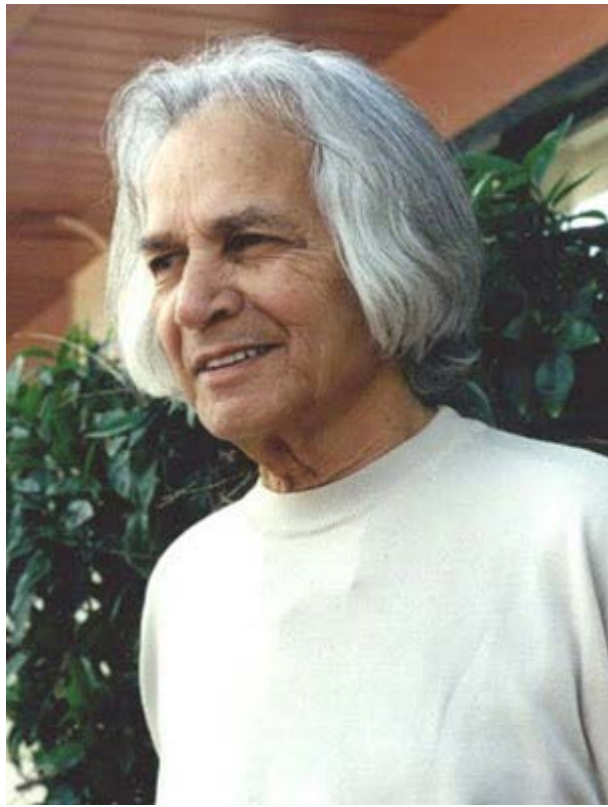


On U.G.

The First and Last Public Talk After the Calamity - U.G. Krishnamurti · The Question of Mind - U.G. Krishnamurti · U.G.—An Enigma - Brahmachari Sivarama Sarma · Parveen Babi on U.G. · Confessions · Spiritual Terrorism - Rajiv Mehrotra · U.G.: Neither Knowledge Nor Wisdom - Jean-Michel Terdjman · A Maverick Who Makes Some Valid Points - Robert Powell · Indian Spiritual Gurus - M.L. Ahuja · A Journey of Spiritual Discovery and Adventure - Iain McNay · A Mirror Reflecting - Jan Kersschot · Science and U.G. - O.S. Reddy · Readings · Science and Spirituality: Any Points of Contact? - J.S.R.L. Narayana Moorthy · Response - T.R. Seshagiri Rao · First and Last Meeting · Thought, the Natural State and the Body · Being with U.G. · Reflections on Meditation



**No Oasis Situated Yonder
Spiritually Incorrect Enlightenment
Jed McKenna**

The end of illusion is the end of you.

People call me an enlightened man. I detest that term. They can't find any other word to describe the way I am functioning. At the same time, I point out that there is no such thing as enlightenment at all. I say that because all my life I've searched and wanted to be an enlightened man, and I discovered that there is no such thing as enlightenment at all, and so the question whether a particular person is enlightened or not doesn't arise. I don't give a hoot for the sixth-century-BC Buddha, let alone all the other claimants we have in our midst. They are a bunch of exploiters, thriving on the gullibility of the people. There is no power outside of man. Man has created God out of fear. So the problem is fear and not God.

I discovered for myself and by myself that there is no self to realize—that's the realization I am talking about. It comes as a shattering blow. It hits you like a thunderbolt. You have invested everything in one basket, self-realization, and, in the end, suddenly you discover that there is no self to discover, no self to realize—and you say to yourself, "What the hell have I been doing all of my life?!" That blasts you.

* * *

Your constant utilization of thought to give continuity to your separate self is 'you'. There is nothing there inside you other than that.

* * *

You see, the search takes you away from yourself—it is in the opposite direction—it has absolutely no relation.

* * *

My life story goes up to a point, and then it stops—there is no more biography after that.

* * *

Desirelessness, non-greed, non-anger—those things have no meaning to me; they are false, and they are not only false, they are falsifying me. I'm finished with the whole business.

* * *

The holy men are all phonies—they are telling me only what is there in the books. That I can read —'Do the same again and again'—that I don't want. Experiences I don't want. They are trying to share an experience with me. I'm not interested in experience. As far as experience goes, for me there is no difference between the religious experience and the sex experience or any other experience; the religious experience is like any other experience. I am not interested in experiencing Brahman; I am not interested in experiencing reality; I am not interested in experiencing truth. They might help others but they cannot help me. I'm not interested in doing more of the same; what I have done is enough.

* * *

Who am I to give it to you? You have what I have. We are all at 25 Sannidhi Street, and you are asking me, "Where is 25 Sannidhi Street?" I say you are there. Not that I know I am there.

* * *

The abstractions that you are throwing at me, I am not interested in. Is there anything behind the abstractions?

* * *

I had arrived at a point where I said to myself, "Buddha deluded himself and deluded others. All those teachers and saviors of mankind were damned fools—they fooled themselves—so I'm not interested in this kind of thing anymore," so it went out of my system completely.

* * *

I am not trying to sell anything here. It is impossible for you to simulate this. This is a thing that has happened outside the field, the area, in which I expected, dreamed and wanted change, so I don't call this a 'change'. I really don't know what has happened to me. What I am telling you is the way I am functioning. There seems to be some difference between the way you are functioning and the way I am functioning, but basically there can't be any difference. How can there be any difference between you and me? There can't be; but from the way we are trying to express ourselves, there seems to be. I have the feeling that there is some difference, and what that difference is is all that I am trying to understand. So, this is the way I am functioning.

* * *

You see, my difficulty with the people who come to see me is this: they don't seem to be able to understand the way I am functioning, and I don't seem to be able to understand the way they are functioning. How can we carry on a dialogue? Both of us have to stop. How can there be a dialogue between us both?

* * *

Your natural state has no relationship whatsoever with the religious states of bliss, beauty and ecstasy; they lie within the field of experience. Those who have led man on his search for religiousness throughout the centuries have perhaps experienced those religious states. So can you. They are thought-induced states of being, and as they come, so do they go. Krishna Consciousness, Buddha Consciousness, Christ Consciousness, or what have you, are all trips in the wrong direction; they are all within the field of time. The timeless can never be experienced, can never be grasped, contained, much less given expression to, by any man. That beaten track will lead you nowhere. There is no oasis situated yonder; you are stuck with the mirage.

* * *

You see, people usually imagine that so-called enlightenment, self-realization, God-realization or what you will (I don't like to use these words) is something ecstatic, that you will be permanently happy, in a blissful state all the time—these are the images they have of those people... There's no relationship at all between the image you have of that and what actually is the situation... That's why I very often tell people, "If I could give you some glimpse of what this is all about, you wouldn't touch this with a barge pole, a ten foot pole." You would run away from this because this is not what you want. What you want does not exist, you see.

* * *

If somebody asks me a question suddenly, I try to answer, emphasizing and pointing out that there is no answer to that question. So, I merely rephrase, restructure and throw the same question back at you. It's not game playing, because I'm not interested in winning you over to my point of view. It's not a question of offering opinions—of course I do have my opinions on everything from disease to divinity, but they're as worthless as anybody else's.

* * *

Put it simply. I can't follow a very complex structure—I have that difficulty, you see. Probably I'm a low-grade moron or something, I don't know—I can't follow conceptual thinking. You can put it in very simple words. What exactly is the question? Because the answer is there; I don't have to give the answer. What I usually do is restructure the question, rephrase it in such a way that the question appears senseless to you.

* * *

Understanding is a state of being where the question isn't there any more; there is nothing there that says, "Now I understand!"—that's the basic difficulty between us. By understanding what I am saying, you are not going to get anywhere.

* * *

It is the questioner that creates the answer; and the questioner comes into being from the answer, otherwise there is no questioner. I am not trying to play with words. You know the answer, and you want a confirmation from me, or you want some kind of light to be thrown on your problem, or you're curious—if for any of these reasons you want to carry on a dialogue with me, you are just wasting your time; you'll have to go to a scholar, a pundit, a learned man—they can throw a lot of light on such questions. That's all that I am interested in in this kind of dialogue: to help you formulate your own question. Try and formulate a question which you can call your own.

* * *

There is no religious content, no mystical overtones at all, in what I am saying. Man has to be saved from the saviors of mankind! The religious people—they kidded themselves and fooled the whole of mankind. Throw them out!

* * *

The consciousness which is functioning in me, in you, in the garden slug and earthworm outside, is the same. In me it has no frontiers; in you there are frontiers—you are enclosed in that. Probably this unlimited consciousness pushes you, I don't know. Not me; I have nothing to do with it. It is like the water finding its own level, that's all—that is its nature. That is what is happening in you: life is trying to destroy the enclosing thing, that dead structure of thought and experience, which is not of its nature. It's trying to come out, to break open. You don't want that. As soon as you see some cracks there, you bring some plaster and fill them in and block it again. It doesn't have to be a so-called self-realized man or spiritual man or God-realized man that pushes you; anything, that leaf there, teaches you just the same if only you let it do what it can.

* * *

There is only the one thought, "How?" The one question that this organism is interested in is, "How to throw off the whole thralldom, the whole strangling influence of culture?" That question is the only question this organism has—not as a word, not as a thought—the whole human organism is that one question. I don't know whether I make myself clear. That is the one question, you see, which is throbbing, pulsating in every cell, in the very marrow of your bones, trying to free itself from this stranglehold. That is the one question, the one thought. That is the saviour. That question finds that it has no way of finding an answer, that it is impossible for that question to do anything, so it explodes. When it has no way to move, no space, the 'explosion' takes place. That 'explosion' is like a nuclear explosion. That breaks the continuity of thought.

* * *

Questioning my actions before and after is over for me. The moral question—"I should have acted this way; I should have not acted that way. I should have said this"—none of that is there for me. I have no regrets, no apologies; whatever I am doing is automatic. In a given situation I am not capable of acting in any other way. I don't have to rationalize, think logically—nothing—that is the one and only action in that particular situation.

* * *

By conserving sex energy, you are not going to improve yourself in any way. It is too silly and too absurd. Why have they laid so much stress on that? Abstinence, continence, celibacy, is not going to help to put you in this state, in this situation.

* * *

We have strange ideas in the religious field—torture this body, sleep on nails, control, deny things—all kinds of funny things. What for? Why deny certain things? I don't know. What is the difference between a man going to a bar for a glass of beer, and a man going to a temple and repeating the name of Rama? I don't see any basic difference... I am not against escapes, but whether you escape through this avenue or that avenue, an escape is an escape. You are escaping from yourself... What you do or do not do does not matter at all. Your practice of holiness, your practice of virtue—that is socially valuable for the society, but that has nothing to do with this.

* * *

Why, I sometimes go to the limit of saying that it is possible for a rapist, for a murderer, for a thief, for a convict, for a con-man—this kind of thing can happen! That has nothing to do with it; the moral codes of conduct have no relationship whatsoever to this.

* * *

You don't know what is good; you only know what is good for you. That's all you are interested in,

that's a fact. Everything centers around that. All your art and reason centers around that. I am not being cynical. That's a fact. Nothing wrong with it. I'm not saying anything against it. The situations change, but it is that which is guiding you through all situations. I'm not saying it is wrong you see. If it is not so, something must be wrong with you. As long as you are operating in the field of what they call the 'pair of opposites', good and bad, you will always be choosy, in every situation, that is all—you cannot help doing that.

* * *

A moral man is a chicken. A moral man is a frightened man, a chicken-hearted man—that is why he practices morality and sits in judgement over others. And his righteous indignation! A moral man (if there is one) will never, never talk of morality or sit in judgement on the morals of others. Never!

* * *

You hope that you will be able to resolve the problem of desire through thinking, because of that model of a saint who you think has controlled or eliminated desire. If that man has no desire as you imagine, he is a corpse. Don't believe that man at all! Such a man builds some organization, and lives in luxury, which you pay for. You are maintaining him. He is doing it for his livelihood. There is always a fool in the world who falls for him.

* * *

You are asking me, "Has anything any purpose?" Look here, a lot of meanings and purposes have been given to you. Why are you still looking for the meaning of life, the purpose of life? Everybody has talked of the meaning of life and the purpose of life—everybody. Answers have been given by the saviours, saints and sages of mankind—you have thousands of them in India—and yet today you are still asking the same question, "Has life any purpose or meaning?" Either you are not satisfied or you are not really interested in finding out for yourself. I submit that you are not really interested, because it's a frightening thing. It's a very frightening thing. Is there any such thing as truth? Have you ever asked that question for yourself? Has anybody told the truth?

* * *

They are all liars, fops, fakes and cheaters in the world, who claim they have searched for and told the truth! Alright, you want to find out for yourself what this truth is. Can you find out? Can you capture the truth and hold it and say, "This is truth?" Whether you accept or reject, it's the same: It depends on your personal prejudices and predilections. So if you want to discover the truth for yourself, whatever it is, you are not in a position to either accept or reject. You assume that there is such a thing as truth, you assume that there is such a thing as reality (ultimate or otherwise)—it is that assumption that is creating the problem, the suffering, for you.

Look here, I want to experience God, truth, reality or what you will, so I must understand the nature of the experiencing structure inside of me before I deal with all that. I must look at the instrument I am using. You are trying to capture something that cannot be captured in terms of your experiencing structure, so this experiencing structure must not be there in order that the other thing may come in. What that is, you will never know. You will never know the truth, because it's a movement. It's a movement! You cannot capture it, you cannot contain it, you cannot express it. It's not a logically ascertained premise that we are interested in. So, it has to be your discovery. What good is my experience? We have thousands and thousands of experiences recorded—they haven't helped you. It's the hope that keeps you going—"If I follow this for another ten years, fifteen years, maybe one of these days I will..."—because hope is the structure.

* * *

Nothing. That's the discovery. So-called self-realization is the discovery for yourself and by yourself that there is no self to discover. That will be a very shocking thing—"Why the hell have I wasted all my life?" It's a shocking thing because it's going to destroy every nerve, every cell, even the cells in the

marrow of your bones. I tell you, it's not going to be an easy thing, it's not going to be handed over to you on a gold platter. You have to become completely disillusioned, then the truth begins to express itself in its own way. I have discovered that it is useless to try to discover the truth. The search for truth is, I have discovered, absurd, because it's a thing which you cannot capture, contain, or give expression to.

* * *

What separates you, what isolates you, is your thought—it creates the frontiers, it creates the boundaries. And once the boundaries are not there, it is boundless, limitless.

* * *

In a way, the whole of life is like a great big dream. I am looking at you, but I really don't know anything about you—this is a dream, a dream world—there is no reality to it at all. When the experiencing structure is not manipulating consciousness (or whatever you want to call it), then the whole of life is a great big dream, from the experiential point of view—not from this point of view here; but from your point of view. You see, you give reality to things—not only to objects, but also to feelings and experiences—and think that they are real. When you don't translate them in terms of your accumulated knowledge, they are not things; you really don't know what they are.

* * *

Look here, there is no present to the structure of the 'you'; all that is there is the past, which is trying to project itself into the future. You can think about past, present, and future, but there is no future, there is no present; there is only the past. Your future is only a projection of the past. If there is a present, that present can never be experienced by you, because you experience only your knowledge about the present, and that knowledge is the past. So what is the point in trying to experience that moment which you call 'now'? The now can never be experienced by you; whatever you experience is not the now. So the now is a thing which can never become part of your conscious existence, and which you cannot give expression to. The now does not exist, as far as you are concerned, except as a concept. I don't talk about the now.

* * *

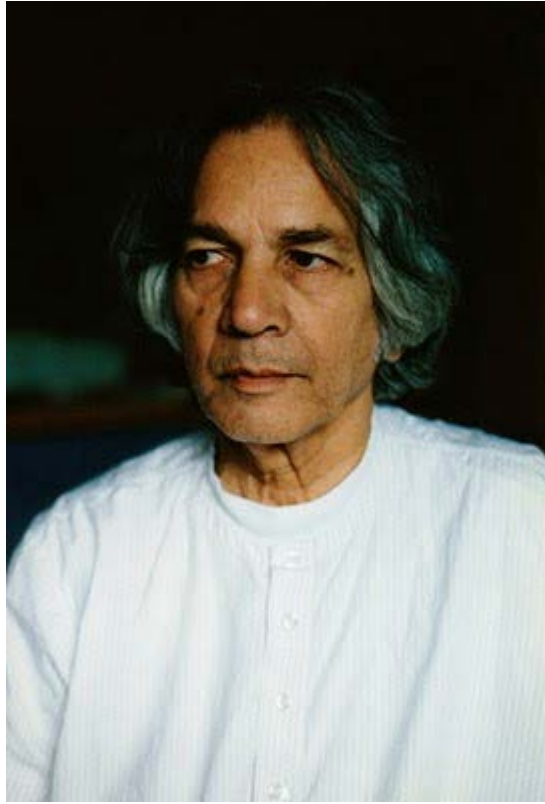
Courage is to brush aside everything that man has experienced and felt before you. You are the only one, greater than all those things. Everything is finished, the whole tradition is finished, however sacred and holy it may be—then only can you be yourself—that is individuality. For the first time you become an individual. As long as you depend on somebody, some authority, you are not an individual. Individual uniqueness cannot express itself as long as there is dependence.

* * *

I am always negating what I am saying. I make a statement, but that statement is not expressing all that is being said, so I negate it. You say I am contradicting myself. I am not contradictory at all. I negate the first statement, the second statement, and all the other statements—that is why sometimes it sounds very contradictory. I am negating it all the time, not with the idea of arriving at any point; just negating. There is no purpose in my talking.

[links](#)





**The First and Last Public Talk After the Calamity
Indian Institute of World Culture, Bangalore, 1972
U.G. Krishnamurti**

Let me, at the very outset, thank the authorities of the Indian Institute of World Culture for giving me this opportunity to meet you all here. I was very reluctant to accept the invitation of Mr. Venkataramaiah. But somehow, if I may use that word, I was trapped into this kind of a thing. As Mr. Kothari pointed out, I don't like to give talks at all.

You all seem to be very fond of listening to speeches, talks, lectures, discussions, discourses, conversations, and so on. I do not know if at any time you realize for yourself and by yourself that you never listen to anybody or anything in this world. You always listen to yourself. I really don't know what to say. I don't know what you want to listen to and what I am expected to do.

This is supposed to be a discourse and a dialogue. I very often point out to those who come to see me and talk things over that no dialogue is possible and no dialogue is necessary. It may sound very strange to you but nevertheless the fact does remain that no dialogue is possible, and yet no dialogue is necessary.

If you will permit me, I will say a few words to set the ball rolling, as it were. That's a very hackneyed and over-worked expression but that would serve our purpose.

I am going to say a few words about the state of not knowing. How can anybody say anything about

the state of not knowing? I have necessarily to use words. Can we use words without indulging in abstract concepts? I say we can. But I do not, at the same time, mean that it is a non-verbal conceptualization. That is a funny thing—there is no such thing as non-verbal conceptualization at all. But, perhaps, a few words like this will enable you to understand the methods of thought prevent you from understanding the limitations of thought as a means to directly experience life and its movements.

This state of not knowing is not my particular state. This, I call it a natural state of your being. This is as much your natural state as it is mine. It is not the state of a God-realized man. It is not the state of a self-realized man. It is not the state of a holy man. It is the natural state of every one of you here. But since you are looking to somebody else and you are reaching out for some kind of a state of liberation, freedom, or moksha—I don't know what words you want to use—you are lost.

But how can one understand the limitations of thought? Naturally, the only instrument we have is the instrument of thought. But what is thought? I can give you a lot of definitions, and you know a lot of definitions about thought. I can say that thought is just matter, thought is vibration, and we are all functioning in this sphere of thought. And we pick up these thoughts because this human organism is an electro-magnetic field. And this electro-magnetic field is the product of culture.

It may sound very inappropriate on this occasion to say that in order to be in your natural state, all that man has thought and felt before you must be swept aside and must be brushed aside. And that means the culture in which you are brought up must go down the drain or out of the window. Is it possible? It is possible. But at the same time it is so difficult because you are the product of that culture and you are that. You are not different from that. You cannot separate yourself from that culture. And yet this culture is the stumbling block for us to be in our natural state.

Can this natural state be captured, contained and expressed through words? It cannot. It is not a conscious state of your existence. It can never become part of your conscious thinking. And then why do I talk of this state of not knowing? For all practical purposes it does not exist at all. It can never become part of your conscious thinking.

Here I have to explain what I mean by the word consciousness. You and I mean two different things probably, I don't know. When do you become conscious of a thing? Only when the thought comes in between what is there in front of you and what is supposed to be there inside of you. That is consciousness. So you have to necessarily use thought to become conscious of the things around you or the persons around you. Otherwise, you are not conscious of the things at all and at the same time you are not unconscious, but there is an area where you are neither conscious nor unconscious. But that consciousness, if I may use that word, expresses itself in its own way and what prevents that consciousness to express itself in its own way is the movement of thought.

What can anyone do about this thought? It has a tremendous momentum of millions and millions of years. Can I do anything about that thought? Can I stop it? Can I mold it? Can I shape it? Can I do anything about it? But yet our culture, our civilization, our education—all these have forced us to use that instrument to get something for us. So can that instrument be used to understand its own nature? It is not possible. And yet when you see the tremendous nature of this movement of thought and that there isn't anything that you can do about it, it naturally slows down and falls in its natural pattern.

When I say that, I do not, of course, mean what these people in India talk about—that thought must be used in order to get into a thoughtless state or into a meditative state. But there is no such thing as a thoughtless state at all. Thoughts are there; they will be there all the time. Thoughts will disappear only when you become a dead corpse—let me use these two words—dead corpse. Otherwise, thoughts are there and they are going to be there. If all the religious teachers tell us that you are going into a thoughtless state, they are taking us all for a ride. They can promise you that in that thoughtless state—in that state of silence, in that state of quietness or in that state of a quiet mind or whatever phrase you want to use—there will be this real bliss, beatitude, love, religious joy, and ecstatic state of being—all that is balderdash. Because, that state, if there is any state like the state of bliss, it can never become part of your consciousness. It can never become part of your conscious existence. So you might as well throw the whole thing—the whole crap of these ideas, concepts and abstractions about the blissful states—into a cocked hat, if I may use that American slang.

So what is one to do? Can anybody help you? No outside agency can help you. That means a complete and total rejection, as I said in the beginning, of all that man has thought and felt before you. As long as there is any trace of knowledge, in any shape, in any form, in your consciousness, you are living in a divided state of consciousness.

Mr. Kothari referred to my coming into a state of not knowing or the calamity, as I myself refer to that. What happened? I don't know. Suddenly thought has fallen into its natural state. The continuity has come to an end. So what I am saying is not the product of thinking. It is not manufactured by my thought structure inside. Nor is it a logically ascertained premise. But what is happening here is only the expression of that state of being where you do not know what is happening. You do not know how this organism is functioning. As he (Mr. Kothari) himself referred to, this is a pure and simple physical and physiological state of being. It has no religious undertones or overtones. It has no mystical content whatsoever and at the same time this extraordinary thing, the extraordinary intelligence that is there, which is a product of centuries of human evolution, is able to express itself and deal with any problem and any situation without creating problems for us.

There is no entity here. There is no center here. There is no self here. There is no atman here, there is no soul here at all. You may not agree. You may not accept it but that unfortunately happens to be a fact. The totality of thoughts and feelings is not there. But there is an illusion that there is a totality of your feelings and thoughts. This human organism is responding to the challenges from outside. You are functioning in the sphere—so thousands and thousands, perhaps millions and millions of sensations are bombarding this body. Since there is no center here, since there is no mind here, since there is nothing here, what is it that is happening? What is happening here this human organism is responding to the challenges, or to the stimuli, if I may put it that way.

So there is nobody here who is translating these sensations in terms of past experiences but there is a living contact with the things around, that is all that is there. One sensation after another is hitting this organism and at the same time there is no coordinator here. This state of not knowing is not in relationship to your brahman, or your nirguna brahman or saguna brahman or any such thing. This state of not knowing is in its relationship to the things that are there around you.

You may be looking at a flower. You may think that it is a crazy state. Perhaps it is, I don't know. You do not know what you are looking at. But when there is a demand for that—and that demand always comes from outside. "What is that?" And then the knowledge, the information that is there locked up in this organism comes and says that it is a rose, that this is a microphone, that's a man, that's a woman and so on and so forth. This is not because there is a drive from inside but the outside challenge brings out this answer. So I say that this action is always taking place outside of this organism, not inside.

How do I know that these sensations are bombarding or hitting this organism all the time? It is only because there is a consciousness which is conscious of itself and there is nobody who is conscious of the things that are happening. This is a living organism and that living state is functioning in its own way, in its natural way.

What do you want me to say? (Laughter) If they have understood what there is they wouldn't be here. They wouldn't go to anybody. They wouldn't ask these questions at all. If they translate what I am saying in terms of their particular fancy or their particular background, that's their tragedy, it would be their misery. It hasn't helped them. This is my question, "Has it helped you?" Why are you hung up on these phrases? They are after all phrases.

When once you realize, when once this is understood—how this mechanism is operating, how automatic it is, how mechanical it is—you will realize that all these phrases have no meaning at all. You may very well ask me why I am using these phrases. Because you and I have created this unfortunate situation where you have put me here on the dais and asked me to talk and naturally, as I said in the beginning, I have to use words. So the moment I stop talking the whole thing has come to a stop inside. Is that so? It is so here in my case because there is no continuity of thought.

We go back to the thing he (Mr. Kothari) referred to about the things around me. Here there is a table. I don't know what it is. And at the same time, if you ask me, "What is that?" I would immediately say, "It's a chair." It is there in the background. It comes automatically, like an arrow. But otherwise, this is just a reflection of this. I don't translate this as bimbavatu at all. But I have to

use that word—this is reflecting the thing exactly the way it is. I don't want to use these metaphysical phrases because you will immediately translate them in terms of your particular parallel.

There is no subject here independent of the object at all. So there is nothing here. What is there is all that is there and you do not know what it is. So now you turn there and this object has just disappeared, there is something else. This has completely and totally disappeared from here and then what is there is a thing that is there in front of me and it is just like this object, exactly the way it is. But you do not know what it is. That is why I say it is a state of not knowing. Probably you will find parallels to these things. What I am trying to point out is the absence of what you are all doing at this moment is the state that I am describing and it is not my state, that is the way you are functioning.

May I give an example of what is happening in the field of spectroscopy? I don't read books but sometimes I read magazines. I get interested in these things. They have developed very powerful lenses to take photos of objects. They have developed micro-seconds, nanoseconds and picoseconds. It doesn't mean anything to you and me, it's all technical language. Now they are able to take pictures of objects, say for instance, of this table, every pico second. Every picture is different. In exactly the same way, the reflection of that object is once now; another time, you turn this side, you are back again—it's again you. But don't translate this in terms of newness and oldness. It cannot be communicated to you at all. This can never become part of your experiencing structure.

I am throwing a lot of conclusions at you but even a thing like this cannot be experienced by you at all. I don't know if you understand this. You have necessarily to abstract this in order to experience a thing. So what I am trying to say is that you can never experience your own natural state. This can never become part of your experiencing structure. And what you are all trying to do all the time is to make that—whatever you want to realize or discover—part of this experiencing structure. So your experiencing structure and your natural state cannot co-exist at the same time.

This I must stress, that the need for the operation of thought or the movements of thought to come into being is decided by factors outside of this organism. When and why and how this translation is to come into being is decided by an action outside. The actions are always taking place outside. When there is a demand, the movement of thought probably separates itself for a while to meet the demands of the situation and then it is back again in the movement of life. So thought is only functional in value and it has no other value at all.

What is more is that the continuity of thought is destroying the sensitivity of your senses. When the movement of thought is not continuous, the senses begin to function in an extraordinarily sensitive way. When I use the word sensitivity, I mean the sensitivity of the senses and not the sensitivity of the mind. The sensitivity of the mind is a trick of your mind and you can create a state of mind where you feel sensitive to the feelings of everybody, to the things around you, and wallow in that sickly state of mind and think you are getting somewhere. This is a thing that is there all the time.

There is nothing to achieve, there is nothing to accomplish, nothing to attain and no destination to arrive at. And what prevents what is there, this living state, from expressing itself in its own way is the movement of thought, which is there only for the purposes of functioning in this world. When the movement of thought is not there... I have to use the clauses in terms of time, but time is thought. When thought is there, time is there. When thought is there, sex is there. When thought is there, God is there. When thought is not there, there is no God, there is no sex, nothing is there. It may sound objectionable to you to accept my statement... but the drug of virtues you practice, the practice of virtues, is not a foundation for it at all. And the practice of abstinence, continence and celibacy is not the path to it. But if you want to indulge in them and feel greatly superior it's your own business.

I am not here to reform you. I am not here to lead you anywhere. But this is a fact. You have to understand a fact as a fact. It is not a logically ascertained thing, it is not a rational thing to understand it rationally. A fact is a movement. Truth is movement. Reality is movement. But I don't want to use these words because they are all loaded words. You know all about them. The unfortunate thing about the whole business is that you know a lot about these things and that is the misery of you all. This is a thing which you do not know at all. I am not claiming that I know it. I myself don't know. That is why I say I don't know. It's a state of not knowing.

Let alone God, let alone reality, ultimate or otherwise, I don't know what I am looking at—the very person who has been with me all the time, day and night. That is my situation. If I tell this to a

psychiatrist, he will probably put me on a couch and say something is radically wrong with me. Probably, I am functioning like any other human being. He doesn't understand that. That's his problem, it is not my problem anymore. So all your search—for truth, God, reality—you use any phrase you like, is a false thing. You are all on a merry-go-round, and you want to go round and round and round.

How can you ask for a thing which you do not know? How can you search for a thing which you do not know? You all seem to know. You have an image of this state from the description of this state probably you have already created. What state? Somebody asked me: "What is the state you are in?" "What State? Mysore State or Tamil Nadu State? What state are you talking about?" This is my response. What is the state you are talking about? This is your natural state. You don't want to understand that. You don't want to be in your natural state. It requires an extraordinary intelligence to be in your natural state, to be yourself.

You always want to be somebody else, you want to imitate the life of somebody else—you want to imitate the life of Jesus, you want to imitate the life of Buddha, you want to imitate the life of Shankara. You can't do it because you don't know what is there behind. You will end up changing your robes from rose to saffron, saffron to yellow or from yellow to rose, depending upon your particular fancy. How can you ask for a thing which you do not know? How can you search for a thing which you do not know? That is my question. So search has no meaning at all. Only when the search comes to an end what there is will express itself in its own way. You cannot tamper with that. You cannot manipulate that. You cannot manipulate the action of the thing which is there, which has an extraordinary intelligence.

To be yourself is the easiest thing. And you don't want to be in your state. You'd rather be somebody else, imitate the life of somebody else. That's your problem. To be yourself doesn't need any time at all. But you talk of timelessness, which is a mockery. To be yourself, do you need time? To be a good man, to be a marvelously religious man, to be in a state of peace, to be in a state bliss, naturally you need time. That will always be tomorrow. When tomorrow arrives, you say, "All right, day after tomorrow." That is time, not this metaphysical or philosophical thing, I am not talking about metaphysical time and timeless. There is no such thing as the timeless.

I am making assertions, statements and conclusions—you will object to them. Take it or leave it. I don't expect you to accept anything that I am saying. You are not in a position to accept or reject it. You can reject it because it does not fit into the particular framework of your philosophy—Shankara, Gaudapada, Ramanuja, Madhvacharya, God-knows-what—we have too many of them here. So how can you understand this? The only thing to do is to throw in the towel. Turn your back on the whole business. That is why it takes extraordinary courage, not the courage or the bravado of these people who climb Mount Everest or try to swim across the English Channel, or cross the Pacific or Atlantic, whatever their fancy, on a raft—that is not what I mean. What I mean is the courage...

You quote your Bhagavad Gita or your Brahma Sutras, kaschid dhirah. All these phrases, what do they mean? Abhayam brahma—why do you all repeat these phrases? It has no meaning. It's a mechanical thing. "How are you?" "I am all right, I am fine. Just fine. I couldn't be better." In America, you know... "How are you this morning?" "I am just fine. I couldn't be better." In exactly the same way, you throw these phrases at everybody. If you understand the way this mechanical structure is functioning inside of you, you see the absurdity of the whole business of discussing these matters everlastingly. Can you throw the whole business out of the window and walk out?

First of all, there is no hunger at all in the sense in which we use the word. It's pure and simple chemistry. And then there is what you call hunger which is like any other sensation, you understand. The consciousness or life, or whatever you want to call it, becomes conscious of that thing and it is gone, it is not there. It does not push you to reach out for food. And so the next sensation is coming. It's a continuous movement. You are looking at something and this is finished. Probably your body will become weaker and weaker if you don't eat food.

People give me food, so I eat food. Otherwise, there is no such thing as hunger at all. And the pain, there is physical pain—since there is no continuity of thought, as I pointed out, there is no continuity of pain. It comes in impulses like that, just the way you are throwing out words. There is no continuity of the pain. I don't want to use the word psychological pain because it gets us involved in... because we will begin to tie things in knots. There is only physical pain and there is no other pain but

even that physical pain is not continuous and so it is not much of a pain in the sense in which we use the word.

When the movement in the direction of wanting to be into your own natural state or in the state of God-knows-whom you want to be—your idol or your hero or your master—it is there, this movement in any direction is taking you away from yourself. That is all that I am pointing out. When the movement is not there you are your natural state. So the sadhana, the method or system or the technique is taking you away from yourself in the direction of the state you want to be in and that is the state of somebody else. As I pointed out, you have the knowledge about this state. Unfortunately, so many people have talked about it. I am already doing mischief, perhaps. Kick them all out on their backs.

Yes, throw stones at me and walk out. My interest is to send you packing, as the expression has it. If you can do that you will never go to listen to anybody.

