

You Are Beauty

Krishnamurti – Applied in Daily Life

The Influence of His Teaching on Psychotherapy



On the Love Story
of a Late Summer

Meditative Contemplations with

Samuel Wollner

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for you, Marianna Anna,
charming lady of a lovely summer,
gracious principessa of my shy soul...

but also for you, Jamahal Celia,
deepest of all great loves

and for all of you
who support the growing community:

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Brigitte, Kurt, Cornelia, Heini, Baula, Elisabeth and all your
children

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Tuning In

In the summer of 1997 and once again in autumn that same year I had a chance to recuperate in the wonderful stillness of nature – partly on my own, partly with friends and with my family and finally surprised as well, by an unexpected gift – a special love story – in a little house which is really more a hut, the sort used by mountain farmers in the valleys of the Bernese Oberland.

Krishnamurti had often wandered through this valley during the time he had lived in Tannegg Chalet in Gstaad, when he gave his talks every summer in Saanen. Nothing, therefore, was more natural for me than to involve myself once again with Krishnamurti and his teaching in these surroundings, and inspired by it, to even take on the task of writing a little book myself. Overcome as I was by the energy of this teaching and this personality, both of which had had me under their spell for twenty years or more, it seemed also quite obvious that I should follow Nalini's call, that of an Indian woman, a doctor, whom I had met in the Krishnamurti school in Rishi Valley a few years earlier – to peep into the annual gathering in remembrance of Krishnamurti, held now as before every summer in Saanen. This brought me into contact with Friedrich Grohe and other people closely associated with Krishnamurti. Out of this contact came the request from Friedrich Grohe that I, as a psychotherapist, could sum up the influence of Krishnamurti's teaching on psychotherapy – which in turn led to the following article which became already something like a foreword to the book on hand. I shall therefore put it at the head of this small poetic work in a slightly extended form.

As the text which follows will reveal more precisely, this little book is above all meant to recapture what I have personally understood in my exploration of Krishnamurti and the teaching which he offered.

But besides that, it is also meant to be an actual report showing how this teaching may be applied. The teaching is of no use if it is not lived in our daily lives. So every now and then this actuality will pop up between the lines. When accomplished, the teaching has to be a love story in daily life, otherwise there remains something which is not fully understood. It must be a love story with the master, a love story with the teaching, a love story with the source from which it comes, a love story with life, with the scenery of these wonderful valleys which surround us here, and quite concretely, also a love story between human beings.

A special kind of interweaving of love stories took place that summer; love stories old and new, in this charming valley, as this book came into being.

In the true community each one is the great love for each of the others. One great love does not exclude other great love stories, on the contrary, it only helps to make them possible. When there is true love, each and every one is the first one for you. When relationships cease to be ruled by thoughts of possession, a sort of rivalry will be possible in love, which has nothing to do with competition, opposition, comparing, or wanting to be better, but rather, to practise along with the others the art of spoiling each other, to heap joy upon joy, to increase happiness, so that everyone can feel sheltered, nourished, well looked after and happy. True love promotes the love stories of others. It does not feel excluded because it includes itself and does not know any frontiers. The story of true love, of true community has yet to be written. Till now it has never really been lived on this earth on a large scale. To integrate the teaching of Krishnamurti in daily life would bring about a new story, in a way that has not yet been thought about. This book aims at stimulating and helping you towards this goal.

However, as soon as any thought of possession gets the upper hand within us, we want to restrict the love of others so as to prevent our own lack of love, our insufficiency in love and want of it from becoming visible. When love is there each one is eager to help it augment, to make the love of the other increase. Then one enjoys love, wherever it just happens to grow. Everybody competes with each other to be the first in loving, and so through loving everyone is first.

This booklet wants to sing about the intertwining of love stories, very concretely between human beings, to tell you a story, a completely new story about the joint journey into the unknown, which will emerge more from between the lines rather than from what you read in them.

Dear reader, in wanting to delve at once into the spiritual atmosphere of the master, you might wish to skip the following article which forms the main part of the foreword and embark straight away on the seven times seven meditations which succeed the foreword and try to grasp the special fragrance of the teaching of Krishnamurti. In that case you may equally well place the introduction at the end of your reflections as a summary or leave it out completely. But then the love story which has already been woven into the foreword would possibly lose a little of its colour and meaning.

This little book has been thought of, rather, as an incentive to meditate, not to be read through at one sitting. I suggest that each day you choose at the most one of the seven times seven texts, that you carry them around with you, that you chew them thoroughly, digest and enjoy them. The same principle can of course be applied to the many questions which always accompany the text. Each of them is meant to provoke a minor earthquake in your mind. If it doesn't, it means you have not really allowed yourself to be moved by it. A quick and purely intellectual understanding makes little sense. As for me, the original statements of Krishnamurti from which these texts have arisen worked inside me for many, many years before it was possible for me to develop a comprehensive view of them. And this process will probably never come to an end completely.

Krishnamurti - Applied in Daily Life

The Influence of His Teaching on Psychotherapy

(Draft of an article for the magazine Link, November 1997)

It is wonderful to wake up in the morning in this still and charming side-valley. The sun will not rise over the mountains for quite a while, but the view through the small window of our mountain hut shows that it will be a fine day, full of sunshine. The morning freshness caresses the skin. It smells like just fallen rain. The brook is noisy this morning; it is still swollen from the terrific thunderstorm of the previous evening. Wisps of cloud still lie over the hills and meadows. The grass glitters and the numerous spiders' webs in it lend it a light, foam-like appearance. And later, as soon as the first rays of the sun reach the valley over the gold covered hill tops, the fields begin to let off steam, and the padded dampness lights up in a thousand crystals before evaporating. The light coloured sky has a fathomless depth. Not a cloud divides its wholeness.

The others still sleep in the house. Soon, the children will be up and will drag me out of bed. Together we will prepare breakfast. You, mature great love, will continue to sleep a while. And we will watch over your sleep. But you, tender new love, will soon kiss my cheek as I rake the fire in the kitchen. What joy to be invited to love both of you, to love all of you!

The youthful stillness of the morning is full of jubilation; it makes the heart throb with expectation. The eyes are alive with the brightness that lies on everything and the ears follow suit, listening quite of their own accord to the noises and sounds which give expression to the basic stillness.

I came into contact with the teaching of Krishnamurti for the first time in 1973. It was through a girl friend that the book *Freedom from the Known* came into my hands. I was thunderstruck by the lecture, it was as though a bolt of lightning had struck me. It was already some years since I had set out on the pathless path of observation of what is, and had been on the way with the help of others, in a group, and accompanied by various teachers as well. What I read here was therefore not absolutely new to me, but what shook me to the core was the uncompromising truth, the unfiltered realness of what I found there. Each word was like thunder, every sentence like a hammer. I was used to having to sift out every bit of clarity from what other equally qualified people had to say, used to the fact that the most blessed of teachers are not free from confusion and that

it is therefore most difficult and troublesome to clarify one's own confusion in the mirror of relationship to them. And here I finally found something which I had never found before, and have never found again since then: absolute clear-sightedness, pure truth, the voice of a totally impersonal intelligence, a well-spring of insight, as I had never been allowed to touch before.

