition, for repetition is imitation and imitation is not creativeness, and you as an individual must awake to your own conditioning and thereby free yourself and hence give love to another.”

For such a metamorphosis there is only one starting point, and that is with me, here and now, in daily living and relationships.

MASTER AND DEVOTEE

The devotee, looking outward, seeking guidance, sustenance, support, confirmation, is on a false trail. He, like the scholar and the pupil, wants to comprehend the “teachings” so that he can apply them in his daily life as though they were technological instructions. It is the old, ego-development syndrome that has nothing whatsoever to do with the ending of egotism.

A devotee comparing his performance with the master’s, seeking the perfection he attributes to the adored one, is simply projecting his own immature fantasies out onto the worshipped master. The belief that my guru is enlightened and all-wise assumes that, because I am now in the group, I am one of the chosen. And, once again, ego gets a boost. Narcissism is reinforced, and the seeker is still further from uncovering his own clever, devious self; a pathological regression to pseudo-infancy.

The common-held image of Krishnamurti as a flawless being, not subject to human error, carries an aura of traditional self-deception, and a misreading of the liberated human being. Krishnamurti is also fragile, vulnerable, and human, which makes the profound teachings so revelatory. They emanate not from experience, knowledge, memory. Quite otherwise—free from the ongoing stream of acquisitive consciousness—that insight is clear and direct.

If there can be said to be one lesson learned from Krishnamurti, it is his constant cry, *“Don’t follow—don’t be an imitator. Be alone. Watch. Listen. I am not your teacher, you are not my followers.”*

For the devotees/followers, there can be a further subtle hazard. “Denial of all authority” being fundamental to the teachings, an unquestioned conviction can take root: I am not a follower, thus perpetuating the self-deception that any changes I notice in myself are the result of my own action, and a personal achievement.

Eventually, inevitably in the teacher/pupil/devotee relationship, the teacher shows his or her humanity and the devotee is shocked, suddenly disillusioned, devastated. Depending on the degree of devotional attachment, the devout follower either leaves because his belief, his investment is shattered, or he rationalizes his master’s action, then makes up his own idealized interpretation of what happened and sticks with that. And a compromised life goes on its ego-centered way.

While I continue to identify with someone or something other than, greater, than myself, hoping to achieve personally that desired state, I will go on looking outside for help, thus reactivating the sense of self, selfishness, self-achievement, and dependence.

Be wary of the “perfect human being.”

Beware “the teachings.”

Be aware of my responses, feelings, thoughts...

And their passage through mind/body/being.

LOOSENING BONDS

In retrospect, I see that for thirty-five years I was attempting the unreal—to function in and through Krishnamurti, his insights—while actually living within my own construction of “reality.” This is an impossible feat.

Of course, he constantly warns against this, and I, too, know the foolishness of following—and the folly of leading. Nevertheless, listening to him brings a reality and, yes, a freedom that for years permeated my life. I was reluctant to give up this touchstone even though, deep down, I knew that it was the “structure that was me” and that had to be resolved. Not refined, not transformed—but dissolved.

It is so easy to memorize Krishnamurti’s clear, meticulously worded insights and to include them in my life. “Krishnamurti says...” and I look and listen.

Krishnamurti’s brilliant, passionate, apt penetrations into the complications of the human condition, which had been my guide for so long, though remaining valid, are not to be pursued. They are not ideas to be realized or guidelines to be followed, but insights to be understood.

Psychologically, it is not a new perception or experience, not a fresh way of understanding that is needed. What is seen, heard, understood is not an addition, but a release.

It is unfortunate that the “teachings” can so readily be sustained as concepts, thus maintaining the motion of “self” along with a pupil/teacher linkage. Listen to the language of the student and hear it repeated in the master’s phrases.

LISTENING . JUST LISTENING

I have had it wrong all my life. I’ve been looking for improvement, change for the better. Whenever I noticed something painful, foolish or false, I worked at ways to improve the situation or to change myself. At four o’clock one morning I awoke and knew that this process, acceptable in the physical world, is utterly meaningless in the inner world.

What I actually saw was: Stop whatever I am doing the moment I am aware that it is not true. That is all. No positive action whatsoever.

The implications are vast. First, the negation of the false is wholly positive because it is immediately finished, there and then. No time is needed to correct the error. There is no changing this for that; no thought for the future that “I will not make this mistake again.”

While the unwanted is held in mind so that it can be seen, understood and hopefully resolved, the problem is being sustained. To try to stop thinking about something is impossible because I have to keep it in mind in order to remember not to think about it, and thereby keeping alive what I want to forget. Clearly the critical point is the moment I am aware there is a disturbance. For example, the instant I sense I am overeating, to stop. Or if I catch myself exaggerating or lying, to pause and listen. On noticing anger rising, to wait and watch. Perception alone dictating, directing, letting go.

Given no energy, the false atrophies. Living takes on a new freedom. I find myself listening, not to outside noises or for guidance, nor to inward thoughts and feelings. Just listening. Not to learn about myself and life gradually, through time, at my convenience. Listening. Just listening...

TEACHER AS MIRROR

No teacher produces another like himself. In life there is no exact repetition. In nature no two waves roll onto a beach in the same way, no two days or seasons replicate each other. Any attempt to imitate Krishnamurti is unrealistic. Even so, listening to his superb descriptions of consciousness, I would experience an aliveness and a sense of freedom, and I would want “more.” This set up an impossible dichotomy; a greed to store what I had heard, and an awareness that the very act of listening dissolved normal consciousness. In reality there is nothing to remember. As when a pain has passed from the body, why keep it going in thought? When an old hurt has healed and the present is free, why hold the pain in memory? Even so, the unseen, unresolved residuals soon re-establish their old domain.

One early morning, as I lay in bed in that state between waking and sleeping, it came to me that the brain is like a subtle, psychological spider’s web. Touch it and the whole microscopic matrix vibrates. Hit it and the web bounces back. Such resilience ensures the continuity of the established mode. Sometimes a thread breaks and before the spider can mend its web—or before I myself can reinstate the old thought pattern—a space appears briefly. In those few seconds and through that gap, another reality can enter, which then becomes part of my thought web.

In such a metaphorical manner had Krishnamurti’s devastating insights entered my consciousness. Pointing up my reluctance to forsake his perceptions is the fact that I sometimes catch myself using his very words as though they were my own observations, phrases like: “to be is to be related”; “the thinker and the thought are one”; “the observer is the observed”; “consciousness is its content”; “freedom is freedom from the known”; “*what is*—is sacred”; “the description is not the described”; “you and the world are one.”

Krishnamurti’s passionate penetration into the human psyche and consciousness rings so true, has such immediate clarity, that my unwillingness to relinquish his insights as touchstones for my own observations persisted even after I had worked through the hidden realities in myself.

Still, it is so much easier to repeat remembered truths (Krishnamurti’s, my own, or anyone’s) than it is to do the arduous work of uncovering my present consciousness. I had remained a follower, meanwhile neglecting to observe with similar zeal and attention what was going on in me. In so doing, I had been overlooking some important factors in the teacher/pupil relationship. For example, by trying to understand Krishnamurti’s insights, I had missed the bare fact that in making his perceptions (or my understanding of his perceptions) into masks and wearing them over mine, I could remain in hiding and survive. My

misconception had been in viewing Krishnamurti primarily as the teacher and not as a mirror.

PSYCHE / SOUL / SELF

When asked as he often was, “Is there a self, an entity which incarnates?”, Krishnamurti did not, in my hearing, affirm or deny the existence of a separate self (that survives after death). On one occasion, Krishnamurti wrote:

“You don’t know what it means; you have all kinds of hopes and theories about it; you believe in reincarnation or resurrection, or in something called the soul, the atman, a spiritual entity which is timeless and which you call by different names. Now have you found out for yourself whether there is a soul? Is there something permanent, continuous, which is beyond thought? If thought can think about it, it is within the field of thought and therefore it cannot be permanent because there is nothing permanent within the field of thought. To discover that nothing is permanent is of tremendous importance, for only then is the mind free, then you can look, and in that there is great joy.”

So, is there a self, a psyche? It’s a question that has troubled humanity from the beginning of conscious thought and time. Every young child wants to know, “Where did I come from?” and later, “Who am I?”

For Western civilization, the earliest written myths and legends began with Homer’s *Iliad* (about 1000 BC) and *The Odyssey* (about 800 BC). These records tell us that until 550 BC and the arrival of that towering legend-laden figure Pythagoras, the word *psyche* was used in just the same way we now use life, meaning the creative force animating all living organisms. However, when we talk of life we normally mean the span of time between birth and death, of events and developments of a certain person. By doing so we have limited the Greek concept. In early Greek writing, *psyche* meant *life*, with its origin in the word *psychein*, meaning “to breathe.” While it breathes, a creature lives; when breathing stops, life departs. “To expire” refers to one’s last breath.

Pythagoras began a transformation in consciousness. By Socrates’ time (300 BC), *psyche* had taken on its modern meaning—had become identified as a separate self, an individual soul. That change in perception became the invention of a soul living in a body. The ancient usage of the word *psyche* as *life*, however, was to live on. It survived into the New Testament with Jesus saying, “I am the Good Shepherd. The Good Shepherd giveth his psyche for his sheep.” (John 10:11). *Psyche* here = *life* (not soul or mind), but the life in his own body. Two totally different meanings for *psyche*: one (the original comprehension) relating to universal *life-energy* and the other, to a single individual self.

Psyche = life had come to mean *Psyche = soul*.

A duality had been established in consciousness. Inevitably the conceptual change brought about behavioral changes. The history of religion, science, politics and social relationships tells of immense alterations in human

consciousness. At the end of the twentieth century, we see ourselves as the supreme creation of intelligence, as the controllers of our destiny and the whole world.

Thus has consciousness been reduced to self-consciousness—individual survival, personal improvement, and human progress.

WHEN THE TEACHER DIES

It was my great good fortune to have on occasion been close to Krishnamurti. And now he is dead. Perhaps for the first time in human history, the complete teachings of a world teacher are on record. His writings, books, tapes, and the verbatim reports of thousands of talks, discussions, and dialogues are there for everyone, open to all. Faulty memories, misrepresentations, and misinterpretations have no place in and cannot warp the teaching, for everyone can go directly to the source.

As always when the teacher dies, the teachings become the teacher. Throughout historical time this phenomenon has occurred. Learning from the great and the wise has been recognized as humanity's passport to progress, its onward and upward advance. Each succeeding civilization has its roots in what has previously been discovered and found to work, and in the unquestioned belief in the ascent of man.

However, when spiritual, ethical, philosophical, and cultural mores are examined critically, the teacher/teaching/student/learning sequence exposes a totally contrary reality. Psychically, inwardly, the transforming teachings have not helped humanity. Indeed, they have been a hindrance. Learning what the sages and enlightened ones have said (and written) about the "other" dimension has failed. Fear, hate, anger, jealousy, egotism, violence, aggression, and war are everywhere present, perhaps even on the increase.

Clearly, reality, awareness, inward freedom is not something that can be taught by one and learned by another, nor can it be imitated. Unraveling "self" is the task, the responsibility, and the joy of each individual.

The following selections are taken from Krishnamurti's recorded talks and discussions across the world:

"You have to be your own teacher and your own disciple, and there is no teacher outside, no savior, no master; you yourself have to change and, therefore, you have to learn to observe, to know yourself. This learning about yourself is a fascinating and joyous business."

"One has to find out for oneself... This doesn't mean that you reject what others say but that you inquire without acceptance or denial. An aggressive mind, a mind tethered to a belief, is not free and therefore it is incapable of inquiry. All this demands intensive inquiry, not acceptance."

"Can anyone teach you that extraordinary state of mind? They may be able to describe it to you, awaken your interest, your desire to possess it, experience it—

but they cannot give it to you. You have to walk by yourself, you have to take the journey alone, and on that journey you have to be your own teacher and pupil.”

“What you learn from another is not true. So you have to find out for yourself what you are and to learn how to observe yourself.”

“Nobody can give guidance, can give light, to another. Only you yourself can do that; but you have to stand completely alone. That is what is frightening for the old and the young. If you belong to anything, follow anybody, you are already entering into corruption.”

Having once realized that the gateway is myself, the journey through self takes on another meaning—and other profound crises.

There is no pre-learned approach to a crisis, for it is totally unpredictable. I am either taken completely by surprise, or my known resources have failed to meet the challenge. It is the critical breakdown or breakthrough point when the past actually, for the moment, ends. Crisis is, in fact, the gateway to an unknown dimension, an ever-new reality.

Again Krishnamurti: *“Reality is a peculiar thing. Reality is a living thing and cannot be captured and you cannot say it is always there. There is a path only to something which is stationary, to a fixed, static point. To a living thing which is constantly in movement, which has no resting place, how can there be a guide, a path? Can you put aside the teacher, the path, the end—put it aside so completely that your mind is empty of all this seeking? To be quiet requires great energy; you need all your energy for silence of the mind and it is only in emptiness, in complete emptiness, that a new thing can be.”*

One of the most remarkable things about Krishnamurti was that without contradicting the great teachers of the past, he broke the tradition, giving a new luminosity to life and the understanding of the human condition.

NOT KNOWING

After all the trauma, the searching and effort of learning through another, I'm back to me. There really is nothing to be done but to live and observe the responses that are my consciousness; to be aware of the reflections in my mind. I am one example of those who did not hear or see the basic truth at the very core of “the teachings.” Do not learn from me. Learn about yourself from yourself. Certainly Krishnamurti is the one teacher who refuses to be a leader and who turns the pupil back onto himself.

At the grave risk of appearing to trivialize the wondrous journey with Krishnamurti, it is true to say that it was like at the end of *The Wizard of Oz* when the Good Witch tells Dorothy, “You had the power to go home all along.” Dorothy cries out, “Why didn't you tell me, before I had to go through all this?” And the Good Witch replies, “Because you wouldn't have believed me.”

All along I had been one who did not clearly hear the essential message that liberation—enlightenment, freedom, by whatever name—is an ending of self and is not an ego achievement, and so “I” cannot learn it or use it. The fact is that for

fifty years and more Krishnamurti had been saying to anyone awake enough to hear him, “It is very important not to follow anyone, including the speaker,” and, “You are the teacher, the taught and the teaching.”

My daily round is fairly routine, thinking out things to do and doing them, and rediscovering in the process that every act produces another set of circumstances to be lived through, other problems to be solved. And, in the meantime, the problem-maker/problem-solver persists, or more accurately, the “me” reemerges.

At other times (as happened a few mornings ago), the old question of what to do returns. Is there anything to be done? Anything I can do? I put it directly to myself—aloud:

What... can... I... do?

I listened. No answer. I waited. Nothing came... nothing. The emptiness remained.

Then, in the silence, quite suddenly, came the realization that the wholeness I had been seeking (and not finding) was already present—not “out there” in time and space, not somewhere else, but intrinsically here and now. Silence tingled through me. I knew that when the brain/mind stops churning and is still, the longed-for blissful dimension is already here.