I will not take you to jail. That's a problem with the society in which you are caught. I can't help you. I will not be the first one to complain about it.

I haven't said anything. What all you think I have said is a bag; you think it makes sense. How can it make sense? If you think that it makes sense, you haven't understood a thing. If you think that it doesn't make any sense, you haven't understood it either. It's just words, listening to this noise—words, words, words—mechanically coming out of this organism. I don't know how they are coming. I wish I knew. I wish I knew how I got into... What state? It always irritates me when people ask me, "You tell us something..." About what state? What state are you talking about? I know Mysore. I am in the Mysore State. How do I know that I am in the Mysore State? Because people tell me that I am in Mysore. So what state you want to get into? That is your natural state, I am saying.

What takes you away from your state is this movement in the direction of wanting to be in some state other than yourself. To be yourself doesn't need time. If I am a village idiot, I remain a village idiot. Finish. I don't want to be an intelligent man. Even if my neighbor takes advantage of his extraordinary intelligence and exploits, good luck. What can I do? To accept the reality, this is the reality of the world. There is no other world. There is no other reality, ultimate reality. This is the only reality. You have to function in this world. You can't run away from this world. How can you run away from this world, because you are that world? Where can you go? Hide yourself in a cave?

Yes, you are taking your thoughts wherever you go. You cannot run away from your shadow. It's there all the time. So you can't do a thing about thought, that's all that I am saying. When you realize the absurdity of all your effort to do something about the thought, it's creating the problem, it's misery for you, you can't do anything. When you can't do anything, when you realize that you can't do a thing about it, it's not there. You are not using it as a means to get something for you.

I want to say this again. You desire. If you do not want anything, there is no thought at all. You understand? Wanting is thinking, it doesn't matter what you want—want self-realization, want God-realization—you want anything, that means you have to use this instrument. These are not your thoughts, these are not your feelings. You may not like it. They belong to somebody else. You want to make them your own. You have unfortunately made them your own. That's why you ask all these questions. Why do you ask all these questions?

These questions have been put before to so many people—all the sages, saints and saviors of mankind, the holy men dead and alive. They are all ready to answer. They have composed a lot of lullabies. You go and listen to them and go to sleep, if you want to. That's what you are interested in. You want somebody else to pat on your back and say, "Oh, fine, just fine, you are doing very well. Do more and more of the same and you will reach the destination you want to arrive at." What is the destination you want to arrive at? To be gentle, meek, to be soft, to talk and whisper. You know if you go to some of these monasteries in the West, the Trappist, they talk and whisper. They don't even understand what the other man is saying. That's the secret to the spiritual path.

You want to reassure your partner that you are in love with that person. It isn't worth a tinker's damn, that love. That's not love at all. You can call it love. I don't want to go into that. It's a forbidden subject. They ask me, "Do you have anything to say about...?" It's a four letter word. It's like any other word—dog, pig, love. In love, can there be any relationship at all? Can you have any relationship?

This is your problem. You are all the time trying to have relationship with people. You cannot have any relationship with people at all. "Love is relationship. Life is relationship." All that guff, trite crap. You memorize and repeat them. They all become fancy phrases these days. "Freedom," "first and last freedom" and the freedoms that come in between—what is this nonsense? This is like any other trite... any other crap that these people are repeating. You have memorized a new set of phrases, that's all you are doing.

You sit and discuss everlastingly all this awareness. What is that awareness you are talking about? How can you be aware of this? Can you at any time be aware of it? If you are aware of this once in your lifetime, the whole structure has collapsed, it has fallen in its proper place. You don't have to do a thing about it. So it doesn't mean a thing at all. You can talk of awareness, choiceless or otherwise, or conditioning.

Conditioning, what can you do about it? Conditioning is intelligence. You can't do a damn thing about it. You can't free yourself. If you want to free yourself from your conditioning or uncondition yourself and all that nonsense that is going on... How are you going to uncondition yourself? You create another conditioning, instead of repeating Upanishads you will repeat some other thing, the fancy books.

There is no mind. Where is the mind? Is the mind separate from the body? Distinguished from the body? Apart from the body? These questions have no meaning at all. You have no way of separating yourself from what is going on. The moment you separate yourself means you have a knowledge about it—the knowledge given by either the biologists, the physiologists, the psychologists or the religious people. So through that you are looking at it. You cannot experience anything without knowledge. You cannot experience this at all, let alone Brahman or reality.

You cannot experience this at all. Only through an abstraction. And what is that abstraction? The knowledge you have about it. This has been put there. Your mother told you, or your neighbor or friend told you that this is a table. What the hell is that, you don't know, apart from what you have been told. Every time you look at this, you have to repeat to yourself that it is a table. What are you doing that for? This is my question. This is the continuity I am talking about. You want to reassure yourself that you are there. The "I" is nothing but this word. There is no "I" independent of this word. Maybe you find some parallel in Shankara or God-knows-what.

The consciousness I am talking about is a state where there is no division which says that you are asleep, that you are awake, that you are dreaming... There is no division at all. I don't even know if I am alive or dead. This is my state. I have no way of knowing for myself. The doctor can come and say that I want to examine your lung, your lung is functioning alright, there is heartbeat, there is this, that and the other. You are alive. That's alright. I am delighted. You reassure me that I am a living being but...

What I mean by action is the action is taking place always outside. The senses are working at their peak capacity all the time. It's not because you want to look at a particular thing. There is no time even for the eyelids to blink for a second. They have to stay open all the time. And when they are tired, it has its own naturally built-in mechanism which cuts off the sensation. And then it's back again.

Supposing somebody gives you an answer. So where are you? Can you separate yourself from that mechanism? This is what I am saying. You can separate yourself from the mechanism and look at it only through the knowledge, whether the knowledge is provided by a physician or by a saint or by a sage. And that is worthless because you are projecting this knowledge on what you are looking at, and that knowledge is creating or producing these experiences. That can never become part of that experiencing structure. That's the trouble.

You want to experience this. You can't experience this at all, whether it is the consciousness that I am talking of or the living state or the state of not knowing or the things that are there around. How is it expressing itself? It is expressing itself as energy, it is expressing itself as action, in its own way. If I use some words, "It is aware of itself, it is aware of its own incredible death, it is conscious of itself"—all these phrases may sound very mystical to you—but you cannot. The brain physiologists, if I may quote somebody—they are trying to understand the brain and they have to find some means to define... They have defined the brain as an instrument with which we think. They are not so sure.

You cannot separate yourself from the brain and its activity and look at the brain. Can you look at your back and tell me something about your back? Somebody else must come and tell you. And he has his own ideas, fancy ideas. "You have a straight back." The doctor always observes people and from his point of view he would say that that man is sick, this man's back is not correct and so forth. Or if I see a painter, his description is something else. So this is a thing which you cannot communicate to somebody else. Can you communicate your sex experience to somebody else?

I don't bother. Do I exist in this world? Does the world exist for me? Where is the world? I am not trying to be clever with all these phrases. I don't know a thing about it. Am I talking, am I saying anything? This is like the howling of a jackal, barking of a dog or the braying of an ass. If you can put this on that level and just listen to this vibration, you are out, you will walk out, and you will never listen to anybody in your lifetime. Finish. It doesn't have to be the talk of a self-realized man. You will realize that there is no self to realize. That's all. There is no center there. It is working in an extraordinary way.

There is no death. You are never born. You are not born at all. (Laughter) I am not trying to mystify. Because life has no beginning, it has no end. Has it a beginning, has it an end? What creates the beginning is your thought. Why are you concerned about death? There is no such as death at all. Your birth and your death can never become part of that experiencing structure. If you want to experience death, you are not going to be there. (Laughter) Somebody else will be there. It will be somebody else's misery.

* * *

Transcript of Audio Tapes

You want comfort. You want affection from the person you are living with. You want this, that and the other. But what you want to get—the get of all the gets—you are not going to. That is in relationship with your enlightenment, your freedom, transformation and all that kind of thing. There is nothing to get from me or from anybody. You want to be at peace with yourself. You will not get anything from anybody. All this is disturbing the peace that is already there. Your idea of peace is altogether different.

You have to live with your ideas and suffer. There is no way out for you. If somebody says there is a way out, go there. Stand on your head, stand on your shoulders, hang from the tree, meditate, do what you like—misery continues. That is another misery. What are you? You are miserable. You are a sitting misery, walking misery, talking misery, living misery. You want to get out of that misery. You are choked. What is it that is choking you, destroying the very thing that you want? All those human values and all the good things. You want freedom and that is killing you. It is very difficult to understand. To be free from the very demand to be free is all that you have to do. That is not easy.

If I talk of life, living moments, it becomes poetry, romantic stuff, it is another carrot. Anything I say will be added to the stuff you already have. This will be another burden. It looks like another new thing but it is the same thing. The newness of it is lost because you have captured it within your framework.

That is why I was telling him that you have not moved away from your background. It doesn't matter where you go—JK, UG, Baba Free John—the basic situation remains unchanged. No matter where you go, you are looking for a new Bible, new church and a new priest. That is all you can do. You can't do anything else.

Whatever you need to know to function in this world intelligently and sanely is already there in you. You don't have to do a thing, to learn anything, to function in this world. Whatever you learn afterwards is of no use to you. Knowledge is widening. They say that the growth of intelligence stops by the time you are sixteen. Whatever you learn afterwards is only widening the horizon and not in anyway improving your understanding.

As far as the body is concerned, the growth of the body stops by the time you are 22 or 23 years. From then on it is slowly deteriorating. It is aging slowly. The interest of everybody is to stop the aging process. That is all the interest of people. In that sense I am not interested in expanding—having more and more people. One or two... it doesn't interest me. Moreover, I feel uncomfortable. It is happening in India and it is happening in America. Because there is more and more publicity, more and more curiosity is created in people. I don't know if there is anything to astrology but they say, "You will become the idol of the masses."

Assuming for a moment that there is an enlightened one, that man cannot die unless everybody in this world comes to know that there is such a man. They may not even know what he is saying. That is the great tradition. It is in that sense that this fellow has a message to give. Not like Rajneesh scandals and all that. The astrologer said, "Until that happens you are not going to die. Another 21 years you will constantly move, running away from the people in order to avoid them from following you." I don't know, the age is going to catch up, I don't care what the astrologers say.

* * *

You see, there is no gap between my needs and my goals. I have no goal independent of my needs. The needs are the physical needs of the body. There are no other needs.

I really don't know. What I know is in the background; and that is brought into operation in response to the demands of the situation. It plays its part and then it is gone.

I don't know, thoughts are there. They are not your thoughts or my thoughts, they come and go. They are neither holy nor unholy. You have to use thoughts to achieve something, to accomplish something. Here I can't use thoughts. Wanting is thinking. They go together. My wants are my physical needs. The moment a thought arises there the action is complete. You may feel the time-lag between what I call an action here and the completion of that action out there. But to me there is no time-lag. For example, there is thirst. You have to say to yourself that you are thirsty. Thought has got to come into operation and separate itself from that sensation of what you call thirst. Then the action is complete. That is what I mean by action.

Every action is independent. Life is action. Life is acting all the time. There is not one moment where there is no sensation of some kind or the other. You are responding to the sensations all the time. But, of course, there are some moments the nature of which you will never know. I don't know what you call samadhi or nirvikalpa samadhi. The body has to go through the process of death every now and then to renew itself. It is a renewal process. All the sensory activity has to come to an end for a kshana, a fraction of a second, and it is impossible for you to visualize and capture that. But if the body is in a state of repose it takes a longer time. Sometimes for forty-nine minutes the body goes through a very elaborate process of dying. Somehow it has to snap out of it because there are constant demands on the body. This can hit you all of a sudden while you are walking in the street. But the demands are so great that they cannot allow this for long.

You are talking of a you after death. Is there anything like what you call you now? Where is it now? Are you awake? Are you alive now?

I also function as if the whole world is real. You have to accept the reality of the world up to a point. Otherwise, you can't function in this world. But I can't say that I am awake. I can't say that I am asleep either. I see and I don't know what I am looking at. My sensory perceptions are at their peak capacity but there is nothing inside of me which says that is green, that is brown and that you wear a white shirt, a dhoti and glasses, etc. No anesthesia has been administered on me but still I really don't know what I am looking at. The knowledge I have about things is in the background but it is not operating. So am I awake or asleep? I have no way of knowing it for myself. That is why I say that in this consciousness there is no such division as jagratta, swapna and sushupti—aren't those the words for wakeful, dream and deep sleep states? A total absence of this division in your consciousness into wakeful, dream and sleep states may be called turiya—not transcending these things but a total absence of this division. So you are always—to use your Sanskrit phrase, in the turiya state.

There is a constant demand on your part to experience everything that you look at, everything that

you are feeling inside. If you don't do that, you as you know yourself and as you experience yourself is coming to an end. That is a frightening thing. You don't want to come to an end, you want continuity. All the spiritual pursuits are in the direction of strengthening that continuity. So all your experiences, all your meditations, all your sadhana—all that you do is strengthening the self. They are self-centered activities. Whatever you do to be free from the self is also a self-centered activity. The process you adopt to attain what you call being is also a becoming process. So there is no such thing as being. Anything you do—any movement, in any direction, on any level—is a becoming process.

* * *

Then there is no mirror which is reflecting. All your actions from then on are reflex actions. Many of these things are handled by the spinal column. That is why so much importance has been given to the spinal column. Sensations don't reach the sensorium at all. They are handled and disposed of before that. The moment they reach the sensorium, thought has got to come into operation. Then there is an action necessary which is for the protection of the body.

* * *

The comparative structure is absent here. When you ask some questions, naturally I use this comparative structure. I have to use adverbs and adjectives because they are part of the language, but really they don't mean anything to me. Not that I am a hypocrite or any such thing. I say, "It is a beautiful thing." Yes, it is a beautiful thing within that framework. I have to accept the reality of the world. Otherwise, I can't function in the world. But actually there is nothing beautiful.

There indeed is beauty. That beauty is not an idea, not a concept. It is not a thought. It is a response to something there. Maybe that is why they used the phrase satyam sivam sundaram. They didn't mean this beauty. For example, there is a mountain or some extraordinary thing. Here is a response to that beauty and that response is a sudden change in your breathing. You take a deep breath and look at it. By the time you realize what is happening, you have moved on from there to something else. So you don't sit there and watch the sunset for hours and hours and write poems. Nothing of that sort, because you are moving with it.

I make a distinction between reaction and response. Reaction is the interference of thought and the translation of thought in terms of the experiencing structure. But the response to the stimulus, or sensation are one movement. You cannot separate the response from the stimulus. For example, you have moved your hand from there. I don't move my hands in response to that movement, but all that movement is felt here. This is the feeling—not an emotion, not a thought, not any of those things. If you hit something there, here you automatically say "Ouch!"—the expression of pain, you see. There is nothing here independent of what is happening there. That is why I call this a movement. This is totally attentive. Not that there is somebody who is attentive. Everything that is happening there is registered here as a movement. Where is the movement taking place? Is it there? Is it here? Or where? I can't say, I really don't know.

* * *

There are no images for me. Impressions are made through words like the rods and cones. They come out of me in exactly the same way. So there is nobody who is doing that. Memory is extraordinarily sharp. Supposing I want to memorize a poem or something—it is very difficult for me to do that. It's very strange. So if I look at anything, it is automatically registered. There is no effort. Any effort means that there is a distortion of the whole thing. If there is a demand for that, it automatically comes out without any effort. Sometimes I can't recall names. At the same time, I don't bother even if I don't happen to remember.

What I am saying can't be experienced by you except through the help of thought. In other words, as long as the movement of thought is there, it is not possible for you to understand what I am talking

about. When it is not there, then there is no need for you to understand anything. In that sense, there is nothing to understand.

* * *

You are all occupied. You are interested in listening to what I am saying. I am not interested in telling you anything at all. Do you hear the barking of the dog out there? You translate it and say that is the barking of a dog. But if you are just aware of that, it echoes here inside of you. There is no separation from you. There is no translation. You are barking, and not the dog out there.

But one thing I must say. What I am saying is not born out of thinking. This is not a logically ascertained premise that I am putting forth. These are just words springing forth from their natural source without any thought, without any thought structure. So take it or leave it. You will be better off if you leave it.

* * *

They come here and tell me about their spiritual experiences. What do they expect? They want me to pat on their back and tell them, "You are doing alright. Do more and more of the same and you will reach your destination." I can't do that. I emphasize that the experience which you are considering as something extraordinary is totally unrelated to the final thing you are after. This is very difficult to understand.

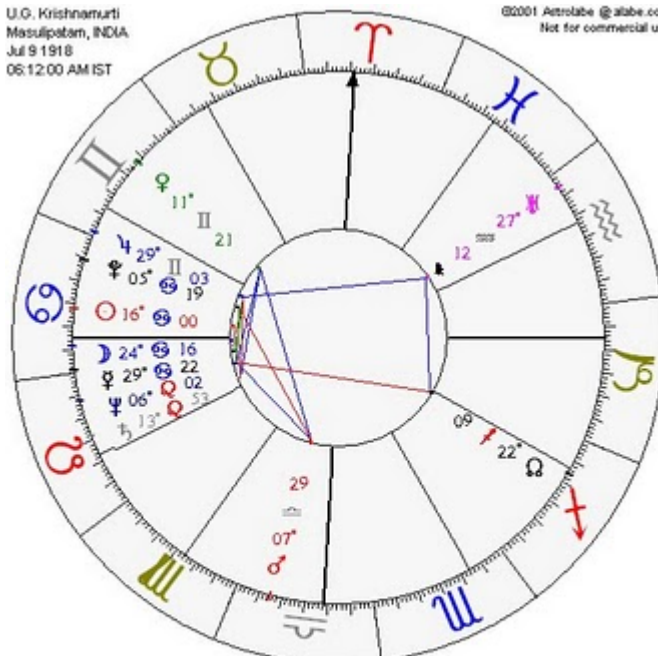
I always give the example of these tremors. Tremors do not mean that one day there will be an earthquake. These tremors have nothing to do with the earthquake. This earthquake hits somewhere else, not at the place you think it would occur. When this thunderbolt hits you, you will find out that all those tremors you have been experiencing during what you call sadhana are totally—in fact, in no way—are connected to that. This is very difficult to understand. That is why all those doing sadhana ask me that question: "How do you know that what you did—all the sadhana—is not responsible for where you are today?" I can say that now this is not in any way related to what I did or did not do. Not a whiff of it. Then you see the whole business of sadhana collapses. Because the sadhana is always related to the goal you have fixed to yourself.

As a matter of fact, what is going on here is sadhana—because I am blocking every escape door. Somebody said, "Why don't you leave at least one ventilator open?" Even that has to be blocked. You must be choked to death as it were. Only a real teacher can tell and point out that, nobody else. Nobody else should talk about that. Not that I claim that I am the real teacher or any such thing, don't get me wrong. They are not those who interpret the texts. Only such a man can talk and such a man will never encourage any kind of sadhana, because he knows that sadhana is not going to help.

Life is energy. It is all the time trying to convert itself into energy. In the final analysis there is neither matter nor energy. They are interchangeable. But when thought takes its birth, then it is matter. In its very nature it splits itself into two. If through some luck or strange chance it remains without splitting itself into two, something has got to happen to that. And there it explodes. It is an atomic explosion. The human organism has trillions of atoms. It's an electro-magnetic field. When one atom explodes, it blasts everything that is there. It triggers a chain reaction. You can't make this kind of a thing happen at all. Yet the possibility of its happening in everybody is 100%. Not that I am placing a carrot before you. That is its nature. That is why it happens in one in a billion. "Why does it happen to one individual? Why not me?" If you question in that fashion you ain't got a chance.

U.G. Krishnamurti
Masulipatam, INDIA
Jul 9 1918
06:12:00 AM IST

©2001 AstroLab @atlab.com
Not for commercial use



☉ = Sun	♄ = Saturn	♈ = Aries	♎ = Libra
☾ = Moon	♅ = Uranus	♉ = Taurus	♏ = Scorpio
☿ = Mercury	♆ = Neptune	♊ = Gemini	♐ = Sagittarius
♀ = Venus	♇ = Pluto	♋ = Cancer	♑ = Capricorn
♂ = Mars	♁ = N. Node	♌ = Leo	♒ = Aquarius
♃ = Jupiter	♂ = Retrograde	♍ = Virgo	♓ = Pisces

Last Public Talk of J. Krishnamurti Madras, January 4, 1986

Will you kindly participate in what he's talking about? Will you not only follow it, but together participate in it, not just think about it or casually pay attention to it? One or two things must be made very clear. This is not a personality cult. The speaker has an abomination of all that; everything he is saying is contradicted if you personally worship an individual, or make him into a god. What is important is to listen to what he has to say, share it; not only listen, but actually participate in what he's saying.

We have talked about life, the very complexity of life, the beginning of life. What is life? What is the origin of all this—the marvelous earth, the lovely evening and the early morning sun, the rivers, the valleys, the mountains and the glory of the land which is being despoiled? If you say the origin of all this is 'god', then it's finished; then you can trot along quite happily because you've solved the problem. But if you begin to question, doubt, as one should, all gods, all gurus—I don't belong to that tribe—if you begin to question all that man has put together through a long evolution down the corridors of history, you find this question asked: What is the beginning? What is the origin? How has all this come about? I hope you're asking this question; don't just listen to the speaker, but share it, tear it to pieces. Don't please, accept anything he says. He's not your guru; he's not your leader; he's not your helper. This is the platform, that is the beginning of this talk.

This is a very serious talk, and unless your brain is actually active, one is afraid that you won't be able to follow. It would be useless for you and for the speaker to listen to a lot of words, but if we could together take a very long journey, not in terms of time, not in terms of belief or conclusions or theories, but examine very carefully the way of our lives, fear, uncertainty, insecurity and all the inventions that man has made, including the extraordinary computers—where are we at the end of two million years? Where are we going, not as some theory, not what some wretched book says, however holy it is, but where are we all going? And where have we begun? They're both related to each other: where are we going, where we began. The beginning may be the ending. Don't agree. Find out. There may be no beginning and no ending, and we're going to investigate into that together.

From the beginning of time, right down to the present day, man has always thought in terms of religion. What is religion? Man has always sought something more than this world. Men have worshipped the stars, the suns, the moons and their own creations; there has been tremendous endeavour, effort, energy, spent on ancient temples, mosques and the churches, of course. They have spent tremendous energy on this. What is the spirit of man that has sought something beyond the world, beyond the daily agony; the travail, work, going to the factory, to the office, and climbing the ladder of success, making money, trying to impress people, trying to command? Are you agreeing to this? It is a fact whether you agree or not. They're all seeking power in some form; they want to be at the centre of things—in Delhi, or here, or in other places. They want to be there.

We're asking: What is religion; what has made man give enormous treasures to a temple; what made him do all this? What was the energy that was given to all this? Was it fear? Was it seeking a reward from heaven, or whatever you like to call it? Was seeking a reward the origin? You want a reward; you want something in exchange; you pray three or five times a day and you hope in return that some entity will give you something, from a refrigerator to a car to a better wife, or better husband, or you wait for grace, something that you can hope for, cling to. This has been the history of all religions. God and money are always together; the Catholic Church has tremendous treasures. You have it here, too, in your various temples, puja and worship and all that triviality; all that is really nonsense. We are trying to find out by enquiring very, very deeply what religion is; it is obviously not all this moneymaking stuff. We are asking: What is that, which is nameless, which is the supreme intelligence, which has no relationship with all our prayers, with all our gods, temples, mosques, churches? That's all man-made. Any intelligent man must put all that aside and not become cynical, not become merely sceptical, but have a brain that's really active, a brain that enquires into everything, not only the outside world. Have we got a brain that is enquiring into its own thoughts, into its own consciousness, into its own pains, sufferings, all the rest of it? Have we got such a brain?

Here, we must separate the brain from the mind. The brain is the centre of all our nerves, our knowledge, all our theories, opinions, prejudices; from college, university, all that knowledge is gathered in the skull. All the thoughts, all the fears are there. Is the brain different from the mind? If you seriously pay attention to what the speaker has asked, is there a difference between the brain, your brain, what is inside the skull with all the knowledge you have gathered, not only you, but your forefathers and so on, for two million years, which is all encased in there—is there a difference between that brain and the mind? The brain will always be limited. Don't agree; this is much too serious. And is the mind different from this, from my consciousness, from my daily activities, from my fears, anxieties, uncertainties, sorrow, pain and all the theories which man has gathered about everything? The mind has no relationship with the brain; it can communicate with the brain, but the brain cannot communicate with it. Don't agree, please, that's the last thing to do. The speaker is saying the brain is the keeper of all our consciousness, of our thoughts, of our fears, and so on, and on, and on. All the gods, all the theories about gods and the unbelievers, it's all there. Nobody can dispute that unless he's a little bit odd. This brain, which is conditioned by knowledge, by experience, by tradition, cannot have any communication with the mind which is totally outside the activity of the brain. That mind can communicate with the brain, but the brain cannot communicate with it because the brain can imagine infinitely; the brain can imagine the nameless; the brain can do anything. The mind is too immense because it doesn't belong to you; it's not your mind.

We are going to investigate—together, please bear in mind always together—not only the nature of religion, but also the computer. You know what the computer is? It's a machine; it can program itself. It can bring about its own computer; the father computer has its own son computer which is better than the father. You don't have to accept this; it's public; it's not something secret, so watch it carefully. That computer can do almost anything that man can do. It can make all your gods, all your theories, your rituals; it's even better at it than you will ever be. So, the computer is coming up in the world; it's going to make your brains something different. You've heard of genetic engineering; they're trying, whether you like it or not, to change your whole behaviour. That is genetic engineering. They are trying to change your way of thinking.

When genetic engineering and the computer meet, what are you? As a human being what are you? Your brains are going to be altered. Your way of behaviour is going to be changed. They may remove fear altogether, remove sorrow, remove all your gods. They're going to; don't fool yourself. It all ends up either in war or in death. This is what is happening in the world actually. Genetic engineering on the one side and the computer on the other, and when they meet, as they're inevitably going to, what

are you as a human being? Actually, your brain now is a machine. You are born in India and say: 'I'm an Indian'. You are encased in that. You are a machine. Please don't be insulted. I'm not insulting you. You are a machine which repeats like a computer. Don't imagine there is something divine in you—that would be lovely - something holy that is everlasting. The computer will say that to you too. So, what is becoming of a human being? What's becoming of you?

We have also to enquire—this is a very serious subject, don't agree or disagree, just listen—into what is creation. Not the creation of a baby, that's very simple, or the creation of a new something or other. Invention is totally different from creation. Invention is based on knowledge. The engineers can improve the jet; the movement is based on knowledge and the invention is also based on knowledge. So we must separate invention from creation. This requires your total energy, your capacity to penetrate. Invention is essentially based on knowledge. I improve the clock; I have a new gadget. All invention is based on knowledge, on experience; inventions are inevitably limited because they're based on knowledge. Knowledge being ever limited, inventions must always be limited. In the future there may be no jets, but something else that will go from Delhi to Los Angeles in two hours; that's an invention based on previous knowledge which has been improved step by step, but that's not creation.

So what is creation? So what is life? Life in the tree, life in the little grass—life, not what the scientists invent, but the beginning of life—life, the thing that lives? You may kill it, but it's still there in the other. Don't agree or disagree, but see that we are enquiring into the origin of life. We are going to enquire into the absolute—something that's really marvelous. It's not a reward; you can't take it home and use it.

What is meditation to you? What is meditation? The word, in common language in the dictionary, means: to ponder over, to think over and to concentrate, to learn to concentrate, not let your brain wander all over the place. Is that what you call meditation? Be simple, be honest. That is what? Every day taking a certain period and going to a room and sitting down quietly for ten minutes or half an hour to meditate? Is meditation concentration, thinking about something very noble? Any conscious effort to meditate is part of your discipline of the office, because you say: If I meditate, I'll have a quiet mind, or I'll enter into another state. The word 'meditation' also means to measure, which means compare. So your meditation becomes mechanical because you are exercising energy to concentrate on a picture, an image, or an idea, and that concentration divides. Concentration is always divisive; you want to concentrate on something, but thought wanders off; then you say you mustn't wander off, and you come back. You repeat that all day long, or for half an hour. Then you come off it and say you have meditated. This meditation is advocated by all the gurus, by all the lay disciples. The Christian idea is, 'I believe in God and I'm sacrificing myself to God; therefore, I pray to save my soul.' Is all this meditation? I know nothing about this kind of meditation; it's like an achievement; if I meditate for half an hour, I feel better. Or is there a totally different kind of meditation? Don't accept anything that the speaker says, at any price. The speaker says that that is not meditation at all. That's merely a process of achievement. If one day you have not been able to concentrate, you take a month and say, 'Yes, I've got it.' That's like a clerk becoming a manager. So is there a different kind of meditation which is not effort, which is not measurement, which is not routine, which is not mechanical? Is there a meditation in which there is no sense of comparison, or in which there is no reward and punishment? Is there any meditation which is not based on thought which is measurement, time, and all that?

How can one explain a meditation that has no measurement, that has no achievement, that doesn't say, 'I'm this, but I'll become that'? 'That' being god or superangel. Is there a meditation which has nothing to do with will—an energy that says, 'I must meditate'? Is there a meditation which has nothing to do with effort at all? The speaker says there is. You don't have to accept it. He may be talking nonsense, but he sees logically that the ordinary meditation is self-hypnosis, deceiving oneself.

And, when you stop deceiving, stop all that mechanical process, is there a different kind of meditation? And unfortunately, the speaker says: Yes. But you can't get at it through effort, through giving all your energy to something. It is something that has to be absolutely silent. First of all, begin very humbly, very, very humbly and, therefore, very gently and, therefore, no pushing, driving, saying: 'I must do this'. It requires a tremendous sense not only of aloneness, but a sense of—I mustn't describe it to you. I mustn't describe it because then you'll go off on descriptions. If I describe it, the description is not the real. The description of the moon is not the moon, and a painting of the

Himalayas is not the Himalayas. So, we'll stop describing. It's for you to play with it, or not play with it, going your own way with your own peculiar achievements through meditation, reward and all the rest of it. So, in meditation which is absolutely no effort, no achievement, no thinking, the brain is quiet; not made quiet by will, by intention, by conclusion and all that nonsense; it is quiet. And, being quiet, it has infinite space. Are you waiting for me to explore? And you will follow what I explain? What kind of people are you? So, is your brain ever quiet? I'm asking you. Your brain is thinking, fearing, thinking of your office work, of your family, what they will do, your sons, your daughters; thinking, which is time and thought. Is your brain ever quiet? Not made quiet by drugs, whiskey and various forms of drugging yourself. You drug yourself when you believe. You drug yourself and say: 'Yes, this is perfectly right, the Buddha has said that, therefore it must be right'. You're drugging yourself all the time; therefore, you have no energy of that kind that demands the penetration of something immense.

So, we're now going back to find out what creation is. What is creation? It has nothing to do with invention. So what is creation, the origin, the beginning? What is life? Tell me what you think of it. What is life? Not going to the office and all the rest of it, sex and children, or no children but sex and so on and so on and so on. What is life? What gives life to that blade of grass in the cement? What is life in us? Not all the things that we go through—power, position, prestige, fame, or no fame, but shame; that's not life; that's part of our mishandling of life. But, what is life?

Why are you listening to me? What makes you, if you are listening at all, listen to the man? What is the motive behind your listening? What do you want? What's your desire? Behind the desire there is a motive. So what is desire? Desire is part of sensation, isn't it? I see this beautiful clock or ugly clock; it's a sensation. The seeing brings about a sensation. From that sensation, thought comes and makes an image of it. That is, I see this clock, rather nice, I would like to have it. The sensation of seeing, then thought coming and making an image of that sensation; at that moment, desire is born. It's very simple.

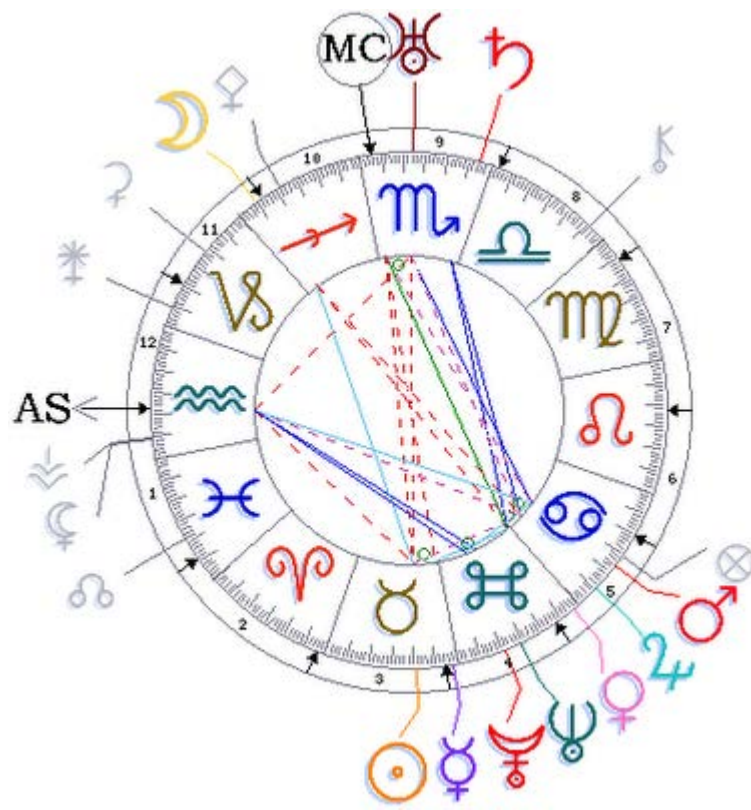
Is there a brain, your brain, which is not muddled up, muddled by environment, by tradition, by society and all the rest of it? So what is the origin of life? Are you waiting for me to answer it? This is much too serious a subject for you to play with, because we are trying to enquire into something that has no name, no end. I can kill that bird; there is another bird. I can't kill all birds; there are too many of them in the world. So, we are enquiring into what makes a bird. What is creation behind all this? Are you waiting for me to describe it, go into it? You want me to go into it? Why...