That was my first contact with Krishnamurti and his teaching and it was followed by years of intensive study of his work. It was only a couple of years later, in 1977, that I met Krishnamurti, the man himself, at a summer gathering in Saanen which I used to visit sporadically from then on, in so far as my duties permitted me to. To see the man Krishnamurti in action was a second revelation. Or maybe it was more a matter of being able to directly see and experience how an immense impersonal energy acted through this person, an energy with which I had already come into superficial contact myself.

All his life, Krishnamurti had refused to be an authority, a master, to have disciples. He had refused to take on the role which had been culled for him – that of the world teacher. But through grappling with him and with his teaching, that is precisely how I recognised him: as the world teacher of our age, who had come to tell us what we will have to learn over the next 2000 years. I had no problem accepting this view, it was the simple perception of a fact. As, due to various circumstances, I had never come into very personal contact with him and had remained, on the whole, aloof from the clique which had formed around him, I was never in danger of getting entangled in any projections, authority conflicts, or dependency in relation to his person. I had already perceived these aspects with other teachers, recognised their dangers and had resisted the temptation of entering into this sort of relationship. So, I could see his calling, recognise the fact that in rejecting the task that others had projected on him, he had actually taken it on in a deeper sense. In the mirror of my affinity to this impersonal light, I could also begin to gradually recognise my own calling. I had also got to know other great teachers: Manuel, with whom I was permitted to live in close personal contact, Bhagwan, whom I had at least personally encountered, and Carlos Castaneda's Don Juan Matus, one of the really great teachers, whom I had been allowed to love only from afar. But in this case I sensed, and on account of it felt myself

blessed, to have encountered the sort of person who wanders over this earth only once in a thousand years: the Buddha, the Christ, or whatever they have called him. It is with gratitude that I accepted this blessing.

Not that there should be any misunderstanding between us: Krishnamurti was not my master. Personally, I had had teachers, but never a master. I had never needed one. Krishnamurti is the Master, the Teacher, the teacher for an entire age. There is something entirely impersonal about that.

At that time I found myself simultaneously studying to be a doctor and finally a psychiatrist and psychotherapist. I had always experienced psychotherapy as a process of observation, uncovering and being still with what is, as the transformation which comes about in us through this process. So at first I was irritated to hear that Krishnamurti did not take any interest in the analytical procedure of psychoanalysis. It was only gradually that I understood that within psychotherapy there are two fundamentally different movements, and that the one I myself had spontaneously chosen was the smaller of the two. The bigger movement is actually the one which sees psychotherapy and psychoanalysis as a thinking, intellectual, analytical process; the one that is smaller and more familiar to me is no stranger to the world of Krishnamurti's thoughts, although it is hardly to be found anywhere else with the same degree of purity. One can also say that analysts, in the sense that Krishnamurti talks about them, avoid relationship, while on the other hand for the smaller group, analysis or psychotherapy is a process of relationship. This smaller movement first seeks to bring about transformation within oneself, that is, in the analyst himself, and then beyond that in the client – helping him to face the inner truth, to see things the way they are, and in this being still with them, to then experience transformation. I discovered that psychotherapy is not just psychotherapy, that what I mean by it is not what is normally meant by it. That on the contrary my understanding represents a small space within the great movement of psychotherapeutic thinking, and this of course separated me increasingly from this community, long before I had really developed within it. But at the same time this environment opened up a space for me in which I could live my vocation, as I increasingly recognised and accepted it. Therefore, it was easy for

me to use this background, at least for the time being, as a framework for my work. I saw that my mission was, first of all, to bring about a complete transformation in my own consciousness and to then convey it to other people, to help effecting a basic mutation in human consciousness in general that is utterly necessary. For me, psychotherapy had never been a process that was supposed to heal only the superficial symptoms – at the most this was a desirable side effect. Rather, it was an offer to bring about this basic inner revolution in consciousness through the mirror of relationship or – in the framework of group therapy which I began to practise mostly later on – in the mirror of many relationships. This basic revolution of which Krishnamurti had spoken with such impressive clarity.

The psyche is generally seen as a part of consciousness. Krishnamurti used the two terms as synonyms. Psychology is concerned mostly – in fact only – with a certain spectrum of consciousness, above all with needs and problems. Only transpersonal psychology has moved substantially beyond that, to cover a more comprehensive area within which it also deals with questions of love and the divine experience.

Of course, there are also other differences of direction in psychotherapy, such as those that cover up or suppress versus those that uncover and acknowledge. Like the analytical approach or the one which works with one's perception, they also open or close the door to Krishnamurti's teaching. But I do not feel obliged to go further into all that.

Altogether, one could say: normal psychotherapy is concerned with what is sick. It is about a re-conditioning or fresh conditioning of the brain. This kind of psychotherapy which is very widespread, is alien to Krishnamurti's thought. My psychotherapy feels responsible for the totality of man and also for a renewal of society. Its goal is the total deconditioning of the human mind and brain, a radical transformation of the individual and with it, of society. This kind of psychotherapy is the practical application of Krishnamurti's teaching in day to day life.

In the 25 years that I have spent in psychiatry and psychotherapy and which followed that first contact with Krishnamurti, I have shaken myself increasingly free from that environment and accordingly retreated from it. It is therefore not possible for me to say

with real certainty what effect Krishnamurti's teaching has had on psychotherapy in general. My contact with those who represent it is slim, my study of the actual literature practically zero. In the course of time, I have detached myself almost completely from what was initially a useful placenta. Today I stand on my own, completely alone, without being connected to any society or club, linked only in heart with people who have become friends in the course of my life. The fact that things have developed this way is a sign to me that psychiatry and psychotherapy are on the whole moving in quite a different direction to that which Krishnamurti has indicated in his work. Of course, I cannot furnish any proof of this. It is more a general impression. On the other hand, from my personal relationships with people, I know that there are many working in this field who are influenced, some superficially, some in a deeper way and some also fundamentally, by Krishnamurti's teaching.

After these introductory words on the theme, I would therefore prefer to speak about the influence of Krishnamurti's work on my very personal activities, leaving it to the historians to decide to what extent his influence can be felt (or is already felt) in the entire psychiatric and psychotherapeutic movement.

As I have already said, it is not really Krishnamurti's writing or my contact with him which led me onto the path of choiceless, reactionless observation of what is. I had already set out on this path through my own insight and with the help and guidance of other people. It was rather that his works had supported me and confirmed my insights. At critical junctures, amidst the general confusion in which humanity is lost, they had helped me to find clarity. I saw increasingly that my work as psychotherapist or as spiritual teacher, later on, was an act of integrating that which Krishnamurti had already laid the foundation for. I saw that my lot was to initiate, together with other people, this seemingly impossible task which I think will take two to four thousand years to complete, namely, to anchor this teaching in the human consciousness in such a way that it becomes effective in our daily life.