As long as the seeker goes on seeking, the searcher, “myself,” will persist. And further, that the seeker is the sought, for the sought is the projection of the seeker. What I had been seeking was the seeker, the “me.” All this was seen because consciousness was not occupied. That was all. A thrilling aliveness had become a dynamic emptiness, not void but space filled with invisible energy. Suddenly, as I sat there, inner space and space outside interflowed, were indivisibly one.

I was aware that each breath, every inhalation and outflow, is reestablishing a timeless, invisible, unknown communion.

REFLECTIONS AND RESONANCES

Part Two

The following insights, insights, and experiences may read like a series of intractable statements. For me, as they came, each cleared out a blob of the dross, the known “truths” I had been carrying. They are all open to questioning.

Truth is not a continuum, but an ever-changing and always present reality. Every movement I make alters the perspective. At the moment of seeing, what is seen is taken to be true.

As a flash of lightning on a dark night reveals for a moment the entire terrain, allowing one to see the whole landscape, so does an insight at one glance show briefly the whole domain of consciousness. The scene disappears but once what is there has been seen, I can make my way without fear, confidently. Here are some of those reflections.

Occasionally it happens that a spark from one mind ignites a light in another, or a phrase leaps from a page and starts a flame that burns out the dross in another. Fading embers do occasionally rekindle new fires.

SPEECH AND THE WRITTEN WORD

I find there is a major difference between speaking and writing. Speaking is spontaneous, with very little thought. Writing is more mental, more concerned with the way it is said, with the form it is given. Writing has not the flow or the freedom. Speaking to a friend is free from calculation. Writing is a selection of appropriate phrases that will convey an intended meaning with greater intellectual accuracy. Speaking has an entirely other dimension, less guarded, perhaps because whenever it sounds wrong to the speaker, it can be immediately corrected; whereas once it is set in print, it has a certain permanence that may make or break a person's reputation.

As it can be kept, the written word is indisputably in the public domain, even long after the immediate relevance has vanished and is no longer applicable. It is no wonder that so many of the great seers and sages did not willingly commit their wisdom, perceptions, and teachings to paper. Pythagoras denied his students the right even to take notes. Lao Tzu was refused the right to leave the fortified town in which he lived and taught, until he had written down the essence of his teachings, this so that the wisdom would not die and would survive to continue to awaken people. And it has done so for 2,500 years. Of others like the Buddha and Jesus, there is no record of any personal writing, any engraving of their insights and sayings.

THE NAMES: KRISHNAMURTI, KRISHNA, AND CHRIST

What began as a rather casual inquiry into the meaning of the name Krishnamurti turned into a serious investigation with some surprising outcomes. I had often wondered about the similarity between the titles of the two great religious teachers, Christ and Krishna, and the probability that the names may have a common root.

The evocative word *Christ* carries profound significance for millions; awesome meanings have been given to the name *Christ*, to the human being, and to the sunlit clarity of the teachings.

At what time during his life did the person Jesus become known as the Christ? The "seers and savants" say that it happened at the baptism by John. However, when I began to inquire, other facts emerged: the word *Christ* was not Hebrew, but Greek. The Judaic term for a redeemer, an anointed one, was Messiah. The Greek name was *Christos* and was probably used only after the man had died. So what did the word *Christos* mean? It turned out to be Indo-European with its source in Sanskrit. Talking with Indian friends who are Sanskrit scholars, I learned that Krishna, Lord Krishna of the *Bhagavad Gita*, the legend-laden God-man, had the same Sanskrit root as Christ.

The word *Christ* then is the same as Krishna. Say the words aloud. The 'Ch' and 'K' have identically the same sound as does the "ris" in both, and the explosive sound in the "t," the last letter in Christ, and the "na" in Krishna, when

spoken aloud have a similar crispness; and both are made by the tongue breaking away from the roof of the mouth. When you do it, you experience the barely distinguishable sound between the “t” and the “na.”

It was not until after Krishnamurti’s death that I learned the actual etymological meaning of the Sanskrit *Krishna*—darkness! Darkness? Not light! But darkness!

After the first shock came disbelief. The whole historical tradition of great “spiritual” human beings like the Christ and Krishna, the Buddha, Mohammed, Lao Tzu, Zoroaster, has been that they were “enlightened,” clear-seeing beings who brought light and clarity to humanity, were revered as wise and holy, luminous God-men, worshipped and venerated by millions. Darkness, blackness, describes the nature of Satan, the devil, evil, all the dark forces said to inhabit the world.

I began to probe the implications of this radical perception. First, there is the biblical phrase, “Let there be light.” But before the light, before creation, what existed? What could have been? Was it darkness, empty space? And the other phrase, “In the beginning was the word.” Out of what did the word come? Well, every human being, every creature, every plant is formed in darkness—the fetus in the darkness of the womb, seeds in the hidden darkness of the earth. In the womb—every cell and organ, the eyes, heart, lungs, digestive system, nerve network, arms, toes, fingernails, hands—the whole human body is formed in darkness. All are fully formed prior to birth and emergence into the light. Only when the new life is physically complete is it born. The same with the seed—only after it has transformed into a plant does the green shoot appear, break through the soil and into the light. Similarly, with the egg and the chicken.

Again, darkness lies beyond the range of light. And when eyes are sightless, only darkness exists. Light is then non-existent.

So much for the appearance of physical form. However, to be true, this perception of creation and reality has to be right, valid all the way, at every level and in all instances; that realization has to be universally evident, without exception. So, is it darkness, silent-stillness, and not light that is the creative essence? Can non-existence, emptiness, be the beginning out of which all consciousness and creation come into being?

Light can only reveal what is already there. Light passes freely through space. When there is nothing there, what can light reveal? Light does not show emptiness. It takes light to see any object. In fact the seer sees better when in darkness, as in a theater with the lights out. Light does not diminish. No fraction of light of a single candle is lost. The light of a distant star, millions of miles and light years away, can still be seen. Light, like life, is an electronic condition. Light can be seen as the vehicle of divinity, the consciousness of Reality; consciousness being the upper level of mind perception, the very essence of the Universe.

The seer only needs to be awake. The seer, the eye, can be in the darkness, and still see. One can be awake during the night, in the darkness, and see the stars. Darkness is an apparent emptiness when nothing is seen. Perhaps it is that there is no seer, that is, the seer comes into being with the seen; that is,

consciousness (not your consciousness or mine, but consciousness) arises with awareness of the object seen.

Without rejecting or accepting as valid the Krishna/Christ/Blackness imputation, let us examine a proposal further. In the darkness of the night, during sleep, the regeneration of the body/mind/spirit occurs. In sleep, the whole world disappears from consciousness. During those hours, the wondrous, mysterious revival of life-energy recurs. During the daylight hours, when awake and active, that life-energy is expended, and we grow weary. The creative renaissance comes at night in the darkness during sleep-consciousness. Not only is the body restored, but physically, psychologically, the brain/mind capacity is refreshed.

It is assumed that not to know is to be ignorant. What if not knowing may be seen not as ignorance, but innocence? To ignore someone or something literally means what it says—to look away from, to avoid looking at, a deliberately conscious act not to see. Innocence has the childlike quality of not-knowing. The innocent child is one who learns easily and quickly, for innocence is not only uncluttered, but interested, open, watchful, eager to learn, curious to find out. Out of the innocent darkness of not knowing, whatever is there can be seen.

So, perhaps it is not so extraordinary that the enlightened human beings were originally and rightly named Christ, Krishna (blackness, darkness). In the name *Krishnamurti*, the Sanskrit word *murti* is “in the form of” or “a perfect form,” and thus *Krishnamurti* depicts a complete human being, and by implication, a mind empty, not knowing, an innocent mind.

It is perhaps worth noting that a camera is blackness inside, and it is there, in the darkness, the image is created, given form. Would it be stretching the mind too far to realize that a silent mind, an empty mind has the capacity to see and to create? This mind-dimension was evident in every contact I had with Krishnamurti. Listening from emptiness, he heard, saw and mirrored precisely what was going on around him, what each person was, what they were communicating both consciously and unconsciously. And this recollection reminds me that not at any time did Krishnaji ever tell me what to do or how to do whatever I had in mind. What he did was to unmask my idea by opening for view its implications, by bringing the hidden unconscious out into the light to be seen as it is.

It seems that prior to consciousness, out of the darkness of the unconscious, ideas emerge into consciousness to disappear again into the soundless, sightless silence: from unconsciousness to unconsciousness via ephemeral experience; or daily from sleep to sleep with a few hours awake. And for the one asleep, the universe has disappeared. Awareness can happen only in the present awake moment when thought is at rest, when there is mind space.

According to Krishnamurti, “*In music it is the space between the notes that is important.*” The spaces up or down the scale make the melody: and the length of the duration of the pauses/spaces between the notes gives the tempo, for instance, the military pounding out of the marching beat and the rhythmic melody of the waltz. When the pianist Arthur Rubenstein was asked how he played the notes with such beauty, he replied, “I handle the notes no better than many others—but

the pauses, ah! That's where the art resides." David Bohm's understanding of the word *intelligence* was "inter-legere"—reading between the lines.

Is it possible for a human being to refrain from beginning an inquiry loaded with knowledge? To realize we habitually examine everything and this only strengthens and reaffirms the known? Are we, just once, willing to begin not from the established but from the unconscious, the unknown? To start, as we do each day on awakening, to a new world? Taking whatever arises, old and new, as though for the first time? And so to see with acute clarity from empty, unconscious blackness, as we do when viewing a play in a darkened theater.

A reversal of the meaning of words is quite common. Not only did the Sanskrit *Krishna* and *blackness* turn into *light* and *psychological enlightenment*, but all kinds of words have had a complete change of meaning over the centuries.

Perhaps the observable progressions of events in nature that are part of our daily experience have led to a similar transformation of words into their opposites. For example, the natural transition that occurs as night and darkness turn into day and light. Perhaps this transformation has influenced the cortex-brain to translate a word into its opposite; for example, a mirror reflects the viewer's face. The right eye sees itself on the left side of the mirrored face, back to front.

We have already seen that the original word *psyche* meant life, the creative energy of life—the spirit that maintains every living organism—and when it departs, the body dies. Within a few centuries, *psyche* has come to mean individual entity, a separate self, soul. Not the universal life in a person, but the personal self. A real reversal of meaning.

Again, another Greek word that has taken on a dubious inversion, is *competition*, to compete. Originally, it meant to strive together (co=with or together, and petere=to strive), to share in a common activity. By the end of the third century BC, the word had begun to change. As the games at Olympia became more popular, the spectacle of skilled athletes performing, of naked wrestlers striving together, developed into the winner/loser sport we know today. Not the contest, the skillful striving together, playing together, but the result. This change in attitude and thought reflects the division and conflict that has corrupted what was originally a game—the Olympic Games.

Thinking, too, is a divisive process. A problem, imaginary or real, requires a common resolution.

Thinking about it, debating ways of handling it, can cause conflict and disrupt communication, producing other unexpected divisions. It is no wonder that lawyers, scholars, and philosophers are so determinedly interested in the origin, the root meaning of words. How the word is understood predetermines the action that follows.

A VOID

Very early one morning I was awakened—and in a semi-dreaming state, I heard the words, "In the beginning was the *void*." Out of the void everything emerged

and goes on coming into being. Before creation, before the universe, the world, life on earth was, is, and will be void—before time, before space, spaceless, timeless, nothingness.

“In the beginning was the void.” Such a stark distinction from the Biblical “In the beginning was the word.” And the revelatory fact that what I heard in my head were words. Those words were the beginning of an idea, a flow of thought into thinking, into more words. What is it that is initiating these words I am now writing? From where did the completely new phrase, “In the beginning was the void,” come from?

As I lay there in my sleeping bag, into my mind momentarily struck silent by the immensity of the silence there came, sporadically, a series of insights: The essence of space/time in itself is beyond all imagination, all words. There is no thing there to describe. Similarly, the silent mind which is void of all thoughts, void of any qualities of its own, is also impossible to perceive, let alone describe. The void is before knowledge and after it has faded away; before the pain or pleasure and after it has gone, when the mind is innocent and clear. It follows that the more knowledge I acquire, the more imaginations, theories, speculations I gather in, the more they fill my mind/space, the more they imprison me, the less freedom I have.

Is there anything to do to be free while living in this society, in this world, at this time, or indeed at any other time, in any other society, or any other world? Or is there nothing to do, nothing I can do but be aware as Krishnaji kept putting it, “*to be aware of what is.*” Let life be: Let it change.

Through the centuries, human beings have tried every imaginable kind of change in the hope of finding a peaceful, joyous freedom. The outcome of all this effort and activity is the confusion—disruption now apparent to everyone who sees what is actually happening—the disastrous human dilemma at the end of the twentieth century. Why contemplate more changes, more mental planning?

The truth is there is nothing to do, nothing I can do. The reality is the undoing, the clearing of the mind, the eliminating of the habitual, traditional practices; allowing my mind, which is the outcome of centuries of civilization and planned change, to be, as much as possible, clean, clear, and void. The void is in actuality synonymous with freedom. And freedom, liberation, is not a belief, an idea that one can safely and gradually and eventually evolve into the state, promised by all religions as the final fulfillment of human endeavor. The seeing into life’s essence and what we are doing is, as ever, immediate and so timeless. There can be no awareness of the future or of the past. Only now exists. Not knowing is freedom. Free from knowledge I can see, experience, realize *what is*.

I went off to sleep after writing these phrases down. On awakening at about four-thirty, other ideas emerged from wherever thinking has its source. Duration and continuity, the gradual way to living and understanding, does not lead to liberation. Our attempts to change reality is really an extension of a childish game, a playful phantasmagoria of pleasant shadows that the mind insists are real or could be made real. It is these images that are projected into the infinite screen of the void.

Isn't it obvious that there is no preparation for clarity, nor for insight? To see clearly, for there to be illumination, one has to see through the existing appearances. I need to stop creating new mirages, cease projecting pleasurable illusions as imaginary realities. I need to be aware of my desires, my likes and dislikes. Dislike is a form of desire turned upside down, back to front. Both like and dislike have a similar effect—they bind the “me” who feels them, gives importance to them and then becomes busy acting them out. This is the way I normally live.

Do I see myself as an actor on stage playing a part, or as a member of the audience watching the play? Have I a role in the comedy-drama of the world? Do I see the play for what it is, a game? Am I personally a lead player, a star, merely an extra, or a villain? Do I realize that as soon as the play is over, when the actors are stripped of their costumes and makeup, they are no different from the audience who watched the show? I need to look with the same indifference at the incessant workings of my mind and the activity operating in my body, to realize that mentally and physically I am in no fundamental way different from the rest of humanity. And this includes those who are my contemporaries, those I consort with, talk with, and watch.

From where have all these words, these mental machinations emerged? From memory? Or out of the void? The cosmic void?