(From the audience: To understand what creation is.)

Why do you ask that? Because I asked? No description can ever describe the origin. The origin is nameless; the origin is absolutely quiet, it's not whirring about making noise. Creation is something that is most holy, that's the most sacred thing in life, and if you have made a mess of your life, change it. Change it today, not tomorrow. If you are uncertain, find out why and be certain. If your thinking is not straight, think straight, logically. Unless all that is prepared, all that is settled, you can't enter into this world, into the world of creation.

It ends. (These two words are hardly audible, breathed rather than spoken.)

This is the last talk. Do you want to sit together quietly for a while? All right, sirs, sit quietly for a while.



[links](#)





The Question of Mind **U.G. Krishnamurti**

What is there is only the body. So where is mind? If there is a mind, is it separate from or distinct from the activity of the brain? So it is very difficult to deal with the question of mind. You see, we are only familiar with the definitions. What is thinking, and why do we think? These questions arise from the assumption that the thoughts are self-generated and spontaneous, but actually the brain is only a reactor, not a creator. It is very difficult to accept this, because we have for centuries been made to believe, or brainwashed—it is very difficult to accept my statement that there are no thoughts at all.

It is actually a computer, but we are not ready to accept it. For centuries we have been made to believe that there is an entity, that there is an I, that there is a self, that there is a psyche, that there is a mind, and so on.

If you accept the fact—it may not be a fact to you, you may not accept, you will most probably reject it, and most people will not hesitate to reject—that there is no such a thing as a soul, and soul is created by the thinking of man. We have been fed on this kind of bunk for centuries, and the diet, were it to be changed, we would all die of starvation.

If you do not want to think, is there thinking? Wanting and thinking go together, and thought is matter, you see, so you use thought to achieve either material or spiritual goals. But unfortunately, we place the spiritual goals on a higher level, and consider ourselves very superior to those who use thought to achieve material goals. So actually, whether you call it spiritual or material, even the so-called spiritual values are materialistic. So it is matter; thought is matter. And as I said at the very

beginning, thought is not a creator of thought, it is a responding to the stimuli. What is there is only the stimulus and response. Even the fact that there is a response to the stimulus is something which cannot be experienced by us except through the help of thought, which creates a division between the stimulus and response. Actually, the stimulus and response is a unitary moment. You can't even say that there is a sensation; even the so-called sensations we think we're experiencing all the time cannot be experienced by us except through the knowledge we have from the sensations.

What is there is only the knowledge we have of the self, the knowledge that we have gathered, or had passed down to us, from generation to generation. Through the help of this knowledge we create what we call self, and then experience the self as separate from the functioning of this body. So is there such a thing as the self? Is there such a thing as I? For me the only I is the first person singular pronoun. I use "I" to make the conversation simpler, and call you "you," and I "I," but simply what we call I is only a first person singular pronoun.

Other than that, is there any such thing as I? Is there any such thing as the self? Is there any such entity, different from the functioning of this living organism? You see, somewhere along the line of evolution—I can't even make a definitive statement and say there is such a thing as evolution, but we assume and presume that there is such a thing as evolution—somewhere along the line the human species experienced this self-consciousness which doesn't exist in the other species we have on this planet.

You see, the very experience of what we call what separates us from the totality of things, the problem is—and that is what I want to emphasize—that the whole of nature is a single unit. Man cannot separate himself from the totality of what we call nature. Unfortunately, through the help of this self-consciousness which occurred somewhere along the line, he accorded himself a superior place and placed himself on a higher level, and treated himself, and we still continue to treat ourselves, as superior to the other species of life that we have on this planet. That is the reason why we have created this disharmony; that is why we have created these tremendous problems, ecological problems and other problems. Actually, man, or whatever you want to call him, cannot be separated from the totality of nature. That is where we have created one of the greatest blunders, and that unfortunately is the tragedy of man.

But we are not ready to accept the fact that there is no problem. Actually, there is no problem, but we have only solutions offered to us, and we accept the solutions offered to us by those whom we consider to be in possession of the truth, in possession of the wisdom. And those solutions do not help us to solve the problems at all, you see. So we replace one solution with another solution. The problem is the solution, and the solution has not helped us to solve the non-existent problem. So actually, it is the solution that has created the problem, and we are not ready to throw the solution out of the window, because we have tremendous confidence in those who have offered these solutions as the things that will free us from the problems that the solution has created for us.

What I'm trying to suggest is that there is no such thing as your mind and my mind. For purposes of convenience, and for want of a better and more adequate word, I can use the world mind. The world mind is the totality of man's thoughts, feelings, and experiences passed down to us.

The world mind has created you and me, for the sole, main purpose of maintaining its status quo, its continuity. That world mind, if I may use that word, is a self-perpetuating one, and its only interest is to maintain its continuity. It can maintain its continuity only through the creation of what we call the individual minds—your mind and my mind. So without the help of that knowledge, you have no way of experiencing yourself as an entity. You see, this so-called entity—the I, the self, the soul, the psyche, or whatever word you want to use—is created by that, and through the help of that you will be able to experience these things, and so we are caught up in this vicious circle, that the knowledge gives you the experience, and the experience strengthens and fortifies that knowledge.

But is it possible for you—let alone the mind, or the entity, or the I, or the self, or the soul, or whatever you want to call it—to experience your body as a body, without the help of that knowledge? For example, you look at your hand, and is this hand yours? First of all, the hand, is it created by the knowledge you have of that?

We have only these senses. The sensory perceptions do not say that this is a hand. The knowledge that we have tells us that this is a hand, and that this is your hand and not my hand.

You don't even look at this hand. You have no way of looking at it, you see, except through the knowledge you have of this hand. This knowledge is put into us during the course of our life. When you play with a child, you tell him, "Show me your hand, show me your nose, show me your teeth, show me your face. What is your name?" This is how we build up the identity of the individual's relationship with his hand, with his nose, with his eyes, and with the world around, you see. So do we look at anything—you see, this so-called looking is a blurry experience of yours, but you have no way of looking at anything at all except with the knowledge. So it is necessary for us to have that knowledge, otherwise it is not possible for us to function sanely and intelligently. It helps us to function sanely and intelligently, and we have to accept the reality of the world as it is imposed on us. Otherwise we have no way of functioning sanely and intelligently; we will end up in the loony bin, singing merry melodies and loony tunes. So it is very essential for us to accept the reality of the world as it is imposed on us by culture, by society, or whatever you want to call it, and leave it at that, and treat it as functional in value, and it cannot help us to experience the reality of anything.

That is an assumption on our part, that there is a mind, you see. As I said before, the totality of your experiences, feelings, thoughts—is there any such thing as a totality of thoughts, feelings, and experiences? We assume that there is a totality of thoughts, feelings, and experiences. Are there thoughts? Even that I question. There are no thoughts, but what is there is only the activity about thoughts. What we call thinking is only a dialectical thinking about thinking itself. We use thoughts, the nonexistent thoughts, to achieve a goal, to accomplish, to attain a goal; whether it is material or spiritual, it really doesn't matter. So we need this to achieve our goals. So if you don't want a thing, there is no thinking at all. Whether you want this material goal or spiritual goal, or whether you want to be an enlightened man, or a god-man, or whether you want to run away with the most beautiful girl living next door to you, the society may condemn such a thing, but basically the instrument which you use to achieve your goal and act to achieve your goal is only through the help of thought. Otherwise any thought that is born out of that creates misery for you, because any thought that is born out of thought is destructive in its nature, because it is interested in protecting itself.

Thought is a protective mechanism. It isolates you from the totality of nature, which cannot be separated from you. So the difficulty here is that it is impossible for you to accept that you are not separate from the totality of things, you see, what you call nature—that every form of life is also part of this nature. When I use the word nature, I use it in the general sense; it's not that I have a general insight into nature that others don't have. You are not separate from nature; nature means the world around you. All the species that we have on this planet are integral parts of what we call nature; it cannot be separated from that. But unfortunately, through our thinking we have succeeded in separating ourselves, and through the help of this knowledge we continue to maintain the continuity of the knowledge, and that is the reason why we have invented all this integrity—becoming one with nature, and all that kind of thing—and we are not going to succeed, because we don't understand and realize that what it is that separates you from the totality of things is the thought. And the thought cannot be used to bring about an integral unity. Basically, we are all integrally united, and unfortunately, through our thinking, we have separated ourselves, and we are acting from this point of separateness, and it is this that is responsible for the chaos in your personal life, for the chaos in the world around you.

Even the thought we are talking about is created by the knowledge that is given to us. So the thought is a self-perpetuating mechanism. And when I use the word self, I don't use it in the sense used by the philosophers and metaphysicians—like a self-starter.

Perpetuation—the body is not interested in that at all. The actions of the body are responses to the stimuli, and it has no separate, independent existence of its own. Unfortunately, time is the one that has created the beginning and the end, and it is interested in permanence, whereas the functioning of the body is immortal in its own way, because it has no beginning, it is not born, so it has no death, you see. So there is a death to the thought, but not to the body. I don't know if I make myself clear.

You see, it does not want to come to an end. It is interested in creating an artificial immortality—an entity, soul, self, whatever you want to call it. It knows in a way that it is coming to an end somewhere along the line, and its survival, its continuity, its status quo depends upon the continuity of the body. But body is not in any way involved with the thought, because it has no beginning, it has no end. It is the thought that has created the two points—this is the birth and that is the death, you see.

So we do not want the fear to come to an end, because the end of the fear is the end of the thought. If the thought comes to an end, the body drops dead there. What is left after that is something the body does not know. For you I am alive and not dead, because you hear I am responding to your questions, I am answering to your questions. But there is nobody who is talking.

There is nobody who is talking, but there is only talking. This is like a tape recorder, you see, and you are playing with the tape recorder for your own reasons, and whatever comes out of that is what you want to hear from this tape recorder.

You see, one of these days the scientists will have to come to the terms that their quest to find out what they call the fundamental particle—they don't realize that the fundamental particles does not exist, and they are not ready to accept that. Then once they come to terms with that, and accept that there is no such thing as a fundamental particle, and that there is no such thing as the great big bang, whatever they call it—it is an exercise in futility. They will continue to dabble with that, you see, to find out answers for the question only for their Nobel Prize.

But that has no beginning and no end; this is all that I am emphasizing. So since the body is not born, so it has no end.

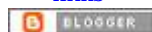
It is the thought that has created the body, and established a point and says it's born here, and is going to end there. So it is the thought that has created the time factor.

We don't know the beginnings of it, you see. So the whole concept of the creator is redundant. We are caught up in the field of logical thinking, and that there is no beginning, that there is no end, is something which shatters the whole fabric, the foundation of our logical thinking. So we are not ready to accept that at all.

This body, you talk as if it is separate from the totality of the universe or totality of nature, or whatever you want to call it. It is the thought that has created the body, a separate entity, and tells that this has a beginning, this has an end. You see, this is the end that is the beginning. You see, it has created the space. Thought creates the space, thought creates the time. So it cannot conceive the possibility of anything outside the field of space and touch. Actually, the thought is the one that has created the space and experiences the space, but actually there is no such thing as space at all. What is there is a space-time-energy continuum, which is a continuum, but it has no end. You see, the thought cannot conceive of the possibility of a movement without a beginning and without this point where it is going to arrive someday or sometime. So there is the problem of the thought; its actions are limited to its perpetuation, its continuity, its permanence. But anything it says about anything—it tries to talk about, deal with, or experience the body—it cannot, because living thought is something dead.

The prison also is created by the thought, and that is the reason why it is trying to get out of that trap it has created by itself. You know, there is a simile given in one of the scriptures in India. The dog picks up a bone, a dry bone, there is nothing there, and then it bites, and the bone hurts the gums, and the blood comes out of it. And the dog believes—imagines, experiences, feels, whatever word you want to use—that the blood which is coming out of its own gums is from the bone. So that is the kind of trap in which the whole structure of thinking is caught up, and tries all the time to get out of that, the trap it has created.

[links](#)





U.G.—An Enigma Brahmachari Sivarama Sarma

Brahmachari Sivarama Sarma was once a professor of Chemical Engineering at the Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore, India. He joined the Indian Administrative Service in the Nehru administration as Chief Engineer in the Sindhri Fertilizer Factory and resigned the job when Nehru pressured him to go to Russia. He then dedicated himself to spiritual pursuits under the guidance of the Sankaracharya of Kudli Math in Karnataka, who subsequently chose him as his successor. But factional intrigue prevented him from accession to the seat (*pitha*= "seat" of religious authority).

The Naiyayikas (followers of one of the six orthodox systems of Indian Philosophy which specializes in logic and theory of knowledge) have declared that knowledge of the sixteen fundamental categories propounded by them would lead one to moksha. The scientists have vouchsafed that the knowledge of nature and the discovery of its mysteries will lead one to final and total happiness.

Both the claims have been negated by an 'experience' which is intellectual and conceptual and is pushing mankind toward total annihilation. Here comes a man called U.G. who knows something of our Shastras but condemns them outright.

Who is this U.G.? What does he stand for? What are the principles of his teaching? What are his ideas? What is the meaning of his roaming around the world twice a year spending thousands of dollars on air travels and moving from continent to continent like a migratory bird?

In spite of my contact with U.G. for two decades, I am unable to make out exactly what he stands for. I am unable to place him either as a 'sage' or as a 'saint', much less a social reformer.

U.G. doesn't give public lectures, nor does he belong to any institution. But people go to see him wherever he is and flock around him discussing all sorts of things 'from disease to divinity' (as he himself would put it), including sex, morality, politics, and corruption.

He shuns religious persons, ridicules social reformers, condemns saints, speaks with disgust about

sadhakas (spiritual aspirants), detests the chanting of the Vedas or the recitation of the Upanishads, and is full of rage when one speaks of Shankara or Buddha. He becomes furious of the very mention of Sai Baba or Rajneesh. The height of his rage could only be seen when 'J. Krishnamurti freaks' approach him.

He doesn't give any solution to any of the problems raised and avoids questions on 'enlightenment'. Whenever he gets entangled in a controversy he says, "It is so. Take it or leave it." Whenever he is confronted with arguments he becomes violent and says, "Who asked you to come here? You may get up and go. That's fine with me."

U.G. is a good conversationalist. He can speak confidently on any topic, be it economics, politics, history, or geography. He gives the impression of being a jack of all trades. He has studied a bit of Vedanta and is quite an expert in misquoting the passages from the Upanishads to suit his argument. When he is questioned about the authenticity of his statements he lashes out saying, "What I say has an authority of its own." Isn't it an egotistic attitude to make such claims, as if he is a sage or God?

He is against morality, but refrains from preaching immorality. He gets wild when somebody speaks of honesty, though he is not dishonest himself. He is a bundle of contradictions. His statements are devastating. His ideas are shocking. His expressions are bewildering. His utterances are irritating.

Yet, I am pulled toward such a person! Is it my weakness? No. Or is it because of my passivity or cowardice, or incapacity to stand on my own? No. Not at all. Then what? I don't know! I don't give a tuppence for what he says on matters religious, much less his teaching. Yet, there is something in him that drags me to him.

He is like a machine gun shooting anything that moves in its vicinity. We only seem to be supplying the bullets.

What a tragic situation! Is this 'hero worship' on my part? Am I idolizing? No. Certainly not. Am I then foolish or stupid? Am I such a gullible fellow, a fainthearted chicken? Is it the pusillanimity in me? Oh, man! Answer your conscience, if you have any left of your own. What avail is all your holy associations, your japa (worship) and the like, if you still hang around him in spite of your distaste toward his way of life and teaching?

Yes. These are the questions I often posed to myself. I found no answers. I made up my mind not to think about him any more; nor bother to visit him. And yet, the moment he is anywhere near Bangalore my nerves reverberate! I become restless and find no peace till I run to him. Why? Why? Why?

There is yet another aspect of U.G.'s life, a totally different side of this man. He is very simple and behaves like a child. He acts meticulously and doesn't make a mess of things. Whenever a new visitor comes he receives him with all kindness and courtesies. When people are in difficulties, he helps them to come out of their troubles. Yet he says he has no 'bleeding heart'.

He is at his best when he explains the chemical changes that have taken place in his body.

What have I gained in my twenty years of association with him? As a result of my contact with him my attachment to gurus and sannyasins has faded away. I have lost all my interest in visiting temples and sannyasins. Havanas and homas which I was regularly performing have dropped away. I felt and still feel that dropping them, however, is not the be-all and end-all of existence.

Is it possible to reject totally whatever he is saying and go your own way? Impossible. At the same time, is it possible to swallow all that gibberish that he throws at you? That is out of the question. That is my predicament!

But then when someone asks, "Who is this U.G. whom you are talking about?" what answer can I give? Is he an enigma? Yes. It is impossible to gauge him. The gurus and godmen we have in our midst today are no match to him. He is unique in every way. He is an undaunted spirit. He is a daring and fearless person.

Hearing him is one thing and being with him is altogether different. Meet him. Listen to him and you

will yourself know what I am talking about. Don't bother about what he says. Don't try to know "that which is beyond words." If you attempt to do so, you may "land up in the loony bin singing loony tunes and merry melodies," to use his own expression. Or to put it also in his own words: "You may have to go and hang yourself on the tallest tree with the longest rope."

This much is certain. You will not be the same after meeting him. You will start questioning your own actions—their validity and their usefulness. This is the help that he renders. He puts you on your path in a subliminal way and removes the cloak which you put on, trying to be what you are not. That's the sort of help you get from him.

[links](#)





Parveen Babi on U.G.

I must state a few facts about U.G. Krishnamurti here, because it is impossible to understand my case without knowing a little bit about U.G. and the facts of his enlightenment. The only word, which aptly describes U.G., is 'perfect' human being.

U.G. is the most perfect human being I have met in my life and in the world. There is nothing apparently extraordinary about him. It is when you spend some time with him that you see the perfection operating. I have lived and traveled with U.G. and after being with him for a substantial period of time I realized that U.G. treats human beings as human beings—as the human beings should be treated: with respect, consideration, understanding, and compassion. I also realized that he treats everybody as his equal, whether the person is younger, poorer, richer or older. We all treat people as relations—either above us or below us—we do not treat people as our equals. U.G. treats people not as relations but as human beings, and as his equals. I had never known or experienced anybody treating human beings this way. I saw and experienced U.G. treat human beings with the respect and dignity human beings deserve. U.G. also treats each person as one needs to be treated.

Every act which U.G. performs is the right act—the act which is morally right, ethically right, circumstantially right, right for the other people, and right for himself. This behavior comes naturally to U.G. He does not make deliberate effort to act this way. Nor is his behavior accompanied by the feeling that he is a special person, that his behavior is special and that he is doing people a favor by treating them with respect and dignity. This behavior is so natural and so unselfconscious that most people do not even recognize and notice that his behavior is perfect and that they are being treated in a very special way. Most people who come in contact with him do not even recognize these very special qualities about him. Not everybody can recognize perfection. To recognize perfection one has to have its germ in oneself.

U.G. does not function according to the society's convenient definition of morality and ethics. He functions according to real morality and real ethics. In society we appoint morals and ethics according to our convenience. The real morality and ethics are not born out of convenience, they are born out of conscience. There is only one right thing, moral thing, and ethical thing, and every human being's conscience knows it.

Another most special quality of U.G. is that he never uses people for his personal gain. I have never seen him use people or take advantage of people. He does have social relationships of give and take,

to be able to exist and function in the world, but he usually gives back much more than he receives. U.G.'s giving is the purest kind of giving. He gives without expecting anything back in return. He does not even expect gratitude. He gives because he feels like giving, because you deserve it, or because you need it. He gives so silently and so selflessly that often times even the receiver does not realize that he has received. Often times he gives hurting his own interest. For instance, if it is good for the person to be told something which may make the person hate him, he goes ahead and tells it at the risk of losing the person's love, respect and friendship. If he feels it is necessary to state the bitter truth for the person's good, he states it. He can state the bitter truth because he does not mind losing the person's friendship if it helps the person.

When U.G. advises an individual—and he rarely does—he advises the individual what is in the interest of the individual alone. For instance, if he is a friend of a couple, and if he is advising the wife, he would advise her what is best for her even if it is contrary to the husband's interest. U.G. advises the individuals treating them as individuals, advising what is best for the individual alone. At the same time if he advises the husband, he would advise him what is best in his interest, even if it is contrary to wife's interest. U.G. is able to do this because he has no self-interest in anybody. He wants nothing from anybody; not even their friendship.

While advising an individual he wants nothing more than what is best for the individual. This is the right, the purest and the best kind of advice. I have never seen anybody in the world risk their friendship and advise the individual what is truly best for the individual. This is another special and rare quality in U.G.

U.G. does not care what the world thinks or says about him. If it is the right thing to do, he will do it. The right thing being morally, ethically and circumstantially the right thing; a thing right for others and for himself.

There is nothing apparently extraordinary about his behavior, but for those who understand it, it is clear that it is the most special and extraordinary behavior. The only word that fits U.G.'s behavior is 'Perfect', and 'Perfection'. U.G.'s behavior is the perfection functioning in day-to-day life and reality. U.G.'s behavior is the most moral, the most ethical and the most spiritual and the most humane behavior in the truest sense of these words. U.G. behaves not according to a pattern, a set of rules, or norms; he behaves responding to each particular situation in the way the situation demands. According to him, each situation is different because each situation contains different elements—no two situations are exactly the same even if they appear so, and therefore each situation demands unique and different treatment.

I have never seen U.G. take advantage of anybody, cheat anybody, mislead anybody, use anybody or take advantage of a person or situation for his personal gain even in the most insignificant way. Apart from U.G., I am afraid I cannot say this of anybody else I have come across in the world.

U.G. talks about the extraordinary 'Energy' he possesses and the extraordinary experience he has gone through. At the age of forty-nine he went through a physiological process which destroyed every cell in his body. At the end of this process he died clinically and was brought back to life. U.G. talks about this process of enlightenment not in spiritual terms, but in physiological terms, demystifying the whole process as much as possible. He explains that the state, which this process has brought him into, is mistakenly termed by all the religious, mystical and spiritual scriptures as the Enlightenment. He states that the energy which has brought him into this state is acausal, that there is no reason why this energy chooses to strike a certain individual.

U.G. states that this energy is like the lightning, it strikes any person without a reason. According to U.G., there is no way of inviting this energy or preparing for this energy through any meditation, prayer, discipline, spiritual or religious practices. Once this energy hits you it transforms every cell in your body transforming you completely and forever. According to U.G., such a person is an 'offshoot mutant' in the process of human evolution; such a person is much more evolved than the rest of the human race. U.G. demystifies the entire concept and process of enlightenment, explaining it in physiological, clinical and scientific terms.

To the people who come to see him and talk with—most of whom come wanting and seeking enlightenment—his advice is that it is not possible for anybody to get it by any means; therefore to stop wasting their lives searching for enlightenment; and to make money and lead a happy,

comfortable, and well-adjusted life in the society.

As far as this energy of enlightenment is concerned U.G. states that there is NOTHING in the universe that this energy cannot do, that this energy can perform any miracle. U.G. states that this energy is supposed to be all knowing, all seeing, omnipresent, omnipotent and supremely intelligent. The man who possesses this energy has no will left to use this energy for any purpose. If anybody is to benefit from this energy that individual has to draw it out of the person who possesses it, by having faith in it, or by being deserving. The possessor of this energy becomes capable of feeling other person's thoughts. Such a person becomes so sensitive that he can feel the electromagnetic impulses which are other people's thoughts but he never bothers to decode them.

U.G. is the possessor of this extraordinary energy and a person who has gone through the most extraordinary physiological mutation process ever in the world in recent times. But there is nothing apparently extraordinary about him. He is and he looks like any other ordinary human being and he behaves like an ordinary person. He states that the thought that he is different from anybody never enters his mind, and his behavior proves it. He behaves like any ordinary man of today's times, wearing ordinary attire—pants, shirts, sweaters—and when in India the Indian attire—living like any ordinary man of today's times—going to the grocery stores, performing chores of day to day living, watching television, socializing with friends—living the most ordinary day-to-day existence. There is nothing obvious about him to betray the fact that he is the possessor of this extraordinary Energy and that he is the most extraordinary human being alive in the world today. If he was standing next to you at the bus stop, you would never know that he is the possessor of this extraordinary Energy.

Even though he is a man who is in a state called 'Enlightenment'—which is a state associated with spiritualism—there is nothing "spiritual" about him in the sense with which the word 'spiritual' is associated with in the west today. Today in the west, the terms 'spiritual and spiritualism' conjure up images of gurus such as Rajneesh—the men with flowing robes and beard claiming to be Gods or saviors of mankind.

U.G. is a thoroughly modern, secular, educated man—a man aware of everything in today's world and a man who is able to communicate in today's language. His state of enlightenment functions in the way he makes decisions and acts, in the way he treats situations, in the way he treats people, not in the way of placing his hand over somebody's head and screaming, "Heal..." or materializing watches. The enlightenment is supposed to be Perfection. In U.G.'s case the perfection functions and makes it self-evident in day-to-day acts of treating people and treating situations which is what day-to-day life consists of, which is what the entire life consists of. U.G.'s perfection functions in everything he does. But not many people recognize this perfection.

U.G.'s situation is like that of an elephant and the blind men. U.G. is like the elephant and the people who come across him are the people with insufficient perception. People perceive and interpret his behavior according to their own ability. Most are unable to perceive all of him; most are able to only perceive parts of him and interpret them according to their sensibility—unfortunately most of the times incorrectly.

U.G. spends six summer months in Gstaad, Switzerland and the rest of the year traveling between Europe, India and United States. U.G. travels to be able to come in contact with as many people as possible. U.G. is aware that he is the possessor of this extraordinary Energy and he must share himself with as many people as possible, making them aware of this Energy and in the process helping whoever comes in contact with him in whatever manner he can. Though U.G. flatly denies that his motive is to help anybody—I have seen every person who comes to him in good faith benefit from his person in some way.

U.G. keeps his door open to anybody who wishes to see him any time of the day or night. He makes himself available to anybody anytime of the day and night, and answers any question they ask him about himself and the Enlightenment. Most people come to see him after hearing about him through friends; through the word of mouth. Unlike most individuals, U.G. does not have two lives and two personas—one personal and one public. U.G. is the same in private and in public, in fact he has no private life. He has nothing to hide. Whatever he is, is all there out in open for people to see all twenty-four hours of the day.

U.G. does not ask or accept money from anybody who comes to see him. U.G. is financially supported

by one of his friends, Mme. De Kerven. When he was going through the physiological process and was at the end of his financial resources in Switzerland, he had come across this Swiss lady Mme. Valentine de Kerven, who had offered to help and support him financially. Since that time, Mme. Valentine de Kerven has supported him financially. U.G. has never made secret of the fact that he is financially supported by Mme. Valentine.

Mme. Valentine is not rich. She is much older than U.G. and a retiree. She has a small amount of her pension funds invested and she and U.G. live on this income. They lead a very simple life.

The question may arise as to why did U.G.'s Energy help me. I believe the supreme Energy helped me because I deserved its help; firstly because I was in a situation in which no human being or any worldly factor could have helped me. Secondly I was deserving because I was totally innocent. And the third reason is because I believed in this supreme Energy. I had heard about this Energy from J. Krishnamurti, I had read about it in our Indian scriptures, and I had heard about it from U.G. I had no proof that the people who claimed that they possessed this Energy really did possess, but I had genuinely believed in the 'possibility' of this Energy.

Most people in the world do not really believe in the possibility of such Energy. I had believed in the possibility of this Energy—I had displayed faith towards this Energy and all the positive things it represented by believing in its possibility. I believe therefore, this Energy rewarded me for my belief and faith in it.

I have written all this only to offer in some way the proof of the fact that U.G. is the Enlightened one. Besides personally experiencing the miracles of the extraordinary Energy he possesses, the only other proof of his Enlightenment is his behavior in day-to-day life. Since I cannot offer the experience of his Energy to anybody, all I can offer as proof is the description and example of his perfect behavior.

[links](#)





The Confessions of Parveen Babi

Parveen Babi has always been unpredictable. In her life. In her loves. In almost anything she has done.

Her career in films brought her runaway success. It also brought her terrifying loneliness, and an anguish that haunted her and left her life in shambles. The emptiness and despair brought her to the brink of madness, again and again.

She tried to opt out several times. And each time she failed. She returned to films, to ride wave after wave of success. Cruel success. Success that brought her greater suffering, greater loneliness.

And then, some months back, she suddenly vanished from the scene. No one knew where she had gone. Rumours were rife about another mental breakdown after seeing Mahesh Bhatt's Arth, the film based on their relationship. Others said she had gone off with U.G. Krishnamurti, the latest guru on the booming religion circuit. Producers are going broke waiting for her. The industry is scared. Will she ever come back?

In this fascinating autobiographical piece, Parveen Babi breaks her silence. In her quite, superbly-written style, she explains what went wrong and why. What the future holds in store for her. The way she wants to live her life.

Over to Parveen Babi.

For the past six years the famous Indian actress, Parveen Babi has been struggling with problems, decisions, and personal crises, heretofore reported solely by way of speculation and gossip. What follows is her own first-hand account of her life during these trying years, which she calls a fragment of my life.

In writing this heart-felt self-expose, Parveen Babi also puts to rest many of the absurd and ill-informed rumours regarding her close friend, confidant, mentor, and traveling companion, U.G. Krishnamurti. One clearly senses the forceful, though mysteriously benign influence this enigmatic, infuriating and unconventional man has had upon her and her welcomed recovery.

By now everything that is conceivable must have been written and said about Parveen Babi. Gossip,

speculations and may be even accusations galore. Under these circumstances there is just one person who can clarify everything once and for all. Parveen Babi herself and that is precisely what she is doing.

Yes, I am she, and I am going to once and for all clarify the entire situation as best as I can.

On July 30th, 1983, I boarded a flight out of the country, leaving behind my home, my family, my friends, my career, my country, my everything! Why?

I arrived in Switzerland via London to be with a person called U.G. Krishnamurti. Again, why? Who is this person? What is my relationship with him? These are a few questions everybody must ask and I am going to answer them. But before I begin, let me make one thing very clear—I am not playing 'hooky' from work for my personal pleasure. My intention never was and never will be to in any manner to harm or hurt the film industry in general, or any of my producers in particular.

To understand my actions you will have to first understand the events of my life over the past few years. More important, you will have to understand this man called U.G. Krishnamurti, as I understand him. He has in the last few years played such an important part in my life that it would be impossible to talk about my life without talking about him.

In the year 1978, in Bombay, I walked into somebody's middle-class, suburban living room to meet U.G. Krishnamurti. I was at the time already an upcoming star of the Hindi film industry. I had already appeared on the prestigious Time magazine cover and deeply in love with the dashing actor, Kabir Bedi. In spite of having practically everything going for me in life, I constantly suffered from a feeling of dissatisfaction. Disillusionment with existing reality ...is what had taken me to the famous philosopher, J. Krishnamurti and had now brought me to the doorstep of U.G. Krishnamurti. This was part of my spiritual search.

Kabir and I first heard about U.G. Krishnamurti from a director friend, Mahesh Bhatt, who referred to him as the 'Second Krishnamurti', and described him as 'a mind blowing guy'. It was he who took us both to meet U.G. Krishnamurti that particular afternoon.

The 'mind blowing guy' turned out to be a small, simple, mild mannered man in loose-fitting kurta and pyjamas. He was accompanied by an old European lady with exceptionally bright eyes. She was introduced to us as Valentine de Kervan from Switzerland. Our friend Mahesh told us she 'looked after' U.G. Krishnamurti. There was nothing seemingly extraordinary about this man. He looked and behaved like any other ordinary man on the street. Yet, when Valentine handed us a copy of his biography, the events of this man's life defied all the known, logical, psychological, physical and scientific conventions. It talked about the physical transformation he had gone through in this forty-ninth year, when 'each cell in the body exploded', when he actually died 'a clinical, physical death', and was brought back to life by a phone call from a friend. He called these events 'the calamity'. I interpreted it as the attainment of enlightenment. My interpretation was based on the reading I had done of the similar events described in various books of J. Krishnamurti.

We asked U.G. about what happened to him after the calamity, about his present state. Was he functioning differently now? He said that 'the calamity' had wiped out everything—his entire past. Through a complete physical and biological transformation he was freed from time. The change took place not because of what he had or had not done but in spite of what he had or had not done. After the physical transformation, he fell into what he calls 'the natural state'—a computer-like, animal-like state of being—a constant state of wonder.

He had to relearn everything like a two-year-old child, which he did with the help of the Valentine. In the 'natural state' he said the thoughts are there, only there is nothing linking them together and giving them continuity and perpetuity. The more I heard, the more I believed that I was meeting the second enlightened man in my life, the first being J.K. of course!

Our conversations invariably drifted to J.K.—we were all J.K. regulars and admirers and we had heard that U.G. at one time had associated with the Theosophical Society and J.K., and that later in life he had broken the association walked out on both.

Now, by the very mention of J.K.'s name U.G. flew into a near rage. He blasted J.K.'s teachings. "He

sits there and throws empty words and phrases at you,” and even went a step further to call him a ‘phoney’! U.G.’s extreme views on J.K. made me uncomfortable and offended the J.K. loyalist in me. But in spite of it all I liked this man. There was so much else that was nice and warm and pleasant about him that I could not walk out and forget him. In any case I thought both U.G. and J.K. were talking about the same things—a complete transformation of one’s being—in their own different ways. I was not ready to believe that J.K. was a ‘phoney’. On the other hand, there was a possibility that U.G. himself was one: a crook, a hoax—how was I to know? I had no apparatus to give either of them an ‘enlightenment test’; I had absolutely no way of finding out.