For me, Krishnamurti was a well-spring. In the first place, a very impersonal source. I never encountered him at a particularly personal level either, so it was easy and also probably helpful to see him that way. Nor was it his person which I experienced as a well-

spring; rather, I sensed that a tremendous energy manifested itself through him, an energy to which all of us also can – and ought to – have direct access. As in myself I could not gain this direct access so easily, Krishnamurti and, above all, his books were for a while the agents that led me to this source. I have drunk from this source. I have allowed myself to be thoroughly drenched by it. It went so far that every difference between what I had gained from my personal insights and what I had picked up from the well-spring vanished. In a certain sense, I have learned nothing at all from Krishnamurti. I have not memorized anything, and above all, I have not derived a new system or any such thing from his work. His influence consisted much more in setting me free from all influence, in supporting and encouraging me, in stimulating me to learn, to trust my own perception, and in doing so, to discover what is the same for all of us: the inexhaustible well-spring of the sacred.

Krishnamurti was, however, also a person. He was also the teacher, although that is not what he wanted to be at all. And I loved him as a teacher, I adored him and every now and then felt the need to revere him as the teacher. Because in my dealings with other teachers I had already learnt that one becomes free again from the authority of the teacher when one loves him, when one acknowledges him as the spiritual father, when one bows before him in gratitude and humility, with respect.

“If you meet the Buddha on the way, kill him!” is a well known quotation from Zen literature. The sentence is somehow right. Krishnamurti too always maintained that it is the teaching that is important, not the teacher. As long as I cannot break away from the teacher's authority, as long as his words live on in my mind as his words, the truth cannot unfold in me independently. But personally I have found a way that is better and less violent than to kill the teacher: love frees you; complete merging – not dissociation – makes you independent; because love and death are one, they go hand in hand. In my love for him, my ego dies into the teacher and his teaching, and with it the teacher too dies for me as a person, and the teaching and “my” being are one. Gratitude sets free; resistance binds.

The well-spring, which is finally an inner experience, often reveals itself to us, at first, personified in a human being, because it is easier for us to look at our weaknesses and characteristics, which we

have to understand, in a relationship with a concrete person. In this sense, I long felt a need to direct my regard, my great affection and my thanks in some way to Krishnamurti, who has been the most important teacher for me for the longest while. In the meantime I myself had written a whole series of books, which like myself, were permeated with the influence, with the energy, with the light of this well-spring. In these works I had also time and again mentioned this most important influence on my life and my doings. I had also disclosed that in Krishnamurti I had recognised the world teacher, but I still continued to look for a more suitable opportunity to express my appreciation, within a wider framework. Finally and gradually, there grew in me the urge to write a book about Krishnamurti and his influence in my life, under the title which this article bears. It was also to formulate a kind of summary of what I had understood of his teaching, and in this way to offer my respects, although at this point of time Krishnamurti had already been dead for over ten years. "Dear master", I wanted to say with it, "I recognised you, and I am glad that I was permitted to wander over the earth simultaneously with you and to encounter you. You brought me beauty. You were beauty. You are beauty. Thank you." I also thought that such a booklet could help to convey his world of thoughts to people who are interested in the field of psychotherapy, and to write it, therefore, was one of my tasks. For me, the task and the purpose of this book are to help to integrate the teaching of Krishnamurti into the daily life of man.

I have written all my books out of an inner compulsion. I do not think them out, rather, they form themselves inside me as an energy, which finally explodes when it has become strong enough, and expresses itself through words. In doing this I have less the feeling of producing something myself, as of following a summons, to let myself be used as a tool for just this inexhaustible force and well-spring, which I had perceived in its purest form in Krishnamurti. Here again, for this new book on Krishnamurti's teaching, I felt this urge again. It was precisely at this point, as this inner force was ready to flow out of me in a certain form, that I met Friedrich Grohe – via the interesting detour I have already mentioned. I had been in contact with him for a short while, a couple of years ago, and he now requested me to write an article for his magazine Link on this very subject. I was, of course, glad to pursue this, because in the mysterious ways life

always has again, it established a connection with the circle which governs Krishnamurti's legacy, before I had actually begun to work on this book. And this article, to a certain extent, will be a summary of, or even an overview of what I hope to produce in a year or two: Krishnamurti – Applied in Daily Life; a synopsis of his teaching as an invitation for my clients and all those who visit my workshops, to involve themselves with his works.

High up in the mountains we are met by the heat of noon. It smells of perspiration. In keeping with its nature, midday is hotter and much noisier than the morning. People fill it with their activities and all of nature too is restless and diligent. But there is another kind of stillness at present, which permeates everything, the stillness of the naked rocks across, these gigantic mountain tops and the wide open sky over them: an eternal stillness. It captures the heart with its sanctity, and makes our descent in the scorching heat light and friendly. Perception has expanded far and wide. Head and heart are filled with this sense of freedom and infinity. The eye beholds the eternally peaceful pines, the villages deep down and far away in the valley, full of human sounds, which from this distance and height seem so insignificant. It encircles the snow fields and brown slopes, the many never ending shades of green which compose this landscape, the smoothly gliding and then again rapidly flapping wings of the jackdaw. The midday heat piles up on the neck.

Behind me and somewhat in the distance, I hear and feel the lot of you. Perception carries all of you with it, even if – or precisely because – it is filled with great solitude. I shall wait for you on the edge of the path, in the half-shade, on the moist ground, where wild strawberries ripen. The love story has begun. Still very timid, but inevitable.

My feet move of their own accord and my whole being listens. Within, there is nothing other than the perception of what is outside: the reciprocal calls of the mountain jackdaws, eternally changing their flight, the bells of the cows or, as we pass them, the sounds of grass being torn. Sometimes they look up and return our glance.

Scattered but gigantic clouds form clusters over the whole landscape.

After this entire discourse, which could form a foreword to the book already mentioned, or as the case may be, give an explanation for my doings: what is the effect of Krishnamurti's teaching on my life, on my work as psychotherapist, and my activity as author of psychotherapeutic and spiritually oriented literature? After all the study of and research into Krishnamurti's works, after all the years of observation: what is the teaching which I have taken on?

I do not know. It is not something I can grasp. On the contrary, in observing it and acting upon it, I have become empty. In order to realize Krishnamurti and his teaching, I had to finally put him aside as well; one has to first put him aside like everything which belongs to the past. For me, therefore, the only possible answer to the ques-

tion concerning the contents of the teaching, is that we once again look at it together, very closely, really afresh, that we go into it once more from the beginning, with a new mind which knows nothing, which is empty, innocent, modest, which questions, looks, listens, and once again discover together this teaching which will always be new and unknown and impossible to comprehend.

I cannot really give a summary of Krishnamurti's teachings. That is simply not my job. I would gladly leave it to others. It is also not up to me to write an interpretation of his works. That too is not my task, and besides, truth never needs an interpretation. It stands on its own, alone. What I can do is to sum up the insights which I myself have gained from the source. That is a summary of Krishnamurti's work, because his teaching is not his at all, but rather an impersonal teaching, a direct expression of the source. For long periods, however, what he had expressed was for me the source. That is why my teaching is his teaching, and his teaching is the teaching, and my teaching is just as much the teaching, and his teaching is not his teaching, and my teaching is not my teaching. A distinction between his and mine and yours is not necessary any more at this level and is not possible either.