LISTENING EXPERIENCE

Once alone in the early morning just after dawn, there came an extraordinary benevolence. I was traveling in the South Island of New Zealand near the base of the Franz Joseph Glacier. The sun had not yet risen. I had been standing on the bridge over Callery Gorge, where the turbulent waters from the glacier roar down through narrow rock walls—the sound so loud as to be deafening. For perhaps a quarter of an hour, I stood there watching the power and force of the water while listening to the enormous volume of sound. As I walked quietly away into the rain forest, the sound slowly diminished, yet still filled the air and me. Noticing this change, I stood quietly, listening to the sound without and the sound resonating within me. And suddenly I realized that the very space where I was standing was filled with that deafening roar. It was flowing through my entire body. The huge vibratory volume permeating my whole being, passing through my body, filling the space where I stood as though my body were not there. An extraordinary sense of complete emptiness pervaded me throughout the morning.

CREATION/CREATIVITY

Is there anything I can do? Any action at all? The common course for living is doing something in the hope of producing some beneficial result. Physically, better houses can be built, faster planes, but psychically, can the self be improved? Does the self develop? Throughout history, humanity has embraced

the belief of the onward and upward ascent of the species. But is there, or has there ever been, any evolution of the spirit through time? Fulfillment is always imagined to be somewhere in the future. And so there is always something to be done that will bring that desired state. Always tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow, always duality? Never wholeness now.

What a dilemma! Always a cause. The remembered past always clouds the present.

So what is life all about? Does creativity depend on some known intention, a prior motive? Is there any action without an antecedent cause? Any motiveless action? Is there no work free from, devoid of, an end gain? And so, any non-causal act? Is there any totally different way of seeing creation? Some truly spontaneous reality? There is, and it emerges with a realization that looking forward is the great escape from facing what I am doing, and so from understanding what is happening.

The whole mind-set now changes. Suddenly, perception is direct: The moment I am aware of a falseness in my present action, I can drop it. For instance, the moment I notice that I am exaggerating or lying, to stop and watch. In that empty pause, a fundamental change, a break from the past may occur. By giving the habitual practice no thought, no energy, it, for the moment, has gone, ended; part of me has died, disappeared. Less of me is left. A lesser me lives on.

So, as Krishnamurti has never tired of saying throughout his life, it is not the achievement of the goal that is important, but freedom from the known and the opportunity for direct perception.

Creation equals insight. The real work, the right progression, the Magnum Opus—is allowing the false, the limited, the foolish, no power. Herein lies the possibility of fundamental change, the ending of the old, the transformation of the psyche and the chance of creativity, an opportunity for a totally new dimension in living.

LIGHT AND LIGHTNESS

The reality is that anything can only be seen once there is light. To be awake in the predawn and watch the gradual emergence of objects from the indiscernible darkness into visible forms, the witnessing of that daily transition of life and ourselves, is an awakening consciousness.

“Let there be light” refers to visible light, the capacity of the eye to see line, form, color, distinction of matter. Until there is light, nothing can be clear. With nothing visual in sight, there is no picture, though there may be mental illusions, mockups, mirage. However, beyond darkness and light (in the visual sense), there is the word *light* (in the empty, spaceless sense), no mass, no volume. Out of this weightless lightness, this free spirit, everything arises. And again, light does not, cannot shine through matter. Light is blocked by material objects. Space is the very essence of light. Without clear space, there is no transmission of light. Light to see by can be measured. What cannot be measured is space-spirit. Light travels through space at a fixed speed, so time and space are simply

two different ways of seeing and understanding the same phenomenon. In terms of *seeing*, time refers to duration, and space to distance; therefore direct perception transcends both in the living instant we call *now*.

Space itself is timeless, has no dimension, is dimensionless, infinite. As with the quantum theory, there are two ways of looking at movement, as a wave or a particle. It depends on what you are looking for. Your motive predetermines what you are likely to find. Spirit-light is the eternal space in which visible light travels. This may be the real beginning and the end, the real light/lightness, the creative unmanifest and infinite; and out of that timeless, eternal essence, everything emerges, and into which it dissolves, disappears.

CONSCIOUSNESS AND THE QUIET MIND

To watch consciousness, its changes and moods, is to notice that it is not light that brings enlightenment, but darkness. It can happen as Saint John of the Cross averred in “the dark night of the soul.” Clarity comes in crisis when one has reached the end of one’s tether, when there is no way out, when nothing one knows is of any avail.

When the apparent light of old knowledge has lost its importance, it is then that a breakthrough is possible. It is then that creation can occur. It is those who are prepared to go through to the end, to bear with the painful circumstances that have not been resolved by any of the known ways.

The old has to end; the known has to be seen to be unimportant to hold no power. It is not when one is successful, career orientated, making more money, eating heartily, not when the old persists, known goals are pursued, that clarity comes... but when the gut is empty, the old reserves expended, the mind beyond perturbation, that brilliance can light one’s world.

In that “dark night of the soul,” in that impossible blackness, the light in the mind can emerge—like a child from the womb, like the solution to a problem, like a bud that appears seemingly from nowhere on a branch, or some insight that has no apparent source.

It is in the darkness that new light, real creation, has a chance of dawning. Winter is the time of gestation, the shut-down of the light. Out of this comes the spring and new life emerges. It is an inner awakening, an awakening of the mind to the very essence of reality—and that happens in an *a priore* state, without the light and before the light.

Another way of viewing light: light and heat are interrelated. It is icy cold at the North and South Poles and sweltering hot around the Equator. Stillness leads to cold; active movement to heat. Stay still and be cool, or jump up and down, rub your hands vigorously together, breathe deeply and get warm. At the focal point of the Pole, movement is infinitesimal. It takes twenty-four hours to move once around its fixed self. And it is very cold. At the Equator, the Earth is travelling at 1,000 miles per hour, 24,000 miles in one day/night. It is not only

very hot, but creating a multitudinous abundance of life—jungles, animals, insects, and human population. While at the Poles, very few creatures exist.

If this sounds repetitive, it is somewhat similar to the way days and nights and seasons replicate, while ever-changing, ever-renewing, yet similar. There is an apt anecdote of the preacher of whom it is said, “He tells us what he is going to tell. Then he tells it. And then he tells what he has told.”

VIEWING APPARENT REALITY

Theories, speculations, imaginings, while giving the illusion of reality, are in fact the bondage that circumscribes our lives.

Theories.

The word *theory*: Theo = God, the uncreated essence;

The word *theorem*: A speculation = to look at;

The word *theater*: Thea = the playhouse of the gods;

The word *enthusiasm*: Thuse = the living, spontaneous energy of God.

Space, like mind, has no measurement, has no dimension. All phenomena, perceived via the senses and recognized as entering consciousness from outside my body are, in fact, discerned within my body/mind/consciousness. The understanding of the outside is inside. And just as space has no size and includes both the finite and the infinite, has no past and no future, so it is with the mind. And like the empty sky in which clouds form and evaporate, so do ideas come into the mind and disappear. And like space, mind has no qualities, no attributes of its own.

In the beginning as at the end, there is the void. To begin each day serenely empty is to realize that, in truth, “I don’t know.” To begin each day with an awareness that I am empty, that I don’t know, may be the clear starting moment of a transformed life.

THE CREATOR AND THE CREATED

The primal duality is myself separate from everything else. The cosmic conception starts with the creator, with God, the unmanifested, unnameable life energy. The created is envisioned as being the source and beyond, prior to, creation.

Can we examine the origin of this apparent duality, this primal perception of reality and of oneself? There is the accepted theory, idea, traditional belief, that there is an outside power that somehow, through an evolutionary process, is operating. Once that is accepted as real and so as the true understanding of the visible, the what-is-seen, everything is seen in this dualistic way. Naturally, inevitably, everything can be fitted into this theory. For instance, the idea that the person doing an action is different from the action that is done still holds. The

dancer from the dance, the song from the singer. The song is different with each singer. Or take the concept that I am this and I desire to change to that—again division between the actor and the action. Although, for millennia as human beings have been changing inwardly, nothing very much has changed. We are still fearful, aggressive when thwarted, still killing one another, still seeking power, possessions and position, still acting in the same circumscribed way we have been taught and have accepted as the truth.

So what will bring about a radical revolution in the psyche? Being aware of what we are doing, being aware, as Krishnamurti says, of “*what is.*” Being *what is*—is the only action, the only non-dualistic action, the true “oneness” that religion and now, science, preaches.

So what is it that is blocking us from inquiring, probing deeply into ourselves? Can the old movement of traditional belief and thinking come to an end?

Religions, governments, cultural morality have tried to change human behavior and have not succeeded. These beliefs are concerned with the future— all beliefs have a future in mind—so all action is aimed at some later result. The present is seen as a time for endeavor, for effort, action, and for change. The present is of little importance, except as a transition period. “*Tempus fugit,*” as the Romans used to say: we still say “time flies.” We know there has been a vast past and an infinite future (if not for ourselves, the way we are going) for the universe. We view the present as a minuscule, ever-vanishing kaleidoscope.

If the universe—the ever-creating, sustaining, ever-dying cosmos (and that includes you and me)—is not whole now, whenever was it, or whenever *will* it be?

The prison we live in is thought—thinking about what we ought to do to improve ourselves, to change our condition. What has been done in the past is remembered. It has not helped. The reality is what has been is now gone, but I remember it. So what has to change? What has to be eliminated? Clearly, what I know, what is remembered, “has to be put aside completely,” otherwise it will all be more of the same—the huge weight of the past rolling over the *new* open present, imprinting it with the old. Tradition now has a stranglehold on the way we see and so understand, determining not only what we do but what we are.

We may not know where to turn, what direction to take; we probably are confused and looking outward for a new idea. What is needed is not another idea, another direction, “but to be free from the mental structures we have erected and the institutional structures we continue to maintain.” Are we capable of acknowledging the fact that thinking up new ideas, in any direction in any domain, is merely more of the same?

So, can there be a fundamental revolution? Is there any way to stop the dissipation of this wondrous creative energy, to deny the failed activities of history? Can we allow the immense momentum of life to break out, burst through the past, blow the known apart and allow a fresh start, a new beginning?

RELIGION—SELF AND TIME

Isn't it strange that the significance of a religion is measured by the number of its adherents? The real question is: Has there been any fundamental transformation of human consciousness because of a belief? How many adopt the terminology of the teaching without any essential change in their inner lives? And what is the significant difference between a million faithful people lulled into the belief that they are on their evolutionary way to heaven, nirvana, and another million similarly lulled into the belief of a personal life beyond the death of the body; or a million others into the modern concept of the omnipotent power of human reason? Thinking is the continuity of the self. Watched closely, it is obvious that thinking itself is a sequential process—is an abstract dimension of time. Simple self-observation, being conscious of what goes on in the mind, is swifter than thinking. Why is it that humanity is still not really serious about uncovering the nature of itself? Not interested in what has produced the sorrowful confusion we humans continue to live in? A society that has very little meaning? What has to be done to be free from a society that is corrupt? Do we still believe that another belief or dogma will release us, that some leader will guide us to the promised heaven of happiness on earth?

Belief in individual continuity and an afterlife satisfies and gratifies the personal will to survive. Religious leaders normally are given high status; their preaching, coercing people to live moral lives, is a form of propaganda, an exploitation of the listener's mind. As with all teachings, they are in fact a means of influencing, controlling by implanting the goals, desires, and the determined intentions of the preachers. Once religions become structures with a hierarchical pyramid of organized power, a new evil has begun. Buddhism may be the exception, for the teachings do not invoke a supernatural authority or maintain a power structure.

The proclaimed benefits of leading a religious life inevitably begin to serve and to benefit the sellers, not its buyers. It is no coincidence that propagandists, salesmen, are prone to use pretty much the same sales pitch because it catches the unwary: "Try a little and you will find you feel good."

All practices become addictive, with a growing dependence on the physical and mental stimulation. This is what makes these distortions gratifying, so persuasive. The reality, as usual, turns out to be: the more power/stimulation I get, the more I want and the more I need. It is the same with money or success. Any loss makes one feel bad. The addictiveness of pleasure and its ephemerality goes unquestioned and because it stays uninvestigated, is unresolved.

There is the strong, persistent belief that the next goal will bring ecstasy, yet with its achievement the ecstatic feeling quickly evaporates, for pleasure is ephemeral. Its constant pursuit as a source of abiding happiness is completely unreliable. So why is it that we overlook this fact and so fail to uncover what lies beneath the surface of desire, that we don't realize the self-deception that comes with seeking pleasure, power, money, status, sex, and enlightenment?

While I fail to notice the consequences of hidden consciousness, remain unaware of the motives for my actions, ego-centered action will persist. While I

continue to live within and so perpetuate the prevailing falseness of society, there can be no real transformation of myself or society while I am alive.

The other day I came upon a stark and stunning quotation, a radically different perception of reality and egotism by Martin Luther: “A saint is someone who understands the fact that everything he does is egotistical.” Yes. A fundamental insight put in profoundly simple language.

THE CONGLOMERATE STREAM OF KNOWLEDGE

What do I mean by the mind when I think of it, speak of it? And what do you mean by the mind when you speak of it, think of it? To perceive the diversity and momentary nature of that illusive dimension we call the mind and its many moods, is to realize that its existence is in no way different from the deceptive elements that constitute it. Is not this “mind” with its moods and activities traditionally considered to be the soul, the real and abiding “ego”?

Maybe it would be truer to consider the body as the *ego* than to assume the mind as the source of continuity. The body can last for a year, ten, maybe one hundred, while thinking appears and disappears in perpetual change. Memory, knowledge, lasts as defunct, dead information. Thoughts pass like a succession of short-lived bubbles floating along a river. *Mind* is a word symbolizing a series of mental phenomena. This deep-rooted tradition of thinking as though it has an “ego” base narrows the dimensions of the mind, tying it back to knowledge, and allowing the current of transitory moments to pass unnoticed due to the domination of the mental operations.

We miss the reality. Obviously it is not enough simply to listen to this.

Knowledge is not individual but the collective aggregation of information, a plurality of innumerable currents forming a single mass stream.

Knowledge is not a sequence of direct insights, individual perceptions, but a collection of memories and inherited conclusions. In this conglomerate the human mind is immersed, and it is from this we try so hard to extract ourselves, and to define ourselves as separate entities, as different from the stream.

It seems obvious that what needs to be understood here is that what is seen, heard, felt, and experienced deeply is not dependent on any old current that exists in the mind. Direct perception is free from the past, devoid of memory.

What is passed on from mind to mind, brain to brain, is similar to information being transmitted from one computer to another, a transference of ideas, symbolic words, minus any actual touch of reality. It’s like someone in equatorial New Guinea who has never been to the South Pole regurgitating information about it, or a man describing the gestation and birth of a baby.

Clearly it is not enough to learn about oneself from the past. No explanation of what has been has actual reality. *What is* has to be seen, seen by oneself, directly perceived.

As we now operate, as education is now structured, the thoughts, desires, the very needs that we feel, our thirst for life—nothing of all this is completely your

mind or mine. All of it is the collective, is the river of human consciousness, with its unknown source in the mists of eternity.

It is not enough to teach the past, to learn more explanations. There has to be perspicacious, at-depth insight in the living present. Where else is reality?