We discussed ‘love’ in man-woman relationship. I needed desperately to believe in it. I was up to my nose in love with Kabir. I don’t remember U.G.’s exact reply to the question of love, but I do remember it was neither comforting nor reassuring. It was quite the contrary—it was the truth I did not want to face.

After spending about two hours with him, Kabir and I took our leave. U.G. stood on the balcony waving goodbye. As we were getting into the car, U.G. observed to Mahesh standing beside him that my relationship with Kabir will not survive.

My relationship with Kabir did not survive. Though I gave all I had to keep my relationship with him from breaking. It broke. And so did I—may be a little, from inside.

At my next meeting with U.G. I found myself indirectly playing hostess to him and Valentine in Bombay. The friend with whom they used to stay had sold his house and now they had no home in Bombay. I arranged, for them, a small apartment in Juhu, and tried in my own way to make their stay comfortable.

A lot had happened in my life since my first meeting with U.G. I had left my film career for my love, Kabir, and had gone to live with him in Europe. Kabir in the meanwhile had fallen in love with his career and things had started to go wrong between us.

I had returned to India and to the film industry. For the first time in my life I had realized that I was on my own, alone, to fend, defend and provide for my self. I had also realized that money, as a means to survival, is one of the most important things in the world, and I was going to earn it. I had started working hard, had become a disciplined professional, had even become ambitious (an emotion I had always denounced and kept away from). The breakup with Kabir had been in many ways a turning point in my life.

In old friend, Mahesh Bhatt, I had found a comforting new love and companionship.

I was at this point in my life with U.G. Sitting in the apartment at Juhu, he playfully looked at the palm of my hand and said, “there is going to be another break in your career”. God! That’s all I needed now! I needed another break in my career like I needed a hole in my head! I was still struggling to recover what I had lost when I had walked out on my career to follow Kabir. I asked him if it was a mystical, clairvoyant prediction. He said it was ‘only an educated guess’. Though I could not conceive any such possibility, his educated guess disturbed me. My career was the center of my existence, it was all I had and I didn’t want to lose it. I said to myself—it was impossible! I was working hard, working well. I had 20 films on hand, enough work to occupy me for next five years. Producers were happy with me, audiences liked me—so why would there be a break? I didn’t need it—I didn’t want it and I was determined not to have it. I examined every logical, rational possibility—the future of my career looked sound. The only two things I didn’t think of were death or crippling ill health, but then the possibilities of such things don’t come into the head of a 25-year-old, perfectly healthy, fairly successful, glamorous movie star. These two things happen only to the others!

This time Mahesh and I spent a lot of time with U.G. in the Juhu apartment. I was genuinely curious to know more about this man, whom I thought to be enlightened. Was he really? What was his life—public and private? Did he have a sex life? Did he have any powers? What was his relationship with Mme Valentine?

Whenever I had time I found myself in U.G.’s company. I didn’t ask any questions, but I listened a lot. Most of what he said was beyond comprehension for me. But what little I did understand and agree with was this: He hated the term ‘enlightenment’. He said there was no such thing as

enlightenment as it has been described in the holy Scriptures and by numerous spiritual mystics and sages. The idea of enlightenment being a state of bliss and beauty was false. The state he was in was a state of perpetual physical discomfort and pain—not bliss. He seemed bent upon taking the poetic and the lyrical out of enlightenment, which is what attracted so many people to the concept. He equally hated the terms pure, unconditional love and compassion—he said nobody who talked about it knew anything about it either.

His main message of purpose seemed to be to dissuade people from their search for the utopian concept of the state of enlightenment. He said nobody was going to find it, because that state of being does not exist. The natural state in which he himself had stumbled could not be attained or achieved through any conscious effort, religious practice or spiritual discipline. Its nature was 'acausal', and it could happen to anybody—it would happen regardless of anything. His favourite phrase was, 'You can kill the newborn baby or your next door neighbour and you would still have as much, even more, of a chance of stumbling into your natural state than, say, a yogi, who has spent all his time praying and practicing the spiritual path.'

With the understanding of this, my personal spiritual search ended. I started visiting U.G. more on a friendly social level, and not with the hope of getting somewhere spiritually. The pretentiousness of compassion dropped away and I became a little more myself.

I often heard him tell people that there is only this world. This is the reality and the only reality. So stop chasing enlightenment and get on with your work, family and daily lives.

I was also beginning to see the basic difference between what U.G. was saying and what J.K. was saying. J.K. indirectly, subtly gave hope of attaining something different, something better, than the existing reality. He talked about 'radical change' through 'awareness'—U.G. gave no hope whatsoever, and promised nothing better to anybody. After grasping a bit of what U.G. was saying, I could not go back to listen to J.K. again. At the same time I could not brush him aside completely, with authority, as did U.G.

As far as his lifestyle was concerned, the first thing I realized was that, unlike all of us, he was only one person. We all lead two lives simultaneously, private and public. We are almost two different people in private and public. This duality is missing in his life. Except for closing the toilet door, for the sake of decency, he seemed to have nothing to hide from anybody, anytime.

Unlike other spiritual leaders and holy men, he had no closely guarded inner sanctum. In the Juhu apartment he gave the only bedroom to Valentine and he himself slept out on the balcony. His clothes lacked the glamour of flowing white robes usually associated with spiritual personalities. Rather than trying to look different from the rest of the world, U.G.'s constant effort and obsession seemed to be to function like an ordinary man in this world. He often said, "If there is anything to this 'natural state' it has to function in this world, in day to day life, not away from it in some cave."

While he stayed in the Juhu apartment I observed his routine. He rose early in the morning, went for a walk, had his breakfast, and usually received people who dropped in. All kinds of people came, actors, writers, businessmen, film directors, producers, hippies, religious buffs, westerners, followers of various other gurus. A maximum were J.K. followers. U.G. attracted them like a magnet—he called them J.K. freaks.

There was also a gentleman who called himself 'Ambassador of God'. He wore shirts embroidered with his title and messages of love and peace. It was truly a democratic congregation. Unlike other gurus I knew of who granted specific private audiences to the rich and famous, I observed that U.G. truly didn't make any distinction, especially between rich and poor, or celebrities and nobodies. He was available to all at any time of the day or night. His special advice to Valentine was never to turn anybody away from his doorstep, irrespective of time or his own personal circumstance. He always dropped his personal chores and attended to whoever came to see him.

He sat there day after day. Ten, maybe 12 hours, talking with people. He spoke relentlessly and with tremendous certainty and authority.

About sex, he said, referring to himself, "Such an individual is incapable of the physical act of sex or reproduction." What about powers? Did he possess any? Well, a friend tried to record his

conversation and the tapes ran blank. Lots of people got cheap thrills thinking it was a miracle. U.G. personally attributed it to mechanical failure, and I agreed with him.

U.G. did not possess any money or property anywhere in the world, which he could call his own. Valentine had inherited a moderate sum of money from her father and at one point in her life and entrusted the money, and her life, to the hands of U.G. They lived on that money. U.G. never concealed the fact that Valentine was financially providing for him. He seemed to accept the situation most rationally without any feelings of shame and guilt. On the other hand, one never sensed the superior attitude of the provider in Valentine. In fact, it was she who was more dependent on U.G. She was fiercely loyal to him. She was an exceptional woman in her own right. A thoroughly secular woman, she was not in the least interested in spiritual matters.

Still, she gave him shelter. In her youth she had been a film producer, a revolutionary, and had crossed the Sahara desert on a motorcycle!!! She was one of the first women to wear pants and have a contract marriage in the bourgeois societies of Paris and Switzerland in the 30s.

In 1963, when in her 60s, she had met a destitute drifter, U.G., in the Indian embassy where she worked. She gave him shelter, and ever since then she has stayed with U.G. through his 'calamity' and all. Theirs is a truly unique relationship. It is not a husband-wife, or a mother-son, or a brother-sister relationship. U.G. comes closest in naming it—"We are fellow travelers" he says.

They both traveled all over the world as friends; he said that they traveled to stretch the buck and to escape severe heat or cold.

When it got too hot in Bombay, U.G. decided to visit Mahabaleshwar.

I took a few days off and accompanied him with Mahesh and three other European friends of his. We rented a small house there, took turns running the kitchen, went for long walks and talked about everything from divinity to show-biz gossip. It turned out to be one of the loveliest holidays I have ever spent. For those eight days I felt totally carefree and happy. It was very peaceful to be with U.G. He always seemed so full of care for everybody. He smiled a lot—it was an open smile and at times it tuned mischievous, like a child's and then he would say, "I have powers". At other times he would look at his foot, point to his toe, and say, "What is that this foot cannot do!" He always made these statements with such casualness and playfulness that it was left entirely up to you to credit or discredit those statements. Most of the time we just listened, half amused, half in awe, but always without any proof of what that foot can or cannot do!

He constantly suffered from physical pain and discomfort specifically around full-moon time. Big bead like glands would swell around his neck in a necklace-like formation. Sometimes two horn-like glands swelled up in his head. He would show them to us; by now we were getting quite used to these extraordinary things that were happening to this extraordinary man.

During the course of the day U.G. would drop a word here, a sentence there, of such truth, value and honesty that it would stick in your mind permanently without any conscious effort. U.G. seemed to effect us most at the subliminal level.

Finally it was time for U.G. and Valentine to move on. He had friends all over the world, and wherever he went he was always surrounded by old friends and new acquaintances.

Back in Bombay I still could not perceive any break in my career. It was moving on an upward graph. The future seemed bright, the present, comfortable. Also my relationship with Mahesh was settling into a comfortable groove. The following year Mahesh and I went to Gstaad, Switzerland, for a holiday with U.G. It was strange to see U.G. in western clothes. He said it was practical and comfortable to wear them in the west, considering the weather conditions and the life-style. He also disliked standing out from among the crowd by the wearing of Indian clothes. They (U.G. and Valentine) lived in a small, rented chalet. Gstaad is one of the most beautiful places I have ever seen, so beautiful in fact that years ago it made U.G. get off the train and make it his semi-permanent home. U.G. was very active and efficient in the west. He cooked, shopped in supermarkets for food and clothes, dealt efficiently with banking and finance—like any other average westerner.

His routine life-style continued even there. Friends and strangers dropped in to see him with

questions and problems, and U.G. went on singing his song. After having observed him for more than two years, I could sum up his life-style with a paradox; he lived a life neither like that of a saint—going through life abstaining from everything, nor that of a sinner—indulging in everything.

Every time I met U.G., I liked him a little more. There was something about him that made him very trustworthy. Somewhere deep within myself I felt here was a man I could trust who would not take advantage of me in any manner.

I also felt that if U.G. betrayed my trust then there was nobody worthy of trust in this world. It was a very extreme emotion to feel, but I felt it strongly. In my mind I had put U.G. on a pedestal, reserved for the perfect human being who could do no wrong—U.G. confirmed my belief. “It is not the question of whether I will or will not do something wrong. Such an individual (one who is in the natural state) is singularly incapable of doing wrong” he explained. It was not because of any moral, ethical, or social reasons—it was just so.

Since I had known U.G. I had never seen him use, manipulate, or exploit either people or situations for his personal gain. It was this trait that made him so special, so trustworthy, and so different from the rest of the world, myself included.

One afternoon, I was sitting in the garden talking to him about Mahesh when he commented that my relationship with Mahesh will certainly end. No! I did not need a third broken relationship in my life. I had already been through two and that was quite enough. How I wished I could brush aside U.G.’s comments and forget about them, but I couldn’t. It disturbed me deeply. I could neither believe it nor could I disbelieve it. Though U.G. maintained that there was nothing clairvoyant about his comment—it was not a prediction, only an ‘educated guess’—at the same time he told me that “no thought that enters my head can ever be wrong.” He left it at that, without any further discussion.

I returned to Bombay and to work. My career had never looked better. I was looking, feeling and working better than I ever had. I was already in the running for a number one role. There wasn’t a film being made in Bombay without Parveen Babi in it. Everybody was amazed at my successful comeback.

A lot of people were turning green with envy and everybody was giving credit to my ‘luck’. Let me assure you it was no luck; it was pure sweat, tears and heartbreaking hard work. To the onlookers my position seemed ideal. Any girl would have given anything to be in my shoes, but I was beginning to feel the pinch. The struggle for survival in showbiz, its pressures and its demands, were getting at me. I was too much, and too far, into it to give it up now. I was almost half way and the only thing I could do was to push ahead. I continued to push.

One day I was sitting in my make-up room with full film make up, when I noticed that my skin had lost its luster, my foundation had turned dark on my face. I felt deep fear in the pit of my stomach. That was the beginning of my nightmare.

For the next two days I tried desperately to continue working. I kept on reporting for work in that condition, suppressing and controlling my fear, until finally one afternoon in the middle of a shot the fear took over. I became frantic. I ran out of the stage, sat in my car, and reached home. Every muscle in my body was shivering. My eyes were bulging out with fear. I was feeling sick, panic stricken and I lay huddled in my bed. From then on things only got worse.

Slowly, one by one, I lost trust in everybody and everything around me. Have you ever wondered what it is like to function in life, distrusting everything and everybody? We trust most of the things and people around us without questioning. We trust the food we eat, the water we drink, the air we breathe. We trust basic modern amenities like phones, air conditioners, fans, not to mention doctors, medicines, family, friends, most of the world, and most of humanity. It is impossible to function in life without trusting. And that is precisely what happened to me. I lost trust in everything and everybody, including my mother and my boyfriend. There was just one ray of hope in this darkness, just one saving grace. For some reason, in that state, I felt there was just one person I could trust in this whole world. The person was U.G. Krishnamurti. I called him up in Switzerland and told him I was unwell. He told me he would be in India within a week and that I should hold on. I held on writhing in pain.

U.G. arrived in Bombay. He stayed at a director friend, Vijay Anand's, place. For the first time since I ran out of the studio, I got out of the house to go meet U.G. It was his presence in Bombay that made me feel protected enough to be able to go out of the house.

When I saw U.G., he just shook his head and said, "Parveen—you! I can't believe it." I think he meant he could not believe that I of all the people was in that situation. I told him I was afraid; he did not ask of whom, or of what. He suggested that I should get out of Bombay, leaving behind everybody and everything that I distrusted. I told him I didn't have courage to travel alone. He said, "Courage will come." Unfortunately, I did not follow his advice. I could not. I was so full of fear that I could not imagine from where "the courage will come"! I discussed with him whether I should accept medical help. Doctors had been brought in, but so far, I had refused to take any medicines. I distrusted both doctors and the medicines. He said it should be entirely my decision.

I returned home and for the next two days continued to be crazed with fear. When I could bear it no more, I decided to take the medicines. I called U.G. to my place and told him about my decision to start taking medicines. He said it was a 'good decision'; I swallowed a handful of tablets without having any trust or faith in them.

I felt so weak I could hardly get up from my bed—medicines slowed me down, but they did not bring back the trust I had lost. U.G. would come to visit me whenever I called him. He would ask me not to be afraid, and time and again assured me that nothing would happen to me, that he would personally, protect me. But I was beyond assurances.

People around me were going through a different kind of hell. My mother could not understand what was happening to me. Mahesh was incapable of coping with the situation. He seemed more concerned about himself than about me, and I could sense it. This made things even worse for me—the nightmare continued. The only time I felt fearless and secure was in U.G.'s presence. I believe that U.G. was one person who will never harm or hurt me, and that he had extraordinary powers which could protect me.

One day I myself experienced something, quite inexplicable and extraordinary. I had just finished a hot cup of tea at U.G.'s place and I began to feel cold and my legs felt weak. It was not the ordinary feeling of cold or weakness. I identified those sensations in my body as loss of life. Yes, I was losing life from my body, starting from my legs. I was dying! As absurd as it sounds, it did happen to me. U.G. asked me to go home. He put a shawl around my shoulders, shook my hand and said, "Goodbye."

Mahesh took me to the car. I couldn't walk. I was reeling as though drunk. I had no control over my legs; Mahesh was literally dragging me to the car. I was in panic—I was dying! I collapsed in the car. I could not believe I was dying! Halfway to my home I felt as though my stomach had turned into a suction pump and was drawing all the air out of me.

We reached home. Mahesh physically carried me to my flat. They put me on my bed—I lay there flat on my back, my respiratory pattern changed. Instead of inhaling and exhaling, my body only exhaled. So far I had felt panic, disbelief and I had been fighting what was happening to me. Whatever was happening to me was so powerful that I could not fight it for long. It was taking me over physically and with great speed. I had no alternative but to surrender to it. I surrendered to this great physical force that was draining out the life from me. I mentally came to terms with the fact that this was the end of me. I was dying—I had no choice in the matter—all I could do was die!

Now my entire body from the neck down felt lifeless. The only evidence of life I felt was in my throat—two veins in my throat were still throbbing. I also felt a throbbing sensation in the middle of my throat between the collar bones.

I could not move any part of my body except my head. I could still think, see and talk. My mother, Mahesh, my secretary, servants, all stood around my bed, some crying. I wanted to be on the floor, closer to the ground. They lifted me and put me on the ground. I wanted to be fed some water, and I wanted to speak to U.G. They fed me some water with a spoon, dialed U.G.'s number, and held the receiver to my ear. I said in the phone, "U.G., I am going." U.G. laughed and said, "Where?" I told him I wanted to see him. He said, "Can you hold on until seven o'clock? I have some people here." I

said, "I think I can. I'll see you at seven."

I lay there waiting—I must have waited about half an hour, the doorbell rang, I knew it was U.G. I asked someone to get to the door and looked at the watch. It was seven sharp. I heard U.G. enter the apartment. He walked through the passage, removed his chappals and emerged into the room I was lying in. At that very moment I felt a throbbing between my eyebrows, just above the nose, in my pituitary gland. He smiled, gave me his hand, and said, "Get up". I felt life return to my body. I took his hand and got up.

My life was becoming a vicious circle of pills and fears. I continued to be trapped in it. Finally, one day, I pleaded with U.G. to get me out of it. I remember his words distinctly; he said, "Parveen, the only way you'll get out of this is if you trust somebody and you have to trust that person so much that even if that person comes with a knife in his hand to kill you—you have to be ready to be killed by him." Was there anybody I could trust so? I searched within myself.

The answer was U.G., but it was unacceptable to U.G. He said he was not the right person, he had his own course of life and that he could not be with me. I needed someone who could be with me. He suggested I trust Mahesh. This suggestion was totally unacceptable to me. I fell to his feet and begged him to help me, to save me. I think it was my state of utter helplessness that moved him to help me. He assumed and accepted the role of mentor from that day onwards. Although I trusted him with my life, he never made any decisions concerning me without consulting the doctors who were treating me. He insisted that I continue to take the prescribed doses of medication, though I was always wanting to stop taking them.

The only thing he stood firmly against was the suggestion of 'shock treatment', which he firmly believed I did not need. He felt what I really needed was a complete change of environment. He was going to Bangalore, and he suggested it would be good for me to go there with him for a rest cure. It would be good for me to get out of Bombay. The doctors eventually agreed. U.G. left earlier. I was to join him there later with Mahesh.

I was petrified of the journey. The only reason I was prepared to make this journey was to be with U.G. in Bangalore. I left the house full of apprehension. But then something extraordinary happened. I became totally devoid of feelings, and since fear and distrust were the only two feelings I had felt for weeks. I became an automation, a physical being propelled in forward momentum by a force within me. My head held itself high and my body became straight and erect—the physical stance of a totally fearless person. I felt some force moving within my stomach, slowly catching hold of it. These past few weeks I had felt and experienced everything in my stomach. Fear used to start as a physical sensation in the pit of my stomach and used to physically churn the inside of my stomach. I felt as though this force was holding me together. I never again felt 'scared to death'.

U.G. was at the airport to receive me. We stayed in the modest homes of very warm and loyal friends of U.G. He was right. Change of environment was the solution to my problem. I felt secure in this environment. The fact that U.G. was physically present all the time was my main source of comfort. My behaviour changed visibly. I no longer locked doors and windows. I went out for short walks with U.G., met people freely and trustingly, started eating proper meals and was able to sleep soundly and peacefully. The difference between my condition in Bombay and my condition in Bangalore was astounding. What was more astounding was the fact that change had come about literally overnight. U.G. consulted doctors for me in Bangalore. I trusted these new doctors. I continued taking medicines on doctors and U.G.'s insistence. I traveled all over south India with U.G. and Valentine.

Mahesh was also traveling with us, chaperoning me. But I grew further and further away from him.

I rested a lot. Though the fears had disappeared completely, I still had a lot of recovering to do physically. I had grown extremely weak. My voice had deteriorated. Most of all my nerves and my brain cells had to heal. U.G. would from time to time transmit some energy through my palm and assure me that I would recover completely. At that time I strongly felt that it was U.G.'s energy and not the medicines that were helping me.

I spent nearly three months away from Bombay in Bangalore with U.G.

It was really a haven I most needed at that particular time in my life. Over there I was protected from

any kind of pressures, social or professional. My recovery was almost complete now. One day I went for a walk with U.G. and asked him the key question, "What happened to me, U.G.?" The answer was short and direct: "You went mad, Parveen." For the first time I accepted that I had gone mad and that all that which I had experienced—distrust, fears—was part of my illness. The very acceptance of my madness made me 'not mad'.

With madness gone, the logic and reason returned, and with reason a few questions; was it medicines or was it U.G.'s energies that had cured me? I confronted U.G. with the question. His answer was, "I don't know—maybe both." He insisted that I continue to take a reduced dose of medicine. Another question that bothered me was if everything I had experienced was part of my illness, what about the trust, the blind faith I had felt for U.G.? "That, too, was a part of your illness," was U.G.'s reply. One more question I asked was, "Why had it happened to me?"

U.G. and the doctors explained to me that the root cause of this particular illness was genetic. Some people were genetically more susceptible to it—I happened to be one of them.

I started to meet my producers, and pressure for me to get back to work started to mount. I began with dubbing a few hours a day. Slowly, as I grew stronger, I prepared to get back to my career and to pick up the various lost threads of my life. Everybody, especially those connected with me professionally, seemed pleased with my decision. The only person who seemed apprehensive about it was U.G.

He felt it was not a good idea for me to go back to my old way of life. He felt it was the tension and the pressures of a show business career that were responsible for my breakdown. Now that I knew I was genetically susceptible to this illness, it would be foolish for me to put myself in exactly the same situation once again. He pointed out to me that there was always a possibility of a relapse with this particular illness.

Relapse! I had just survived and come out of one nightmare of an illness. I had barely heaved a sigh of relief. I wanted to forget all about it, not be reminded of a relapse. I thought it was a negative way of looking at my future. I wanted to approach my future in a much more positive manner. At that time, U.G.'s advice made no sense to me at all, but I made a feeble attempt to try and get away from my old way of life. I parted with Mahesh, he being a major part of my old life. As far as my career was concerned, I had commitments to fulfill. I returned to Bombay with U.G. and began work on my half completed films.

With each passing day U.G. seemed to grow more concerned about the possibility of a relapse. He started warning. Every time I saw him he talked about nothing else. But the possibility of a relapse could not be ignored. It started disturbing me, his warning started to haunt me and even though disturbing I felt fine—physically as well as mentally—strong enough to face the world and my career—it was my faith in U.G., my belief that any thought that enters his consciousness can never be wrong, is what frightened me. I certainly did not want to go mad again. U.G.'s warnings grew so intense that they almost became threats. The possibility of the relapse became a certainty. According to U.G. I really became afraid. I didn't know what to do. How do I avoid going mad again? U.G. suggested, I give up my old way of life entirely.

Giving up my old way of life meant giving up my career, my relationships, everything that I had built so far; my identity. It meant walking out on my entire past. The question that bothered me the most was what to do after walking out on my past. I could see nothing certain, like a different career, or some other job—or anything for that matter.

Another issue that was really tearing me apart was my responsibility towards my producers and their films. I really did not wish them any harm, financially or otherwise. But if at the same time continuing with my career meant going mad for certain, then what was the right thing for me to do? Should I continue with my career to save my producers or discontinue it to save my life? I discontinued it, with the intention of completing my films, slowly, with long periods of rest in between.

I left India to travel with U.G. and Valentine.

We arrived in Bali—this was the first time I was traveling as a nobody.

It was also the first time I was completely alone, stripped of my entire past.

I felt awkward and uncomfortable, even in my relationship with U.G. I didn't know what to do with myself. I began to miss the glamour, the glitter, the hectic pace of the old life.

Also, for the first time my faith in U.G. was waning. I really couldn't see myself having a relapse in the future. So why was U.G. frightening me all the time with such a possibility? Was he using that threat to control and to manipulate me? Why did he want to help me in particular? I thought maybe he was a little in love with me, or I thought Valentine was growing old, and I with my financial assets and my circumstances was the ideal person to replace Valentine.

Throughout our travels (with all these doubts in my head) I spent most of the time locked in the room, not participating in anything.

We came back to India to do some more work on my films. I could not work properly. I was all the time afraid I might go mad again. By now the producers were starting to become aggressive. Some even filed lawsuits against me. I had no way of explaining to them what I was going through. In any case, they were not interested in explanations. They were interested in getting their films completed. U.G. made one more attempt to help. He offered to take me with him to Switzerland and help me establish a new life. He reminded me again that my old life-style would destroy me. I left for Switzerland out of fear.

In Switzerland I slept for 14 hours a day because I had nothing to do. I kept on waiting for my new life to start—nothing happened. I grew more and more desperate and lonely. My health felt perfect. Mentally and physically I had never felt better, and so I decided that I was well. I asked U.G. for my return ticket to India.

He made the last effort to stop me from returning to my old life—he said I would certainly have a relapse and that it would be fatal for me. I did not listen.

On the July 27, 1980 I returned to India, to my home, to my family, to my friends and to my career. I was so happy to be back in my world, where, I felt I really belonged. I decided to wipe U.G. and his warnings out of my system and start life anew on a positive footing. Publicly I never denounced U.G., but to a few close friends I spoke about how U.G. had tried to control and manipulate my life.

Getting back to the career was not easy. All the producers who were producers came my way. I started work. The phrase, 'You cannot keep a good worker down' proved right in my case. The producers realized I was sincere and they all began to come round.

Initially, I wore kid gloves and tried to protect myself from tensions. But soon I realized that in a competitive career like mine the only way to avoid pressures and tension was to avoid the career itself. I evaluated my mental and physical condition and felt no cause for alarm. I regularly kept in touch with doctors to keep fit and slowly I discarded the kid gloves. I gave all I had, mentally, physically, emotionally, to my career—I had jumped into the arena; I was fighting and even if I say so, it was indeed a good show.

In July, last year, I went to London for some stage shows. For the first time since I had left Switzerland, I strongly felt like meeting U.G. I rang him up from London and told him I might come to see him. Later, I got busy with work, and abandoned the plan to see him.

A few days later I returned to India from London with a feeling in the pit of my stomach that all was not well. I kept up a bold, cheery front, which lasted precisely one night, most of which I spent sleeping. Next day the familiar distrust returned and started to encompass all the areas of my life. I couldn't take it. At night I broke down in front of my family and friends. In a desperate attempt to feel better, to feel serene, I tried a change of place—went to a friend's place, only to feel worse. A doctor was called in, medicine prescribed, which was no help at all. As I lay there on the bed, the truth dawned on me—this was the relapse. I was slowly but surely being consumed by it, and there was nothing I or anybody around me, could do about it. This was the situation U.G. had so desperately and frantically tried to warn me about. One more thing became clear to me: last time it was not the medicines that had helped me, and they would not help me this time. It was not within the power of

medical science to restore a human being. It was U.G.'s energy that had restored my health. All that time he had been genuinely concerned about me, about my life, about my future.

Now that I had realised the truth about a lot of things, there was just one thing I wanted to do. I wanted to talk to U.G., not to thank him, or to ask for his help again. I just wanted to speak with him.

Next morning I left the friend's house to return to my mother. I was concerned about her. She is old. How will she be able to take what is happening to me? Better than I had thought. Everybody around me seemed OK—almost resigned to my inevitable ill fate. They couldn't help me, they all seemed so helpless themselves.

I called Gstaad. U.G.'s familiar voice came on the line. The words that came out of my mouth were "U.G., be with me in spirit."

He laughed. "When are you going to America?" he said. When I had called him up a week before from London, I had mentioned to him the possibility of my taking a trip to America.

"I will be in America in September for some shows I want to see you, U.G."

"I will see you in America in September," he said.

I put the receiver down and I knew I would see him in America in September—he had said so on the phone, and by now I knew enough to know that anything that came into U.G.'s consciousness will certainly happen, anyhow.

At home I tried to isolate myself from everything and everybody in the hope of feeling better—it didn't help. My condition was worsening. Suddenly I heard my own voice dictate to me from within. "Get out of Bombay. Get out of India." I felt I had to get out and get to U.G. He was the only hope, the only redeeming factor. I also know that nobody, friends and family alike, would let me travel or let me move out of their reach in the condition I was in. There was no way I could share with them the faith, the confidence, the bond that I felt with U.G.

My mother had always viewed U.G. as an opportunist, an enemy of her daughter in the disguise of a friend, trying to take her beloved daughter away from her.

That night I told my distraught secretary and mother that I wanted to go out of the country for a rest. In the midst of violent protestations, my secretary misplaced my address book, in which were the addresses of every single person I knew outside the country. My mother pleaded with me not to leave home.

I left. I had to. It was my entire life in question, in consideration.

On July 30, 1983, I boarded the flight out of India with only my passport and the clothes I was wearing. As I sat in the plane bound for London, I looked back and was myself astonished by my own inner strength. I was suffering from fear—and where had all this courage to travel on my own come from? Was it all my own strength and courage? I am not a very courageous person. Another extraordinary thought flashed through my mind. On the phone I had asked U.G. to be with me in spirit. Could it be? I had no way of knowing.

I called up U.G. from Dubai Airport—and told him I was on my way to Switzerland to see him. He had every right to refuse to even talk to me. I had hardly been a worthy friend to him. He had no obligation to help me in any manner, yet he arranged for me to stay with his friend in London until I made necessary travel arrangements to reach Switzerland. He even came to receive me at Zurich Airport. It was not an emotional or dramatic reunion. It was a very matter-of-fact reception. Once in his presence, my fears started to disappear.

Within a few days I started to look and feel better. The change in my physical condition was so apparent that everybody commented on it. A friend said I looked like a corpse when I arrived at Zurich Airport. Everyone agreed that being with U.G. in Switzerland had done me a world of good. I myself couldn't have agreed more.

This time U.G.'s attitude was not protective or patronising like last time. He told me he would not be able to give me any advice, that I was well enough to make my own decisions, and that he didn't want to get involved with the Indian film industry, directly or indirectly. Last time, when I was in a similar situation, his genuine concern and his efforts to save me from another such nightmare had been questioned, misunderstood, and misconstrued by everyone including myself. A leading newspaper had even reported, falsely of course, that we were already married and honeymooning in Bali. U.G. was apprehensive that if he got involved the same thing would happen all over again: my producers, my friends, my secretary and even my mother would blame him. Gossip magazines would print gross, baseless untruth, even I might turn against him like last time.

Therefore, he told me to go back to my own life and to my own fate.

I stayed on. I could not go back. In my old life I had seen for myself the terrifying certainty of a doomed future. I knew now for certain that if I tried to hold on to my old wreaths, I would be lost. I have to carve out for myself a future different from my past.

For better or for worse, truly there is no business like show business! Either you stay in it and pay the price or you are out of it for good. You can't have it both ways. For me it has come to this: if I stay in it, I lose my head.

So I am staying out. Sorry, but I just can't take it any: more.

For the first time in my life I am finished—done with it all; my fame, my success, my identity as an actress and my old life. I have come to U.G. because I feel he is the only man who can help me bridge over to whatever fate has in store for me. My starry past makes this task all the more difficult. For so many years that was the only life I had known. Now, trying to move on to something else makes me feel like a bird trying to fly with clipped wings. But I am going to try. What a world of misery would have been averted—if only I had listened to U.G. then.

I am now in America with U.G. and Valentine. Resting, doing everyday chores like cooking, cleaning, watering plants and shopping for food. I have never felt more secure. I am peaceful and happy.

What would have happened if U.G. had turned me away when I came to him from India? It would have been total destruction for me. This man—this extraordinary man—has saved me not once, but twice from destruction.

What is it that I can do for him in return? Even if I give away everything I have, including my life, to such an individual it would not be enough. I have no means to repay the enormous debt I owe him. He has no need or use for my gratitude in emotional or material form. He is one person who has given me everything within his power, without expecting or actually receiving anything from me in return.

What have I really given him? I have merely shown him some common courtesies, no more than anybody would do for a friend; arranging a stay for him in Kashmir, hosting him in Bombay, taking him for a drive, and such. Beyond these normal expressions of friendship I have done nothing. In fact, he housed and fed me for months in Bangalore, and, even after denouncing and turning on him, in Gstaad. Reciprocity played no part in our so called 'relationship'. He gave and I took. I have only received—he helped me when friends, relatives, acquaintances, including my own mother, had either been unwilling or unable to. He has given me strength, support, friendship and affection whenever I have needed it.

I should really consider myself lucky, and my meeting with U.G. a benediction. He is truly an extraordinary person. I am one person who can say this with certainty because I have witnessed and have been touched and have been affected by that extraordinary energy. I have seen and experienced for myself manifestations of that extraordinary force in him. Even now I see him die physically and come back to life two, maybe three times a day!

Valentine, who has been with U.G. for 21 years and has seen many people in the world, says, "U.G. is the nicest, kindest man I have ever known." I agree with her. He goes through people's lives doing and giving whatever he can quietly. So quietly that sometimes even those who receive are themselves unaware of having received from him. He says he is like a migratory bird, and travels only to escape

extremes of weather and inflation. Not true! I have seen him travel great distances to be with friends or acquaintances who really need him. He travelled for nearly eight months with me when I was ill.