However, my expression of this impersonal source is again something personal and individual. As long as we are fragmented we cannot be individuals and thus cannot express wholeness. This is what Krishnamurti asserted time and again. But as soon as we are whole, what we say comes directly out of the source, although it is still always coloured with what is personal and individual in us. We have become individuals, personalities who express the impersonal potential of wholeness in a very intimate way. That is also what is actually beautiful about it. Every now and then I enjoy hearing the truth from someone else, enjoy having it revealed to me in yet another form, so that I can understand it still more deeply. The weaknesses and imperfections of the person who expresses it are given room in it, too. It is also important to see the truth in what is false, Krishnamurti always said. Krishnamurti, although he was a wonderful, almost perfect vehicle for the essence, also had a dark, ambiguous side to him. As far as I am concerned, this does not affect the teaching, which is in the end not his, it does not affect his personal endeavours, nor my love for and my recognition of him as the teacher

of our times. I have therefore often wondered why books like the one by Radha Rajagopal Sloss (*Lives in the Shadow with Krishnamurti*) or those containing similar information, even if they are definitely not based on the purest of motives and contain much that is false and not truly understood, are suppressed and why such books are not mentioned in the reading lists presented in the intimate circle around him. Everything serves the whole. Even evil or confusion serves the whole. Everything serves love. Why can't one see and value that? I found all information on Krishnamurti, the person, including for example the *Kitchen Chronicles* by Michael Crohnen, the books by Sidney Field (*The Reluctant Messiah*), Peter Michel (*Freedom and Love*) or Vimala Thakar (*My Encounters with Krishnamurti*) and others too, most helpful and informative although they are in part very subjective observations or they express a not very comprehensive understanding of Krishnamurti's work. It is precisely the book by Radha Sloss, with its information on his personal sexual life, which helped me to clear up one of the minor doubts which I had had about him, so that I was even more free to love him and to surrender to him.

According to me there had always been something missing in his books and his talks, and that was a detailed description of sexuality and the right way to go about it, including the very personal aspects about himself, too. Of course, everything he said was absolutely true and in order, but somehow not complete. In psychotherapy, one recognizes precisely this energy, its suppression, the perversions arising from it, and the unresolved questions around it as a big problem responsible for the enormous suffering in the world and the failure of community and love to flower. For this reason, I have given a lot of room to this problem in my books, and because of that, I have appeared so to speak to stand opposed to Krishnamurti although I felt really completely a disciple of his. Now, the book by Radha Sloss has thrown light on this discrepancy. It has shown me the master's personal story, his limitations in regard to this question, and the fact that in this matter he was also a child of his time. It took away the burden of doubt from me, confirming the insight I had already maintained for a long while, that precisely that was my task – to raise this very aspect and to bring it into the light of truth through observation without reaction or choice. The fact that Krishnamurti as a concrete individual was involved in unwanted pregnancies, in an ambiguous

triangular story which caught up with him in his old age, in unhappy abortions for which he took no responsibility, does not diminish the beauty of his life and that of his work for me, but on the contrary enhances it. It confirms my feeling that he was surrounded mostly by people who could not really understand him, from whom he had to hide and to protect himself, that he too was forced to live a part of his existence clandestinely, in order to escape the widespread scorn and detrimental attitude of the common, false sexual morality, the same that now a book like the one written by Radha Rajagopal Sloss wants to deny. It is not important to understand the life and person of the teacher in order to give him great importance in any way, but in fact precisely to be able to forget him. The teaching is important, not the teacher; and to cry out for his perfection and unbroken integrity only shows up the conditioning of the caller. This is at any rate what Krishnamurti himself had pointed out in discussions about his way of life. But he has also hinted that each person who awakens to the fact that he encountered the Buddha, or meets somebody who knew him, will do everything to understand him, will want to know everything about him and his life. Why? Precisely, in order to be free from him through this understanding. One applies the teaching to the teacher as well! What you understand, of that you are free. What other purpose could the teaching have?

As for the rest of the Sloss book, I see the justification of the Rajagopal family, the confusions and suppressions and let it be without a reaction. I am grateful for the information on Krishnamurti's personal sexuality, about which all the others obviously preferred to be silent and who, in doing this, possibly relegated me and many others to the position of a small child who senses that something is not right in his family, but cannot understand it because one is holding back the relevant information from him.

Something similar happened to me insofar as I was concerned with a very special form of psychotherapy which made me even more of an outsider in the entire circle of colleagues, that is psycholytic psychotherapy, which means supporting the process of psychotherapy with the use of psychotropic substances like for example LSD or MDMA (Ecstasy). To this, too, Krishnamurti had very little to say, and that was also rather negative, although on the other hand, in the seventies he had to admit that people who had experienced LSD found it easier to understand sentences like You are the world,

or The observer and the observed are one, and had therefore found access to a deeper understanding. This was exactly my experience, which is why I have pledged myself especially to this form of psychotherapy, and why I consider it even a part of my calling to help this therapy make a breakthrough – even though it is tied up with a whole lot of difficulties and persecution in our world, which is full of laws and taboos. Also this part of the discrepancy – that is, that as a devoted disciple of Krishnamurti's I had to stand up for a completely different view in this matter – I could understand as an aspect of a truth which wants to manifest itself in perpetually new ways, never allowing itself to be captured in fixed images and rigid structures.

To love one's teacher is to be free of him. That is why there is no authority. It is really not important from which well-spring our awakening comes. But of course there is also the love and the respect for the teacher. And in this very love and respect you are free of his authority. Love is the liberating factor at all levels.

In fact our conditioning is generally such that we expect a teacher or a holy man to be a hero; and in our imagination a hero is a person without needs, someone who is quite independent and can stand alone. This is as true of the revolver-wielding hero of the Wild West as of the spiritual teacher. We are conditioned in this respect. And this conditioning is naturally founded on our warding off the feeling of loneliness, the feeling of being at the mercy of someone, on which many patterns of thought are built. Does that make it true? Of course not. The hero embodies the ideal which results from our suppression, which none of us achieves, because it is not liveable. Enlightenment has nothing to do with independence. On the contrary, enlightenment consists exactly in summoning up the courage to accept this complete aloneness, in which the truth of our total dependence on each other, on the environment, on the universe, can be seen. Herein, indeed, becomes apparent a total self-dependence which on the other hand also comprises a complete dependence on the whole. But whoever does not correspond to our image of conditioning cannot be enlightened, cannot be a hero. It belongs to the art of life of the awakened one to stalk the images projected on him by the others, the unenlightened ones. The fact that this problem exists in Krishnamurti's life – is it already a hint that human beings are not ready for the teaching, for the master, that this time round we shall fail yet again, that we shall not win paradise back, and that

once more a religion will be created with a legendary founder?

The sun is still high. Quite suddenly we enter a completely different kind of stillness. It surrounds us quite unexpectedly as we reach the river, bordered with many different trees which provide shade to the path running alongside. The river is a feeling and a song. Its stillness feels pleasantly cool and penetrating and dazzling as well. The clear water runs down the hands and face, ice-cold. Our senses, excited by the heat, calm down quickly and in this shady resting place we are soon overtaken by a kind of ecstatic trance, which could also be the result of physical strain. The singing of the river sometimes swells like a whole chorus and then again lapses into a murmur in other places. Its sound never completely disappears, but it seems as if it has been composed of different orchestras which are sometimes placed far away from each other and sometimes almost next to each other, mutually attempting to drown each other out, steadily, merrily. The roar of the stream is stillness. It doesn't disturb the stillness. It is its expression.