LEARNING ABOUT ONESELF

No one can deny that he/she exists. There is no new realization of this reality. But to know oneself is a totally different matter. “Know thyself” was the way the Greeks summed up humanity’s primary task. Not how to survive, not what to do to improve myself (important as these issues always are), but to uncover who and what the self (which is constantly searching for continuity) actually is, the self who is so frightened of ending, of death.

So what does it mean to learn? In social terms, to learn means to acquire, to accumulate day by day. In Krishnamurti’s language—to be aware, experience and let go, and so to be lighter and less—day by day. So what does it mean to be self-aware, for a mind to mirror itself? And what is the state of mind that sees itself?

This morning in the early hours before dawn, it occurred to “me” that mind and life are of the same essence. And that both mind and life are originally formless and like the clear blue sky, image-less, tranquil and apparently empty. Yet clouds and rain come—and into the original emptiness of sky, space and mind come storms, lightning, thunder, high winds, occasionally hurricanes, and thoughts. And life, the human mind, and sky, all return to their original state of silence, stillness, emptiness.

To watch these disturbances is to watch the play of life, not as an actor performing on stage, but as an audience, witnessing the whole show. And even though I may get involved, find myself there on stage playing a particular character—maybe a villain—I realize what is happening, watching my performance, my responses to the other actors, while remaining as the observer in the audience, and free.

As I hear these words and write them down, as the images they create in my mind (and maybe in yours) develop, I realize that the heard word is a gift, rich and fragile, that it is the word that gives meaning to everything. Yet, as Krishnamurti kept saying, “*The word is not the thing,*” “*The description is not the described.*” And yet, words allow everyone, especially the poet, to present a new, deeper understanding, a new awareness of what is already “known” and “believed” to be true. Words can point to ways of seeing behind the masks that prevent the elusive, perhaps non-existent “self” from exposure.

The little I do know about “me” (and it keeps changing), slight and superficial as it is, is more a hindrance than a help. My limited knowledge inevitably becomes the established base from which I view everything, and will influence everything I see.

The real question is: Is it possible to view anything, including “me,” without any previous knowledge? To see, as Krishnamurti says “...as though for the first

time,” and, as Isaac Newton said three hundred years ago, “Genius is the capacity to watch something until it reveals itself to you”—not as I see and understand it, but as it reveals itself.

Is there anything I can do to get to know the self, the mind, the perpetuator of all this, the world I live in? It behoves me to find out whether the self is an isolated spiritual entity with an eternal existence of its own, free from the body, or whether the ego is merely and only another thought, another idea. Some kind of new perception has to occur, not learning more and more about what is outside. On the contrary, it is to begin looking inside and this includes seeing the false and discarding it—in fact, unlearning. We quickly see that it is in his actions that the actor reveals himself. I have to admit (let into consciousness) all that I am, every thought, and this takes great honesty and clarity of mind. Such attention at depth is the awakening of intelligence, the silent source of the universe, of creation.

Perhaps the function of the brain is nothing other than to coordinate the intricate multiple functioning of all the organs—lungs, heart, glands, digestive, lymph and blood systems, and so on. Maybe the brain is simply an evolutionary development to handle and coordinate the complexities of the body. Brain/mind, being of the same essence as the entire universe, can comprehend the whole or any part. However, its function in and with the human body, in the five thousand million human bodies alive today on earth, is to facilitate the operation and survival of that cosmic single unit and the environment in which it lives. By extension, this includes the whole world in which it lives and from which it derives its sustenance.

L O V E

Surely the most important discovery each one of us can make is the open door to love: all other doors are exits and entrances of the self. Where the action is of the self, it is not love. Love is eternally new, and never confined within a structure—so never old.

When the door is open, is it love for the one and for the many? If I love one person, is the love for another denied or negated?

As is often seen, love is taken to be a pleasurable relationship and a comfortable relationship and in its intimate sense, touch and sex are accepted as the core of love. Can a man or a woman, committed to their spouse and family, love their neighbor? In other words, is love exclusive or inclusive?

And again: Is love mine? To love or to be loved? Or to be in love? We include these different expressions, but what is love? The door of life, like the door of my house, when closed, makes both exit and entrance impossible: when open, allows the sweet flow of life, that is, the spirit of love, which belongs to no one, a free passage.

In this sense, love is no longer yours or mine. It is not me loving you or you loving me, but rather the freedom to be in love. Physically in the body, what do we mean by love and its traditional implications with the sexual act? Is it purely

the physical activity or thought of the ecstatic state that stimulates the action and excites the passion that produces the act? “Sex in the head,” as D. H. Lawrence called it. The fact is that the climax of the act is a momentary happiness, a momentary abandonment of self, a brief respite from self-consciousness, followed by a renewed desire for another brief release from self.

So naturally, sex assumes a critically important role. Such self-forgetfulness becomes the goal, for in this self-abandonment, there is ephemeral freedom. There is no real satisfaction in remembering a love, a past love; that last year or ten years ago I was in love with...; almost, when it is not present, does it exist for me?

Alternatively, can one who chooses celibacy know no self-abandonment and so love? To be vulnerable to love is to hold no sense of division, and so no separation; no separate entity seeking the wholeness of love. Love can enter and depart through the open doorway, through this space at any time.

We all live in space. We are surrounded by space. Life is not possible without an opening, a way in, which is also a way out, through which life/spirit is inhaled and exhaled. In other words, we cannot live separate from reality.

The male human being is an embodiment of power. The masculine domain is energy predestined to explode forth into action to create. The female is otherwise. She is the earth, the preserver, the nurturer. The male is space/energy/immediacy. The female is time/form/continuity. Each both singularly and together, alone and in unison, is a whole human being, each capable of performing his/her specific functions, but always whole within themselves.

Not long before my father died, we were sitting on the veranda of the old home at Newport Beach looking out over the Pacific Ocean. “You know,” he mused, “since you left school, I have never given you anything, but my love.” I felt a thrill sweep through me. I was delighted to hear him say what I knew to be true. I had not asked for, nor received any financial help from him, nor can I recall getting any material gift from him. What I have always known was a profound and abiding lifelong fondness that had supported my every move.

We had gone on talking and I have no recollection of what followed until now, almost twenty years after his death.

A few days ago as I was sitting here on the same veranda, and right beside the desk at which I am writing this, I “heard” the real meaning of those words, “I have never given you anything, but my love.” Perhaps ten minutes had passed before I recall hearing him say, “It was my love for you that set you free.” Now I was hearing the words as though for the first time. And suddenly I was overwhelmed. I had heard a completely new truth, “...my love... set you free.” In truth, it had.

My experience had been that all too often, love turns into bondage. What, at the beginning of a relationship is a joy and a release into a new wonderful world, becomes a prison. The one person I didn’t want to lose, the one I desired most in the whole world to live with, had changed into the one individual I cannot abide.

The same kind of shift can happen in any “love/desire” relationship, and not only with people, but with anything. I can love and enjoy an animal, a dog, a

beautiful object, a place, playing some sport, a game or an instrument. I can for a time be dependent, that is, for as long as that person or thing brings real satisfaction or continued success. After that, its attraction often fades and some new person or goal is pursued.

What happens? What is it that actually changes? In the significant domain of human relationship, does my interest hold only until one or both of us have been through the other's pretenses, have had the masks dislodged and been appalled by what lies behind? Maybe the search is for ecstasy. Not for my goals to become realities, not for my fulfillment, but for freedom? Not freedom from some bondage, nor freedom for some delight, but freedom no longer to be a separate entity. So as to be free of self—to be *what is*—and to experience the unknowable transformation of *what is*.

THE EPHEMERAL AND THE ETERNAL

(The Work of This Moment is One's Life Work)

What is the work to be done in one's self and in the world? This twentieth century, a great number of movements (often greatly divergent) have appeared all over the world. And there is an acceleration, as the century closes.

The diversity and tremendous urgency has one new common feature—new, unlike the past, which traditionally meant retiring from the world, becoming a recluse, a monk, living in a monastery. There is now a presumption that a human being can live a complete life, outwardly and inwardly, without withdrawing from the world, without abandoning the ordinary responsibilities of living life on earth—marrying, mating, bearing children, earning a living (growing food, making clothes, constructing buildings, developing communication skills, and so on).

Recognition of the growing confusion and that there is too much talk, theorizing, too many conferences, and too little direct action, has spawned an acceleration in the demand for change to end the old, failed, moribund procedures and institutions worldwide. The distinctive feature of this revolution in consciousness is the change that is occurring in ways of approaching problems—for instance, de Bono's lateral thinking. However, the most important change is not to find better ways in order to achieve some goal, important as unanimity is, but to stop planning, debating what to do, what ought to be done. Why not examine what we are doing and drop what is false the moment it is seen? This seems to be the only intelligent approach. We humans have tried everything else, have lived always in duality, doing *this* with *that* in mind. Rarely ever being wholly here, now. Only at moments of crisis is seeing/doing one spontaneous, immediate movement. No time interval. It can happen, for example: I'm sitting at the table eating; there is an intimation that I've had enough, so I stop. There is a gap. I do not go on munching. There is a new stillness of mind. Or, when I notice I am exaggerating, I stop. At that moment, exaggeration has no future. I am not out to excuse my lie. For the moment, it is dead. Should the urge return and I become aware again, I pause. And I notice that on each occasion, the

urge diminishes; getting no energy, it dies away. Just like the need to overeat—its power soon dies.

Dealing with these quite obvious idiosyncrasies and experiences is not too difficult, and daily life becomes easier. And so it does with the much more deeply embedded historical inheritances, cultural taboos, religious traditions. They, too, begin to surface into consciousness to be seen and to dissipate. There is less to carry around and gratify, less of me.

As the almost overwhelming power of humanity's past ceases to dominate the individual life, so do energy and freedom increase. As obstructions diminish, so does fear. As the past disappears, so does the future, the fear of what could happen, what might be. Now I don't have to find a way to stop eating or lying. I don't have to learn how to stop anger or jealousy or hate. I can begin watching, experiencing in my body the sensations, the active physical manifestations, as they run their uninhibited passage. To allow this to happen, to accept even excruciating pain, is to find that not only does the body heal itself, but the mind remains steady, calm, and whole.

Radical changes in consciousness are everywhere present. Until these last thirty or fifty years, it was monks and recluses, sometimes artists and writers, who withdrew from the world so that they could devote their time and energy to work their way through to find the "action," the blessing that brings about a transformation in living. This withdrawal was genuinely possible in earlier times when conditions for life on earth were much simpler. Now the problem is very different. Population pressures, the worldwide financial control, the speed of intercontinental communication, the technological advances, computer decision-making, means a far greater interlocking of lives and global control of human behavior.

These developments point to the necessity (as we are all in it) to find real freedom from civilization's colossal weight. Perhaps the only course now is to refrain from taking the established procedure of going out into the political world, joining with other reactionaries to battle with and overthrow the institutionalized order; to refrain from repeating the failure of past revolutions seen as solutions.

Instead of proceeding outward, can we trace our responses inward back into the source of self, the initiator of all civilized society. Am I willing to uncover what I am doing?

TIME AND THOUGHT

Would you go along with the proposal that perception simultaneously transcends both space and time? And that whenever immediate perception is present, there is no need for thought? Is not thinking sequential, as is time, both being linear? And when thinking arrives at a conclusion either as an idea or an ideal, it stops, is fixed—dead? Why hold to a static concept? Why be controlled by traditional knowledge? Knowledge is always limited, limited to the appearance of reality and to memory. Time is the very way appearances operate. The only true

dimension of time is the presence of the present. And so to be free from the stresses and strains of living, there needs to be a seeing beyond the division of seer and seen, of actor and action, subject and object, cause and effect, and a living with *what is* in the absolute present. No duality whatsoever.

An instance of such seeing came on early one spring evening. It came like this: The wintertime is the time of minimum growth. In the spring, flowers blossom into existence. The flowers expose the existence of spring. There was a kind of revelation: The non-existence during winter and the formation in the spring revealed that existence, itself, *is* time.

DUALITY AND WHOLENESS

For me the observer is the observed. It took a whole lot of watching before a breakthrough came. For me much more obvious was, the experiencer is the experienced. Who else? Who else feels what is occurring? And still more obvious, the deceiver is the deceived. The deceiver is the self, deceived.

Perhaps for me the clearest perception of self-deception came suddenly. There it was, as though a ball had fallen into my hand. The separation was gone. He is my enemy, out there. But no! I am the enemy. In me is the feeling, the experiencing. In this my body and mind is the aggression felt. When I know he is the belligerent one, the experiencer is me. The enemy is in my mind.

MIND / THOUGHT / SELF

What do I mean by mind? What is my thinking about mind and self?

It begins with an assumption that the self is the mind. Others believe that “I am this body.” The body is taken as the self. Both perceptions are ideas, which can change. This identification of self with a mental concept is a thought. From this idea all thinking emerges. A conceptual separation has been made. And so I say, self is the source of all my life experiences. They are what they are because of the way I see them, realize them. I say, I am so and so, my name is such, I did that, I will do this, I am happy, I am sad, I feel frustrated. I find I am in every thought.

Now, is my thinking separate from all the other minds, all the other human beings on earth now, or at any time in the past? Is there any current that I have seen, felt, any current that exists which is exclusively my mind? It seems obvious that there is not a plurality of mind currents, of ways other minds experience, other people think, and equally obvious that there is only the one broad stream—the sum total of all the activities of mind. It is this totality that we call the human mind, in which each single brain/mind is immersed. Yet we still try to see me and my thinking as separate, distinctly different. It also seems pretty obvious whether I am aware of it or not, that my thoughts, desires, needs throughout my life are not completely or exclusively mine. Nothing is completely mine—all consciousness is part of the flow of human consciousness.

The next question or idea to emerge is: Is the idea of an ego-self existing apart from its elements true? Can a mind exist apart from the moods, feelings, thoughts that constitute consciousness? And yet it is fairly obvious that most people take the mind, which includes all and every activity, as a real and everlasting ego. Even though everything is in a state of flux and change, my ever-changing mind imagines itself to be permanent, makes an image of itself as permanent.

Watching the continuous arising, changing, and disappearance of ideas/feelings as they pass like a series of eddies and bubbles floating along a river, is to see that nothing is permanent; certainly not self or mind. After all, "mind" is only a word, a word indicating a series of mental phenomena. The only thing that is fixed, changeless, is the dead recorded memory of the past.

Thinking about the basis of an ego narrows down the extent of the mind, limits the domain of experience.

Modern cultures, socially and individually, are forward looking, everyone anticipating and working for some kind of personal advancement, some kind of salvation. The search is always for something beyond. "To go beyond" is, in reality, to cease to cling to the knowledge, attitudes, habitual thinking we now already hold as reality.