Why do people come to him with their problems, for advice, for help? I think it is because U.G. is one person who is a part of this world, but not a party to it. He demands no rights and therefore assumes no obligations. He is emotionally attached to nothing and to no one in this world. He is a free individual in the truest sense of the word. If there is anybody who can help anyone in this world, only such an individual can.

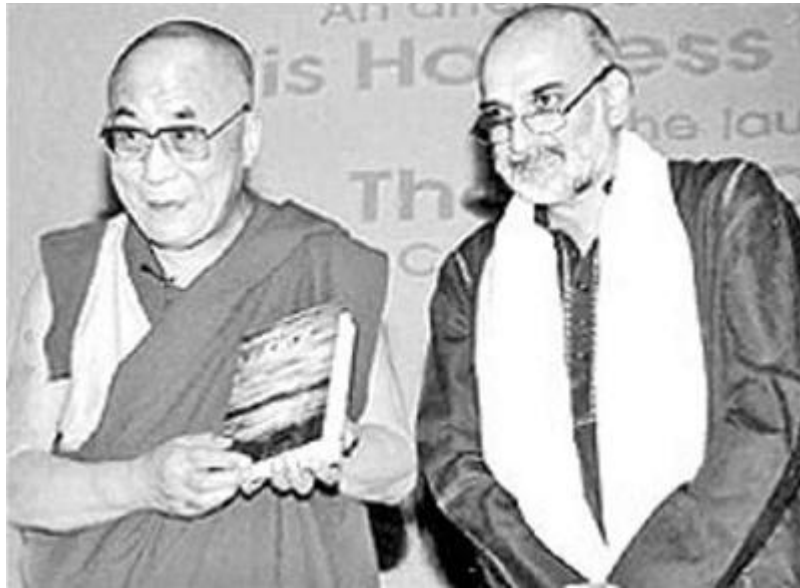
His personality is enigmatic. He can be very puzzling. He can be so many different things at different times, from child-like innocence, to extremely sharp wisdom; from gentle kindness to firm ruthlessness, whatever the situation demands. The best way, and, I feel, the only way of dealing with him, is to trust him.

The common adjectives ascribed to him—saint, sage, guru, holy man, enlightened individual—don't really describe him.

His own striking claim that he is just an ordinary man', leaves one befuddled. What then is he? I wish I knew!

[links](#)





Spiritual Terrorism **The Mind of the Guru, Conversations with Spiritual Masters** **Dr. Rajiv Mehrotra**

Rajiv Mehrotra, a personal student of the Dalai Lama, was educated at the universities of Delhi, Oxford and Columbia. For over three decades he has been a familiar face on public television, notably as the anchor of an in-depth, one-on-one talk show. He is currently secretary/trustee of the Foundation for Universal Responsibility of His Holiness the Dalai Lama and managing trustee of the Public Service Broadcasting Trust. He is Judge of the Templeton Prize for Spirituality, a trustee of the Norbulinka Institute of Tibetan Culture and has served on the governing councils of the Sri Aurobindo Society and the Film and Television Institute of India. An independent documentary filmmaker, he has won several international and national awards. He was nominated a Global Leader for Tomorrow by the World Economic Forum at Davos. Rajiv has edited *The Mind of the Guru: Conversations with Spiritual Masters* (2003), *Understanding the Dalai Lama* (2004) and *The Essential Dalai Lama: Understanding His Important Teachings* (2005).

U.G. Krishnamurti, popularly known as U.G., is termed by some as a 'spiritual terrorist' as he overturns our accepted beliefs about God, mind, soul, enlightenment, religion, humanity, heart, love and relationships and gives us a totally different picture of who we are.

He left a strange and lasting impression, difficult to define, on everyone who came across him. People were either deeply shaken or overtaken by curiosity after a few minutes of talking with him. He doesn't offer hope, love, peace or spiritual salvation. On the contrary, his words are rather deflating. He discourages people from coming to see him and most often politely turns them away. Yet he remains one of the most talked about thinkers in India, and his biography topped the best-seller lists for months.

An archetypal anti-guru, Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti was born into a wealthy Brahmin family in the small town of Masulipatnam in Andhra Pradesh. As a child, U.G. was taught all the important Indian scriptures and their commentaries. But as he became an adult, he became a cynic, rejecting

the spiritual bonds of his culture and questioning everything for himself.

In 1943 he married and had three children, but the marriage did not work from the start and the final break-up took place seventeen years later. In the early 1960s U.G. met Madame Valentine de Kerven, who was to be his lifelong companion. From a small inheritance she created a fund for U.G., which enabled him to travel as well as provided him a modest means of support for the rest of his life.

Who are you and what are you?

You are asking me a most difficult question and I will have a problem answering it. The problem, and it's not really a problem, is that the question never arises in me, but in others. I have to tell them it's a miscalculated question. Moreover, speaking precisely, the question should be, 'What are you?' But in India for centuries now we have been asking the question, 'Who are you?' I have a problem with the question because it is very difficult for me to create an image of myself and tell myself, 'This is me'. By the time I try to contemplate an image, it is no longer there. I always think in terms of the functioning of this physical living organism only.

In that case, if I look at the functioning of this physical living organism, what does it do for a living, for example?

Perhaps I could answer you in this way. We live in two different worlds. The natural living organism has a tremendous intelligence of its own. It doesn't need to learn anything to function and can live anywhere, but unfortunately our culture has created a different kind of a world in which we have to function differently. Society, culture, or whatever you call it, has created a world of ideas, thoughts and experiences for us to live in, and society says, 'We are going to educate you and fit you into this framework'. Here is the cake, and if you want a share of it, you'll have to fight for it. The more you fight for it, the larger the share you will have. So we have to become educated in how to survive in this world and fight for our share of the cake.

How do you make a living?

I have been very lucky because I was born rich, and when all that disappeared, somebody else came along and provided me with the chance to survive without working for a living. However, I would prefer not to go into that now. It is past history and is probably of very little interest to most people. I am often asked, 'Why do you travel? Do you have a compulsion to travel?' This year I have gone around the world twice, so they may very well ask me that question. However, it is a question that amuses me because we never ask that question of the birds that come all the way from Siberia to a small bird sanctuary in Mysore and then return to Siberia.

You have been reluctant to have labels like teacher or philosopher attached to you. How would you describe yourself?

Godman, guru, something like that! When people ask me, 'Who are you, what do you do?', they are not necessarily asking what I do for a living. I tell them, 'I am a philosopher of sorts. I studied philosophy, but I'm not a professional philosopher. However I have discovered something extraordinary, I stumbled into something extraordinary'.

You have at one time referred to it as a calamity that was to later change your life.

I have very purposely used the word 'calamity' in the sense that all our life we search for an external self or God, or something like that. Then, like a lightning bolt, the whole image that we have built around that image is shattered to pieces. We wish to be in a blissful state, full of ecstasy, love and compassion, but in its place we find that this is just a living organism, pulsing with life. What is there and what we are left with is just the pulse, the beat and the form of life, and there is nothing more. This comes as a shock, because we realize that all our life, all through our search, we expected that we would be something like Buddha, Jesus, Mohammed or one of the great teachers. I was expecting something to happen.

I found that all my life I had been questioning something that does not exist. This realization came as a shock to me and I said, 'This is a calamity'. That's the reason I used the word 'calamity' and also rejected totally and completely the idea of transformation, because what is there to be transformed? I

didn't find anything there, so there is nothing there to be transformed. All that talk of transformation, radical or otherwise, is just poppycock, I said to myself.

This happened in your forty-ninth year. Could you tell us more?

First, I started with the question, 'How can I become enlightened like Buddha, Jesus and all the other great spiritual teachers?' I pondered over that question for a very long time, until at some point, through some sort of a mystical experience—I say that for want of a better and more adequate term—I found an answer.

Can you describe that experience?

The mystical experience is within the framework of knowledge and, therefore, I consider it to be a petty one. We experience, that we know, but that does not in any way free us from the knowledge we have acquired. So we remain dependent on, and trapped in, the idea that we owe everything to the one that has helped us to experience these things. We have not actually freed ourselves from that notion—that is why I call it a mystical experience.

That in itself is an extraordinary thing, because it awakens some sort of an intelligence in us which enables us to see things differently. We experience all the same things in a different way and try to share that experience with somebody or else or, to put it another way, we interpret the text, we see it in a more meaningful, expressive way. But I said to myself, 'This has nothing to do with what I have been interested in. This is such a petty experience'.

Furthermore, we find we have no way of going beyond that mystical experience, because it has a stranglehold on us in exactly the same way as other experiences. There is no way we can escape from that trap because it is our own experience and therefore important. What we previously considered to be the experience of others has become our own experience and the struggle to escape is more difficult than what it was before.

So at that time I could have established a worldwide organization and shouted out to humanity, 'Here is something I have discovered for myself. Come here and listen to me!' What's more, once we are freed from the demand to bring about a change in ourselves, the demand to change the world around us changes.

You have told us the consequences of those experiences, but what did you actually experience?

I realized that I am already in the state of Buddha, Jesus and the other great teachers and that I was emulating them as an example and striving to be like them to reach enlightenment. But what is enlightenment? Who is an enlightened man and what are his patterns of behavior? I said to myself, 'This cannot be enlightenment, there must be something more than this'. Although I said to myself, 'I am in the same state as Buddha, Mahavira and all the other great teachers', somehow I knew there was something more to understand. Yet the question suddenly disappeared and left me with further questions. I don't know how it happened, why it happened, when it happened or, in fact, if anything at all has happened—I really don't know.

Do you believe in the uniqueness of this experience?

I don't go around the world preaching that my experiences are unique or extraordinary. Rather I have grown to feel that I am just an ordinary man. The demand to change anything, to become something extraordinary, to be different from what I already am has somehow disappeared. In fact, the very demand to be 'anything' isn't there any more. How it happened, I really don't know. So there is no way I can share this with somebody and help someone realize what I have realized.

Is there any significance or purpose in your keeping the body going?

No, not at all! Many people ask this question. The body does not know it is alive. It doesn't need or demand anything. Why then do we need this body? It needs energy to move around; that is all that is necessary for this body. Otherwise, the life energy that is there is something extraordinary and expresses itself in its own way.

Would it matter if the body ceased to exist?

It does not know when it is alive or when it is dead. The essence of man is interested in the human body only as atoms that can be used somewhere else to maintain the balance or the level of energy.

What motivates you then to keep living?

I have no choice. I did not come into this world of my own choice and I have no reason to quit it. When the time comes, when the body wears down and when the essence needs these atoms elsewhere, what we call death takes place. Death is nothing but the reshuffling of atoms, and when they are needed elsewhere the body withdraws. It may be possible for me to keep this body going through genetic engineering or some other process that we have at our disposal, but why and for what purpose?

You have acknowledged human suffering. You have also said that what happened to you was a spontaneous event and that you cannot transmit the techniques to make it happen to someone else. What then can an individual do? Is there a process of inevitability to an individual's suffering, or is he the catalyst for his own suffering?

I have not managed it through my volition or effort. There is a Chinese proverb, 'You cannot jump off the tiger because of the fear that the tiger might gobble you up'. Somehow I was thrown off the tiger and I didn't know what had happened. So now I find that I am no longer trying to jump off the tiger. Now, for whatever reason, I have no interest in telling other people to jump off the tiger. It won't make any difference to them at all. They have to do it on their own. This is my 'doom-song!' People say, 'We are doomed'. I say, 'There is no way we can reverse this course, not a thing we can do about it, but we have to live in hope and die in hope'.

Do you live in hope?

I did! Hope is always in the future, you see. What is there to hope for? The moment we ask the question 'how', the picture becomes clearer. 'How' and 'hope' are one and the same. We constantly ask questions. 'How, how, how' to get an answer and to know more, more, more. How do we change our lives? How do we shape our lives? How do we create peace within ourselves? How do we live in a peaceful world? How do we live in harmony with the world and the people around us? But the 'how' is born out of the 'hope' that somehow, some way, we can change. So the moment 'how' springs up, hope goes with it. There is no 'how'. Somehow, the demand to know is not there in me. That's all I can say. This answer may not be satisfactory for some, but it makes no difference to me.

Am I right in assuming then that the concept of altruism would be non-existent from your perspective?

Yes, of course! To me charity is one of the most vulgar things that the human mind has come up with. We have grabbed and taken away everything that belongs to everybody. To whom are we to give charity?

But it may be different minds trying to use different vocabularies to communicate what is essentially a non-conceptual experience. We may all be talking about the same thing, but in different words.

What I want to emphasize is very simple. We are all puppets, and who or what is pulling the strings in this drama? You may call it by many names—thought sphere, culture or any other fancy phrase—but I say it is a 'morphogenetic field'. It really doesn't matter what words we use. What I'm trying to emphasize or put across is one basic thing: there is no individual at all; there is no individual mind there.

You and I have been created by culture, by society, for the simple reason that it is a self-perpetuating mechanism. So there is nothing here; there are no individuals there. The very demand to be an individual is baseless and false. Two things: there is no individual, but you have to be an individual. So the very same culture that emphasizes the need to create individuals has created this neurotic situation for us.

It seems to me you are almost abdicating responsibility to external forces. I hesitate to use the word 'external' because you might argue that there isn't an external force. But using vocabulary common to all of us, as an individual, a victim or a participant in a larger societal context, where then is the impetus for action or initiative?

You are a willing victim there. I'm not blaming you. When the situation is different then the question of victim does not at all arise.

Do I have a choice?

You have no choice! You are merely a part of it. That's all. The world cannot be anything different, because you being what you are, how can you expect the world to be different? When we are all the time preparing for war, how can we envisage the possibility of peace on this planet? We have a flag, but what does it represent? While I wave my flag here we cannot talk peace, because the other chap is also waving his flag. So how do we reconcile this situation: preparing for war all the time and speaking of peace? Peace is not something that can descend upon us.

Do you feel optimism, pessimism or do you feel nothing at all?

I don't think you can fit my feelings into either this or that. People may say I am very negative. I'm not negative, but I'm not optimistic either. What does it really mean to be an optimist? An optimist is pushing things, he is using his will, his effort, and he is living in the hope that we will somehow turn this into a paradise and all of us will live in comfort and peace. What you don't seem to realize is that the very idea of creating heaven on earth is what has turned the whole thing into hell. Actually it is not hell. If you are lucky enough to be freed from the idea of those utopias, you will make earth an extraordinary place to live in.

Would you call yourself a pessimist?

It is up to you to stick a label on me. I don't know. I don't think in terms of optimism, pessimism, negativism or positivism at all. People may have an opinion that a person is negative, but it may not be true. The negative approach is invented by thought because we have totally failed to reach our goal through positive means. We have invented a negative approach, but the goal is a positive goal. So it doesn't matter whether we approach our goal negatively or positively.

Anyway, the goal is the most important thing. What we have to do is to free ourselves from the whole value system without replacing that value system with another value system. If we all did that we would be living in a wonderful place. Take animals, for instance. They don't kill anything for an idea, but they have to survive. One form of life lives on another form of life and that is what we are doing all the time. But if you kill something for any reason other than survival, we are creating a disharmony in this world and there is no way we can reverse the process. You may call me a pessimist. I'm ready to go along with that and be labelled one.

On the one hand, you speak of the inevitability of the processes and the biochemistry of the brain and the vocabulary of life, and on the other you talk about freeing yourself from the responses, as it were.

Perhaps it is the difficulty of language. I'm not suggesting that there is something that you can do to free yourself. You are already free and what creates this demand to be free is the belief that there is something that we need to be freed from. This expresses itself in an extraordinary way. This is something which you cannot even think of creating, so where have we gone wrong? Where have we failed? It's a very natural question to ask.

Somewhere along the line, in the process of evolution, especially in the human species, occurred what we call self-consciousness. That separated us from the totality of life around us. Actually, life is one single unit, but this self-consciousness has separated us from everything. And it is that which is responsible for creating the whole religious thinking of man. We forget we have created all those things—God, truth, reality, whatever you want to call it—only as an extension of pleasure. So whether religion has turned us into cowards or our cowardice is responsible for creating religious thinking is anybody's guess. I'm not against religion at all. All the other systems that the human mind has invented are nothing but warty outgrowths of religion—even communism.

But is it mere semantics when you suggest where we have gone wrong? According to your vocabulary, we haven't gone wrong. Something and nothing has gone wrong and you say it's the value system that's wrong.

It is the value system that is fitting the events into its framework, and then saying something is wrong.

But you are describing a value that is wrong!

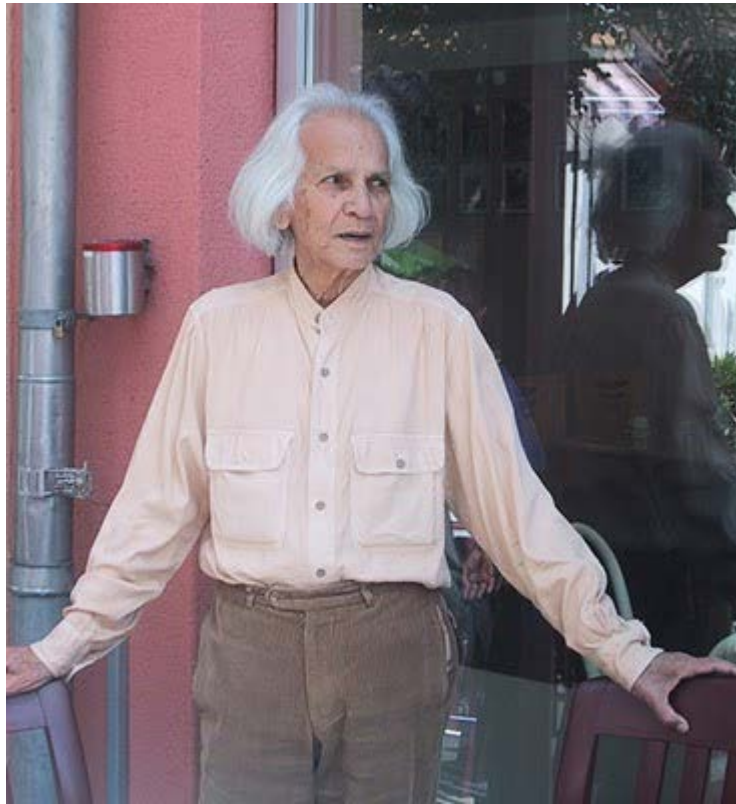
The created universe is perfect, but our value system makes us believe that something is wrong with it. So we superimpose on that all our ideations and destroy something extraordinary that is already there. Whether it will continue forever or not, we don't know. We may question why something was created, what is its purpose, what is going to happen, but it doesn't help us in any way to understand whether this whole thing was created by God.

Is understanding important?

It's not! We give too much importance to understanding things and to knowing things. But in a living atmosphere, a living situation, a dead value system cannot help us to understand anything.

[links](#)





**U.G.: Neither Knowledge Nor Wisdom
There Is Nobody There
Dr. Jean-Michel Terdjman**

What U.G. is telling us is not contradictory, incoherent or illogical. It may seem so because we don't know how to take it. We don't know how to take it because what has been called his "teaching" is no teaching at all. U.G. is always enunciating mere statements of fact, in their rawest possible form. He does not provide us with the context, the perspective necessary to see how they fit. The reason this is so is not that he is trying to wake us up from our stupor (in my opinion, he has no agenda whatsoever), but simply that he has no reason of his own to do so. What he says is absolutely true, yet, at the same time, is an expression of history (he says it in English and not in Chinese, and he speaks English with a foreign accent) and of his personality (he is lazy, and full of energy and aggressive inclinations, very gentle with the heart of a butcher, and an anti-Semite to boot—not out of conviction, of course: just to remind his Jewish friends how illusory their self-identification is). In other words, U.G. is not a creature from outer space: his actions and his utterances, like ours, are expressions of total conditioning. Like us, he is an event in nature.

* * *

Does U.G. bring us anything of value? He says himself that he cannot help us, and that there is nothing to do in any case. Yet, most people like his presence, and keep going to see him. They ask him questions, and keep listening to his pseudo-answers. We don't learn anything "positive" from him (in the sense of "positive knowledge"), and yet we keep coming back for more of the same.

U.G. does not teach us anything. He is not noticeably wiser or more knowledgeable than anybody who might have applied himself to the pursuit of knowledge and wisdom, and who might have been reasonably successful at it. His knowledge of the world is derived from weekly magazines. He is not averse to repeating their clichés, as well as any preconceived idea, accepted value or unexamined opinion that is lying around and that strikes his fancy or stimulates his esprit de contradiction. Anybody who has been around him for a while knows that he can be either gentle or quite mean, indulgent or harshly critical. It would be tempting to find a hidden agenda, a grand design in all his idiosyncrasies. But he himself denies it. There does not seem to be any reason to doubt his statement. The most reasonable conclusion is to accept the fact that he is just like anybody else. His behavior, like that of any other man, is thoroughly conditioned by his origins, his upbringing, and the circumstances of his life.

So what is it that makes U.G. so special and so different? It is not what he is, but what he is not, that can give us an answer. U.G. is a mind-body unit, like the rest of us. Unlike the rest of us, there is no sense of self that goes with the mind-body unit. Unlike the rest of us, U.G. does not have a general idea of himself as an individual self, except in the most practical and mundane way. As a result, he does not have any of the grand schemes that we concoct for ourselves when we start believing (very early in our life) that we exist. His mental processes, for reasons that I (not being a brain physiologist) do not understand, are no longer functioning in the usual time-space framework.

More importantly, this individual does not know that he exists, and could not care less. Not being aware of himself, he can be aware of a lot more things around him than we usually are. When I say that he is not aware of himself, I do not mean that he does not know that a body is there, that he does not know his name, or that he is not aware that somebody is talking to him. I mean that he has no sense of himself as an I, as an entity separate from the rest of reality, with a purpose and a destiny. U.G. *is* his perceptions, thoughts, etc. He does not just have them. The difference between U.G. and me—or you—is that when things happen, they happen to *me*. For U.G., they just happen.

There is no accounting with U.G. Things come and go, they don't leave a trace in him, not because the memory is failing, but because there is nobody there to reflect upon them.

Everything is an event in nature: the cat scratching himself, the sun rising over the horizon, a supernova exploding, and my thinking about U.G., and typing my thoughts. Each one of my emotions, thoughts, desires, movements, decisions, etc., is an event in nature, and is a part of the overall chain of causes. Yet, in an amazing and very arrogant way, I decide that I am "a kingdom within a kingdom" (Spinoza). That is, I perceive myself as an independent and autonomous center of consciousness, creator of its own thoughts and decisions and cut off from the world.

There is no way to escape this illusion. Any bit of consciousness that "I have" about anything is automatically accompanied by the sense of the I. Events in nature (the sun shining in the sky, this noise there, this car passing) do not just happen: they happen to me. Ideas, emotions, desires, that "I have" do not just happen: "I have" them, "I think them." This is where U.G. is different from the rest of us: the "software" of the general idea of the self has been erased in him. "He" does not exist. Only the mind-body unit labeled U.G. exists.

U.G. is there as a personality (a conditioned mind-body unit), not as a person. A non-person is a natural event which has no agenda. He is not specialized in any particular field—or, if he is, does not care to show it—and therefore cannot teach us anything. That does not mean that he talks in vain, or that we listen in vain: having somebody constantly reminding us of the bare-bone facts cannot be that bad. But it would be nonsense to expect anything concrete from U.G.: neither knowledge (knowledge is irrelevant to what we want) nor liberation. Liberation is what the ego wants. But U.G. cannot give it to us because we are already liberated. That is, we are already in our natural state, existing as events in nature. (Where else or how else could we exist?)

The problem is, we are already liberated, but we want to know it. We want to experience liberation. Unfortunately, the natural state in which we are cannot experience itself, or know itself. Only the sense of the I—the absolute illusion of the ego—can know itself or think itself. The ego is a byproduct of mental activity, of thought, of the act of knowing, and it wants to know itself beyond knowledge. This is like the reflection in a mirror trying to be a concrete material object in three dimensions. The quest for liberation, the desire to know liberation is, of course, doomed and self-contradictory, yet, at

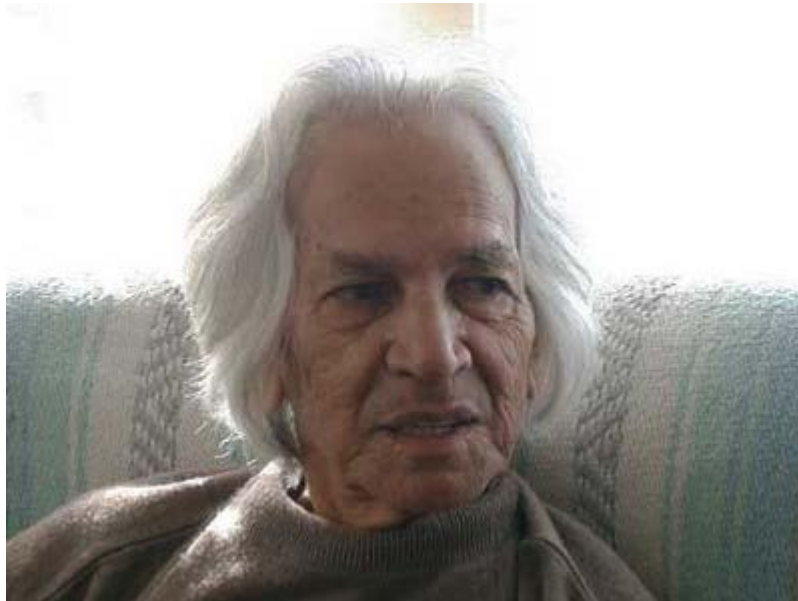
the same time, very pleasurable, because by so doing the ego experiences itself, thus increasing and reinforcing itself. As Spinoza says, everything in nature wants to persevere in its own being, and to reinforce it.

Is U.G. free? No more than you and I. His conditioning is as thorough as anybody's—all events in nature exist in the chain of causes. But there is nobody there to experience either the desire for liberation, or the imagined freedom that is supposed to come after the cessation of desire. U.G. is neither free nor in bondage, because he is not. How about us? Our objective existence is no different from his. Our subjective sense of the self creates the concepts of freedom and bondage. We may think equally that we are free or in bondage. Like U.G., we are neither. Just events in nature.

The above passage is excerpted from *The Useless Self*, a series of reflections on the illusion of the ego, published in a bilingual (French-English) edition by Les Deux Océans, 19, rue du Val-de-Grâce, 75005 Paris, France.

[links](#)





A Maverick Who Makes Some Valid Points Dialogues On Reality Dr. Robert Powell

Dr. Powell is widely recognized as one of the most inspired writers on the subject of Advaita, the teaching of non-duality. In each of his books, he takes us on a journey beyond the realm of the ego, beyond the subject and object, good and bad, high and low, to the ground on which the manifest universe rests. This is where the mind and intellect cannot reach and which is beyond words. Yet in these books, Dr. Powell does a masterful job clearly indicating the path to where we ever have been.

Robert Powell: I am happy to see so many old faces here today. What I have decided to do for this meeting is to ask Alan to read a passage from a most unusual book that he has discovered, *The Mystique of Enlightenment*, by a namesake of J. Krishnamurti, a man called U.G. Krishnamurti—not because it is indispensable for our spiritual guidance or anything like that, but because it is interesting, stimulating, and it might, perhaps in some unintended way, be very instructive as well. There are many pitfalls if you take this work too seriously, which you will realize as we go into our discussion of it.

Visitor: [Reading pp. 55 and 56 from the quoted work] "What is keeping you from being in your natural state? You are constantly moving away from yourself. You want to be happy, either permanently or at least for this moment. You are dissatisfied with your everyday experiences, and so you want some new ones. You want to perfect yourself, to change yourself. You are reaching out, trying to be something other than what you are. It is this that is taking you away from yourself.

"Society has put before you the ideal of a perfect man. No matter in which culture you were born, you have scriptural doctrines and traditions handed down to you to tell you how to behave. You have commandments to obey, virtues to cultivate. You are told that through due practice you can even eventually come into the state attained by the sages, saints and saviours of mankind. And so you try to control your behavior, to control your thoughts, to be something unnatural.

"We are all living in a thought sphere. Your thoughts are not your own; they belong to everybody. There are only thoughts, but you create a counter thought, the thinker, with which you read every thought. Your effort to control life has created a secondary movement of thought within you, which you call the I. This movement of thought within yourself is parallel to the movement of life, but isolated from it; it can never touch life. You are a living creature, yet you lead your entire life within the realm of this isolated, parallel movement of thought. You cut yourself off from life—that is something very unnatural.

"The natural state is not a thoughtless state—that is one of the greatest hoaxes perpetrated for thousands of years on poor, helpless Hindus. You will never be without thought until the body is a corpse, a very dead corpse. Being able to think is necessary to survive. But in this state thought stops choking you; it falls into its natural rhythm. There is no longer a you who reads the thoughts and thinks that they are 'his'.

"Have you ever looked at that parallel movement of thought? The books on English grammar will tell you that I is the first person singular pronoun, subjective case; but that is not what you want to know. Can you look at that thing you call I? It is very elusive. Look at it now, feel it, and tell me. How do you look at it? And what is the thing that is looking at what you call I? This is the crux of the whole problem: the one that is looking at what you call I is the I. It is creating an illusory division of itself into subject and object, and through this division it is continuing. This is the divisive nature that is operating in you, in your consciousness. Continuity of its existence is all that interests it. As long as you want to understand that you or to change that you into something spiritual, into something holy, beautiful or marvelous, that you will continue. If you do not want to do anything about it, it is not there, it's gone.

"How do you understand this? I have for all practical purposes made a statement: 'What you are looking at is not different from the one who is looking'. What do you do with a statement like this? What instrument do you have at your disposal for understanding a meaningless, illogical, irrational statement? You begin to think. Through thinking, you cannot understand a thing. You are translating what I am saying, in terms of the knowledge you already have, just as you translate everything else, because you want to get something out of it. When you stop doing that, what is there is what I am describing. The absence of what you are doing—trying to understand, or trying to change yourself—is the state of being that I am describing."

R.P.: Now who is going to comment on this—this fine piece of prose?

V.: I would be curious to know about the author.

R.P.: Why?

V.: Just curious.

R.P.: [To Alan] You are somewhat familiar with the author. Maybe, you would like to give us a brief sketch of him, because a lot of it is not generally known.

Alan: It is hard to know how he became what he is. Even he himself says he is not quite sure about what or how it happened... probably it would be most interesting to understand where he is really coming from. He was very deeply involved in all the Indian traditions, and with many, many gurus of various kinds, from the Theosophical Society onwards, through J. Krishnamurti, and many places, many other teachers. Years of effort and struggle lay behind him before he came to this, the 'natural state of being' that he talks about, where he constantly emphasizes the fact that no amount of effort, of thinking, will bring you to it, because the very instrument you are using for reaching that is the greatest obstacle to it and perpetuates itself through its actions. That is the gist of it.

Second Visitor: According to J. Krishnamurti, the thought creates the thinker, and at the same time the thinker is the thought; so then it is as though thought creates itself. There seems to be a logical contradiction somewhere.

R.P.: But if as you say, the thought creates itself—for the thought does not really think itself into being, but appears spontaneously, isn't there also some supreme logic at work? How could it be otherwise?

V.: But what is the 'I' really? Is there any permanency there?

It is kind of scary that thinking is always there until you actually die.

S.V.: U.G. Krishnamurti said that thinking would continue until you are a corpse—that is still not contradictory.

If we take thinking as where our self is, it really is a big problem. But if we see thinking simply as just another mechanical function and that its content is not really personal—because all thinking, all thought, comes from all of us, at the same time—then there is no issue. There really is no problem until you identify with thought and say, that's 'me', or you feel that you are the thought or hold the thought.

Third Visitor: The thought is the 'I' as well as the seeker. Going back to what this lady says, it seems there is already a division because I am what I am seeking.

V.: In my own experience I find there are moments when we are not thinking, but they are so... 'momently'... they go through and then we are back to thinking again, at least for me.

S.V.: I don't know, because as soon as you say there is a moment I was not thinking... it seems a very slippery statement.

Third Visitor: I only know through experience, and there is no way that one can describe that moment.

V.: But is it an 'experience'? I don't know what word would describe it.

S.V.: There isn't a word for it.

V.: If there is no thinking, then you are silent.

S.V.: No, but if there is a moment of silence, the mind grabs it and puts words around it, and that's the end of it.

R.P.: Very nicely put.

V.: That is very true.

S.V.: J. Krishnamurti calls it the observer and the observed, and tell us that they are one. I find what you have read sounds just like J.K.

R.P.: It *sounds* just like J.K., parts of it, but the essence of U.G.'s teaching, if you can call it that—because he denies there is a teaching—the essence of his book, is that no matter what you do, you are not going to break out of this limited state of consciousness, simply because this alleged 'transformation' is a biological phenomenon; it is not a psychological happening at all. It is recorded in the coded messages we carry in our genes that determine what we are and what we will be. He goes as far as saying to the people around him: You are wasting your time, go away—don't bother me. Of course, that's an obvious gimmick, because why does he talk in the first place?

Now consistent with his reasoning is that there should among those coded messages also be one that determines your breakthrough out of this limited consciousness into this state of—if I say 'enlightenment', he won't accept it, so let us say 'changed being'. And either you've got it or apparently you haven't got it. So if you haven't got it, tough luck!

V.: But how did he come to this conclusion, though?

R.P.: He does not explain that. To him that is a fact; it is not a theory to him.

V.: You are either born with that, or...

S.V.: But he also says that it can happen to anybody, and he is not special. There is no distinction; it is just as much available to anyone as it is to him.

R.P.: If you happen to be lucky enough. He says so. If perchance... by luck... it happens... but then it is determined by one's genes. I don't determine my genes chart. So whatever he may say to anyone, if he is serious about it, this genetic explanation, then it is not available to most people.