We sit next to each other on the wooden bench, we are immersed in each other, and we rest. We remain completely still. Stillness surrounds us, fills us. There is little to say. We feel each other immediately. Love has awakened; and the eye is moved by the flickering of light and shade.

The head and heart hold this stillness. The eye watches out of this stillness. It welcomes the dancing spots of light which fall through the leaves. The ear listens from out of this stillness. Nothing stirs, therefore everything is still. There are wonderful leaves growing by the river bank, big rugged sheets. Sunlight, reflected by the water, quivers on them.

It is strange to wander along these ways, along these paths on which the master has walked. It is strange to describe that which he has so often described before, and to see at the same time that it can never be the same, that it will always be new, something that has never been before, when one really looks at it, listens, feels into it. That is why it is not only strange, but why it makes you feel shy only for an instant, why it fills you with joy too, and why it is finally also quite meaningless that you experience and describe something that another person has already done before you. In recognising this the eye becomes young, the ear completely innocent, and with it, the mind and heart, too: they are totally empty, and as a result, full of jubilation. They jubilate with the stream. And this jubilation is the ecstasy of stillness.

So, what is this teaching, about which we constantly speak? How can one describe it? And what effect has the integration of this teaching into everyday life had on me personally and on the people whom I accompany? And what is psychotherapy?

It has to do here with describing a process of transformation, a transformation of the total human mind, a mutation that is possible, absolutely necessary and totally radical in our consciousness, an inner revolution. We can refer to this process as meditation. In an article like this I can describe it only in a rudimentary fashion, but hope that it will be explained more precisely in the book which has already been announced. To summarise this teaching in my words is the same as describing the way it has worked on me or on my clients. It has definitively nothing to do with a theory, but with a living process from which "I" am not separated, "my" client is not separated, when we go through it. Krishnamurti has always emphasized that the description is not the thing. But this living process is what remains of me, remains of my client, when we face it, when the I vanishes into it. A process which brings us in contact with our original nature, with the essence of all being, leaving us as pure and empty perception. That is why there is nothing left to do, except demonstrating this impersonal process, stepping into it together, a process which leads us into the impersonal, to the point where we again are part of the whole, of the undivided Being. That means to realise the paradox, that the highest form of individuality is also the highest form of the impersonal, that it is precisely the undivided, as the word originally describes it.

The first and most important step in this process of the journey into the unknown is perception, observation, awakening to one's own senses, to the totality of sensual perception: attention for what is. To learn to be still with what is, to hold it in oneself; to learn to watch it without inner reaction out of the past, to understand, to turn to the inner and outer process, without a choice. To see things the way they are, without our opinion, without our judgement, without our memory. Out of this emerges a kind of awareness which is not concentration. Concentration always shuts out a part. Concentration is resistance against a part. This kind of observation is the first step and also the last. Krishnamurti has always said, freedom stands at

the beginning, and not at the end of the journey. Freedom is essentially the freedom to look into what is, without any taboo. And so we always begin by listening and looking. These are the main paths into the state of meditation or the domain of psychotherapy, which are in essence the same. For example, to listen to the birds outside, without any interrupting thoughts, to listen to the continuous flow of music which the world makes at every moment. To look directly, immediately at things. To see things the way they are – in this lies great understanding and great beauty. Out of the attention which emerges in the process, there arises clarity, the capacity also to see the inner things the way they really are.

So this is the second step, self-knowledge, that is, to look inside in the same way, to listen to one's thoughts, one's feelings, one's emotions from moment to moment. Again, to listen to what is, without our opinion, without our judgement, without our explanations. To carefully follow what happens in the mind, that means, the movement of the I, of the ego, of the self, the movement of thought. The state of meditation cannot be found without self-knowledge. And self-knowledge means to know every thought, every mood, to see the entire activity of the mind, the way it is. It does not mean to recognize the higher self in oneself or some such nonsense, but to follow very simply the process of the I. Out of self-knowledge comes energy, the energy which is tied up in the conditioning of the mind, the energy which we need precisely in order to free ourselves from this conditioning, which we need in order to be attentive, which we need in order to go into the deeper states of meditation.

In psychotherapy, self-knowledge means, above all, to face one's inner feelings truthfully; to observe greed, stinginess, envy and ambition, violence, and so on, in oneself, without judging them and without justifying them. That is, what we find first within ourselves, on the surface, what we call the defensive state of feelings within us, which we could group under the heading of aggression. To observe it in oneself, but also outside, to see its effect on the world, and on one's personal life, on social structures which are founded on it, and so on and so forth. From out of this still observation, which is without any judgement, there comes quite of its own accord a kind of alchemical transformation.

Self-recognition happens from moment to moment. When we

know ourselves, goodness blossoms in us. With self-knowledge there also comes the right thinking, because without it our thinking is not true. To know oneself leads to freedom. The factor which sets free is listening. When we really see something, when we really understand it, we are free from it. But when there is a conflict between what is and the way we think it should be, there is no clarity, there is no real seeing. Understanding is possible only when there is no conflict, not within oneself nor in relationships. Self-knowledge is to pay attention without a choice to the movement of the I, which is a bundle of memories. From this bundle of memories there comes thought, as a reaction to what is, as an answer from memory.

The past does not disclose itself through being directly observed. That is a dead situation. But it discloses itself through our observing our reactions in the living present, in our day to day relationships. Since our reactions spring from the past, they fashion the key to an understanding of ourselves; with it comes an understanding of the past and a freedom from it. Being together with what really is, at the level of personal thought, leads to a transformation at the energy level, to a total dissolution of the realm of feelings which we have classified under the term aggression or defensive feelings. This dissolution is however not yet total, but leads, rather, only into the deeper regions, into what psychology has described as the unconscious, or into what we describe as suppressed feelings or those we could classify under the term sadness or pain. It includes the entire range of feelings of being rejected, being lost, being excluded, of sadness and pain. At the deepest point there is always loneliness to be found. At the threshold of this deeper level, fear always arises at first, fear of perceiving these suppressed regions within us, and again this fear first has to be held still and to be observed without reaction until the pain behind it is revealed, then this too has to be observed silently until transformation can take place. This process of transformation finally leads, completely of its own accord, to a dissolving of the deeper layers of feelings too, so that a primeval state, free of emotions and feelings, can once again be restored. The artificial division between the conscious and the unconscious is removed. This "state of feeling" is a state of compassion and love. Suppression of sadness has created certain structures in our personal lives and in the collective domain; acknowledgement of this sadness and insight into those structures produces a passion within

us, a passion for everybody and everything, which we call compassion. When we overcome these feelings within ourselves, thought quiets down in us, so that we can now turn towards it. This is the third step into the state of meditation.

Meditation cannot be sought, we cannot seek this state of being, it cannot be found. And yet, meditation is something very important. Maybe it is the most important thing in life to find this state of mind, because without meditation we cannot cross the boundaries of thought, mind and brain. Meditation must come completely of its own accord, naturally, lightly, effortlessly. It is more like the opening of a window, so that the wind can come in. But we have no influence on its actually coming in. Whether it comes or not, whether it is a strong wind or a light breeze, is not in our control.