"To go beyond" leads to nowhere, but away from life as we experience it. Any goal, any movement away from the reality of the moment, is illusion. There has always been lots of talk and philosophical discourse about the seeker of liberation crossing the river of life in search of the other shore. The other shore is itself no different from this shore. Both border the same life river. What is imagined to be over there turns into here once you get there. You find once again you are here. The other shore is the beyond and is a conception. Is life on the other bank different from this bank? My shadow and the dust on my feet will still be with me. "There" becomes "here" the moment I arrive. To go beyond virtue and vice, knowledge and beliefs, is for the mind to be empty of mental constructions and so, clear and capable of direct perception, not only of what is seen outside and beyond the present, but of the residual, still unresolved problems of the past.

Why wait in the hope that death will solve personal suffering? Is the freeing of oneself in life, without leaving it or attempting to change it, possible? To be *what is* is to find that life transforms itself; is, in fact, transforming each moment; is never old, ever new. So, it is not more ego activity that is needed, but non-activity, just observation.

This silent awareness has nothing whatsoever to do with quietism, deliberate practice of meditation as in the East, or contemplation as in the Christian West. Nor is it inertia, firstly because it is impossible, while alive, to do nothing. To exist is to be awake and active, if it's only breathing, eating and defecating. It is the ideas we have that hold us within their illusion.

"To go beyond" means to go beyond knowledge, which in turn means to go beyond thought. And to be free of thought, for the mind to be virgin, innocent and like empty space, means liberating the capacity to contain all, because it is void.

Let thought flow by, in and out of consciousness; and like the passing countryside seen from the carriage windows of a train, disappear out of consciousness.

MAN'S PRESUMPTUOUS BRAIN

Every so often, the major journals and television documentaries glorify the evolution of human consciousness. For instance, we are told that the Greeks believed that the sun circled around the earth, rising in the morning and setting at night, that the moon and stars revolved around us. Then came Copernicus, who uncovered another reality; that the earth was not the center of the universe, but a small planet in a vast universe. That new vision destroyed the presumptuous idea that the earth and ourselves are the center of everything. That concept was blown away. The assumption was that the human mind had evolved, moved on.

Then came Galileo with his telescope; and Newton with his revolutionary insights into gravity, the movement of orbs in space, the differential calculus, and the refraction of light brought further perspectives. Then in the twentieth century, Einstein and $E = MC^2$ and the relativity of time, and quantum theory. All were advances; all contributing to immense technological developments; all changing human concepts of the world and the way we live.

For instance, current exploration and thought have produced the “Big Bang” Theory and black holes; and at present, the computer and the Internet are taking over, replacing the functions of the human brain itself.

We now see and know more about the universe, have wider and vaster comprehension than any people who ever lived. And as these constantly new perceptions enter human consciousness, the former concepts are wiped out. As in the past, these presently “valid” concepts may well turn out to be nonsense, nonsense—merely more mental theories.

What actually is it that we believe to be evolving? Is it individual self? Human consciousness? Does the self evolve? Or is it that consciousness keeps changing, like walking in the mountains as different scenes present themselves, bringing other perspectives—a wider appreciation of this wondrous world? Perhaps our view of *life* develops in a similar expanding way? Has the self, the observer, evolved? Psychologically, it seems unlikely, for we still hate, get angry, cheat, lie, fight, destroy, are full of fear, just like our “primitive” ancestors. After thousands of years of civilization and cultivated behavior, and always in the conscious pursuit of goodness, truth, beauty, honesty, love, compassion and happiness, “we, the people” are still making war, still as barbarous as ever, perhaps even more so. Yet we, the initiator and victim, still talk about “the ascent of man.”

More knowledge is not the answer, nor is more experience. The needed change is not more knowledge, more reformations of the social structure, important as that may be, but in the uncovering of the self, the maker of the world we inhabit; tracing the self inward to the source, through the body to its primal essence. After all, each separate “self,” every human being, began with

the uniting of the male spermatozoa and a female ovum cell in the mother's womb, evolving and developing there to emerge as a complete self-contained brain/mind/body; and remains alive while the life-spirit flows in and out of the physical form. The spirit/energy is the intelligence that informs the body and the multiplicity of its organs, biological systems, and functions. Thought emanating from the presumptuous brain has pictured, made its own image of, a separate self.

N O W

The ancient religions, modern science, present culture, and the inherited stream of consciousness all condition me to think of myself as a separate entity who watches other people and objects out there. Yet nothing exists (for me) until I am conscious of it.

Whatever goes on in the mind inevitably ends up in the body. The residue materializes and settles as illness. Mind and body are inseparable. Without mind, there is no cognition of the world.

Let us go into this slowly. Is it true that seeing, the seer, and the seen is one single activity? That none of these three apparently separate factors—"seer," "seeing," "seen"—can occur without the other two and so are one unitary process? Can there be a seer without a seeing and something seen?

So, what is the seer—the entity "me" who sees? Similarly with hearing. When I hear the bird call I am not aware of the hearer. I don't hear the thunder until the sound reverberates in my ears. Until then, it does not exist (for me). Until the sound of the distant thunder enters my body, I have no awareness of its existence. I can't hear sounds that have died away and I can't hear sounds yet to come. Hearing, like seeing, is only in the present. The world, as I know it, is within me. This internal consciousness has boundaries and it lives only in momentary awareness. So eternity is now, being alive and always immediate. This perception reveals that the present is the only dimension, and that the wondrous reality has no end, is timeless.

Eternity, then, is not apprehended as everlasting time, but timeless; it is always present. Most of the time I'm unaware, but there are peak moments when I am aware of the experiencing.

Clearly, there is no beginning to this present moment. Awareness comes into being simultaneously with that of which it is aware, and only then. The eternal is alive in the present. I cannot be totally aware of what was a year ago, or even a moment ago, nor can I be aware of what will be a moment hence. It is not so difficult to perceive that the recall of a past memory is inevitably a present experience and that the envisioned future goal, too, is likewise always in the present. All seeing/learning/awareness is experienced in the now. There is no consciousness outside of the moment.

Humanity's problems are problems in time and, of course, take time to solve. This is the common belief and practice; and from this knowledge we act. For example, you spill the milk, you mop it up. You break a chair, you replace it with

another. You can deal with actual physical situations and that does take time. But inwardly, psychologically, the reality is otherwise. Clearly the only action that does not take time or effort is being *what is*, being awake and aware.

Direct action is always immediate: all other action takes time and is future-oriented. The only action that is totally in the present is an eternal negative. Only when I stop doing something can it end. The moment I am aware that something is false and drop it, there is instantaneous cessation of what was.

This, to me, is the only timeless action, freedom from some false aspect of me. All other action about an imagined future is illusion.

THE SEARCH FOR HAPPINESS

The search for a joyous life, for freedom, fulfillment, even for a pleasurable experience, is promoted by the thought that when I find out what to do and go out after it, I will be happy. But what is happiness? Is fulfillment happiness? Something I can do and get?

I've noticed that happiness comes uninvited and not through effort. To pursue happiness for itself has no meaning. When it does come, I suddenly feel joyous for no reason, about nothing in particular. There is a lightness, a relief. Pursuing happiness, being self-consciously happy, is as false as self-conscious laughter. Yet, the driving desire that future fulfillment is the purpose of life has been cemented into the consciousness and the cultures of humanity.

Take the American Declaration of Independence. The second paragraph of that historic document proclaims: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness..."

The pursuit of happiness? Of some imagined illusory future state? Why is it assumed that though we are not free, fulfilled today, we will be able to do it tomorrow? So do we live in duality, always acting now with a future goal in mind, never wholly attentive in the present? By discarding stupidities the moment they are seen, giving them no energy and so no future, we are allowing the flowing energy of life a chance to clear out the accumulated dross—we are making space in the mind/body/life for clarity and effortless joy.

The following day at dawn, a vision—in that transition between sleep and being awake, which every living creature on earth passes through twice each day, once at dawn waking from sleep into consciousness, and again at night slipping away into unconsciousness. Most of us pass through this threshold largely unaware of its significance; the extraordinary transformation from unconsciousness to conscious reality and away into non-consciousness. This biological/psychological phenomenon is normally given little attention; when we go to bed, the intention is to sleep or read or whatever. It is not to watch. And when we awake in the morning, we quickly focus on the day ahead—what we have to do. Thus we miss those real-life opportunities to experience the creative

mind; to observe, be aware of what is happening, especially in the morning when the body/mind is refreshed, when this creative clarity is available.

On and off for years, I've been watching what comes to the mind when it is not occupied, not involved with its personal desires and public affairs, and have experienced something of the wondrous dimension of a clear, fresh mind.

This morning as I lay in bed in that quiet period—before thinking begins—my mind awake, empty and still, a feeling of infinite vastness opened out and spread, ever widening. Suddenly, as I watched, I saw the entire universe sweep down in front of me into a single atom, a gigantic revelation—the whole cosmos and the minuscule blade of grass, one and the same, the part and vast whole, one movement, no differentiation. While in this wondrous state, suddenly another enormous cosmic gathering was occurring and, as with the first, the whole cosmos swept down, funneling, focusing toward me and vaporizing as it beamed into my body, bringing an immense empty lightness.

Were these just egocentric illusions? More tricks of the mind? For me, they were no more a mental trick than what happens when, on a full-moon night, I am walking on the side of a lake, seeing the path of light coming directly to me across the water and following me as I walk along.

It is not only an individual experience. The light of the moon appears to come straight to every eye, like a personal insight. Then came a series of insights. The air surrounding me is invisible, empty, cannot be grasped, seen, heard, smelled, tasted. It is *unmanifest* energy—life in its original, pre-form state, the very essence of life on earth. And I am living in it—taking this life into me with every breath—it is heaven I am breathing in. I'm already in heaven. It is eternally here. I don't have to go anywhere, nor do I have to do anything to get it. My body lives on the earth, but what sustains it is not only all about me, but in me as I breathe. A wondrous revelation, a magical release from the bondage of a traditional preconception, from a massive misconception—and an immense sense of freedom.

ACTION—WHAT ACTION?

It seems that anything I do to experience that wholeness, that blissful state, that wondrous energy—is diverting the passage of energy through my body/mind/being, that whatever I do blocks the flow of life from functioning fully. After all, whether I am aware or asleep, this physical organism goes on breathing on its own. Breathing is naturally free from “my” control; though I can briefly for short periods manipulate the intake and exhalation, it returns to its normal rhythm.

Why do I want to be conscious of this life-giving and sustaining process? When I breathe deeply, I notice both psychological and physical changes. Giving attention to breathing reveals the interrelated closeness of thought with breath. Once the control of breath stops, a release of life energy emerges as though out of nothing, certainly from no intellectual source. Energy developed by conscious use of any technique produces “frictional” energy, a self-promotional, self-

perpetuating drive. When suppleness of the body is the goal, then naturally some sport, exercise, and yoga practice can keep the body flexible. However, if it is happiness, bliss, transformation, freedom of spirit, there needs to be no technique, no effort.

For most of my life I have gone on trying this and that, with this person and that, this activity or that, in the hope that through some miracle, with the help of someone, a beneficial change will come. When it became clear that pursuing the practice, person, teaching, had failed to produce the desired result, it was obvious that following teachers, practices, techniques did not lead anywhere, but was merely more of the same.

Yet I want to learn, to learn how life operates, how it heals itself, or intimates what can be done to assist its regeneration. This makes awareness, not thought, the supreme faculty. Especially is this true of the body; to feel the sensations, twinges, cramps, spasms, stabs of pain, persistent agony in all the odd places of the body. It also means to *in*-perience each sensation free from any mental speculations as to its cause or what it might develop into, which is inevitably an avoidance of the actual reality. Such inclusive attention is (as noted earlier) difficult because the learned, the habitual reaction to any pain is not to include it but to avoid or deny it. And so we live on in fear, speculating about escapes, the fear about what might result if we do not intervene.

So I separate from the pain in order to act upon it. I believe that I can separate from reality and therein begins a primary division. We talk of “oneness” as an ideal. We do not live it. While we believe in a separate self, division is inevitable. Is there anything to be done, anything I can do in order to be whole, and is “the source” outside or in me? I still want this light, this joy, and I want it now. Yet I know too that there is nothing I can do to get it. So what is usually done is to wait and hope. Yet strangely I know that the wonder, the blessing, is not distant, that it is the natural state of every healthy creature, that I don’t have to go anywhere or do anything to come upon it; for I have noticed that the moment I have stopped pursuing my ever-changing desires, my greed for more, a magnitude reveals itself. It’s not me trying to change my life, or to change humanity or the world that reveals my reality, but allowing the power of the universe to change me as it does everything else.

I do not have to do anything but be aware of what is actually happening. So why is it that I seek for life outside my body/mind? Normally when I see the sky, the mountains, the flower, the woman, the man, hear the song, the music, the talk, taste the fruit, feel the wind, it is all within mind, my body, within me. Unless I see the scene, hear the sound, taste the food, I am not actually aware that it exists. It is obvious that pain and joy, all feeling, is within. The outside world enters into me through the senses before I know it exists out there. In other words, the inner is the outer. Or, as Krishnamurti says, “*the observer is the observed.*”

Watching is no longer an effort, for no longer is energy wasted trying to achieve some other state. The old future-oriented pursuits have temporarily ended, and so has tradition, civilization and society ended as my mentor and master. And the ending of the past is also the abolition of the future. The wonder

of living is being alive now in this new moment of creation. So would it be possible to incarnate now, reincarnate in the flesh?

Humanity has been reincarnating, toiling for thousands of years, suffering the effects of endless struggling to change and improve ourselves and our situation. Look around at what we have done and what we are doing! So why go on re-creating more non-sense? Why not follow the physical sensing, in and through the body? Feel what is actually happening, as it is happening, where it is happening, in the body. Whatever meaning existence has on earth, whatever manifestation of spirit into matter may mean, it is in the body/mind/consciousness that existence is experienced. This is perhaps too obvious to be captured by thought, by reason or logic. One piercing insight shatters the whole pattern of the past. Now there is nowhere to go and nothing to be attained. Whatever I have been searching for, is already here: all ready. Why not allow life to include me, to show me? I am what Life is. I am in no inherent way different.

PROBLEM SOLVING

When I don't know what to do in a given situation, I have a problem. And I think I have to solve it, as though I am different from it. Normally I meet it as a challenge to be faced or a problem to be solved. Either way, my concern is the solution. I am more interested in *finding an answer than in understanding the problem*. The assumption is that the answer is different from the problem, and therefore separate. I grope around after a satisfactory solution. When I do find an answer that gratifies me, I think I have solved the problem. What I have actually done is covered the problem with a conclusion. The problem still exists, but it is temporarily smothered under a veneer of the mental solution. For instance, something someone may have said or done has angered me. I may find an answer by walking away and cooling off, or by confronting the person in an attempt to persuade them to behave differently. I expend the energy of anger and feel better, and temporarily I'm free. However, no action will prevent me from getting angry again.

Any solution is an evasion of the problem, not its resolution; even though I may have found a way to divert the flow, I am not free. I fail to realize that I am the maker of the problem. In truth, I am the problem.