V.: No, it is not very fair! [laughter]

R.P.: Also, he says that it is primarily a physical change. There are all sorts of physiological phenomena that take place, and his body underwent certain fundamental changes. For example, he lost his masculinity, and became androgynous...

Have you any further comments on this?

V.: No, except the more you explore the man this way, the more contradictions you will find. The only reason I read that particular chapter is that the point he is making there could be very valuable to all of us.

As you say, it is similar to J.K., but it is like listening to it from a different angle. There really does not seem anything spurious in what he said in that particular chapter. It is applicable to us, because my mind, 'me', is always in movement, always seeking something, and I know it is that very movement which keeps me away from my natural state of being—or simply being, without any search, any demand. As long as my mental attitude is such that I identify with that thought, the idea that there is something special to be achieved, then I have to be like a dog chasing its own tail. I think that's very frightening.

R.P.: I think the main point is that if he is right about his theory, then everything is futile, obviously. If it is all a matter of either/or, either you are born this way, that is what it amounts to, or you are not born this way... he says it is a matter of only one in billions who can break through. And if that is so, then we are just wasting time and many other people, many spiritual seekers, have been wasting their time, too—because it is purely a physical, biological event. Now if you accept that, then that is the end of all such activity. Personally, I don't accept it, but you will have to find out for yourselves.

V.: What about awareness, is not that part of it... that could be increased?

R.P.: He says 'choiceless awareness' is a gimmick invented by J. Krishnamurti and is 'phony baloney', as he calls it.

The other important part of the book, I think, is—and you have to see where he is misleading us—when he is talking about the negative approach. We in this group have talked about this on many occasions. Now he says the negative approach does not really exist: you have made it into a positive approach. That is his broad generalization in the matter.

As you all know, we have ever been very careful to state that we will approach matters entirely in the sense of looking at what we are here and now, not from the point of view of some idealized existence which may or may not be a reality. We will look at our way of functioning which is so obviously unsatisfactory, because we are in conflict, in sorrow; we are always striving to reach out to something that we do not even know... we have done so out of a deep inner dissatisfaction throughout our lives. And this is one of the reasons why we are searching for something which we call spiritual. Most of us who are interested in spiritual things have a basic dissatisfaction with the everyday life, as presently lived. Because if you are totally satisfied, you don't need all this; then you live with that state of superficial contentment until it ends or the body drops. Now we have been saying in these meetings: Let's look at the way we function at the moment. Let us forget about the way we might be able to function; in other words, forget about all these goals, because that's what all these conventional religious groups are doing. They have an image of what man could or should be.

V.: The 'Golden Rules'!

R.P.: Yes, that is his behavior. But we are going into it even more fundamentally than that. Man should be 'perfect', whatever that means. He should be in the image of God. And when you have a

goal, an ideal, you are all the time approximating yourself to that ideal, and therefore you are in the clutches of time—because it is always tomorrow that one will attain. And while you are striving to attain that miraculous state, you are still there with all your misery and conflict. So obviously, it is getting you more and more into a mire of self-deception, thinking that you are arriving somewhere, making progress and in actual fact you are just the same as you were yesterday.

So we have been saying: Look at the false, the way that we operate currently, which is full of falseness. Because we pursue all these limited ideals, we don't even know what we want. We want 'happiness', which is a mere word, and we always try this way and that way. We are striving to find fulfilment because we feel incomplete within ourselves. So we pursue fulfilment through wealth, through sex, through possessions, through all kinds of activities—and yet it always eludes us. Isn't that right? We may have a momentary satisfaction; but it never lasts and we are back in the old state of dissatisfaction. So that is what we have been saying: Look at all this, before going on to some highfalutin ideal or goal. Because once you have that goal, you have rules, a path, with guidelines like all the conventional religious teachers have given us: Do this and don't do that. And then you are no longer an authentic human being, because you are just repeating what somebody has told you... something that you don't know anything about... you are merely following.

Now the difference between U.G., where he attacks and demolishes the negative approach, and what we have been saying and discussing here among ourselves is the following. He is saying you have made that negative approach into a positive approach, because you are deluding yourselves, because through that negative approach you are still trying to get something. So it is just a subtle way of kidding oneself, of a method, a 'how-to'.

On the other hand, what we have been saying here is to forget about *all* goals; in fact, we have been emphasizing this very same point, excessively. We have been saying there are no do's and don'ts... there are no guidelines. You must totally forget any other state that might be attainable. Just look at and concentrate on what is here and now. Once you do that, which is following a hundred percent negative approach, you immediately begin to discover how you function and create misery for yourself. Upon seeing that clearly, something else falls into place all by itself. *You* don't do it; this whole process that is continually taking place within us is in thought. Thought is always striving to reach some delightful state. It wants gratification for itself. All the time, trying to attain, it is in conflict. So when you look at things with or through thought—and that is where the crux of the matter lies, a point which U.G. emphasizes very much—you will ever be defeated, because thought will translate what it sees according to its own conditioning. In other words, you will not look with clear eyes, you cannot, because thought creates the thinker, the ego, the 'I'. And the 'I' will not allow itself to be demolished. The definition of the 'I' is that it is a dynamic entity that is always looking out for its own security, trying to expand and aggrandize itself, so that it has greater security. Once you have created that entity, the 'I', it is the end, you are finished because you are totally in its clutches.

So to look at one's thought process requires a very special way of looking. It needs looking without a background—that is, the entire thought mechanism, which is always saying: this is good, that is bad, always deceiving itself, must be inactivated. And that is what J. Krishnamurti refers to as 'to look without the observer'. When the observer and the observed are one, then that is an entirely different kind of seeing. That is a seeing in which you are not really involved at all. It is as our friend here observed a little while ago, in that split moment when thought is resting and the mind has somewhat subsided, that you can see clearly and only then. But as long as thought is active, feverishly as it normally is, to give sustenance to the ego, there is no possibility of seeing one's conditioning. Do you see that?

The observer is the sum-total of the conditioning, and that is the entity that looks at conditioning! So obviously, the observer has a vested interest in what he observes and will seek to protect it. Therefore, such a process will never under any circumstances lead to a fundamental change. It cannot, and thought will always try to find some satisfaction and will even abuse what we are pointing to, this spiritual state, or call it whatever you like—liberation, enlightenment—it will even downgrade that into another kind of ordinary gratification.

We ever want something. Have you ever been in a state that you don't want something? Only when thought is acquiescent, only when your mind isn't there. As long as your mind is there, you are searching for something, always 'on the make', in a subtle sort of way.

V.: I don't agree with that!

R.P.: You don't agree with that. Have you observed yourself?

V.: I think a person can control his thinking.

R.P.: What is it that controls the thinking?

V.: Well, your own mind.

R.P.: Well, there you are! Because the mind and the thinking are not different—the continuous flow of thought is what we call the 'mind'—control is not possible. Control would only be possible if it concerned two completely separate and independent entities. But that is here plainly not the case. Ramana Maharshi said in this connection, it is like the policeman trying to catch the thief who is himself. The policeman is no different from the thief. You see, this is a very good example of how we are deceiving ourselves. I am not being personal, madam, I am talking in general. Of course, what you are expressing is so universally valid: we think we have some kind of super-truth within ourselves that can control all this falseness, a higher self that can manage the lower self. The point is that this 'I', this ego, has innumerable mechanisms at its disposal for deceiving itself. The resulting conclusion, or the action flowing from that conclusion, is always the end product of the interplay of all our thoughts and concepts. So on the level of thought, it is not possible to rise above our own ego-sphere.

You just have to give up on the mind altogether if you understand what the mind is: a bag full of tricks. Don't just take my word for it; each of us has to see this for himself and come to that point where you have totally exposed the mind and can't be deceived any longer.

So when you have come to that point and see the total impossibility of achieving a breakthrough in and through the mind, then you are in that state that U.G. has described, where you just back off completely; you are totally helpless. When you are in that condition, and you see that by yourself and through yourself you cannot do anything at all, only then can something be triggered off. But don't try to quieten the mind in order to get something; this is an obvious device that thought will seize upon when it hears something like what we have been saying just now. It will try another trick upon itself: it will hypnotize itself that it is quiet, concentrate on a mantra so that it will fall asleep. But the mind that has fallen asleep is not a still mind. A still mind is a mind that has seen through all this, realized the futility of its striving. It can't go any further; it has tried everything to no avail. And in that moment of giving up, of letting go, there is a break in its usual activity. Then the mind falls totally silent, which is a blessing.

This moment may not last very long. So the mind comes back; the mind has just had a wonderful experience. It has been free of burden for a split second or a little longer. So what happens? It says to itself: I must get this experience back. It was marvellous, I must have it again. And the very fact of trying to regain it means it will not happen!

V.: But as long as it is getting 'experience', it is still the mind that is at it.

R.P.: Yes, but that moment of silence we talked about is really an absence of experience. As one of you said earlier, we have not even got a word for it in our language, so we call it an 'experience' of silence for lack of a better term.

V.: But Robert, don't you think that was the one interesting thing U.G. brought out in this thing, the condition of what he called the "parallel thought process" going on. We don't take it that way. I take it that I am seeing my thought, or I have an idea and I can preserve it as such, and he is very clear when he says that what actually takes place is the mind splitting itself up into parallel movements of thought, so while one thought is going on, another thought is moving alongside it, judging it, and these images reverberate from one to the other. So I tend to think, like I believe most of us do, according to what you've said, I am standing at a distance from the rest of the crazy thoughts and I can kind of control them. What he is trying to expose—with such deep insight—and it is very difficult even to understand it, because most of us don't realize there is this parallel movement of thought...

S.V.: Because that movement is always there?

V.: Yes, but do you see why it is so strong, so powerful? Because in the essence of the parallel movement of thought lies the image of myself as a concrete entity. I really believe that is 'me', that is my ego, which is judging whether or not you are clever, whether or not I am clever, or something like that; whether my thought is moving in the right direction. It is constantly censoring everything and pretending the process to be different from all the other thoughts inside of me; it sort of gets separated out from the rest of the thought process, but it is just the same thought process.

S.V.: That is which makes it difficult to see, because we see from that "I."

V.: More than that. It may be that which is responsible for the whole thought process itself, because it seems to be the center of gravity like the sun around which all other thoughts spin and are kept in motion. Because of the clinging to that image of myself as an independent 'I' who is clever enough to eventually get out of this whole quandary that we are discussing; therefore all thought is dependent upon that, all thought circumnavigates it. And I keep calling it 'I', because I have split up things into the observer and the observed, or, if you like, the thinker and the thought, but they are both pure thought, purely mechanical movements.

S.V.: So the one keeps the other going; they are not separate at all, they are together.

V.: You are right, you have caught the point. But then what can you do in such a situation?

R.P.: And the odd thing is that without this inner tension within thought, the very thought momentum would collapse, the mind would not be there at all.

In my book, *Crisis in Consciousness*, I referred to a mechanism which, I think, is similar or identical to U.G.'s parallel movement of thought. I was describing an ongoing adjustment of one's behavior by means of a psychological feedback system, which is kept alive mainly by the 'second-thoughts' we have—the afterthoughts which sneak in and aim at modifying the thoughts that have passed in an effort at 'self-correcting'. Remaining largely on a lower level of consciousness, these thoughts are not dealt with adequately in the here-and-now, and so leave a psychological residue. Thus, they add to the karmic reservoir that determines the destiny of the body-mind entity.

Hubert Benoit, in his book, *The Supreme Doctrine*, talks about an 'inner lawsuit' which is continually being enacted in our subconscious mind. I believe he is referring to the very same mechanism that we have been discussing. These are all valid descriptions of aspects of what goes into the process of 'becoming', which is really what sustains the 'mind'.

V.: Does that come from the subconscious, that parallel function you are talking about?

S.V.: I wonder about that, the subconscious; it is always going on, I am identified with it and I think of the subconscious of being way back in the brain cells and memory, and influencing me from some distance, but this is right here, all the time. If you look at me, insult me or say something that may give me a funny idea about myself, then that springs into action, instantly; it goads all my activities, it is my notion of myself. So it is right there. I don't have to go to a therapist and dig at it. It is always there, as much as the consciousness is there.

R.P.: It also depends on how much you repress the observation or the thought. If the truth that you are observing is sufficiently unsavory to you, you will repress it and it goes into the subconscious. However, that is a purely artificial dividing line, separating the subconscious and the conscious. But this ideal of the parallel thought, as U.G. calls it, has actually been institutionalized in Indian religion, where they talk about the higher self and the lower self. The higher self is the self, which we think is the noble part; and the lower self is that which we do not really like, is not very respectable. So, they have institutionalized that split and they can hide behind it...

V.: You don't believe in the superconscious?

R.P.: All these are words, madam. These are artificial divisions.

V.: I know, but then give me your definition of "mind."

R.P.: I don't give definitions of mind. The mind is beyond definition, because definitions are only on

the level of thought. Any such definition could never be more than a kind of circular argument, for like can never determine like.

Once you really *look* at thought, you are beyond thought. Obviously, your definitions then are no good anymore. You can give a definition on the level of science, of what our physiological mechanism is like, or what a brain cell is, you can give definitions in that realm, but you can't give definitions that concern our most fundamental being and functioning. That would be absolutely futile, because it means to be caught within a set of words.

Words are merely symbols, abstractions; but this goes far beyond words. You have to understand it for yourself, you have to see it in action. Then you won't ask for definitions any longer, once you have seen clearly what we are doing to ourselves; how this artificial entity, which we call the 'I' or the ego, has come about and how we create it from thought, because thought itself is totally fluid, void of any entities. We have formed this static entity, the ego, from this fluidity. So merely see the unreality of that entity. Then, where is the need for definitions? That's the beauty of it. This is not science that we are doing, not spiritual science. There is no such thing! You can't put this into a set of equations.

V.: Sir, you speak of fluidity. I want to inquire into a question that arises from this reading, this notion of the biological program, when one is to be enlightened, because to me this rings up a very deep question, of looking at it as a biological or mechanical sequence of events. Then, what he calls 'enlightenment' is a consequence of a certain mechanical process, just like a clock. The alarm goes off and that is when it happens. And the difference between the word 'consequence', the mechanical result, and something which originally happens.... I find I have to look more deeply into the word 'happens' and what we mean by something happening, and related to that also the words 'hapless' and 'happy'. Does it not imply some kind of freedom or fluidity or space wherein there is, albeit it may be choiceless, a possibility of Creation; there is not just a mechanical, linear process.

R.P.: Well, I can't answer for U.G. I don't know how he has worked it out; he just makes this blunt statement that—but maybe the key word to this problem is what he says about... he does not want to call it 'enlightenment', as a matter of fact, he calls it a 'calamity' because when these physical changes took place he was in great pain for several days—this change is acausal; that is, it has no cause. Now I don't know if you can reconcile his theory of genetic origination with acausality.

V.: It does not connect.

R.P.: How can you? I don't think there is a way.

V.: It sounds like what he is talking about is mutation. It is something that just happens.

S.V.: It is a problem, for how do you find the right word for something that does not fit into categories?

R.P.: The other part of his conclusion, which states that consciousness transformation is acausal, I wouldn't knock at this stage. He may well be right there; all the great *advaitic* thinkers have testified similarly. The subject is so vast that it would warrant a whole discussion session by itself.

My more serious objection to his theory is this. Fundamentally, the body and mind are one. We have split these two. In actual fact, what we are is a psychosomatic entity, a piece of psychosomatic machinery if you like, and to single out the soma, as he does, and to give that primordial importance, does not make any sense to me. What he is saying in effect is that the body cells are more important than the consciousness. Whether you understand yourself or not does not count or is secondary. All that is overridden by the condition, the structure, of one's cell material. So, with one stroke of the pen he has set back the clock to the era of the materialist philosophers, who believe that matter is the basis of all reality. And at the same time, it reinforces our erroneous notion that we *are* our body, for how we function depends exclusively on our body cells. So by saying that man's ultimate transformation is primarily biological, physiological—physical, if you like—then the basic reality, the primordial reality, to him, is the physical world, doesn't that follow logically?

Now my point is—and I have driven it home on many occasions in my books and so on—that what we call the physical world is not a primordial reality, because without consciousness we would not even know, there wouldn't even be, a physical world. There is consciousness first; otherwise, you couldn't

talk about the body. What do you mean by 'body'? Body is merely a set of sense impressions, coordinated, interpreted by the brain, emerging into this consciousness. That sum-total of these impressions we call 'body'. So consciousness is prior to everything—a primordial reality. Everything else comes subsequently, arises within consciousness. Thus, this whole world is within consciousness. It is not like they used to believe, the scientists of the mechanistic era, that the body produces this consciousness. Do you remember that, not so long ago? There are still scientists who believe that. The very latest physics indicates, however, that this sharp demarcation between matter and mind is no longer tenable.

V.: Regarding consciousness, isn't it so that some of us are conditioned to think that consciousness is a function of the ego, whereas one can also look at it differently and say that ego is a malfunction of consciousness?

R.P.: But there is something, a different consciousness that is not limited by the ego. There is that limited consciousness; and there is a consciousness or Awareness which is timeless and spaceless, since it is not based on memory—the changeless matrix which itself is the source of the changeful and without which you would not even be able to designate anything as changeful. But do you agree with me, can you see, that consciousness is more basic than the soma; that the soma is a product of that consciousness?

V.: Yes.

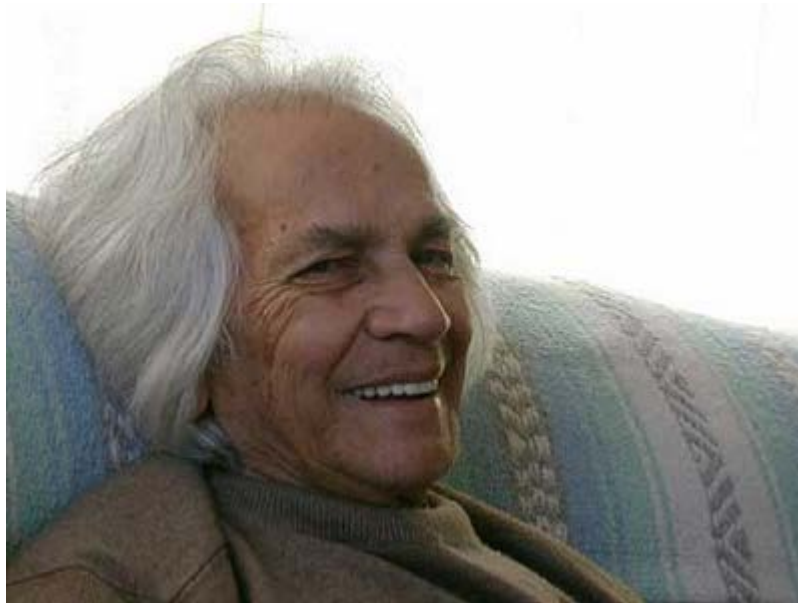
R.P.: So, what becomes of his argument then—U.G.'s argument that this process is a biological one, primarily? It doesn't make sense, does it? Also, one wonders why he keeps on talking, because what good does it do... to tell people that they're out of luck? That's really all it amounts to. It's just for the chosen few.

V.: Well, maybe he's a prankster.

R.P.: He may be. I feel that is so, I feel that very much. When I first read this book, which was lent to me by Alan, I said to him, "I feel this book was written tongue-in-cheek, to a large extent, if not all of it." And he has the background of a prankster, too. We needn't go into that here, but it's known.

[links](#)





Indian Spiritual Gurus Twentieth Century -- M.L. Ahuja

Consciousness has to purge itself of every trace of holiness and every trace of unholy. Even what you consider 'sacred' and 'holy' is a contamination. Yet, it does not happen through any volition of yours. When once the frontiers are broken—although not through any effort or volition of yours—then the floodgates are open and everything goes out.

"People call me an enlightened man—I detest that term. There is no such thing as enlightenment....All my life I have searched and wanted to be an enlightened man....There is no power outside man. Man has created God out of fear. So the problem is fear and not God....I have no message for mankind....If you are searching for someone who will enlighten you, you have come to the wrong man....A real guru, if there is one, frees you from himself."

These words of U.G. Krishnamurti bring to focus the preception and approach of U.G. Krishnamurti, who, as he himself said, was not a guru, not a priest, not a teacher, nor a servant. Then what was he?

Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti was born on July 9, 1918 in the small town of Masulipatam in south India. Those were the days of the First World War. His mother expired after seven days of giving birth to the child. Before she died she had predicted that, "The boy is born to a destiny immeasurably high." Her father, Tummalapalli Gopala Krishnamurti, a wealthy Brahmin lawyer, took his dying daughter's prediction quite seriously. He gave up his flourishing law practice to devote himself to his grandson's upbringing and education. The grandparents and their friends felt convinced that the child was born a yogabrashta, one who has come within inches of enlightenment in his past life. U.G.'s father remarried soon after his wife's death and left his son to be taken care of by the child's grandparents.

Thus U.G.'s father didn't have any role in his son's upbringing. Rather, it was his grandfather, T.G. Krishnamurti, who influenced the child's psyche. T.G. was an orthodox Brahmin. However, he came in contact with the Theosophical Society, which was founded in 1873 by Helena Petrova Blavatsky, a Russian immigrant to the United States, and Colonel Alcott, an American lawyer. The Theosophical

Society was built largely on their reading of Buddhism and Hinduism and on a fusion of assorted occult presuppositions. Its subject was to delve into the riddle of creation to discover the dormant power in man. It was open equally to believers and non-believers as well as to the orthodox and the unorthodox. In those days, theosophy had a strong appeal to those which found little solace in orthodoxy and yet were not content to call themselves atheists. It attracted an articulate group of free thinkers and avowed atheists searching for some order and spiritual support.

However, T.G. combined in himself the qualities of an orthodox and theosophist. He used to invite all the holy men to his house. Thus, he created a spiritual atmosphere, which had an impact on the child's mind. When U.G. was three, instead of playing with toys he sat cross-legged in meditation, imitating all those holy men who visited his house. Everyday, from dawn to dusk, U.G. had an opportunity to listen to the Upanishads, Panchadasi, Naishkarmya Siddhi and the commentaries. By the time U.G. was seven he could repeat from memory most of the passages from the holy books. God became irrelevant to him. He lost his faith in prayer.

In 1925, when the Theosophical Society commemorated its Golden Jubilee celebration, U.G. was keen to attend it. He thought of praying to Hanuman and gifting him 500 coconuts, but didn't have the money to purchase 500 coconuts to gratify Hanuman. Should he steal? Even if he did, what he would do with all the other coconut halves that the temple would return? Where would he keep them? He was in a dilemma how to please Hanuman. When he learned that his grandparents had decided to attend the celebration, he wondered how his prayer was granted. He now felt that it was his power and vigor of thought which had swayed his grandparents. Again, he felt convinced that he could find fulfillment not through the efficacy of prayer but through the strength of his own desire.

When U.G. was a twelve-year-old, he found printers leaking test papers to students with the aim to amass wealth. To prevent this, the school authorities used stencils and destroyed the master copy immediately after making copies. One day, U.G. devised a scheme for defeating the authorities with the help of ten other boys in his class. All of them collected 100 rupees. U.G. was able to bribe the attendant who ran the machine into giving them the original stencil. Just before the examination U.G. thought, 'Why should we alone be benefited?' Therefore, he and his friends distributed the question sheets to all the students in the class. Naturally, the authorities of the school came to know of this. The poor attendant was dismissed. A reexamination was held and U.G. and all his associates failed. The authorities would have expelled them if it were not for the fact that U.G.'s uncle happened to be on the governing committee of the school.

The event that propelled U.G. into his quest for truth was a traumatic one. His grandfather had a personal meditation room in which he used to meditate every day for long hours. U.G. was not permitted to enter into this room since he had meddled with the photographs of the Masters of Theosophy. One was to be initiated into the Esoteric Group of the Theosophical Society even to have a glimpse of these Masters. The Esoteric Society or E.S., as it came to be known, was strictly for those who had proved their dedication to Theosophy, mostly through work. These select members were deemed ready for exposure to the ancient wisdom, which would help them along the path of the Masters. Membership of the E.S. was supposed to be absolutely secret. U.G. was too young to be initiated into that group. Later, when he reached the age of 14, he was admitted as one of its privileged members. Only the so-called 'spiritually evolved' people were enrolled in this elite group.

One day, T.G. was meditating when his great-granddaughter, a little baby, started crying. The child's wailing interrupted the old man's meditation. This infuriated him. He came down and thrashed the child. 'There must be something funny about the whole business of meditation,' felt U.G., as he helplessly witnessed his grandfather beating his own great-granddaughter. 'Their lives are shallow and empty. They talk marvelously, but there is a neurotic fear in their lives. Whatever they preach does not seem to operate in their lives. Why?' U.G. felt.

This was the beginning of his search, a search that lasted till his forty-ninth year of life. In 1932, when U.G. was fourteen, three significant events took place which steered him further away from the world of orthodoxy and tradition. One day, a pontiff of great repute, Sankaracharya of a well-known math, visited U.G.'s house. During those days, everybody couldn't afford to have guests. The Sankaracharya travelled with a huge entourage of disciples and attendants. The religious ceremony that was performed extended to several days. All this involved a lot of money. The pomp and show, the crown and the scepter of the pontiff fascinated U.G. He wanted to be like Sankaracharya when he grew up. He wanted to leave his house and succeed him and inherit all that he had. The pontiff turned U.G.'s

request down saying that he was too young for that kind of life and that leaving his home would make his family extremely unhappy. This didn't distract U.G. from his aspirations. 'There must be somebody else somewhere who can fulfill this desire of mine,' he thought. The pontiff, while leaving, gave U.G. a Shiva mantra. For the next seven years U.G. recited this mantra 3,000 times, every place he went.

U.G. was disenchanted with the Theosophical Society when the Society's President Annie Besant, at the Society's convention in 1932, did not recognize U.G.'s grandfather who had been its follower. She was more absorbed in looking at U.G. Therefore, when she asked U.G. if he was going to work for the Society U.G. didn't respond. On the death anniversary of his mother, U.G. finally broke away from the practice of all religious rites. Every year, on this day, U.G. was made to fast. The little boy was permitted to eat only at the end of the day after feeding a couple of Brahmin priests and washing their feet. U.G. was also made to meditate and recreate in his mind the image of his dead mother, whom he had hardly seen. U.G. was enraged when he discovered the Brahmin priests eating heartily in a nearby restaurant. 'They too are supposed to be fasting. Enough is enough. They are all fakes,' he felt. He went to his grandfather and, in an act of defiance, broke his sacred thread, the symbol of his religious heritage and threw it away.

At the age of 29, U.G. became a quasi-atheist. He joined the University of Madras and for some years studied eastern and western psychology, mysticism and modern sciences. The human mind had always intrigued U.G. With the passage of time, the intensity of his search had grown. One day, he asked his professor if he knew what the mind is. His professor took it as an irrelevant question and asked U.G. to concentrate only on the text. At this stage, his friend guided him to Ramana Maharshi at Tiruvannamalai, who was considered a human embodiment of the Hindu tradition. U.G., by then, had arrived at a point where he felt certain that all the teachers of mankind—Buddha, Jesus, Ramakrishna etc.—had deluded themselves and deluded others. He developed a revulsion against everything sacred and everything holy. U.G.'s friend gave him a book to read. It was entitled *A Search in Secret India* by Paul Brunton. U.G. read the chapter in it relating to Ramana. In 1939, he unwillingly went to meet Ramana Maharshi. Ramana Maharshi was reading comic strips when U.G. first saw him. U.G. thought, 'How can this man help me?' As he sat there for two hours, watching Maharshi cutting vegetables and doing other things, all questions that had disappeared in his presence became fables. He asked Maharshi whether there is anything like enlightenment and whether he could have it. Maharshi offered to give it to U.G. if the latter could take it. At this, U.G. thought that Maharshi was like any other person and how could he possess something which he could give to U.G. U.G. left Ramana Maharshi.

Between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, U.G. undertook all kinds of spiritual exercises. He practised all the austerities. While practising yoga and meditation, he had every kind of experience referred to in the sacred books—samadhi, super samadhi, nivikalpa samadhi. He was determined to find out if there was any such thing as moksha, about which all the great teachers of mankind had spoken endlessly. He wanted that moksha for himself. He had also resolved to prove to himself and to everybody that there cannot be hypocrisy in the people who have realized themselves. He searched for a person who was an embodiment of this realization. In those days, there was a Hindu evangelist, a strict and righteous spiritual authority by the name of Sivananda Saraswati, with whom U.G. spent seven summers in the Himalayas studying classical yoga. But still he felt that all this did not lead him anywhere. Thus, those years laid the foundation for his quest.

Sex became an issue for U.G. He wondered why religious people wanted to allay or suppress a natural biological urge. He wanted to find out what happened to that urge if he did not do anything with it. He wanted to understand everything about sex. 'Why do I want to indulge in autoeroticism. I don't know anything about sex. Then why is it that I have all kinds of images about sex?' U.G. inquired. This became his meditation. How was he to form the sexual images? He had never been to a movie or seen anything of a sexual nature. How is it that the sexual images exist inside his mind but all stimulation apparently comes from outside. But there is another kind of stimulation which comes from within, he thought. He felt that he could cut out all external stimulation, but how to eliminate what was inside his mind, that was the question.

In his mid-20s, though he had intermittently vowed to forego sex and marriage in defense of the life of a religious celibate, he reasoned that sex was a natural drive and that it was not wise to suppress it. He said to himself, 'If it is a question of satisfying your sex urge, why not marry? That is what society is there for. Why should you have sex with some (unattached) woman? You can have a natural

expression of sex in marriage.' His close friend looked at his astrological chart and told him that he was to be married on May 15, 1943. The sudden death of the only surviving daughter of U.G.'s grandparents created a vacuum in their lives. He felt that he owed it to them to marry. He chose a beautiful Brahmin girl, Kusum Kumari, as his bride. Later in his life, he regretted over his decision to marry. His married life finally ended after seventeen years of marriage while he was in the U.S.A.

U.G.'s aim during those days was to become an ascetic or a monk and he did not entertain the thought of marriage. Though he thought of gods and goddesses he had wet dreams. He questioned why he felt guilty about this when he had no control over it. His meditation, his discipline and his study of holy books had not helped him with this issue. Even his staying away from salt, chilies and all kinds of spices had not worked. His yoga master, Sivananda, was startled when U.G. caught him devouring some hot pickles behind closed doors. 'How can this man deceive himself and others, pretending to be one thing while doing another? He has denied himself everything in the hope of getting something but he cannot control himself. He is a hypocrite. This kind of life is not for me.' U.G. gave up his yoga practice and left Sivananda.

U.G. started attending the discourses of J. Krishnamurti. One day, he had a heated discussion with him on the question of death and the death experience. U.G. said, "I don't see any mind in me, let alone a subconscious or unconscious mind." U.G. told J. Krishnamurti about his background of the Theosophical Society. Krishnamurti saw U.G.'s wife, Kusuma, their two daughters and a young girl carrying their son. The next day when U.G. went to see him again, Krishnamurti told him how pained he was to see a young girl carrying a grown-up boy. U.G. told him that the boy was handicapped, that both his legs were affected by polio. Krishnamurti asked U.G. to bring the whole family the next day. U.G. wanted to send the boy abroad for treatment, which involved a lot of expense. Krishnamurti tried his healing technique by massaging the boy's legs for several days. U.G. was in London and then in America for five years. Krishnamurti kept occasional contact with him to know the progress of the medical treatment.

In 1961, U.G. was in London, alone and penniless. He virtually became insane. He went to the Ramakrishna Mission where the Swami-in-charge offered him some literary work. U.G. was paid five pounds for working on the Vivekananda Centenary Issue. With the money thus earned he decided to see every film that was on in London. After three months, U.G. left the Mission as he didn't like the work. He wandered from place to place. One day, Krishnamurti asked, "Why are you trying to detach yourself from your family?" At this, U.G. didn't have any answer. That was his last meeting with Krishnamurti. U.G.'s wife died in 1963 after twenty-one years of their marriage. U.G. then was in London and he heard about this after many months. He didn't return to India. He lost contact with his children. In 1967, when he returned after almost fourteen years, his daughters were married and had children of their own.

U.G. returned to India when he came to know that his friend Vasant was seriously ill with cancer. He was now a changed person, nursing and comforting his friend. Vasant died but there was no trace of emotion in U.G. Once in Rome he had gone to see a James Bond movie along with some of his friends. In one scene, gunshots were fired. He was found collapsing on the floor. His friends were alarmed. A few seconds later, U.G. revived. His movements were similar to those of a newborn baby. U.G. said, "Those movements were the origin of yoga. The movements bring the body back to its natural rhythm. What is called Hatha yoga today is nothing but acrobatics." Death and birth, he said, are simultaneous processes and there is no space in between birth and death. For him it is a renewal of the body.

In July 1967, U.G.'s life went through another phase. He had a tremendous intensity of feelings. He said, "It's like rice chaff. If a heap of rice chaff is ignited, it continues burning inside; you don't see any fire outside, but when you touch it, it burns you, of course. In exactly the same way, the question was going on and on, 'What is that state? I want that state.' He was a finished man now. Again and again, he wanted to know what that state was, the state in which the Buddha was, Sankara was, and all those teachers were. At this stage, one of his friends virtually dragged him to the place where J. Krishnamurti was giving his discourse. There he had the peculiar feeling that Krishnamurti was describing U.G.'s state and not his own.

U.G. discovered some "physiological phenomenon" within himself. It was a sudden "explosion" inside, blasting, as it were, every cell, every nerve and every gland in his body. He noticed some fundamental changes in the functioning of his senses. For seven days, every day a change occurred.