This is the third step. The mind must be completely free from searching, from seeking experience, from wanting to become something. That is, to stop the world of becoming in oneself. In the process of self-knowledge one pursues the thoughts that arise, back to their source. Through this, one finally recognizes the fact that thought always searches for something, because the state of thought is itself an incomplete state. That is why thought seeks the state of wholeness, of completeness. But thought in itself can never be all-embracing. To the extent that we see this, that we understand this source of thought, we are again free from it. And as soon as we are free of thought, as thinking falls silent, there is stillness. Stillness, however, is a rounded state, one that is complete, perfect and whole. And in this way, searching comes to an end. The mind has arrived at this state of stillness, and therefore it is whole, complete, rounded. It is also a state of innocence.

Understanding the root of thought leads to stillness, the stillness out of which meditation unfolds.

All this, perception, attention, listening to the outside, out of which clarity is born, listening within, which is self-knowledge, and out of which the energy to go deeper and find the source of all thought is set free, which finally leads to stillness, all this is the foundation for real meditation. All this goes into opening the window. But to wait for the wind is senseless, because if we wait for it, it will never come. When we open the door out of a motivation, from wanting something, it will never come. The foundation must be laid out of love, out of affection for what is, out of compassion. The readiness to be with what is must emerge from freedom and love. For this reason, all meditation that is willed, the assumption of certain attitudes, all murmuring of mantras, all prayer, is not real meditation. All of that

only leads to confusion and illusion, and the peace which comes out of such activity is the peace of a sedative. Real listening and looking is a movement without recognition.

So we arrive at the fourth step on our journey into the state of meditation, that is, looking into the collective unconscious, into the deepest parts of our being. This, too, comes entirely of its own accord. It comes with the stillness which is discovered through understanding thought. The history book of humankind begins to open up to us, the racial unconscious, the collective unconscious. Everything that the human mind has ever experienced is revealed to us, but only as much as is useful to us personally. We don't have to look for it. It just gushes out on its own when our brain becomes still. There is a danger linked with the opening of this book, because what we get to see is so fascinating. We are in danger of being so fascinated by the contents of the human mind, of human consciousness, that we no longer see that the real thing is to be free of this content. Here again, we are concerned with finding the source of this enormous river of thought in the human consciousness. The individual contents in it are not so important. It is the same source which we have already found while looking for the source of thought in the personal mind, in our personal thoughts. Again, the source is the searching, the search for wholeness. Because the human mind feels incomplete in its identification with the flow of thought, it looks for wholeness. But thought can never find wholeness, because thought itself is incomplete and always partial. Being still with what is, at the level of human consciousness in general, and the transformation which we experience through this, leads to an opening up of the realm of stillness, in which we find that which really is meditation. This is where an expanse opens up which thought and words cannot reach.

In the enormous, common human mind we find two main trends, two main currents on which our entire culture, our morals, our institutions, all materialized movements of society are founded. The first current is the movement of thought which continuously attempts to avoid what is unpleasant, the addictive tendency, the escape from loneliness, which we always find at the deepest point of the movement of the self. When we face existence nakedly, however, it is always simultaneously wonderful and unbearable. This is why the human mind attempts to avoid what is unbearable. Of course, in at-

tempting this it also loses contact with what is wonderful. Therefore it then tries endlessly to find the miracle again. It seeks the divine. This is the other great movement in the human mind, what we call religion. To see this, to understand this, is again to be free of it. One understands that human consciousness is a movement of thought, and that this movement is basically wrong. It leads nowhere, other than to endless conflict and suffering. To see all this is to end it.

With this comes emptiness, the emptying out of consciousness, the emptying out of the human mind in one's own brain. With this also comes the realization that the mind is never a personal mind, that it is precisely thought which creates the illusionary barriers in the mind, giving us the impression that this is so, and it is further seen that the mind, exactly like the heart (which belongs to the mind) is a common one. There is only one heart and one mind. That is communion, the beginning of community. At last you realize that in listening to the outside and in listening inside you find the same thing. Inside and outside are finally the same thing. There is only one single Being.

The mind and the brain, too, become very sensitive in this entire process, and as a result they become able to receive stillness. The brain cells become still. But there is no control in this, no suppression. That would mean conflict again and with it more noise. All this happens completely of its own accord, very naturally.

So now stillness and emptiness have been found at a very deep level, actually at all levels of the brain, of being, of the mind, of consciousness. All this requires much energy and, as we have seen, this energy comes from self-knowledge.

It is in this stillness and emptiness that space unfolds. This is the next, the fifth step into the state of meditation. All the chambers which were created by thought collapse, and you enter the real space, the common space, the space of the cosmos. With this comes the realization that inside and outside are the same. You are only emptiness which floods the room, emptiness which is filled with the energy which pervades this room. There is no more searching, no experience, since there is no experiencer. There is only a state of timelessness. The key to stillness consists in understanding the machinery of human thought, not in stopping thought. When you understand thought, you are free from it. You are free from whatever you understand. To understand something means also to love it.

Meditation, exactly like psychotherapy – the way I understand it – is aimed at seeing what is. Real attention is a light which dissolves what is observed. That is an alchemical process – that is, observation and therefore the dissolution of what is. It has to be an authentic process in each individual. It is the process of dying, of dying into stillness, of dying into emptiness, of dying into space, of dying into love, of dying into the unknown. In this entire process we go through two transformations. The one is the personal transformation, the first transformation, the recognition and subsequent dissolution of the personal inner states of feeling, which essentially means aggression (or defensive feelings) > fear > sadness (or suppressed feelings) > compassion and love, and then the second transformation, which is the same thing again at the impersonal, collective level, that is, a deeper understanding of the same thing, of the same states of feeling, in the collective human consciousness.

Aggression is a symptom of fear, fear is a symptom of suppressed sadness and is therefore the absence of this sadness. Sadness is a symptom of love which has not (yet) been let in completely. The first transformation, the personal one, leads to the recognition: You are the world; the world is you, that is, to compassion and love and with this to a first stillness which means to a more peaceful kind of thinking which can subsequently be observed. The second transformation or mutation consists then in uncovering the root of this thought. In perceiving this source, thought becomes completely still, it dissolves. The second transformation therefore leads to the realization: The observer and the observed are one. The transforming factor at both levels is the power of sadness, of pain. When pain has become whole, there is love.

These steps of transformation do not need time – a point which Krishnamurti has always emphasized. They happen immediately. It only requires this becoming congruent with yourself, the truthful observation of what is. Everything else follows effortlessly from it. To die at this point means to die to thought. That does not mean that no more thoughts appear, but that thought gets its legitimate and rightful place. To die to thought also means to die into aloneness. It also means to die into a state of not knowing, into a new mind. That which has to die is thought at the psychological level.