So what to do? Eventually, when consciousness has not found a satisfactory conclusion, I give up the search. My mind stops floundering around, simmers down, becomes quiet. I sleep on it and sometimes in the morning, there is a clarification of the problem, an obvious answer. "Ah, yes. That's it!" An instant understanding of the turbulence that expresses itself as anger. Unfortunately, its acceptance as a natural human trait has meant we put up with its monstrous effects and the mind/body becomes weary and begins to deteriorate: disease is a likely outcome. Normally, when I do find a satisfying answer to a stressful situation, it is likely to be temporary.

Freedom from a problem comes not when the mind is churning around seeking an answer. It comes when the mind is silent, watching; only in stillness is the maker of the problem absent, only then does the problem cease to exist.

UNRAVELING THOUGHT

I found it enormously difficult to unravel the source of thought, to see that there is only thinking and no separate thinker.

For instance when I am not thinking, and so have no thought, where is the thinker? After all, memory, that accumulation of experience, knowledge, is the background and origin of thought. To watch this phenomenon is to discover that while I may have believed the thinker, “I,” is an enduring entity, I find that as consciousness opens and exposes what is happening, there is only the process of thinking and no thinker, that it is the continuity of thinking that carries and sustains the illusion of stability.

I am aware that verbalizing this question screens off direct perception and clouds awareness. For instance, there is a vast difference between having a toothache and reading a description of it, or talking about food and not eating. It is so easy to listen to the words, and through the words, symbols, to imagine that one has grasped the reality they represent.

It was for me a fundamental revolution in consciousness when I saw that the known had to be put aside, to permit the imagined division to disappear. You may ask, without the thinker, who or what will solve our problems? It is obvious that thinking is transient and keeps changing; that what it sees and “knows” to be true now, can and does change, not only from day to day, but moment to moment.

The difficulty is watching without drawing any conclusions. Is the brain/mind capable and willing to remain in a state of unknowing, which implies allowing life to inform it, instead of “me” making my own limited judgments the source of my reality and action?

Why play God? Why not listen and watch, let life reveal its content and proceed from that? Such clarity demands a rooting out of the inbred, dead ideas and attitudes, a removal of the non-sense that prevents direct perception. In no way does this deny the intrinsic validity of direct spontaneous action as one sees fit. A clear mind, an awake individual, has the innate intelligence to think out what is best to do in the given circumstances.

What is important, indeed essential, is to remove the blockages.

DESIRE

Traditionally, all religions deny desire. They say, be without desire. Don't be tempted by all the body and mental urges that pull and push us in all directions. They say: Concentrate your cravings, focus all your energy in a single desire for God, for nirvana, enlightenment.

One of the major outcomes of this religious tradition in the secular world and everyday activities, is that all our energies get channeled into Ambition: the single desire syndrome—to succeed in one direction. Set up one paramount goal for yourself, and then go out after it—this has become the accepted cultural formula for success.

That this focusing of desire can succeed does not answer the fundamental question—what is desire? And how does it arise? What gives it continuity?

Our inquiry then is not a search to discover ways to *fulfill* desire nor how to *end* desire, but to uncover the very source of this compelling force. For instance, what happens the moment I see a beautiful woman, when that delightful, desirous feeling comes into being? And, with the feeling, the thoughts: I'd like to be with her; get to know her; what can I do to get her to respond generously to me? Should I do anything? What will happen if I follow my thinking and pursue her?

Of course, when I hear great music or see a magnificent sunset, I continue to watch, listen and see, knowing that to enjoy the experience there is nothing I can do but stay quiet, remain open. However, desire always involves me in some action. Once I decide to go out after the object of my desire, be it a woman, house, car, money, a career, property—whatever image my goal happens to be, I have to *begin to think*, to work out the ways and means by which, if I apply myself diligently enough holding the goal constantly in mind, I will hopefully succeed, be a winner.

DESIRE — ITS MULTIPLE FORMS

There are not only positive desires—what I want to get—but negative desires—what I want to get rid of. The complexity of desire has no limits. Including the perennial questions every person faces: What is it that I most want to do in life—with my life? How to decide on a career, one goal I want above all else? That's difficult enough; most settle for a safe, nondescript existence. But once that choice has been made comes the formidable task of what to do to get it.

So, before we pursue the outward objectives of desire, we need to ask ourselves the question: What is desire? Is it possible to trace a desire, follow the vapor trails right back through to their genuine source—to the origin of all desire? To the point *after* it is fulfilled or *before* it has arisen?

For example, I smoked cigarettes for twenty years—then came a profound realization of the damage the habit was doing physically to my body, and my psychological slavery because of my dependence. Then there was the cost, and the urgent desire to be rid of the tobacco drug addiction. What to do? One part of me desiring to smoke, and another desiring to give it up, with the inevitable conflict, resulting in the divisive duality within my own body/mind/being. Then came the question: Was it a matter of will? No, not *will*—one desire willfully attempting to overcome and dominate another. Common as this practice is, important as is its traditional endorsement, it was not for me. There must be another simpler action, a direct, spontaneous, immediate action. After all, whenever I decide to move and at whatever time the action has to happen, the

whole body at that moment is involved; no leg or arm is left behind, the whole person goes out the door. It is one total and “immediate” movement all together. Fulfillment of desire has to be one total and immediate movement all together.

There is only one such action, and it is *not* outward. On the contrary, it is to experience desire within my body. The desire came from inside me—my body, my mind—and the tobacco smoke was not only a fulfillment but a substance taken in and having its effect, creating its sensation, in my body. So clearly, the true action was to trace the vapor trails of the craving, and thereby to learn what actually takes place when the urge to smoke awakens the physical action to light another cigarette. And it has to be with the very next “attack of lust.” It was not a question of, am I capable of such watching? or, what do I have to do to kill the desire?, but to find out what goes on within me.

As the next longing rose in consciousness, I began feeling, *in*-periencing, what was going on in my body—I was not acting out the necessary physical motions in order to put a cigarette into my mouth and get it lit—my attention was on the feeling/desire that it was doing in my body. It was not so difficult to track the sensations. They came and went, strong in some parts, weak in others, down through my chest into my right side, then touching around the solar plexus, traveling down into my lower stomach. It was exciting and profoundly absorbing. Soon, the desire for that cigarette passed and I was free. But within twenty minutes, it had come again. As I watched this next time, the vapor trails of feeling took a slightly different course. It went down through my chest, then became a sensation in my lower back. These changing trace feelings were never quite the same. Yet, each time, they came to an evaporation point when they disappeared, only to return again half an hour later. But the “I” observing this was learning. The spaces between the cigarette desires grew wider, longer, and their urgency lessened dramatically.

The transforming experience did, however, have one enormous difficulty and it had nothing to do with experiencing and understanding how smoking operated in my body, which was, in itself, quite liberating. The great problem turned out to be *thinking*, thinking about the effects and what was happening, what could and might happen. It is so easy to envision a whole arid future without ever again having that enjoyable stimulation. Thinking is a deceiver. It speculates about what will or might be. What was actually happening as I was experiencing these feelings within my body was a “now” reality, and with it, a delicate sense of wonder. And so I learned an awareness of what transpires when thinking is kept in abeyance while observing goes on.

NEGATIVE DESIRES

When a painful problem presents itself, there arises the strong desire to get rid of it, the belief being that by solving this problem, I will be free of my misery. What normally happens is, I tackle each problem, each desire separately, as though it were unrelated to the whole sequential movement of life. However, it is not the

resolution of the problem or the fulfillment of the desire, but the understanding of what is happening that is important.

It may be difficult to accept because thinking is so culturally entrenched. “Hitch your wagon to a star” is still the ideal dream. When I don’t already know what I want or how to achieve it, I say, “Let me think about it,” “Give me time.” We have assumed problems can be solved each one as it occurs, one by one in isolation. It is apparent that we still believe that by acquiring the constantly changing objects and objectives of desire, we will bring about the wholeness, freedom and security we so desire.

Is it not realistic to accept that thinking aimed at finding an answer to a desire, a personal problem, is in reality an escape from that problem? Whatever form the escape takes, no matter how temporal and effective, it is still an escape.

We all want to be free from problems and able to deal effectively with pains and pressures. And we also are aware that the mind has to be clear and quiet to solve any distress. It’s pretty obvious that in understanding the problem, which means being/feeling the problem, the answer reveals itself. Understanding what is going on is of the greatest importance and not the cleverness of my thinking about it, but my *in*-periencing of it. Communion with what is occurring transforms what is happening. The resolution lies in the problem and not elsewhere; experiencing *what is*, without “I must get rid of this...,” not asking “What must I do?”, is the very beginning of freedom from self.

So thought, thinking about how to fulfill a desire, how to resolve a problem, may not be the intelligent means or the appropriate instrument. Does it not merely keep that goal alive and active—give it nourishment and continuity?

Take a very common problem: The desire for security—one of the major demands, both socially and individually. Naturally, certain basic physical needs and securities are essential—food, clothing, shelter, where the next meal is coming from.

Psychological security, however, is much deeper and a totally different matter. To feel inwardly insecure, unsafe, is a beginning for neurosis. The desire/demand for psychological security has to be uncovered and understood. For instance, the desire to be secure in my personal relationships, sexual and biological, breeds jealousy, anxiety, makes me dependent, awakens fear, the fear of losing what gives me so much pleasure and security. So, most lives are warped. A relationship challenge becomes a problem as soon as I realize it’s not what I want, and I don’t know what to do. Is it difficult to admit, to let into consciousness, that the real need here is for silence? The normal reaction to the discovery, “I don’t know,” is to begin a search, first in thought and when I don’t find an agreeable answer, go to some authority or book, or churn through my past to discover the reasons for my dilemma.

It may be, and for me it is, the fear of insecurity, my desire for security that is the root of my problems.

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST?

The survival of the fittest has been a ruling concept since Darwin's pronouncement. The process is known as "evolution," the guiding power that directs the course of life on earth and in the universe.

If "evolution" and "the survival of the fittest" are synonymous, then the human species is now in the unique position of being the observer of our own evolution. Because we think, know, that "evolution" goes on and on, does this mean it is a process we humans can direct?

There is a growing belief that we do, that we can choose the direction in which we desire to evolve. Many believe we have reached an evolutionary stage that can be called "conscious evolution," when we can determine the course of our own evolution. What we have done and are doing is re-creating, re-establishing an ideal based on objective observation of what has been recorded—the past—and speculation about the future.

Two questions now arise. Do we in fact have control over the evolutionary process? And perhaps more acutely: Is my behavior controlled by me, or does it come from outside myself? For instance, if I were away from society, on a desert island, there would be no one to govern what I do. I would eat whatever I could find, whatever made me feel healthy, and refrain from eating whatever made me sick. I would do whatever I felt like doing. I would think about whatever I needed to survive. It would be a very simple, primitive life.

The process of civilization, the action of all cultures, is towards greater security and comfort and inevitably greater, ever-greater complexity. This is the reality we face in the twenty-first century. We have to stop, if only for a moment, to observe what we are doing. Unless there is a pause in the traditional process, there is no possibility of a transformation in human consciousness, in the way we live our lives. Nothing new can come into being while we continue producing ever more complexity with its resulting disorder, confusion and conflict, while adding more to the growing chaos by planning further "progress," greater complexities.

A new reality, a different approach, a less complex, simpler course has to be taken. Isn't it obvious that the more complex the system, the greater the need for simplicity in our approach? To simplify is not only the elegant way, but the intelligent and practical action because it is the most direct and simple human operation.

The dissolution of the developing chaos begins first with simplifying my own life and a simultaneous seeing of the need for the social institutions to be made simple: the highly evolved systems of government, the highly intricate systems of finance, the highly developed systems of education, the highly involved orders of religions, the highly complex methods of economic transactions, the hugely separative and divisive functioning of sovereign nation-states.

All these lawful establishments have failed despite being constantly changed, revamped, restructured, with no discernible benefit to anyone: to *anyone*, except those who have assumed power, those who are paid to juggle and manipulate the entrenched social structures which we, the people, still willingly support.

Why has this so obvious falseness remained hidden, when a moment's intelligent perception unmask these non-functioning systems? Why do we not see that the needed action is simplification, that any change must be approached simply. Clarity is now the needed quality. The needed action is simplify, simplify, simplify.

SELF — A CHARADE

BEHIND THE MASK

We keep on searching for new ways to create faster, better, less expensive ways to produce what we need and desire or fancy. This persistent drive has brought success to their authors and inventors, and assumed the advancement of civilization.

This we know. Not so well known is the self—the entity, the mind, that has created all this complexity. Down the ages, wise voices have given clear descriptions of the mind, its capacity to observe itself, its functioning, and its ability to solve problems. For example, these three cosmic glances:

Isaac Newton: “Genius is the capacity to watch something until it reveals itself to you.” Newton’s perception can be taken to mean that I need to continue to look at the problem until *I* understand it. What he said was, “watch until *it* reveals itself.” A totally different meaning. As the sun shines, whether it is seen by you and me or not, so does the meaning of Newton’s words. He did not say, “watch until it is understood...” by you or me or anyone, but watch until it reveals itself. This requires of the listener a mind that is silent and clear, therefore capable of catching the true content of Newton’s meaning.

Martin Luther: “A saint is someone who understands the fact that everything he does is egotistical.” An illumined person is someone who understands that “everything he does is egotistical.” He saw that the good things we do are especially impregnated with me—I know what I am doing it for, and I know what I am doing—all ego trips. Naturally I assume that because I don’t talk about my good work, I am a humble man. My hidden wish however, my secret longing, is that I will be remembered, my deeds recorded as great, and that I be personally recognized for my selflessness, my humanity.

Krishnamurti: “*The observer is the observed.*” This ultimate realization that the content of consciousness is consciousness is saying that that consciousness is not an individual vessel, a container in which thoughts, feelings, comprehension, and misapprehensions occur, but an invisible space where ideas are formulated into facts, and so, apparently are real. That residue is called memory. From that residue we plan our future actions.

Now back to the self. Is it not the ideas we hold that chain and bind us? Incessantly we keep building edifices of illusion that produce the immoral, unjust, confused society and civilization we live in. It is these mental constructions, composed in the mind, that you and I have to go beyond.

“Passing beyond” is synonymous with freedom. Why wait for the death of the body, the annihilation of the physical existence of the separate “person,” for liberation? It is completely unintelligent to imagine that liberation means freedom from the body, that it lies in the future, waiting to be discovered. Fortunately freedom lives in the present, and this means living now, without leaving our earth or existence here.

The self, the individual human, according to tradition, to philosophical, religious, and secular thought is taken to be a singular, isolated reality looking for union. We believe we are separate, individuals, each one a human unit, raising the eternal primary question: “Who am I?” So what do I mean by “my mind”? What do you mean by “your mind”?

First we must put the question, “Who am I? What am I?” directly to ourselves. This is a vast question. In tracing through the subtleties and intricacies of oneself, other questions will inevitably arise. Does the ego exist independently of the elements that constitute it?

Is the self anything other than ideas, moods, activities of which it is the embodiment? Is the self only memory and nothing other than memory? Despite the deep-rooted habit of thought, thinking it has a permanent base and a desire for permanency, for continuity; is it not just one more current of consciousness that has become isolated, static, a permanent self?