U.G. discovered that his skin had become extremely soft, the blinking of the eyes had stopped, and his senses of taste, smell and hearing had undergone a change. He felt something happening inside him. He was on the verge of death, but something brought him back to life. Above all, there was no tension and U.G. had perfect tranquility of mind, though there was no perceptible change in his personality. On the eighth day, U.G. felt a tremendous outburst of energy which shook his whole body and along with the body, the sofa, the chalet and the whole universe shook and vibrated. It lasted for hours and hours. There was nothing that he could do to stop it. He was in bed for three days with pain in his body. His friends observed swellings up and down his torso, neck and head, all those points called chakras, but U.G. never attributed all this to psychological or mystical content or religious overtones.

Narayana Moorty says that if he had to reduce U.G.'s teaching to one sentence it would be like this: "Consciousness is so pure that whatever you are doing in the direction of purifying that consciousness is adding impurity to it." According to U.G., "Consciousness has to flush itself out. It has to purge itself of every trace of holiness and of every trace of unholiness, of everything. Even what you consider 'sacred' and 'holy' is a contamination of that consciousness. Yet, it does not happen through any volition of yours. When once the frontiers are broken—although not through any effort or volition of yours—then the floodgates are open and everything goes out."

U.G. said that the only difference between animals and mankind is that mankind can think and can use it as an instrument to function in this world. Every human being has a unique personality of his own, which is trying to express itself. Character building is in the interest of continuity of society. The human instincts—psychic, clairvoyance—are essential because human beings are interested in two things: survival at any cost and reproduction.

He said, "Man is finished....He is already a nut and bolt in the social structure....What little opportunity there is for this personality to express itself will be lost....There are certain areas in the human organism which are outside the control of thought. They are the glands, what you call the ductless glands....Hindus call them chakras....Unless they are activated, any chance of human beings flowering into themselves is lost....Man remains incomplete unless the whole of this human organism blooms into something....The day you control the endocrine glands, you will change the personality of man; you won't need any brainwashing....There is a tremendous intelligence which is guiding the mechanism of the human body and its interest in protection....The perfect man doesn't exist at all....In a given situation I am not capable of acting in any other way....Thoughts come and go; they repeat themselves....They are not problems; they become problems only when you sit in one corner trying to meditate and control your thoughts."

Talking of sex, U.G. said, "All this talk of urdhvaratus (sublimation of sex energy) is bunkum. By closing sex energy, you are not going to improve yourself in any way....Abstinence, continence, celibacy, is not going to help....Sex is unfortunately separated from other activities....Religion is responsible for that....We must have new moral codes of conduct....The old codes are all out of date, anachronistic, finished."

To him, spiritual knowledge and sensual knowledge are identical. He said, "Fantasies about God are acceptable, but fantasies about sex are called 'sensual', 'physical....One is socially acceptable and the other is not....There is no such thing as absolute morality....Man is always selfish, and he will remain selfish as long as he practises selfishness as a virtue....Nothing can be wrong with desire....This [desire] is a reality."

To experience God, U.G. wants us to understand the nature of the experiencing structure inside us before we deal with all that.

U.G. said, "In that process of flushing out, you have all these visions. Suddenly you yourself, the whole consciousness takes the shape of the Buddha, Jesus, Mahavira, Mohammed or Socrates—only of those who have come into this state; not of great men or leaders of mankind. One of them was a 'colored' man. Then a naked woman with breasts and flowing hair; I was told there were two saints here in India—Akkamahadevi and Lalleswari—they were women, naked women. Suddenly you have these two breasts and flowing hair. Even the organs change into female organs."

U.G. said that a number of rishis, some Westerners, monks and others, experienced this kind of consciousness and this flushing out of everything, good and bad, holy and unholy, sacred and

profane. Otherwise, our consciousness is still contaminated and impure. After that we are put back into that primeval, primordial state of consciousness. Once consciousness has become pure, of and by itself, then nothing can touch it and contaminate it anymore."

His message to mankind is: "All holy systems for obtaining enlightenment are nonsense and all talk of arriving at a psychological mutation through awareness is rubbish. Psychological mutation is impossible. The natural state can happen only through biological mutation."

The incredible physiological changes in U.G. continued to occur for years. He felt so bewildered by what had happened to him that he did not speak for a year and had to practically learn to think and talk all over again. After a year or so, he had regained most of his communicative powers.

U.G. and Brahmachari Sivarama Sarma, a former Professor of Chemical Engineering and Indian Administrative Service officer, shared a volatile relationship for more than twenty years. When the pontiff of Kudli Math nominated Brahmachari as his successor before his death and a rival challenged Brahmachari's stepping onto the throne, dragging Brahmachari into a legal battle, it was U.G. who saved Brahmachari. U.G. kept Brahmachari under his guard, preventing him from venturing out, dissuading him from entertaining the idea of becoming a pontiff of the math. With the assistance of the Karnataka Government, Brahmachari set up a huge ashram on the outskirts of Bangalore where he also built a school, a temple, a guesthouse and cottages for the elderly.

U.G. said that, "You should stay with your misery, you don't need a teacher. You don't know how to do that. It is too severe. You can't cope with the misery." He shunned religious persons, ridiculed social reformers, condemned saints, spoke with disgust about sadhakas (spiritual aspirants), detested the chanting of the Vedas or the recitation of the Upanishads, and is full of rage when he finds people like Sankara or Buddha. He becomes furious at the very mention of Satya Sai Baba or Rajneesh. About J. Krishnamurti he says, "He doesn't give any solution to any of the problems raised and avoids questions about 'enlightenment'; he is a bundle of contradictions. His statements are devastating. His ideas are shocking. His expressions are bewildering. His utterances are irritating." He rejects the role of the guru. His aimless period of life lasted for six years, marked by an intense interest in the question, 'What is that state?' He was still trying desperately to understand the state described by all the great spiritual teachers, by Sankara, Buddha and Jesus. Eventually he came to believe that he was in that state.

Above all, it is difficult, rather impossible, to introduce the work of U.G. Krishnamurti. While he is certainly seen as part of the continuum of perennial wisdom, his approach is confronting and disturbing. He could be best described as a sort of 'spiritual terrorist': he overturns, even attacks all the cherished beliefs that we hold so far—God, mind, soul, enlightenment, religion, humanity, heart, love, relationships. He provides us a totally different picture of who we are. He is not our typical guru. He discourages people from coming to see him and in many cases, politely turns them away. At the same time, he has become one of the most talked about thinkers in India. He has been called 'the anti-guru,' 'the un-guru,' 'the seer with no solution,' 'the raging sage,' and 'the thinker who shuns thought.' Unlike Ramana Maharshi, his approach is not to the point.

[links](#)





A Journey of Spiritual Discovery and Adventure Close Encounters -- Iain McNay

Hawaii was somewhere I had always wanted to visit. When Paul Lowe was invited there to conduct three weeks of meetings and seminars I had imagined sun filled days lying on the beach, hikes in the crater and lazy afternoons walking in the countryside on our days off. We had spent the previous three months in New York and it had turned very cold. When we arrived at Kahului airport on Maui it was pouring with rain and it didn't stop for a week. I got soaked every day! I found the people in Maui friendly, soft, sincere, and... a little sleepy. Maybe life was just too easy there. After the first few days I was beginning to miss the intensity and urgency of life in New York.

One evening Hanya, an old friend of Paul's, invited a small group of her friends to meet us. Among the guests were some therapists, a couple of healers and a very energetic chap called Ken Cadigan with his equally high-energy wife, Brenda. After courteous introductions, Ken enthusiastically said to us, "I've found a book you have just *got* to read." With that, he went rushing off to his car and returned with a small volume entitled, *Mind is a Myth—Disquieting Conversations with a Man Called U.G.* On the front was a rather stern looking Indian man who was called U.G. Krishnamurti. Apparently Ken had heard about the book from a friend of his and had then gone into the Bodhi Tree bookstore in Los Angeles to see if he could find it. Discovering they had just had ten copies delivered, he immediately bought them all. He kept enthusing about the book all evening. Paul took it with him and I managed to borrow it a few days later. The opening page contained the following statement.

"My teaching, if that is the word you want to use, has no copyright. You are free to reproduce, distribute, interpret, misinterpret, distort, garble, do what you like, even claim authorship, without my consent or the permission of anybody. U.G."

I was fascinated. I knew Ken had discovered someone very unique who wasn't going to convey the usual "new age" message. The introduction to the book then contained the following "encouraging"

message for would be seekers, written by the book's editor Terry Newland:

U.G.'s message is a shocking one: we are all on the wrong train, on the wrong track, going in the wrong direction. When the time comes to face up to the catastrophe of man's present crisis, you will find U.G. at the head of the line, ready and able to demolish the carefully built assumptions so dear and consoling to us all. A U.G. sampler: Making love is war; cause and effect is the shibboleth of confused minds; yoga and health foods destroy the body; the body and not the soul is immortal; there is no Communism in Russia, no freedom in America and no spirituality in India; service to mankind is utter selfishness; Jesus was another misguided Jew and Buddha was a crackpot; mutual terror, not love, will save mankind; attending church and going to the bar for a drink are identical; there is nothing inside you but fear; communication is impossible between human beings; God, love, happiness, the unconscious, death, reincarnation and the soul are non-existent figments of our rich imagination; Freud is the fraud of the 20th century, while J. Krishnamurti is its greatest phony.

I was hooked. I knew that this book was a whole missing link for me. I could already tell that U.G. was going to smash all my ideas and preconceptions on enlightenment and consciousness. His own story is quite extraordinary and it is worth telling at length. I am grateful to Terry Newland for much of the narrative.

Uppaluri Gopala Krishnamurti was born of middle class Brahmin parents in 1918, in South India. The family name was Uppaluri, while Krishnamurti was a given name which is a common name for boys in South India. There is no family relationship between him and the famous teacher and author, J. Krishnamurti.

U.G. was brought up by his grandparents. His grandfather was an ardent Theosophist and knew J Krishnamurti, Annie Besant, Col. Alcott, and the other leaders of the Theosophical Society. U.G. was to meet all these people in his youth and was to spend his early years around Adyar, the world headquarters of the Theosophical Society, in Madras, India. There were endless discussions on philosophy, comparative religions, the occult, and metaphysics. Every wall of the house was covered with pictures of famous Hindu and Theosophical leaders.

Commented U.G., "I was brought up in a very religious atmosphere. My grandfather was a very cultured man. He knew Blavatsky (the founder of the Theosophical Society) and Olcott and then, later on, the second and third generation of Theosophists. They all visited our house. My grandfather was a great lawyer, a very rich man, a very cultured man and strangely, a very orthodox man. He was a sort of mixed-up kid: orthodoxy, tradition on one side and then the opposite, Theosophy and the whole thing, on the other side. He failed to establish a balance. That was the beginning of my problem. He had learned men on his payroll and he dedicated himself to create a profound atmosphere for me and to educate me in the right way, inspired by the Theosophists and the whole lot."

It was in these early years of his life that U.G. began to feel that "something was wrong somewhere," referring to the whole religious tradition into which he had been immersed almost from the beginning. His yoga master, a strict and self-righteous figure of authority, was startled by U.G. when the latter found him devouring some hot pickles forbidden for yogis, behind closed doors. U.G., just a boy, said to himself, "How can this man deceive himself and others, pretending to be one thing while doing another?"

U.G. remembers, "My grandfather used to meditate for one or two hours a day in a separate meditation room. One day a little baby, only about two years old, started crying for some reason. That chap came down and started beating the child and the child almost turned blue! I thought to myself, 'There must be something funny about the whole business of meditation. Their lives are shallow, empty. They talk marvelously, express things in a very beautiful way, but what about their lives?'"

U.G. gave up his yoga practices, maintaining a healthy skepticism towards all things spiritual on into his adulthood. More and more he wanted to do things his way, questioning the authority of others over him. He became a young cynic, rejecting the spiritual conventions of his culture and questioning everything for himself.

By the age of twenty-one, U.G. had become a quasiatheist, studying secular western philosophy and psychology at the University of Madras. A friend asked him to go with him to visit the famous Sage of

Arunachula, Bhagvan Sri Ramana Maharshi, at his ashram not far south of Madras. Reluctantly U.G. went. He was convinced by that time that all holy men were phonies and were taking people for a ride. But to his surprise Ramana Maharshi was different. The Bhagvan, a serene, doe-eyed sage of the highest wisdom and integrity, could not help but make a strong impression on the young U.G. He rarely spoke to those who approached him with questions and U.G. approached the Bhagvan with some trepidation and misgivings, putting to the master three questions:

"Is there," asked U.G., "anything like enlightenment?" "Yes, there is," replied the master.

"Are there any levels to it?" The Bhagvan replied, "No, no levels are possible, it is all one thing. Either you are there or not there at all."

Finally U.G., asked, "This thing called enlightenment, can you give it to me?"

Looking the serious young man in the eyes, he replied, "Yes, I can give it, but can you take it?"

U.G. was haunted by this reply: "Boy! First this fellow says that he has something and then tells me I can't take it. Nobody before had said, 'I can give it to you' but this man said, 'I can give it to you, but can you take it?' Then I said to myself, 'If there is any individual in this world who can take it, it is *me*, because I have done so much spiritual practice. He can think that I can't take it, but I can take it. If I can't take it, who can take it? I was so confident of myself!"

"Then my real search began. All my religious background was there for me. For some years I studied psychology and the whole area of human knowledge. I started exploring on my own. The search went on and on. 'What is my state?' was my question, and the question had an intensity of its own. By his mid-twenties, sex had become a focus for U.G. Although intermittently vowing to forego sex and marriage in deference to the life of a religious celibate; he eventually reasoned that sex was a natural drive, that it was not wise to suppress it, and that anyhow, society had provided legitimate institutions to fulfill this urge."

Explained U.G., "I didn't rush into sex. I wanted to experience the sex urge. 'Suppose you don't do anything, what happens to that?' I thought to myself. I wanted to understand the whole business. 'Why do I indulge in these auto-eroticisms? I don't know anything about sex—then why is it that I have all these images of sex?' This was my enquiry, this was my meditation; not sitting in the lotus position or standing on my head. And then, I was also interested in finding out what this sex experience was. Although I myself had not experienced sex, I seemed to know what the sex experience was like. This went on and on and on. I did not rush to have sex with a woman or anything; I allowed things to happen in their own way. Eventually I said to myself, 'If it is a question of satisfying your sex urge, why not marry? That is what society is there for. Why should you go and have sex with some woman? You can have a natural expression of sex in marriage'."

He chose, as his bride, one of three young beautiful Brahmin women his grandmother had selected for him as possible suitable mates. He was to say later, "I awoke the morning after my wedding night and knew without doubt that I had made the biggest mistake of my life." However, he remained married for seventeen years, fathering four children. From the very beginning he wanted out of the marriage. But somehow children kept coming and the married life continued. His oldest son caught polio and U.G. decided to move the family to the United States so that the boy could receive the best treatment. In the process he spent nearly all his fortune, which he had received from his grandfather. His hope was that he could get her in an independent position so that he could go on alone. This he did, finding her a job with the World Book Encyclopedia. By this time his money had run out, and he was fed up with being a public speaker (first on behalf of the Theosophical Society and later as an independent platform orator). His marriage was finished, and he was losing interest in the struggle to be somebody in this world. By his early forties he was broke, alone, and all but forgotten by his friends and associates. He began wandering, first in New York City, then London, where he was reduced to spending his days in a London library to escape the English cold winter and giving cooking lessons for a little money. Then he went on to Paris where his aimless wanderings continued. Of that period in his life U.G. was later to say,

"I was like a leaf blown about by a fickle wind, with neither past or future, neither family nor career, nor any sort of spiritual fulfillment. I was slowly losing my will power to do anything. I was not rejecting or renouncing the world; it was just drifting away from me and I was unable and unwilling

to hold on to it."

Broke and alone, he wandered to Geneva where he had left a few Francs in an old account, enough possibly to get him by for a few days. Then that little money ran out, his rent became due and he was left with nowhere to turn. He decided to go to the Indian Consulate there in Geneva and ask to be repatriated to India. "I had no money, no friends, and no will left. I thought that at least they can't turn me out of India. I am, after all, a citizen. Perhaps I can just sit under a banyan tree somewhere and maybe someone will feed me." So, at the age of forty-five, a complete failure in the eyes of the world, penniless and alone, he walked into the Consulate and begged to be returned to his homeland. He had little choice. This was to be a turning point in his life.

U.G. went into the Indian Consulate office in Geneva and began telling his sad story to the Consul there. The more he talked, the more fascinated the Consul became. Soon the whole office was in a hushed silence, listening to his remarkable tale. A secretary-translator in the office, Valentine de Kerven, was listening intently. Already in her early sixties, she had much experience of the world, and took pity on the strange charismatic man. No one in the office knew what to do with him, so Valentine volunteered to put him up in her place for a few days until the Consul could figure out something.

Valentine, no stranger to adversity herself, sympathized with the wandering, destitute man and soon offered him a home in Europe. She had a small inheritance and pension which was sufficient for them both. U.G. loathed to return to India and face his family, friends and poor prospects so he gratefully accepted the offer. The next four years (1963-67) were halcyon days for both of them. She left her job at the Consulate and lived quietly with U.G. moving with the weather to Italy, the south of France, Paris and Switzerland. Later they began spending their winters in South India where things were relatively inexpensive and the weather more benign. During these years U.G. did nothing. "I slept, read *Time* magazine, ate and went for walks with Valentine, or alone. That was all."

He was in a sort of an incubation period. His search had nearly come to an end. He never talked to Valentine about his spiritual experience, and religious background which constituted so much of his life. They just lived simply and quietly as private migrating householders.

They took to spending their summer months in the converted attic of a 400 year old chalet in the charming Swiss village of Saanen, in the bernese Oberland. For some reason J. Krishnamurti decided to hold a series of talks and gatherings in a huge tent erected on the outskirts of the same little town. Religious seekers, yogis, philosophers, and intellectuals from both the East and the West began showing up in the small town to attend the J. Krishnamurti talks, to give and take yoga instructions, and confer on matters spiritual and philosophical. U.G. and Valentine kept a respectful distance, not wishing to become part of the growing scene which began to resemble more and more a circus. In this environment U.G. approached his forty-ninth birthday. The Kowmara Nadi, a famous and respected astrological "record" in Madras, had long ago predicted that U.G. would undergo a profound transformation on his forty-ninth birthday. As the day approached, strange, unaccountable things began occurring to him. Something radical and utterly unexpected was about to happen.

In his 35th year U.G. began to get recurring painful headaches and, not knowing what to do, began taking large amounts of coffee and aspirin to cope with the excruciating pain. At this time also, he started to look younger instead of older. By the time he was forty-nine he looked to be a young man of seventeen or eighteen years. After the age of forty-nine he began aging once again. Between headaches he would go through extraordinary experiences where, as he later described it, "I felt headless, like my head was missing."

Arising simultaneously with these strange phenomena were the so called occult powers, or what U.G. refers to as man's natural powers and instincts. A person could walk into the room and U.G., having never met that person, could see his entire past and history as though reading a living autobiography. He could glance at a stranger's palm and instantly know their destiny. All the occult powers began to manifest themselves in him gradually after the age of thirty five. "I never used these powers for anything; they were just there. I knew they were of no great importance and just let them be."

Things kept building within him and U.G., concerned Valentine might conclude that he was mad, never mentioned a thing about these extraordinary developments to her, or anyone else. "During that time all kinds of things were happening to me inside, constant headaches, terrible pains here in my brain. I swallowed, I don't know how many tens of thousands of aspirins. Nothing gave me relief. It

was not migraine or any of those known headaches, but tremendous headaches. All kinds of funny things happened to me. I remember when I rubbed my body there was a sparkle, like a phosphorous glow, on my body. Valentine used to run out of the bedroom to see. Every time I rolled in my bed there was a sparkling of light and it was so funny to me. Despite all these strange things happening, I never related them to liberation or freedom. I had arrived at a point where I said to myself, "Buddha deluded himself and deluded others. All those teachers and saviours of mankind were damn fools—they fooled themselves—so I am not interested in this kind of thing anymore."

As his forty-ninth birthday approached he began to have what he later referred to as "panoramic vision." That was a way of seeing in which the field of vision wrapped around the open eyes in a nearly 360 degree spread, while the viewer or observer disappeared entirely and objects moved right through the head and body. The entire organism, unknown to U.G. at the time, was evidently preparing itself for a transformation of immense proportions. U.G. did nothing.

On the morning of July 9th, 1967, his forty-ninth birthday, U.G. went to hear J. Krishnamurti give a public talk in a large tent on the outskirts of Saanen, the village in which U.G. and Valentine had been living for some time. While sitting on the bench alone, looking at the green valley and rugged peaks of the Oberland, it occurred to him:

"I have searched everywhere to find an answer to my question, 'Is there enlightenment?' but have never questioned the search itself. Because I have assumed that goal of enlightenment exists, I have had to search. It is the search itself which has been choking me and keeping me out of my natural state. There is no such thing as spiritual or psychological enlightenment because there is no such thing as spirit or psyche at all. I have been a damn fool all my life, searching for something which does not exist. My search is at an end."

At that moment all questions disappeared and U.G. ceased to act any longer via the separative thought structure. "Suddenly the question disappeared. Nothing happened; the question just disappeared. I didn't say to myself, 'Oh my God, now I have found the answer'. Even that state disappeared. The state I thought I was in, the state of Buddha and Jesus, even that disappeared. It is not emptiness, it is not blankness, it is not the void, it is not any of these things. The question suddenly disappeared, and that is all."

A bit of energy entered his brain through one of the senses and was left alone. Energy left alone to vibrate freely, untranslated, uncensored and unused by a separative, preemptive thought structure is a dangerous thing. It is the very substance of inner anarchy. Being untouched by thought, which is time, it has nowhere to go and can find no escape from the stillness. A tremendous molecular pressure is built up that can release only in an explosion. That explosion caused within U.G. the collapse of the entire thought structure and with it the notion of an independent self and an opposing society. He had reached the end of the corridor of opposites; cause and effect ceased altogether. The "calamity" reached right down to the level of the cells and chromosomes. It was physiological not psychological, in nature. It implies that at the end of the known is the "Big Bang."

U.G., sitting bewildered and flabbergasted on the little bench, looked down at his body. But this time he looked without the cultural background that identified him as *male, Indian, Brahmin, seeker, world traveller, public speaker, civilized gentleman, virtuous person*, etc... Instead he saw a warm blooded mammal; a calm, harmless, fully clothed monkey. The slate had been miraculously wiped clean, culture and the self had been utterly undone in a twinkling and what was left was a graceful, simple, well mannered ape. Aware, intelligent, and free of all pretence and self-absorption. Not having the foggiest notion of what was happening to him, he walked the few feet to his chalet and lay down.

Within hours he felt the contractions at various locations on his body slacken, mostly in the brain and at the locations of the nervous plexuses and certain glands. The body, no longer choked and suppressed by the accumulated knowledge of the past (the separative thought structure), began a full-scale mutation. Large swellings appeared at various sites, including the pituitary, pineal, and thymus glands, the center of the forehead, and the anterior of the throat. The eyes stopped blinking and his tear ducts, heretofore dormant, started to function, lubricating the eyes in a new way. Various "kundalini" experiences manifested themselves, although U.G. refers to these in purely physiological terms. A sort of combustion or "ionization" of the cells occurred on a daily basis, raising the body temperature to incredible heights and throwing off a sort of ash which could easily be seen on his

body. Just as a computer "goes down," U.G. "went down" several times a day, slipping into a death state where the heartbeat would nearly cease, the body's temperature would drop to a level just sufficient to sustain life and the entire body would become very stiff and moribund. Just before the body reached a complete clinical death state, it would somehow "kick on" again. The pulse would quicken, the temperature would rise to normal and slow stretching movements, similar to a baby's, would manifest themselves. Within minutes he would be back to functioning normally.

"The first day I noticed that my skin was soft like silk and had a peculiar kind of glow, a golden color. I was shaving and each time I tried to shave, the razor slipped. I changed blades, but it was no use. I touched my face. My sense of touch was different, also the way I held my razor. Especially my skin—my skin was soft as silk and had this golden glow.

"The second day I became aware for the first time that my mind was in what I call a 'declutched state'. I was upstairs in the kitchen and Valentine had prepared tomato soup. I looked at it and I didn't know what it was. She told me it was tomato soup, and I tasted it, and I recognized, 'This is how tomato soup tastes'. I swallowed the soup and then I returned to this odd frame of mind—although 'frame of mind' is not the word for it; it was a frame of 'not mind' in which I forgot again. I asked again, 'What is that?' Again she said it was tomato soup. Again I tasted it. Again I swallowed and forgot. I played with this for some time. It was such a funny business for me then. Now this 'declutched state' has become normal.

"The next day some friends invited themselves over for dinner, and I said, 'All right. I'll prepare something'. But somehow I couldn't smell or taste properly. I became gradually aware that these two senses had been transformed. Every time some odour entered my nostrils, it irritated my olfactory center in just the same way. Whether it came from the most expensive scent or from cow dung, it was the same irritation. And then, every time I tasted something, I tasted the dominant ingredient only, the taste of the other ingredients came slowly afterwards. From that moment perfume made no sense to me and spicy foods had no appeal.

"On the fourth day something happened to my eyes. We were sitting in a restaurant, and I became aware of a tremendous sort of 'vistavision', like a concave mirror. Things coming towards me, moved into me, as it were; and things going away from me, seemed to move from inside me. It was such a puzzle to me; it was as if my eyes were a gigantic camera, changing focus without doing anything. Now I am used to the puzzle. Nowadays that is how I see. When we came back from the restaurant I came home and looked in the mirror to see what was odd about my eyes, to see how they were, 'fixed'. I looked in the mirror for a long time, and then I observed that my eyelids were not blinking. For about 45 minutes I looked into the mirror, still no blinking of the eyes. Instinctive blinking was over for me, and still is.

"The fifth day I noticed a change in hearing. When I heard the barking of the dog, the barking originated inside me. And the same with the mooing of the cow and the whistle of the train. Suddenly all sounds originated inside me, as it were, coming from within, and not from outside. They still do. Five senses changed in five days.

"On the sixth day I was lying down on a sofa and suddenly my body disappeared. There was no body there. I looked at my hand. 'Is this my hand?' There was no questioning here, but the whole situation was like that, that is all I am describing. So I touched my body. Nothing. I didn't feel there was anything there except the touch, the point of contact. Then I called Valentine. 'Do you see my body on this sofa? Nothing inside of me says that this is my body', I asked her. She touched it. 'This is your body'. And yet that assurance didn't give me any comfort or satisfaction. 'What is this funny business? My body is missing. My body had gone away, and it has never come back'. The points of comfort are all that there is for the body. Nothing else is there for me, because the seeing is altogether independent of the sense of touch here.

"On the seventh day I was again lying on the same sofa, relaxing, enjoying the 'declutched state'. Valentine would come in. I would recognize her as Valentine and then she would go out of the room. Finish, blank, no Valentine. 'What is this? I can't even imagine what Valentine looks like'. I would listen to the sounds coming from the kitchen. 'What are those sounds coming from inside me?' I could not relate. I had discovered that all my senses were without any coordinating thing inside; the coordinator was missing."

U.G. has come to refer to this extraordinary mutation as his "calamity." It was a tremendous shock to the body to have its suppressor, the separative psychic structure, collapse and entirely disappear. There was no longer any psychic coordinator collating, comparing and matching all the sensory input so that it could use the body and its relations for its own separative continuity. Events became disjointed and unrelated. The senses, freed from the "pale cast of thought" began their independent careers, and the useful content of thought and culture dropped, as it were, into the background. They are brought forth into consciousness unencumbered by any sentimental or emotional overtones, only when an objective demand is made upon them and for the smooth functioning of the material organism. The hands and forearms changed their structure, so that now his hands face backward instead of to the sides. His body is now hermaphroditic, a perfect union of animus and anima and enjoys a sexuality the likes of which we can only guess. His right side responds to women, his left more to men. The natural flow of energy through his body, no longer blocked and dissipated by contractive thought, flows right up from the spine through the brain and out the top of the head. His biological sensitivity (and there is no other kind) is so acute that the movements of celestial bodies, especially the moon, have a visibly strong effect on him. "To be affectionate does not mean that you are demonstrative or like to compulsively touch others, but, rather, that you are affected by everything," he says.

These incredible physiological changes continued on for years. He was so bewildered by what had happened to him that he did not speak for a year after the calamity. He had to practically learn to think and walk all over again, so complete was his mutation. After a year or so he had regained most of his communicative powers, yet he did not speak about it. "What is there to say after a thing like this?" He asked himself. One day the answer came to him in a flash. "I will say it exactly the way it is." Except for a year's break in the late 1970s, he has been speaking tirelessly ever since. Of all this U.G. now says: "I did not know what was happening to me. I had no reference point at all. Somehow I died and came back to life free of my past, and thank God for that. This thing happened without my volition and despite my religious background and that is a miracle. It cannot be used as a model and be duplicated by others."

U.G. has not founded schools, ashrams, or meditation centers. He has no teaching to protect or disseminate. He has no following, gives no public talks, mounts no platforms, writes no strictures, offers no practice or sadhana of any kind and offers no solutions to man's mounting problems. He is a private citizen, living in a house by the side of the road, talking informally with those who, for whatever reason, appear at his door. No one is asked to come. His life and teaching is written on water and the attempt by anyone to save, purify or institutionalize his message is a denial of all he is so fearlessly saying, and, therefore, absurd.

U.G.'s book and story made a deep impression on me. It was a great relief to hear his story. The notion that there was nothing that I could do to find my freedom, was just dawning on me. I was beginning to accept the possibility that the goal didn't exist and that there was only the journey. Somewhere inside me, I knew that all the searching and struggling of The Six Months Project had been in vain, but I also knew that I wouldn't have missed the adventure for anything. Through that experience life had become clearer for me, and I knew that I could now most definitely cope with it better. But I still felt there was something else and I felt that both Gillian and U.G. were living in that space. Yes, they had both said, in their own way, that they had done nothing to go there. I liked the fact that U.G. had been so total in the search to answer his question. "Is there such a thing as enlightenment?" He had continually asked himself. I felt if he hadn't been so single minded in his dedication, he probably wouldn't have gone through to the other level he was now living in.

A few months later Renate and I were in Vancouver. One evening we were sitting round a table chatting, waiting for one of our seminars to begin. People had been talking about books they had enjoyed. Since reading U.G., I hadn't read any other 'spiritual' books. They all seemed so irrelevant in comparison. I started talking about U.G. thinking that no one would have heard of him. To my amazement one of the people there had actually met him in Switzerland and another had talked to him on the phone once. I wanted to find out more about him. Tony, the man who had met him seemed to have been relatively unimpressed by the experience. "What is he like? Do you think he's really enlightened?" I asked him excitedly.

I wanted to know what *he* was like. So many times I had read books and then, when I had met the author or found others who had, had been disappointed as they hadn't seemed to have been living what they had been writing about. The other guy Mike who had phoned him, had had, for him, a

disappointing response. He had found out his phone number and called him in India. When U.G. had answered the call Mike had told him with great enthusiasm that he had read his book and wanted to know more. U.G. had replied, "If you have read the book, why waste my time calling me? There is nothing I can do for you." A click followed as U.G. put the receiver down.

But I wasn't put off and still wanted to meet him. I took down a contact number in New York, and called the person the next day. I discovered that U.G. was coming to New York in three weeks time. By luck I was planning to be in New York at that time as well. It seemed that I really might get to meet him!

A month later I rang U.G. with a little trepidation. The stories I had heard made me a little wary of the response I might get from him. However when he answered the phone, he was very polite and we arranged to meet in a couple of days. He was staying in a very smart apartment overlooking Central Park. When he gave me the address I managed to get it wrong, and Renate and I finally arrived, a little confused and breathless several minutes late. The door was opened by a woman in her mid sixties who I thanked and strode past looking for U.G. I met Julie, who was U.G.'s assistant and whose apartment it was, who immediately said to me, "There is a phone call for you. The Rabbi wants to talk to you." This was Rabbi Bobroff, who had published U.G.'s other book, *The Mystique of Enlightenment* in the U.S. After finishing the call I sat down and realized that the woman who had opened the door was U.G.! The only picture I had seen of him was the one in the book and he had aged considerably since then. I felt a little bit embarrassed by my mistake. U.G. however seemed quite unaffected as we started to talk politely about countries he had visited. I took my Sony Walkman out of my pocket and asked him some questions. I want to give you a feel of this quite extraordinary man so I transcribe part of our conversation below.

"How did your book get published in America?" I asked. "The Rabbi wrote to me asking my permission to publish it. I said to him, 'You don't need my permission to publish it'. I said to him, 'You don't need my permission, you are free to do what you like'. Even if he puts his name as the author, what do I care? If it doesn't help you, what is the point? The book is something living. It came out of the expression of life, although, if it is put in that language, it has lost the quality of life. It has come from the source, the living thing there, it is not intellectually thought out. So it has a quality of its own. That is all. Quite different from conceptual thinking, born out of your logical thinking. If it touches something, it touches something. I cannot take credit for it. Who the hell am I? So that is why when people talk as a channel, a medium or a super consciousness it is such nonsense! You and I, the cat and every animal that there is, are all the expression of the energy of life. Nobody is chosen for any purpose. Everybody is expression. What causes that expression to come in its own way is thought. That is the cultural input. So if you are lucky to be freed from that, whatever is there, the uniqueness, expresses itself. It has to use some medium that will be your medium, your background. So your part cannot be my part, my part cannot be your part. You may talk of the pathless path and all that poetry, romantic stuff. How I struggled! But my background was quite different from your background. Your background will express itself.

"I have no way of telling you how I freed myself, this is not what I am saying. What you read there (points to the book) is the devastating effect of the earthquake, the lightning hitting you, the Disaster. Some who it has to subdivide and, what is left there, is put together from the rubble. Nothing else. It is bound to have a devastating effect. It is not an ordinary explosion. It is matter, it is very powerful. If it explodes in one person, that gives you a chance to think that it will also explode in you? No!"