In listening truly, all sounds melt into the womb of stillness. In a

still and empty mind which has left the narrow territory created by thought, and which lives instead in the wide, open space of what is real, a new mind is born out of this stillness, the mind of innocence, the mind of not knowing, the mind which is truly religious. In this stillness a completely new movement is found, not the movement of thought which is always limited and incomplete, not a movement of time, nor in time. A still mind knows no experience. It rests within itself. It is a light, a light to itself. It lives with the insight that there is only one thing. The movement within it is without direction, without reason, without motive or effect. It is directly linked to life, a movement into the unknown. It is the movement of life which flows through you. Then you are life. You are the present. To encounter this movement in stillness and in this expanse is the sixth step in meditation.

The transformation into the new mind is never partial, it is always total. Either there is a transformation or there is none. It doesn't mean that you will then be perfect, nor that you won't make any mistakes any more. Life is a learning process. It is there for you to learn through mistakes. But at this point something changes completely in the mind, at the level of the brain cells. It is this new mind which will transform the world. When there will be enough human beings who are born into this new mind, when there will be enough listeners and watchers, when there will be enough human beings in a state of meditation, the world will change, quite naturally, completely of its own accord. However, this means to be able to wait, forever, if necessary, to wait peacefully and quietly, patiently, happily, for a thousand years perhaps, or for five thousand years or whatever. To be able to wait forever means to be able to live with death, to be as powerful as death. Only love is as strong as death. This is why to be in a state of meditation also means to be in a state of love. Love is beyond consciousness.

With this we come to the last step, the seventh step, which in reality is simply the next step, forever the next step. For the new mind it is always the next step. The new movement in the mind is creation. The movement of creativity sometimes expresses itself and sometimes it doesn't. In either case it is expression. In this movement you find your personal impulse, an impulse which is really very impersonal, and you begin to follow it effortlessly. Sometimes, when

you are invited to, you express yourself and sometimes you are just still. In both you are life, which is always in motion. In that there is no choice. As long as there still seems to be a choice, you do not really know yourself.

When you have found this new mind, this new movement, you are like a young leaf on a tree, very vulnerable; and maybe you will be eaten by an animal. It is not in your hands. Perhaps you will also be destroyed by human beings, because you are very destructible. And that too is not in your hands. But at the same time you are also supported and protected. If it is not your fate to be destroyed, nothing can happen to you. You are supported and protected, because all of the life force is at work in a young leaf on a tree. For this reason you are also like a leaf in the wind, carried by the wind. But to surrender to life means more than that. If you are only a leaf in the wind you find yourself in the exploitative and abusive state in which most human beings are. You must also be the wind which carries the leaf. That is what it means to really surrender to life: to be a child in the arms of the mother, but also the mother who carries the child. You are at the mercy of life but at the same time also completely responsible for it. Life is an endless process of becoming, which has nothing in common with the process of becoming, that arises from the seeking of thought.

But now a problem arises: the word is not the thing. If you imagine the new mind as a pretty image, it is not essentiality. If there is fear, then that is the fact which must be observed – fear. And this observation will lead you to the new mind. Fear is finally always the fear of being shut out, excluded from the life process. You have to take a good look at this fear, because it will lead you back to a state in which you feel part of all things once again.

If there really is resistance in you, or jealousy or whatever, you have to look at these facts. They will lead you. Any kind of escape from the facts only creates illusion. Meditation always begins again with seeing things the way they are, with an awareness in which there is no choice, with an attention in which there is no choice, no condemnation, no judgement, no comparison, no interpretation; only sober observation. Just listen to the birds and to your thoughts. Listen to everything. Self-knowledge means to come into contact with your wishes and your desires, with crises, hopes and despair,

with ambition, with conflicts and joy, with pain, physical and psychological, with suffering. But also with fear, loneliness, pleasure, fulfilment, frustration, with satisfaction and dissatisfaction, with all the guises of self-expression, because all that is part of the contents of consciousness. In order to know yourself you have to observe your everyday behaviour in your relationships, to observe it without interfering, without suppressing it or wallowing in it. You need to be completely honest with yourself. If you are ambitious or violent, you must observe that in yourself and not pretend that you are free from it. The problem of problems is the creator of the problems, that is, the I. To observe it leads to freedom from it. To observe nature is comparatively easy. It is much, much more difficult to observe one's own desires, one's dependencies, one's own needs, one's own greed, with the same passive awareness. Self-knowledge is an extended listening in which seeing, smelling, feeling are also contained. Thought and emotion must be allowed to blossom in the mind, so that they can then die.

All this is what I have understood as psychotherapy influenced by Krishnamurti's teaching. This entire process is psychotherapy.

Above all, psychotherapy includes the path of self-knowledge, which is necessary to lay the foundation for the deeper states of meditation. What transcends it is today normally described as spiritual awakening. However, the entire process is indivisible, it cannot be split up; it depends on the client himself how far he wants to go with the support of psychotherapy and it cannot be clearly defined.

And finally, almost unexpectedly, evening sets in on us with its very special quality of stillness, like grace itself. It finds us back again in front of the house, sitting on an untreated log of wood. Everything is still now. It is not the stillness of awakening in the way the morning knows it nor is it the dense, sultry, oversatiated stillness of noon. It is the most beautiful stillness of the day; to be filled with it is a great and still joy. It speaks of parting and longing, of secrets which will be revealed, and of fulfilment. The big green, lanky conifers rest within it and reveal their being more than at any other time of day. There is a murmur in the air, as if all of nature desired an exchange. The heart is filled with awe at the mystery which it feels, and the head yields effortlessly to the call of evening, which leads it into the expanse of the darkening sky and the fathomlessness of being. Coolness

arises from the ground and greets the body frostily. But on the slope of the far off hill opposite the valley can be seen a deer with two or three fawn, grazing in the last rays of the sun. Nothing disturbs this idyll. Eye and ear are united in their perception and not divided from the mind. As a result it is possible to welcome oneness. The stream sings its song, endlessly. The sky is deep again and almost completely without its veil of grey.

We will soon be sitting next to each other, inside, learning together about love. In this, there will be no conflict, but great respect and a still joy. You are here and that is joy.

So, meditation means to rediscover what is holy, the source of all regeneration, and to find again a feeling of the enormous sanctity in the relationship of human beings to the cosmos, to their surroundings, and to their fellow human beings. Meditation is an awakening into solitude, which is not isolation, but a total relatedness. You surrender completely to this aloneness, you become completely aware of your total dependence on the whole, and at the same time you are totally dependent upon yourself, centred on your journey which is entirely personal. This aloneness is the mutation of consciousness, a complete transformation of what has been. Aloneness can receive the timeless, the new, which always destroys itself again.

Thus, meditation leads to love. To be in a state of meditation means to be in a state of love. To define love is not easy, in fact it is impossible. Still, it is helpful and important to attempt it every now and then, because it creates a confrontation between the state in which we live and the opportunities which life in fact offers us.

Somehow, we always understand love in terms of an activity, an action which the self performs. And in our imagination it is always and above all directed towards another person. I love you, I love her, I love him. This is in itself a contradiction and has not so much to do with love. "I" cannot love at all. On the contrary, love is the absence of "I". Love has almost died out in the world. Of course it is to be found everywhere and is omnipresent, because nothing exists or moves without its power, but in the domain of human beings it does not flower. We can hardly imagine its flowering.