Are you and I willing to question the historical affirmation, the assumption, that you and I are isolated sparks of life? If so, can we begin, not by asking—but actually by watching—every passing current of thought and feeling to see whether knowledge (the sum of all accumulated information and mental activity) is, in fact, the “me”? For instance: Are the thoughts, desires, needs, the thirst for living that I experience and recognize as mine—not only mine? Isn’t knowledge common to all, an historical collection, shared by all, a flowing stream of innumerable moments of consciousness, its source in timeless eternity? Of course it is not enough to hear or read such an explanation—only direct insight shows, allows one to see beyond that which has been taken to be true up to the present.

WHO AM I?

Descartes announced “Cogito ergo sum,” I think therefore I am, and this profound statement has influenced, some might say, dominated, conceptual thinking in the West ever since.

The question “Who am I?” substands an understanding of the whole domain of existence, for it conveys, encapsulates, the process of thought right through to the very essence of consciousness itself. It means inward watching, awareness of the subtle nuances of thinking. And this involves experimenting with experience. When a human being experiments with experience, there is no knowing what is going to be discovered. Therefore our investigation has to be free from imagined ends and preconceived outcomes. We do not know ahead what will be uncovered. And further, this inquiry is inevitably immediate; not tomorrow, but today, now. Reality can only be perceived directly in the living moment.

I ask myself “What is the self?” and instead of trying to find out by thinking, I begin watching my thoughts and feelings, my behavior, what I say and do. Instantly I meet a deeper problem: “What is it that watches?” The question now is, “Is thinking separate from self?” “Is the self another idea that has taken root in the brain/mind?” Are not beliefs presumed to be true, and so permanent until proven false?

The truth is, I do not know. All that I do know is my knowledge, which has been accumulated in the past, with memory as its base. To understand this process, or the so-called “me” as the sum total of my knowledge, is to explore memory. This is my personal recollection, as well as the total racial inheritance, the past.

While memory may be stable, my knowledge keeps changing, being added to or subtracted from. It is not stable, but in a state of flux, as am “I” and every other individual human entity.

So, is the traditional concept of our ego/soul/self simply a transient manifestation of our species, which gives the individual person a sense of continuity that actually resides, is perpetuated, in the existence of the whole human race?

If such a perception is valid, and for me it is, it follows that Descartes’ “I think therefore I am” makes a reality of the consciousness that thought flows out from the known, from memory, and that the “I” comes into existence with thinking. The “I” then is a thought, an idea, and therefore the result of accumulated experience and knowledge.

However there is another crucial factor: I am also related to everything else. We are not isolated, single entities. “To be is to be related.”

In Colombo in December 1949 and in Bombay in January 1950, this universal interrelatedness was for me the center of the Krishnamurti teachings, the talks and discussions. This reverie was the first of Krishnamurti’s challenges that caught and held my attention. One outcome was a realization that I exist because I am related to everything else, that I am not separate.

A mad metaphor for the transience of every perceptible reality, as noted elsewhere, is the sky and clouds that form. They change, appear, and disappear. They develop in a multiplicity of forms. There are storms, lightning and thunder, raindrops, snow, sleet, hail, creeks, rivers, lakes, oceans, evaporation, atmosphere, air, and again sky. Not one drop of rain survives; only while it is falling is it separate. While on the earth it is living water, or a tree, a seagull, a passing part of the fluid that constitutes a human body, ever impermanent. As is the self.

I breathe the same air as you do, and then there is water and food and language (the basis of ideas), thinking and laughter: all are common and interrelated cultural experiences. It is the way we each use relationship that shows the basic absurdity in the idea that I am in fact a separate individual. My sole separation is my reaction, and that is dictated by my own preconditioning, of which I am the residue. For instance, we may both see the same sunset, yet see it differently. We use relationship as a means of fulfilling our desire for personal achievement, for becoming something more, greater.

Seen more deeply, more clearly, relationship is the prime means of self-discovery, of uncovering my limitations. Relationship is existence. Everything is interrelated. Without relationship, I am not. To understand me, I have to understand relationship in all its intricate subtleties and changes. Relationship is the mirror in which I find myself and the reflection has to be undistorted by knowledge, unresolved problems and beliefs. Isn’t it obvious that only in the

understanding of what is going on in my body/mind/thinking, and in relationship with what comes in from the outside, can there be freedom—freedom from the bondage of memory, from the condition we humans are experiencing?

Isn't it obvious that no real change can happen, that no transformation is possible, unless we are passionately aware of what we are doing, of what being alive reveals? We are so accustomed to accommodating, accepting the arrant nonsense, our tragic and puerile behavior, so used to condemning, justifying, explaining, comparing, talking, debating about what can be done to change, that we fail to appreciate at depth what we are doing. We prefer to idealize, to dream about an imagined future, than to understand the confused present. The whole process of our daily thinking is so shallow that we don't see what we are doing.

Of course there have always been individuals who are concerned and perseverant, urgent to comprehend the origin of life on earth, to uncover the source and cause of the human condition.

(There has been a pause here for me to note that the traditional process, as it has always been, is time consuming. And so to ask myself is time and more thinking merely more of the same vain effort, the old evasive sequence?)

To date, human beings have done everything to come upon that state of wondrous wholeness. Some have fasted, sacrificed, done everything to find the origin of self; everything, and it has led nowhere. Oh yes, there have been certain benefits, social and ethical improvements, but the actions of the leaders have also led to great misery, to social injustices and constant wars. All that ego-drive, that effort-making, takes time. If in reading this, the falseness inherent in that known procedure is recognized, a change in consciousness has already occurred.

With such a recognition, such insight into the shallowness of the traditional future-oriented thinking process, the mind now is likely to say, "I must go to the foundation of all life."

This appears to be the true, the ultimately necessary way to reality. And once again it is another thought, another self-projection. Ancient and historical, as is the search for the source of life, it is just one more ego-pursuit. Obviously any willful ego-action that has self-perpetuation as its motive is not the way. The way is not another drive to achieve, to become something more, and it is this that has to be understood and released. The belief that "I" as a separate entity can personally accomplish the totality of life is arrogant and an absurd egocentricity. Deeper than the thought that "I must go to the foundation of all life," is the reality that I must go to the source of myself, the essence in me, the essence of me.

Experiencing the source of self is not a matter of time and sequence. While I continue to understand duration as linear, I have to learn what I have to do, to find a technique I can practice in order to realize what I am, what the me is, what keeps me alive. Viewing the confusion, the destruction, brutality, wars, and displacement and degradation of people that has never ended, I see that while everyone is attempting to become something more, urged on to achieve success, fulfillment, enlightenment—all our endeavors are illusory. Without understanding desire and its thought-directed goals, our observation is unreal. It is still future-oriented.

Has the desire for change, for improvement, ended? Is human interest and observation to go on missing the experience of being alive, still to be directed at what has to be done? Will we go on overlooking (looking out over) what we are doing, forever missing that actual reality of the lives we now live? Will we continue the confused existence we are perpetuating? As what we are doing is the actual outcome of everything we have done until now, is it not obvious that the non-sense in the way we live has to stop. As each absurdity is seen to let it drop, give the false no room, no time and no energy to develop, no future. Only then does the false cease to exist. Only then is real freedom, selflessness, possible.

Reading these words, these sentences and ideas, is somewhat similar to reading a menu and never tasting the food, denying any real nourishment. “*Do it, sir,*” as Krishnamurti said every time I suggested a possibility. “*Do it!*” Stop thinking about life. Live it. Learn in the doing, and in the doing, let go. In the letting go comes the liberation from the thinking self.

ANOTHER INQUIRY INTO THE ENTITY — ME

I am the center of the universe, as are you. Everything is measured by me from where I am, both in distance from here and in time from now. All movement takes time (in which to happen) and space (in which to expand and contract, to develop or diminish; or in which to travel from here to there). What I am and where I am is always at all times the center, the viewing platform, the listening ear, the ever-present witness, wherever I (my current consciousness) happens to be.

And further, whatever engages my attention is my universe.

No matter how young or old I am, this transitory point in eternity is me, a conscious center in the universe. I realize that while I hold to this perception, while I am enveloped in this belief, this way of seeing maintains the unreal illusion of a separate center. This is as unreal as the notion that the ocean can be reduced to an isolated drop of seawater dripping from my fingertips. One drop is intrinsically no different from the ocean. Nor am I different from the cosmos. So what is this entity, with its cosmic capacities?

The understanding of this ancient question is important because all other observations stem from this primal, singular self-center. Not only am I the center of all time and space, but you and I have the capacity to understand what is happening outside and inside ourselves.

We all know, are mindful of the sensible awareness that I am a separate human being, that all feelings are inside my body/mind, that until I am conscious of it, it does not exist for me. Unless the heat of the sun has been experienced in my body, I do not *know* heat and only then do I say, “I feel ‘hot.’” Now what is the “I” that says it feels hot? Is it only a mental reflection of a physical sensation? There is an assumption that because the body can feel both heat and cold (at different times) and has the knowledge that feelings can change, the mind that is

aware of them (say of temperature differences), the me, has permanence, even though I realize that this recognition has its roots in memory.

So what is the source of my reality? Am I an isolated consciousness? Although a physically separate entity, I am not at any time, or in any way, unrelated to the air, earth, water, the food I ingest, the culture, language, society in which I live, the people I associate with. For instance, when I am sitting in a circle with a group of people, there is in fact only one reality—the people in the room all breathing, all sharing the same air, hearing the same words.

Of course, each one is sitting in a different position and so having a different aspect and seeing a different part of the room. One may see a wall and a painting, another a door or a view through a window, and each one will see everyone else from a different angle. The position from which one looks predetermines what one sees. At the same time, what each one longs for is a wholeness, a unison, a communion. I meet with others and dialogue in the hope of resolving my sense of isolation and our differences for the common good, through a pool of common knowledge. That dream is perhaps the original source of all communication and discourse, of tribal gatherings, local council meetings, national governments, international conferences and their debating forums.

Unfortunately, these discourses are no longer sharing, harmonious meetings, but debating stadiums, contests with winners and losers, institutionalized structures—traditional and permanent and therefore never to be questioned. Our need is to uncover the mischievous source of our personal and social discord and division.

Most of use are aware that the sensing of a separate self is the primal division: me and the rest of the world. Yet somehow, you and I also know a universal impulse to wholeness and one-ment. There is a realization that this desired state is not through the union of opposites, not through the fulfillment of myself, not through the expression of what I am—though this is *the* accepted aphorism, the revered cultural goal of modern societies, the self-projected aim of the individual.

The time has come for this future-oriented illusion to be recognized as false, not to be pursued. The needed revolution in consciousness is not more self-perpetuation, more self-promotion, but the unraveling of oneself, the letting-go of the accumulations I have acquired, and freedom from the continuity of the old.

The Greek cry, “Know thyself,” thus to uncover the whole collection of unresolved information, is the needed and intelligent action. Isn’t it obvious that the center, this central self, is quite aware of the diversity of everything surrounding itself? That the center is the seer of the diversity? That the self is constantly creating division? Isn’t it obvious that the separate self has to be dismantled? At least that the “I” has to be given critical attention? To think about this (as I am now doing), thinking about myself (and my future), the human race (and its future), is to come upon a crucial understanding that thinking, the process itself, is sequential and piecemeal, never wholly present and always fragmented. Thinking’s conclusions become fixed ideas.

To be aware of the disorder, the disorderliness, the confusion, is still disorder; for there is still duality, as order and disorder, in my consciousness. However, when thinking is in abeyance, I notice there is no division, that another

dimension of consciousness exists—that the center, me, is the creator of both the time and space in which I live. And more, that where there is space and time, I continue on my separate way, always hoping that I will find that wholeness, that serene feeling of belonging, of being at home.

A complete turnaround from my normal thinking has occurred. There is no consciousness of order or of wholeness. None.

When I am fully healthy, there is a sense of well-being and I am not conscious of any feeling of dis-ease—when every part of my body, every organ, nerve, cell is functioning naturally, there is no distraction, no twitch of disturbance. That is the joy of wholeness. Action is simple and effective without an awareness of the mechanism of its function, of the how of its happening. For instance, I want to stand up. All the muscles, joints and sinews function to raise me to my feet. Yet there is no actual awareness of this complex operation. It is done without any consciousness of the intricate physical processes. It is only when some muscle or joint fails, or when there is a twinge of pain, that I *know* something is wrong. Only then am I aware that “I” will have to do something to correct the situation, to resolve the stress.

Only when the natural wholeness of my body is no longer working freely does thinking come into operation, and the very search for an answer is itself a duality. All our lives are a search for wholeness, for non-duality, for non-fragmentation. The process of self-observation is in itself a revelation of that duality: my “I” observing and the object that is seen.

The question is, can I observe and see, without making some idea out of what is seen? Is pure sight, clear hearing, free from any interpretation possible? Of course it is. There is an observation of disorder, of malfunctioning in which awareness itself is not disturbed, wherein awareness remains stable. There is a seeing, as of a drama being played out, with me an attentive audience.

The essence of each person is an awesomely empty consciousness, surprisingly still. Egoless. Egolessness—this eternal moment, in an ephemeral transience of selfless reality.

While the center holds, while the central-self exists as the viewer of Life and the universe, while “I” continue to make my separate comprehension of the cosmos, while I remain the measuring rod of everything including me as a reality, all that I feel, see, hear and experience will be illusion—a continuation of a consciousness that screens away the wonder of emerging into the whole.

This writing came complete, in one piece, early in the morning before the usual daily thinking had taken over. On waking and while still in a light trance, I heard the words, “I am the universe,” and it all flowed on from there.

THE ESSENCE OF BEING

The origin of everything reaches out into infinity beyond both time and space. The origin of me is into the dimensionless—an infinite infinity (a nothingness) within this single manifestation, this entity.

Is it possible for a mind, or one individual, to comprehend the all and everything, its essence? Is such an investigation within the capacity of the human mind?

Why not? After all, space has no dimension—space is space whether it is the space between my fingers or the furthest stars—and time/duration is equally measureless. As one Christian Anglican hymn I sang in my childhood began: “A thousand ages in Thy sight is as an evening gone.” Time, a moment ago or last year, has the same dimensionless quality. Only the present is actual reality; all the rest is memory or projection.

So, what is this origin—the essence of everything? Could it be that the universe is an eternal movement, an ever-present eternal beginning?

Is God—the idea of God—the foundation, the creation of the universe we live in—the essence of everything? The continuing creation of the universe is what religions “know” as God.

My profound interest and inquiry is into the perceivable Life-essence, as is seen, as begins the awareness that I do not know. And yet awareness allows a perception that I am a part of creation, not the slightest degree different from the essence, the substance of all life.

My first concern is whether my mind can be completely free from the loaded information, the traditional knowledge. In other words, can my brain/mind be clear so that the inquiry into my “self” is accurate and true. I have seen that all my earlier investigation has had knowledge as its base. It is not more knowledge or “other” knowledge that I need, but whether the ending of the search for knowledge may be (*give*) the key after all. “I” am now here, alive, in life. Am I capable of being, have I the capacity to be aware of the *Life* that I *actually* am? There is an enormous feeling, change in feeling, as I realize that we are all one, all have emerged from a harmonious wholeness.