Love is a power, an intelligence as well, which exists independently of us human beings. It can fill us, if we leave the window open for it, if we let it flow through our brains. It is a Being, an enormous, all-encompassing Being which fills and directs everything. It

is easy to recognize it in nature. Wherever there is a patch of earth, it begins to grow and to sprout. The driving force in it is love. Others would call it life or God.

This power, this sacred Being is what we have shut out of the human realm. Our brains are so narrowly structured that it doesn't find place in them any more, which is why we are not led by it, seized by it and why we do not bloom. To leave the window open for it means to dissolve the entire inner structure of our brain, of the self, in the stillness of observation, to observe every thought, every mood, until we encounter the source of thought and thought subsequently falls silent.

The source of thought is its eternal searching. Thought is an incomplete state, and because of that, thought looks for wholeness. However, it cannot find it because the state of thought itself is not complete. When thought sees this, it does away with its search, because it realizes that it cannot find what it is looking for. But stillness which follows the end of thought is a completely different state. Stillness, in itself, is complete, is whole. Therefore, in the understanding and ending of thought, wholeness – which thought looked for but could not attain – is found.

The brain, as a result, becomes open once again to receive stillness, expansiveness, spaciousness. Into this spaciousness love can flow, this mysterious Being can enter if it wants to. We have no say in the matter; we do not control love. But if we let it, it takes hold of us. It organizes itself, makes us and everything around us bloom. We, of course, are its tools and do what it orders us to, when we follow it. But it is love which directs and creates everything. We just stand there open-mouthed and watch the miracle which takes place when it is present.

At the moment, we live in the world in poverty, materially, psychologically, and in terms of relationships. If love would gain access to our brains, if it could penetrate human consciousness and fill the human mind, everything would bloom here, our whole life, our whole being. Each one would have what he needs, everything would be filled with joy; everything would fit effortlessly into everything else. There would be harmony, without our being able to explain it nor understand why. The marvel would blossom. The miracle would literally take place. This fathomless Being would fill us totally, completely. We would be invited to dwell in it. In this

state of love, in this state of happiness. Nowadays, what we call love is at the most our feeling of longing for it, of dependence on it. We do not know love. We just cannot imagine a life in full bloom. We are so accustomed to this restraint that we are not even unhappy about it any more. To feel this unhappiness again and to remain still with it opens the window.

All this is psychotherapy. All this is meditation. All this is spiritual awakening. All this is religion. All this is life. An undivided process which cannot be split up; and the name which we give it is meaningless.

The fawns have long since dived back into the forest. The shadows have won the day. The waters coming down the mountain have got tired. Sleepy and withdrawn, they murmur softly. The sounds of the night are interwoven inextricably with its dark shadows. A black cloak lies over all the beauty and all the suffering of the world. The blackness too is beauty. And it too is stillness again.

Your presence pervades the rooms although you are asleep already. You, in my arms, and you over there with the children. The one, the constant, mature love and the other, the still young one, which has not yet become really aware of itself. What will this love bring us? Where will it lead us? What will we discover?

Once more night brings a certain new quality with it: it is the queen of all stillness. The stillness is not interrupted by anything except the splashing of water. The stillness outside meets the stillness within. Oneness is the result. The absence of street lights in this remote valley permits the eye to behold a star-lit sky, as one seldom sees. The stars, too, dance and sing, endlessly, endlessly. Listening and looking are one. To feel is to be fulfilled. Slumber comes along and brings its own stillness with it. The mind watches in silence, listens in silence, feels into everything in silence. It is not divided from what it receives.

Samuel Widmer
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That's as far as it goes with the unabridged and somewhat more refined contribution which I had put together for Friedrich Grohe's newsletter, Link. Nevertheless, it did not appear. On the one hand simply because it was too long. On the other, certainly also because my remarks about Krishnamurti's sexuality and above all my reference to the Sloss book opened up a controversy which ended in a rather fruitless exchange of letters. It also became clear in this context that the texts offered here could obviously be judged as an attempt at interpreting Krishnamurti's work. At any rate an attempt was made to impute this to me. In which case I would have been thoroughly misunderstood: in this book you will find only, on the one hand, direct quotations from Krishnamurti and on the other, what I personally think of it and what I myself have understood from it. I am far removed from any attempt of giving an interpretation. Neither am I trying to use Krishnamurti's name in order to become famous and well-known myself. I myself have been weighed down enough with the burden of being a public personality, without any of that. And I have always been able to earn money – and quite enough of it – on my own without a master. And I am not looking for any disciples either. It must be hidden malice born of envy, of an inferiority complex or authority problems – naturally, in the name of friendliness and sympathy – which imputes these things to anyone and in the process, attempts to spoil the joy of innocent and creative unfolding. Malice which knows nothing about love, which does not know the ecstasy of doing something simply with love and joy. Because, whatever one says about this book, and whoever says it, the truth remains that it is just a simple and joyful vote of thanks to the teacher, which has grown out of love for him and his teaching. And that is all.

I have always wondered about the fact that most people are not able to recognize the greatness and real standing of someone else. They probably do not want to see clearly because they could not acknowledge what they see. They place Krishnamurti on the same level as other present day philosophers, with the Dalai Lama or other religious leaders and do not see that something really extraordinary had been incarnated in this person and that he really was the world teacher. Critics keep saying, too, that in the end Krishnamurti has not brought anything new to the world. All that he expressed had al-

ready been mentioned in the original teachings of Buddhism or other religions. That could be. I do not know. I know very little about that sort of literature. But it is obvious to me that their criticism overlooks what is essential. The point is not whether something new has been said. Nothing under the sun is new. The truth is there already, all of it, and it is always accessible. The point is, what sort of mind it is which expresses the thing that is always the same; whether it is a new mind which expresses the old truth afresh. Krishnamurti filled empty words with content again. When spoken from a new mind, that which always remains the same is again completely new, and therefore again shattering. If the mind which describes it is mediocre, it is nothing, it has no energy, it does not strike you. That is the point.

I have long reflected on the kind of booklet this gift of thanks ought to be, which, if he were still alive, I would have laid at the feet of the master who did not want to be a master. It cannot be comprehensive. It cannot be complete. It cannot really be a summary nor in any way an interpretation of what Krishnamurti has taught. Yet I feel the urge to do something in this direction. What urges me is joy. And so at last I have understood that joy itself should express itself. That I want to deal with the matter in a completely uncomplicated, undogmatic, unburdened way, creating something new which at the same time speaks about what is always the same. So I have used sentences, titles, words and the shattering questions which moved me most of all, which Krishnamurti had time and again posed. They occurred to me quite spontaneously as being the key sayings and stand as headings for chapters or, as the case may be, are inserted as quotations in italics into the text. All the titles and everything else that is written in italics in this book – apart from a couple of names or points to be stressed – are therefore direct statements of Krishnamurti. The texts themselves are small meditations to go with these headings, seven times seven thought-provoking reflections, seven times seven meditations for seven times seven days, in the very way they occurred to me, completely of their own accord, in these wonderful surroundings of the Turbach Valley, naked in the burning sun, shivering in the cool of the evening, or struck deep in the heart by the majesty of the mountains. It was a joyful process, a happy event. I didn't have to pick out things, didn't have to pore over heavy, dusty volumes. I could simply draw freely on lavish re-