So how do I deal with the problem of knowledge and belief—without upsetting another authority, another knowledge base, another separate concept of self?

I know I am part of humanity, and humanity is involved in this now-crucial inquiry. As a human being, this question of separation, of racial, religious, national segregation, has to be resolved. To go on as we are is to destroy ourselves as we are so thoroughly destroying the natural world.

With the coming of the computer with its proliferation of information, the synthesis of that immense mass of knowledge, which is the mechanical extension of the human brain—a deep question surfaces into consciousness: When the brain is not programmed, as it is, *like a computer, what is it?* It is silent, watching, alert, awake. *But what is it?* Is this the way to Reality?

Is it possible for the mind to put a question—and instead of looking for an answer, to pause, to hold the question? Without any movement, any ripple of investigation? When there is no trace of moving away in search of an answer, the question/problem remains. A holding of the problem means the mind is steady, watching. The difficulty here is that the brain/mind reacts immediately a question is put. It wants to know the answer. Is the mind capable of not reacting instantly

to a question—but of delaying reaction—holding the question perhaps indefinitely? This is a state of mind that is out of time.

A mind in profound meditation is timeless, is not concerned with achievement, with answers, with knowledge, with outcomes. Such a mind is interested in what is present, its concern is not with results—not even causes—but with a realization, an uncovering of the layers of experience and memory (knowledge) that is stored in the ego computer: “me.”

The “me,” with its assumption that it is a separate creation—an isolated entity, that it can develop through time—became the creator of its own destiny. What ego arrogance! What nonsense! Imbecilic madness.

Is not the awake mind a mind in meditation, watching not only the surrounding world and universe, but also the watcher, the seer, the listener? And is not this steady mind a mind in meditation?

And is not this wondrous state of stillness, the essence of everything? Into this immensity, out of this vastness, organisms arise. Perhaps the universe is in essence a state of meditation, an eternal beginning, ever-present, ever-new.

So to live fully and freely in civilized human society as it is, and the natural world as it intrinsically is, demands not only being in direct touch with the source, but being loose and liberated from the bondage of knowledge and the malaise of institutionalized structures.

NEED FOR CHANGE

It is much too obvious and far too simple to hear the words, “There can be no transforming of the mind or the body while the old continues in thought and deed.” Knowing I cannot experience what is happening outside the house until I go outside and experience the openness of the natural world, I also know that while I continue along the old mind tracks, there cannot be any real change, only modified repetition. Believing I can hang on to the old, enjoyable ways and still somehow enter that blissful new reality is merely more wishful thinking. Is it so difficult to comprehend that there has to be at least a pause, an interval, a space, however small, for the so-sought-after, wondrous state to emerge? Is it so difficult for the mind to be free from its normal pursuits, its habitual, well-known practices, its recognized (often traumatic) mental, emotional and physical disturbances, which, until now, we have failed to stop? The stupidity of much of my behavior informs me that the known old has to cease, at least temporarily, for the new to have any chance of coming into being or revealing itself. To cease the old is *the* change.

GOING BEYOND

The difficulty is to see beyond the already known. Historically most teaching has been about going beyond. The real issue is not going beyond the range of the known, but being free of the known, which means that a fundamental revolution

in perception, idea, and feeling has to happen. One area is an uncovering of the world of virtues and vices, of good and evil, of discovering a freedom where the pairs of opposites cease to exist. In this regard, it may be relevant to note that individuals separated by great distances and without any material contact between them have had similar, totally new perceptions. For instance between 550–500 BC, Pythagoras in Greece, Buddha in India, and Lao Tzu in China simultaneously proposed fundamental changes in human consciousness that were to spread around the world. To “go beyond” is in fact to cease to cling to ideas, to knowledge, and beliefs. The very idea of going beyond mental constructions and so of being free from knowledge and belief gives the silent mind the space that immediately allows the whole of existence to be seen afresh. “Freedom from the Known” gives the mind that space.

As I cannot hold on to the past and find the new in the present, what “used to be” has to end. How else can the new, the true, germinate, let alone develop? Why not let us both allow such timeless emptiness a breathing space while you and I watch, listen, and feel?

A PATHLESS LAND

Without the moods and thoughts that appear and disappear, what was originally a vast natural landscape of the mind has been reduced to a confusion of thought-roads leading to deadends and structured wastes.

The word *mind* is normally taken to symbolize the serial nature of mental phenomena, actually the transient series of thoughts we humans call thinking. This ancient, deeply rooted stream of consciousness we have taken to be the “self.” Observing the volatile, transient activities of the brain is to discover that once a thought-sequence is assumed to be right and true, a conclusion is formed that becomes another aspect of the self. Thus is the ego, a collection of remembrances stored in the brain cells, given the guise of permanent existence.

It follows that because an idea can be passed from one brain/mind to another in speech or writing, the idea lives on—long after the individual who propounded it is dead. The invisible idea survives. Thinking arises when the remembered idea, the stored record, is disturbed.

Once reactivated, the replay of the past occurs and appears as present reality. So does memory pose as “me.” In this way the self is reborn and the rational assumption that I am permanent is rekindled. The illusion of a separate self remains so long as static memory persists. Whilever self-fulfillment is the imagined goal, no fundamental change, no transformation in consciousness is possible. This applies to the adult human being, the fully mature person.

For the growing child, yet to make its way in the world, a fundamentally different approach exists. All through childhood and youth, growth and the development of skills and capacities is naturally and inevitably right.

However, with maturity, once physical development is fulfilled and psychological capacity awake and functioning, transformation of the human being is possible. Now a fundamental mind change is essential. Life and living is

no longer a seeking of future self-fulfillment. That search is over. The task now is a freeing of the limitations of knowledge and the bondage of memory, the unravelling of the self.

To continue theorizing about the future, debating about what ought to be done to correct the present confusion, is to remain immersed in adolescent thought-currents.

None of this is new. It is always present; *what is* is discernable at any moment. For instance, one quite revealing view of the transparency of the illusive self is an inquiry into frustration. Frustration flares when something, some goal I have wished for, planned, is blocked or fails to happen. That feeling of frustration is my response when my projection is thwarted. Both the *desire for* and the *frustration after* are internal experiences. Neither have any objective reality. Both are illusory. Both are ego pursuits for a future pleasure-achievement that *has not been* realized, just another instance of the self-mind and its activities—one more self-projection, self-reaction.

To observe *what is* is no longer to be concerned with self-fulfillment sometime in the future, but *with* the unraveling of the self, as “I” am, self-exposure while living in the present.

ENDNOTES

1. J. Krishnamurti, Madras, India talk, December 28, 1947.
2. Since 1984, it has been called the Australian Broadcasting Corporation.
3. These two talks were published in 1950 as *Action and Relationship*. The talks were broadcast on December 28, 1949 and January 2, 1950.
4. Bodhidasa is a Colombo merchant and member of the Sri Lanka Krishnamurti Committee.
5. Gordon Pearce was a schoolteacher and tutor to the children of Maharajas. He introduced the Scouts movement to India. He was secretary to the Sri Lanka education department. In 1950, he became the principal of the Rishi Valley School, and later the principal of the Blue Mountain School at Ootacamund.
6. Until Krishnamurti's death in 1986, Dr. Adikaram was his representative in Sri Lanka. He was the initiator of the Krishnamurti movement in Sri Lanka. He traveled the island talking to small groups in towns and villages, and was chancellor of Colombo University in the 1970s.
7. C. W. Leadbeater was a leading Theosophist and a bishop in the Liberal Catholic Church. He discovered Krishnamurti in 1909 on the beach in front of the Theosophical Society headquarters at Adyar, a suburb of Madras.
8. Also spelled Koot Hoomi. He was said to be one of the Masters behind the formation of the Theosophical Society in 1875.
9. Annie Besant was president of the Theosophical Society from 1907 until her death in 1933. She remained faithful to Krishnamurti, even after he left the Order of the Star in 1929.
10. From here on, the masculine is used to include both female and male.
11. Pupul Jayakar was later to become the significant figure in the Krishnamurti Foundation India. She was for many years director of the Central Cottage Industries Corporation in New Delhi, and wrote *Krishnamurti: A Biography* (Harper & Row, 1986).
12. Mr. Ratansi Naraji was at that time working with the Krishnamurti Foundation India in Bombay.
13. Maurice Friedman, a Polish expatriate, settled in India from the 1920s. He wrote many penetrating articles about Krishnamurti. Over the years, he was one of the key members of the small discussion groups in Bombay.
14. For thirty years, Achyut Patwardhan worked with Krishnamurti at Rajghat, Rishi Valley, and Bombay, and was a trustee of the Krishnamurti Foundation India.
15. With Pupul Jayakar and seven others, H. W. Methorst was to contribute to a book I later published about this journey, *There Is No Escape*, relating to our experiences with Krishnamurti.
16. Madhavachari was a longtime senior Krishnamurti representative in India. In the early 1930s, he helped to establish the school at Rishi Valley.
17. D. Rajagopal was a longtime representative of Krishnamurti Writings, Inc.

18. Alan Hooker was founder and owner of the Ranch House Restaurant in Ojai, California, and later a KFA trustee.

19. In those days, the drill was worked by foot pedal—a very slow, laborious procedure.

20. Because of the war, Krishnamurti did not go to India in 1962.

21. Shiva Rao is one of the giant gentle figures close to Krishnaji. It was he who persisted throughout the bureaucratic red tape and delays to finally acquire for Krishnamurti and the Rishi Valley Trust the magnificent Rajghat property. He was a beautiful being, and husband of Kitty Shiva Rao. While they lived in Delhi, Krishnaji always stayed in their home when talking there.

22. Rajghat School, at the confluence of the Ganges and Varuna rivers, is a huge complex, consisting of a primary school (boarding), secondary school (boarding), college for young women (day), plus a medical clinic and school for village children. Raj=high, royal, great. Ghat=bank, raised land, as in Bombay Ghats.

23. Benares or Banaras: the English name for Varanasi. The city lies between two rivers, the Varuna to the east and the Ansi to the west, hence Varanasi.

24. “Mamma” is the Hindi word for “uncle.”

25. Rajghat campus has a magnificent location that had been a celebrated rest and recreation site for British army officers in Central India until the 1930s. It was due to the unfailing efforts of B. Shiva Rao that, after years of negotiation, the property was purchased on behalf of the Rishi Valley Trust for Krishnamurti. The grounds include school buildings, residences, dining halls, a superb auditorium, a post office, an ancient Hindu temple with steps leading to the Ganges, and a Moslem mosque facing the Varuna. Yet this is no isolated educational institution. Passing through the property and paralleling the Ganges, dividing the campus, is the Pilgrim’s Way. Along this ancient path, two thousand, five hundred years ago, the Buddha walked en route from Sarnath (eight miles away), where he had preached his first sermon after reaching enlightenment, to the sacred city of Bharanasi (Bararas-Benares-Varanasi). Today, it is a much-used public thoroughfare through the Krishnamurti schools. In the early morning, and all day long, the villagers take their produce to the Varanasi markets, returning in the evening. Once I saw a string of camels loping along the Pilgrim’s Way.

26. Dr. Chak was the principal of the Rajghat School in 1963.

27. Years later when I put this wild idea to a friend, he expressed no surprise but said, “It’s very strange, but the “Big Bang” Theory was originally proposed this century by a Belgian Catholic priest, the abbe Georges Lemaitre, and given wide publicity by one of its famous proponents, Stephen W. Hawking, a physically handicapped man, and an academic.”

28. During the first years after his “discovery,” the boy Krishnamurti and his brother Nityananda lived in a house overlooking the Adyar River on the grounds of the Theosophical Society headquarters.

29. The school is still in operation.

30. The Dalai Lama and Krishnamurti met several times in the 1960s and 1970s.

31. The Blue Mountain School was begun by Gordon Pearce after he left the Rishi Valley School.
32. Rishi Valley, 1966.
33. Madras, 1967.
34. Bombay, 1968, Dongarsey Road, Malabar Hill.
35. Mavis Bennett was Krishnamurti's representative in Australia. She followed John MacKay, Spencer English, and Reg Bennett.
36. Mary Cadogan was secretary of the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust, Ltd. in England until 1998.
37. David Bohm was a quantum physicist. He had over the years numerous dialogues with Krishnamurti, many recorded on audio and videotapes and published as *Truth and Actuality*, *The Future of Humanity*, *The Ending of Time*, and *The Limits of Thought*.
38. There are six Australian states, plus the Northern Territory (the seventh state).
39. *Freedom from the Known*, page 75.
40. *Talks with American Students*, Berkeley: Shambhala Publications, 1970.
41. *Talks and Discussions at Brockwood Park*, Berkeley: Shambhala Publications, 1970, pp. 38–39.
42. *The Only Revolution*, Mary Lutyens, ed., New York and Evanston: Harper & Row, 1970, p. 38.
43. *Krishnamurti in India, 1970–71*, Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1971, p. 84.
44. *Questions and Answers*, Krishnamurti Foundation Trust Ltd., England, 1982, p. 47–49.
45. *Eight Conversations*, Krishnamurti Foundation, London, 1969, p. 4.

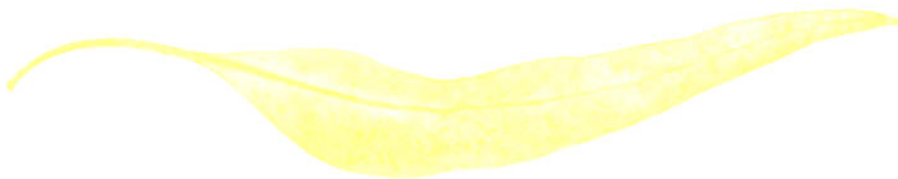
The Transparent Mind: A Journey with Krishnamurti, by Australia's renowned media host Ingram Smith, is a candid disclosure of how in a lifetime one man was radically changed by the message of a great teacher, who said, *"You are the teacher and the student...understand your own mind and you understand the world."*

The memoir is in two parts—the first with historical detail enlivened by intimate contact with Krishnamurti, and the second consisting of reflections and meditations on the author's experiments with reality.

Krishnamurti asks the author, *"Are you prepared for psychological surgery?"*, and then takes him on an inward journey over four continents and decades as he discovers his own mind and his need to follow authority.

Smith resonates on the perennial questions thoughtful people ask themselves: Who am I? Is the self a charade? He answers these and other questions from insight born of self-revealing questioning and delicate irreverence for traditional psychological authority.

Krishnamurti tells Smith, *"There will always be those who want power, who believe they know what to do. It is not the exploiter but the exploitable who needs attention. It is the gullible, the ones looking for direction, for guidance, who need examination. While you refuse to take responsibility for your own life and are prepared to let someone else do your work, dictators will exist."*



Cover photo by Mirror Newspapers Ltd.

MEMOIRS/KRISHNAMURTI/PHILOSOPHY

ISBN 0-9649247-3-0



5 1 8 0 0



9 780964 924734