"Are there many other people that you have met that are in the same state as you?" I ventured.

"I don't know and I don't even want to. I don't care. The thought that I am different from you never enters my head. So when you ask some questions I wonder, 'Why is he asking these questions? What is the difference?' So this seems to be the difference between the way you and I are functioning. The difference is not in the physical functioning of the bodies but in some other area. That is what I am pointing out. That is all that I am saying. And throwing back your questions at you—not as a clever game, but just to restrict it. Questions are born out of the answers you already have. I don't want to indulge in this kind of ritual, sit here and discuss and give answers to questions that have no meaning."

"You are very different from the image of you I had in the books."

"Yes?" Replied U.G. smiling.

"That was a very tough and ruthless image."

"In the book you get that image?" U.G. laughed. "This is what everybody says. No effort is made by me, that is what I am. But words sometimes come. I am tough with people if they try to play the games with me. They will get it then! Am I behaving well with the people that are coming to see me, or am I rude and harsh?" he asks Julie.

"Most of the people have been agreeing with you," she replies.

"Yes, they are nice people. So, everybody says the same thing. The image they have of me from the books is quite different. It is just up to you. I have nothing to do."

"Do you feel a connection with Gurdjieff at all? I feel you have some things in common with your approach."

"Not really, I could never read his books. I tried to read one of Ouspenski's books once, when I was reading those kind of books but couldn't make head or tail of it. It was terrible. Just intellectual rubbish."

The more I sat talking with U.G., the more I was fascinated. After nearly two hours sitting with him, I felt him getting restless and a little impatient. I quickly thought up an excuse to meet him again the next day.

"Could I book a video studio for tomorrow and interview you here in New York?" I asked him.

"You and I sitting and talking? Why not? But it must be very spontaneous. I go there and sit with nothing in my head. Empty. I don't know what will come out of it. So, it is up to you!"

The next day we met up in at a dingy video studio in Manhattan. It was the only available studio I could find at short notice. We sat around for nearly an hour while we waited for the technicians to organize themselves. U.G. sat on a table swinging his legs, not saying very much, looking at the floor most of the time. When we began the interview he came to life.

"In one of your books, there is an account of someone's experiences with you. They said that they came to you for help, but they left in despair," I started.

"I don't do any such thing. My interest is only to tell you that you don't need crutches at all and, once you know that, you can throw them away. Don't try the fancy crutches that all kinds of people are selling in the market place. I know that you can walk. Throw away those crutches! But don't ask me to help you to walk. If you fall, you know how to get up again. You don't need anybody's help, that much I can say. That is all that I tell the people. Just to focus on the situation in which they find themselves. I cannot give any help to them. Don't ask me for a helping hand. You can walk, that is all that I can say. I myself have been through that kind of a thing. Although I fell so many times, I found that I always got up and walked away from everything that I had been caught up in."

"When I talked to you yesterday, you said that you feel that "the long dark night of the soul" doesn't really exist."

"You see I was raised on the fundamental belief that money is the root cause of evil. But now I would say that lack of money is the cause. How much money you should have is your business; you have to draw the line somewhere. What is necessary for you, is not necessary for me. One has to draw a line for himself or herself as the case may be.

"The second thing is, looking back, I find that that was a perverse way of living. I know now that it is not a necessary thing for one to go through, to achieve your spiritual goals, whatever they are. In fact, I would go one step further and say that it was no dark night of the soul. The phrase infers that you have to go through the darkness of your soul to achieve your spiritual goals. It is not a necessary thing and you don't have to go through that at all. And now referring to the word calamity; I use that word deliberately and purposefully to tell those who are interested in achieving their spiritual goals,

especially what they call enlightenment. You think that once you are enlightened you will be in a very peaceful and blissful state and all that kind of thing. Once this kind of a thing hits you, it hits you like a bolt of lightning. You will not even know what happens to you. You cannot tell yourself that you are in a perpetual state of happiness, of bliss, of immensity, or whatever fancy phrase you choose. Once you realize that, there is no way that you can tell yourself you are in a blissful state, or that you are an enlightened or a free man. You really don't know what you are left with. And I felt, and realized, that I was freed. I use the word freed, quote and unquote, otherwise it has a lot of connotations from the very demand that you be freed from anything. So I deliberately use that word calamity to emphasize that you are hit by something, the nature of which you have no way of knowing. You see, I found myself in a state of not-knowing and I didn't know what it was that had hit me.

"We are now all reading about the devastating earthquake in California. It hit many people. They have lost their near and dear and their property. But looking at it from a different angle, which is no consolation to those who have lost everything, you have no way of finding out why this has hit. California is such a paradise and the planet probably has its own ways of finding a new way of equilibrium. We really don't know. So when this kind of a thing hits you, it strikes you like a bolt of lightning. You don't know what has happened. You are left with all these pains and aches and you wonder if this can be the thing that all those people sought. That was my question. Not that the question framed itself that way. I did not know what hit me. After a while, the whole thing settles down to a new rhythm of life and equilibrium and everything functions in a very natural way. When I use the words "natural state" it does not mean that it is a synonymous term for enlightenment or any such thing. The body begins to function in a very natural way freed from the stranglehold of the totality of man's experiences and thoughts. That is the reason that I use that word calamity. It does not mean that it was a calamity to me. I am talking a lot...(he laughs)"

"When you see the people living on the streets in New York does it affect you?"

"You see, you are one with them. If I put it that way, you think I feel the oneness with them, but I don't know what words to use. You suffer with them in that particular frame. If there is anything you can do to help them out in that situation, you would do it, even without you knowing whether you are capable of doing it or not. That does not mean that you talk about it or organize, helping the crusades to collect money and help them out."

"Is there a purpose to life?"

"Why do you want to find a reason? We are caught up in this cause and effect relationship. That is all that the mind can do. So we are interested in finding out the cause of everything. We want to know who created this universe. God created the universe. Or, some mysterious evil in the scheme of things, created this universe. It is not of much importance, not much of an interest to us. It doesn't matter much what happened billions and billions of years ago. We can leave that discussion to the theologians, and the scientists. They seem to be interested in finding out the cause of everything. But actually they are only interested in prestigious awards and Nobel prizes. What they find is of no interest, no importance to the common man. All that technology has done for us, has not helped the common man on the streets in the world. It helps only a limited percentage of people.

"A group of scientists who are doing a lot of research work visited me in India and they asked me the question, 'We feel guilty because what we are doing will only benefit two percent of the people in this country. What should we do about this?' 'Why do you have a guilt problem, that is a living for you?' I replied. 'It is bound to effect only two percent, or even a smaller percentage of people in this world. Your research is how you make your living. Don't ask me those kind of questions. I am not here to advise you, or to deal with the problem of your guilt. Why are you guilty? You are only interested in your livelihood and all this talk of altruism is borsch and nonsense'."

"I wanted to ask you some more down-to-earth questions."

"Yes, go ahead!"

"I met someone the other day who had spent quite a lot of time with J. Krishnamurti. He said that J. Krishnamurti used to get angry and I was quite surprised that he would get angry..."

"It is the image I had of an enlightened man..."

"The image you have and the image you have been brainwashed to believe, that a so-called enlightened man should never get angry, is false. Anger is an outburst of energy. Anything that happens in the framework of the body cannot be false, cannot be wrong. So we are brainwashed to believe by these religious people that it is bad for the body and your spiritual growth to get angry. But they are kidding themselves. What we are told, that anger is bad for the body and spiritual growth, is not really true. Whatever happens here (points to himself) cannot be false. It is an outburst of tremendous energy. You can't say that huge waves and high tides in the ocean are something wrong for the ocean, or for you. Anger is something that you cannot touch, it is like a live wire. If you try touching something living, the instrument that you are using to free yourself from anger is burnt, so it becomes part of that anger. You have no way of separating yourself from anger and telling yourself that you should be free from it.

"You are only interested in freeing yourself from anger. It is not really the anger you are dealing with, but how to be free from it. I don't think you will ever be free from it. Naturally an angry man is a problem to the society. He will destroy the society. Society is interested only in status quo. It may talk of change, of revolution, of all kinds of things, but basically it is not interested in change.

"This is not an interview. I am giving a talk. It is a joke to call this an interview! Actually, I have nothing to say. It is highly presumptuous on my part to sit before these cameras and allow myself to be interviewed by you. The whole thing is a great big joke. I am here like a puppet. It is up to you to get whatever you want out of this. You have to pull the strings and whatever you try to produce is yours and not mine. One thing I said yesterday and I will repeat it today: This (pointing to himself) is a highly tuned instrument; I am not interested at all. It is just here and so whatever you bring out of this is yours. The music is yours, the lyric is yours, the song is yours. Everything is yours. I have no part to play at all. What you do with it is yours. If when you repeat this and sing this to yourself and to others, you find some false notes, it is because the false notes are created by you. Not by this instrument. This instrument is incapable of creating any false notes. I am not saying that as a proud man, but it is singularly incapable of striking a false note."

"You say in one of your books that sex and jealousy can't exist together. If someone enjoys sex, are they still going to feel jealous sometimes?"

"What would you do in such a situation that somebody makes a pass at your girlfriend? Functioning as you do within this framework, you have got to react. If you don't feel jealous, something is wrong. You can't make a virtue out of that, that is all I am saying. So, jealousy, envy, greed, everything is born out of the same source. You may talk of loving relationships and 'love thy neighbor as thyself', but, when you don't get what you expect in any relationship, what you are left with in the place of love is hatred. You see both these two things spring from the same source, that is all that I am saying. So when everything fails, you want to put a slant on that and use love as a means to get things your way. What is so marvelous about this talk of love? It is another word for hate. If you don't get what you want out of the living relationship, what you are left with is hatred for that person. Indifference, apathy, whatever word you want to use."

"Doesn't real love have no conditions?"

"I don't know what exactly you mean by real love. You see love implies two. Wherever there is a division, there can't be any love. Anybody who is talking of divine love, cosmic love, etc., is just fooling himself. That is all I can say. If he wants to fool himself, that is his privilege but if you allow yourself to be fooled by him, that is too bad."

"Do you see yourself as a human being?"

"I never tell myself that I am a human being. I have no way of fitting myself into any framework. If you throw this question at me and ask, 'Are you a human being?' I would say, 'Yes, I am a human being,' because the question is born out of the knowledge you have of what a human being is like. So you are the one that is fitting me into the framework, when you put that question to me. The same knowledge that is operating there, gives the answer that I am a human being and not a pig. All the questions that we have, are born out of the answers that you already have. You and I see through the projection of the same knowledge which we share; we are looking in exactly the same way. There is no way I can tell myself that I am looking at that glass of water on the table, other than the way that

you look at it. So when that knowledge is not in operation, I have no way of looking at it at all. It is the knowledge that separates me from what I am looking at—otherwise there is not way I can separate myself from what I am looking at, or what is happening there inside of me. You may see that I am very angry, hopping mad with anger; but I have no way of telling myself I am an angry man. That does not mean that I am condoning the response to a particular situation. But even if I am angry, that cannot hurt you at all. You and I have been created by the totality of man's knowledge, passed on to us from generation to generation. Without the use of that knowledge, I have no way of experiencing myself; I have no way of establishing any relationship on any level with anybody."

"The cameraman is saying that we have one minute left. Anything you want to say for the last few seconds?"

"Thank you very much indeed for putting me in this spot. I have said my piece, whether anyone listens to it or not, is not my concern. You made me talk."

At the end of the interview we quickly parted, as he had some people coming to see him and was late. I met him briefly again in the evening, to give him a copy of the interview tape and that was the last time I saw him. A few weeks later I spoke to him on the phone when he was in India and I was in Australia. I told him I was thinking of publishing one of his books.

"Why waste your money? It is so expensive to do these things!" he retorted, doing his best to discourage me.

Then he paused for a few seconds before adding, "I have no message for mankind. But of one thing I am certain. I cannot help you solve your basic dilemma or save you from self-deception and, if I can't help you, no one can. Goodbye!"

[links](#)





A Mirror Reflecting This Is It, The Nature of Oneness Dr. Jan Kersschot

J.K.: It is sometimes said that one of the characteristics of your teaching—if I can use that word—is that you don't claim anything for yourself. Is that correct?

U.G.: It is correct. But 'teaching' is not the right word. Teaching is something you use when you want to bring about a change. And I don't see the need to change anything.

J.K.: I see.

U.G.: Philosophers and professors in the university say to me, 'We have so far not been able to create a system of thought from what you are saying.' They also say, 'We can write any book about a philosopher from the past or the present, but what *you* are saying can never be fitted into any frame. We can't create a system of thought about U.G.'

J.K.: That is why 'teaching' is not the right word.

U.G.: I am asserting all the time, time and again, that there is nothing there to be changed. So how can you use whatever I am saying to bring about a change?

J.K.: I see.

U.G.: I am not interested in freeing anybody from anything. That is my approach. Right from the beginning, it is false to suggest one can save anybody.

J.K.: There is no agenda. No spiritual goal. No spiritual ambitions.

U.G.: For example, 'You must refrain from selfishness.' Why should anybody be freed from selfishness? Some amount of selfishness is necessary for us to survive in the world.

J.K.: Yes, of course.

U.G.: It is the demand of being unselfish which is creating selfishness.

J.K.: I see.

U.G.: I am not in conflict with this society because it cannot be any different from how it is. I don't have any value system, and I don't want to fit into any system. As long as people have a war inside, there will be war outside.

J.K.: What is it that makes you go and talk around the world?

U.G.: I am just a dog here, a dog barking. You come here and you make the dog bark. You come here asking questions, and I am just a computer. What is coming out of me is something which I don't know.

J.K.: I see.

U.G.: There is of course consciousness here [pointing at his body]. I am aware of what is happening around me, and aware of what is going on in my body. Actually, there is no inside and outside. That division is only a thought.

J.K.: Yes.

U.G.: It is not that I am mystifying my words, or putting it in a framework of mysticism. What I am saying is so mechanical. It is here [pointing at his body] in this computer, in the data bank or whatever it is called. So, you press some buttons on my computer, and the computer comes out with the answer. There is nothing here [pointing at his body].

J.K.: I see what you mean.

U.G.: There is no activity here. And I am not mystifying it, I am just putting it in physiological terms. The brain is a very idiotic thing; it is just a container and a reactor. I am saying so many things. This [pointing at his body] produces so many words. But it does not know what it means. As I told you, *you* are the one who is operating the computer. And when you are asking a question, I am not even listening to the question. There is no listener listening and translating. Both questions and answers are but noise.

J.K.: All these interviews are completely useless.

U.G.: Yes! I have nothing to say about anything. I don't know anything. Whatever comes out has been put in it. I am like a shit-box. All that has been put in it is the shit, and whatever is coming out of me is more of shit [laughter]. I am sorry to use such language.

J.K.: There is no need to say you are sorry.

U.G.: I know, you are right. Saying I am sorry is just an old habit. Oxford and Cambridge. Education. The Victorian influence.

J.K.: An old program.

U.G.: Anyway, it's as absurd to say that there is somebody thinking, it is even ridiculous to say that there are thoughts. That there is somebody. It is only through the continuous use of memory that we can create a sense of identity.

J.K.: Yes.

U.G.: In fact, I never felt really sorry in my entire life. 'Take it or leave it.' Anyway, in this shit-box I

don't find any thoughts. There is no such thing as thought. Do we know what thought is? What is thought? I am not asking myself any questions, *others* are asking.

J.K.: All you are saying has no personal involvement.

U.G.: Yes. And I am not saying that out of humility. All that I am saying, all the radio interviews, all that has been published in my books, I don't know what I am saying. I am no more than a mirror reflecting.

J.K.: You have no choice: the words just come out.

U.G.: Actually, we don't have any freedom of action because all our action is a reaction.

J.K.: Yes.

U.G.: To me, every event is an independent event. It is only afterwards that people look at a series of events and make a story of it. And give it some kind of meaning or importance. If you are trying to change things, it puts you on a merry-go-round; it never stops.

J.K.: Yes.

U.G.: I don't believe anything anymore. All the spiritual belief systems... That is not my way of functioning. And I did everything. Everything. I stayed in a cave for seven years. From the age of fourteen to twenty-one. I studied all the books. Every book, every spiritual practice.

J.K.: Why did you do that?

U.G.: Because I wanted to be sure that they were all false [laughter]. When I was seventeen and sitting in that cave, I still had a natural drive. I found out that something was wrong. Why? Why should I deny myself? Why condemn sex? Then I arrived at a point where it was not necessary for me to deny sex. I was twenty-one and in the Theosophical Society and there were girls from all over the world. They were all stuck there because of the war. I was then considered to be a handsome guy. But I didn't go to the other extreme. My question was not about going into sex. I wanted to know why sex was condemned in spiritual life.

J.K.: I see.

U.G.: If 'desire' is a hormone, then the whole story about ethics and religious rules is a failure.

J.K.: Yes.

U.G.: Once I was giving a lecture in India, in the Theosophical Society. There happened to be a Catholic priest sitting there. He got up and asked me a question about celibacy. And I told him, 'If for any reason you want to be free from sex, you have got to be free from God. I don't know why you are into this celibacy. Get God out of your system and sex will automatically follow. Both of them spring from the same source. Why insist that God is so important? Don't be so serious! Everything is divine.'

J.K.: So many misunderstandings and interpretations are around.

U.G.: Yes.

J.K.: There are for example a lot of misunderstandings regarding karma and reincarnation.

U.G.: I remember I was only seven years old when we were attending the Golden Jubilee of the Theosophical Society. And there were 3,000 delegates from all over the world. And the first time you meet, people introduce themselves and say, 'I was Queen Victoria in my past life, what were you?' or 'I was Alexander the Great in my previous life' and I found out that there was no historical figure left for me. No spiritual teacher was left for me. What was I in my previous life? Who am I? What was I in my past life? Finished. So from that day on I left all my belief in karma and reincarnation. India was of course the foundation of all this. They always translate those terms like 'karma and reincarnation' in completely the wrong way. There are so many terms translated and copied without knowing what

they mean.

J.K.: What do you mean?

U.G.: Maya, they say, means illusion. Maya is not illusion. The word maya means to measure. So, whenever you are measuring, there must be a point 'here' [pointing at his eyes]. So there is a relation from this point to the things you measure.

J.K.: Oh yes, absolutely.

U.G.: It is the measuring from this point which creates the illusion. When someone comes with a gun to shoot you, you don't call that an illusion?

J.K.: Yes.

U.G.: The way they tried to translate things is so funny. There is no such thing as 'karma' in the usual sense. It is all just response to a stimulus. But response and stimulus cannot be separated. It is one unitary movement.

J.K.: The law of action and reaction.

U.G.: Yes! Action and reaction. Nowadays scientists are also saying that the brain is a reactor, that it cannot create anything. The brain doesn't play a major part in this body, it is just a reactor. Physiologists today are now finding out that it is indeed not how it has been described all those years. In the light of their experiments they realized that the brain just plays a minor part in the body.

J.K.: Really?

U.G.: All nonsense. Right? It is the human mind. The human mind that makes up everything.

J.K.: OK.

U.G.: This morning, I was saying that all the animals are in the highest spiritual state all the sages are talking about.

J.K.: I see.

U.G.: No need for spiritual teachings. Don't listen to the holy men. You take it for granted that they are all wise men, that they are spiritually superior to us all, and that they know what they are talking about. Let me tell you: they don't know a damn thing! There are so many saints in the market place, selling all kind of goods. For whatever reason they are doing it, it is not our concern, but they are doing it. They say it is for the welfare of mankind and that they do it out of compassion for mankind and all that kind of thing. All that is bullshit anyway. All the saints or gurus: they don't do themselves what they are saying their followers should do. They say, 'Do as I say,' but they are not doing it themselves.

J.K.: Buddha was not a Buddhist.

U.G.: Some people come to see me because they believe I have something that they don't. They want to be at peace with themselves, but all that they are doing to find peace is what is destroying the peace that is already there. All their seeking has led them nowhere. It has all been useless. The living organism is not interested in all the spiritual techniques. When once they have a spiritual experience there will be demand for more and more of the same, and ultimately they will want to be in that state permanently. Talking about bliss, eternal bliss, unconditional love—all of that is romantic poetry. The search is endless.

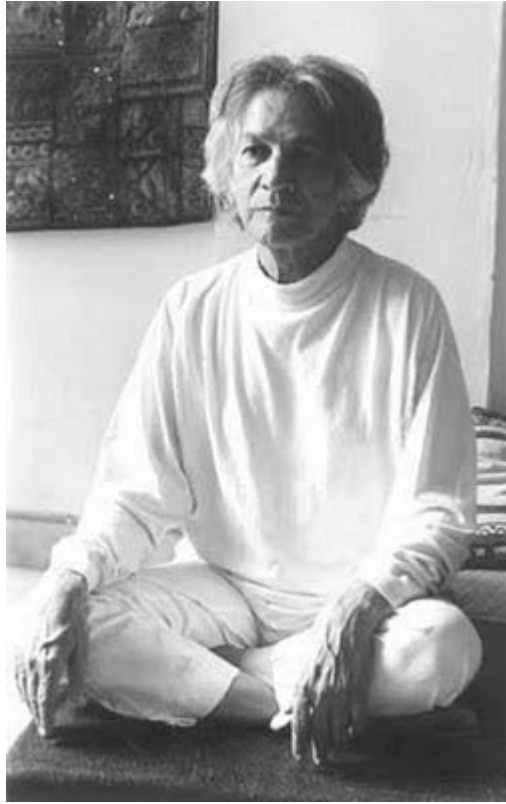
J.K.: Oh yes. They will go on searching until they find out that there is no such thing as the beyond, no such thing as coming home, no such thing as the unknown.

U.G.: The intention in studying the lives or the biographies of some of those people whom you think were enlightened is to find a clue as to how it happened to them, so you can use whatever technique

they used and make the same thing happen to you. That is what you want. And those people give you some spiritual techniques, some methods which don't work at all. They create the hope that someday it will happen to you. But it will never happen. There is one thing that I am emphasizing all the time: it is not because of what you do or what you don't that this kind of thing happens. And why it happens to one individual and not another—there is no answer to that question. I assure you that it is not the man who has prepared himself, or purified himself to be ready to receive that kind of thing. It is the other way around. It hits. But it hits at random. It has no cause. All this seriousness about the spiritual goal... Let me tell you that all that wanting leads seekers nowhere. And I have nothing to give.

[links](#)





Science and U.G. **An Exposition of the Scientific Basis of U.G.'s Philosophy** **Dr. O.S. Reddy**

[Introduction: My Encounter With a Man Called U.G.](#) · [The Influence of Environment](#) · [The Sensory System and Natural Rhythms](#) · [U.G.'s Views and Their Scientific Basis Unfolded](#) · [The Uniqueness of Man](#) · [The Innate Intelligence of the Body](#) · [Manifestation of Order and Disorder in Nature](#) · [Matter-Energy](#) · [Our Quest For God](#) · [The Genetic Degradation of Modern Society](#) · [The Physics and Biology of Enlightenment](#) · [Thought as a Survival Phenomenon](#) · [The Pursuit of Happiness](#) · [The Myth of the Mind: Knowledge Redefined](#) · [Religion](#) · [Moral Codes of Conduct](#) · [The Transience of Life](#) · [The Conditioning of the Mind](#) · [Society Is a Jungle](#) · [Communication of Experience](#) · [Can We Experience Timelessness?](#) · [By-products of Modern Civilization](#) · [U.G.'s Views on the Future of Mankind](#) · [Ecology](#) · [War](#) · [Human Nature](#) · [Sexuality](#) · [Does Life Have a Meaning?](#) · [What is the Purpose of Life?](#) · [Identity](#) · [The Story and History of U.G.](#) · [Transformation](#) · [Birth](#)

Introduction: My Encounter With a Man Called U.G.

It so happened one day that I visited my nephew, K. Rajasekhara Reddi, at his residence. He is an old admirer of U.G. and is presently busy writing a detailed biography of him. In his house I saw a photograph of U.G. He looked different in it than any other man I had seen before. I cannot explain why I liked that face. Maybe it indicated his state of happiness. I asked my nephew and found out that the picture was of U.G. Krishnamurti, who is said to have conceived a new philosophy described by

some as nihilism. I forgot about the face in course of time. But whenever I went to my nephew's house the only thing that drew my attention was the face of U.G. in the photograph. I made further inquiries with my nephew about U.G. and learned that he was a unique man talking about the catharsis of the cultural and spiritual heritage of man. Is he a spiritual man? My nephew's answer was, "He is what each person feels about him." Then I forgot about him again and his image faded in my memory. For a while I was deeply immersed in my day-to-day struggle for survival. But now and then his face has been haunting me. Am I obsessed? I'd better get busy using my talents to make enough money to help me and my family survive. Why do I have such an obsession? There is no rational explanation. Five years have passed by in this turbulent life.

I encountered another photograph of U.G. when I visited an industrialist in Madras, Mr. Malladi Krishnamurti. It looks like I run into him wherever I go. What is it that is so captivating about that face, etching itself in my memory? Mr. Krishnamurti, one of the gentlest human beings I have encountered in this chaotic modern world, informed me that U.G. comes and stays with him for a day or two at a time. I thought of how fortunate he was to have an association with such a unique man. I expressed a desire to meet him. In November, 1993, Mr. Krishnamurti, true to his word, informed me over the phone that U.G. was coming to Madras on his way to Australia, and suggested that I should meet him there. In spite of my strong urge to see him, I could not make the trip to Madras because of some problems I had been experiencing. This was perhaps meant to be so. I was sorry I missed the chance, since U.G. visits India only once in a year. I reconciled myself to my ill luck.

In March, 1994, I was told by Mr. Krishnamurti that U.G. was likely to visit Hyderabad. I was in ecstasy. The guest house of the Malladi Company in Banjara Hills was selected to house U.G. Soon the place was furnished to meet the needs of U.G. and his visitors. My son Sai Srinivas Reddy worked overtime for three days to get the house ready and make it look spick and span. But it had no telephone. Later U.G. remarked on this saying that it was a blessing in disguise for him.

I went to receive U.G. who arrived with Mr. Brahmachari and Mrs. Suguna. My son Srinivas was driving us from the airport. I was deeply touched by the serenity of U.G.'s face that haunted me for years, and my senses became numb. He is not like other spiritual leaders who are full of pomp and vulgar affluence. His presence made a deep impression on my mind. I could not resist the temptation of firing the first salvo. I asked, "Are you irrational or unrational?" Mr. Brahmachari replied that he was unrational.

That was how I had the good fortune of meeting this unique man. I felt as if whatever I had lost all these decades of my life had come back to me now. Except for my pension, I did not make quite enough money to survive in my retirement. But my mind became unruffled. I was happy that I met a jewel among men. That feeling remained with me during the following six days I was with him. I spent at least 12 hours each day with him. At the same time, I studied the basics of his philosophy. I also participated in discussions with him. I felt that he was talking all in "reverse gear" when he was brushing aside religion and spirituality. I could not reconcile myself with his ideas, as the conservatism deeply entrenched in me rose.

I would arrive at U.G.'s place at 4 o'clock in the morning and tape all our discussions. People from all walks of life—university professors, businessmen, lawyers, doctors, and housewives—came to see and hear him. There was no prior appointment. There were only conversations or discussions; no discourses or lectures. I transcribed the recorded conversations and prepared more questions to clear any doubts lingering in my mind, such as whether he was natural or just a sycophant in a different garb. After five days of listening to him and digesting his philosophy from his books, I found that this man is an extraordinary piece in evolution and what he says has a strong scientific basis. You cannot brush him aside. He may appear unrational to you, but what he says has a deep meaning.

On the Shivarathri day (March 10, 1994), I was sitting there observing him. He has long ears. I never met a man with four-inch long ears. (We are told that the Buddha had such ears.) That explains why he covers his ears with long hair. Around 3 o'clock in the afternoon that day, I observed a change in him. I looked into his eyes. They looked fierce and scary. I felt as if I was looking at a cobra. Suddenly I blurted, "You have cobra-like eyes." He laughed. Immediately I expressed my apology for such an uncivilized remark. My remark did not bother him. "Mr. Reddy, don't feel bad. I am what I am," he said. Around 5 o'clock, crowds gathered increasingly and I was feeling a little uneasy. I wanted to get him out of the milling crowd. But who am I to do so? Who gave me the mandate to take charge of him? I know he comes into the kitchen to take his "cream with coffee." (He does not eat much except

rice flakes and cream. I wonder how this man survives with such little food!)

Luckily he came out and I asked him why the blood vessels on both sides of his neck were engorged. One could clearly notice them. He said they got so on full moon days and also on the Shivarathri day.

I left him at 7:30 p.m. hoping to see him at three o'clock in the next morning. Due to a transportation problem I could not get there even by 5 a.m. By that time something extraordinary had happened. I did not see this myself, but heard it from others who had seen it: he was sitting in Padmasana and swaying like a cobra without any movement at the base of his spine. U.G. goes to bed at midnight and takes catnaps. He sleeps in a coiled fashion like a cobra.

The next day we drove to the hilly parts of Jubilee Hills. On the way he said that he felt that a spot on his forehead was activated. He said that it could be the pineal gland in his brain. Unfortunately, as I was sitting in the front seat of the car I could not observe him well. U.G. and Mr. Brahmachari were in the rear seat. I am already used to observing him closely, noticing his movements, postures, and so on.

Soon the parting day arrived. U.G. was leaving for Bangalore. We all gathered at the airport. As he was bidding goodbye I could not contain my emotions. "Who is this man to make me suffer so much? Why am I to regret the departure of this man whom I have never met in all the 65 years of my life? What is my weakness?" I went to the side, wiped my tears, came back and bade him farewell. My mind was in a turmoil. I came home and rested for a few hours.

I contacted U.G. in Bangalore over the phone. He promptly answered. I told him in a single sentence, "U.G., I am deeply grateful to you." He asked me, "What for? What have I done for you?" I said, "Yes, you have. You have created a turbulence in my mind and a longing to be with you. This feeling of separation is killing me." U.G. replied, "Forget it. You are a scientist, and you should not have sentiments." But we are what we are. It is difficult to remove him from my mind.

It so happened that I was to go to Mysore soon after, and I told U.G. that I would be in Bangalore that Thursday. He said at the airport before he left, "I'll see you in Bangalore." I did not take his words seriously at that time because he had finalized his itinerary of going to Yercaud on that Wednesday with his daughter Usha and Major Dakshinamurti. Contrary to my expectations, he indeed cancelled the trip and waited for me in Bangalore till Thursday when I spent seven hours with him.

When I entered Mr. Chandrasekhar's house, U.G. stood up along with several others and welcomed me. "We have been waiting for you for such a long time. Why are you so late?" U.G. said. That aggressive courtesy drenched me in a fit of emotion which I tried to contain. "Why am I attracted to this man? What is the connection?" I was with U.G. till 5 p.m. and left for Mysore.

These encounters with U.G. prompted me to write what all I have understood from my discussions with him and from my reading of his books. What I present here is just my personal viewpoint. I am not a sycophant nor am a disciple of U.G. The question I like to ask is how scientific U.G. is. I am interested in discovering if there is any scientific basis for U.G.'s philosophy.

The Influence of Environment

The uniqueness of a person lies in the genes which are inherited from one's father and mother under natural circumstances. The clicking of genes makes a person a genius in a rare event. A certain type of genetic endowment just happened in U.G. but not in others.

We impose on a child right from its birth a series of dogmas, superstitions, religious rituals, language, behavior, and a framework of morals. All this can be described as the superstructure. Thus the developing child is subjected to a series of conditioned responses that finally form part of his thought system called knowledge. Such knowledge is stored in us as memory. Liberalism, God, ecstasy, and bliss are all man-made, man-created insulated shields to pressure and perpetuate the ego and the dominance of man. Mankind has been submitted to millennia of these conditioned responses, thus fixing the frame of the human mind. As a consequence of this, contrary to animals, man got isolated from nature completely. If man had functioned as an animal in nature, in tune with it, his sensory system should have been in tune with nature. The fixations of mind are the malignancy of mankind.

The genetic endowment of man cannot fully blossom unless the external and artificial encasement is broken. Despite their genetic background, human beings are unable to blossom because of their past. The natural expression of man is hampered by his conditioning and by the culture of his ancestors. If man had been left to operate or express in accordance with his potential and in tune with nature, we would have achieved peace and tranquility. Unless he is liberated from this malignant historical mental frame, there is no chance for his survival. His selfish genes will create problems.

The Sensory System and Natural Rhythms

The remarkable thing about life is not that it exists in such a variety of forms but that so many forms maintain the basic shape and integrity for so long, despite the multitudinous environmental forces tending to disrupt them.

An elementary glance at evolution indicates anatomical, physiological, and biochemical linkage. At the molecular level we see a common chemical thread of life. The DNA with its four nucleotides assembles all the 20 amino acids. The coding linkage and the codes are similar in all life systems. Thus all living systems are similar in their basic structure, language and function. That is to say that all life is related to other life, whether it is animal, human or plant. Unity in diversity is the essential feature of nature.

"What delusion and what sorrow can there be for that wise man who realizes the unity of all existence by perceiving all beings as his own self?" Modern science of genetics has confirmed the above truth.

U.G.'s Views and Their Scientific Basis Unfolded

In the following chapters I have selected some of U.G.'s statements and attempted to provide their scientific basis.

The Uniqueness of Man

"Each individual by virtue of his genetic structure is unparalleled, unprecedented and unrepeatable."
—U.G.

All human beings have fundamentally the same anatomical structure (which is in no way different from that of mammals like dogs or pigs), operate through the same biochemical and physiological processes, and are driven by similar biological urges. Yet, no two human beings are alike. What is more important is that the individuality of a person living now is entirely different from anyone who has ever lived before in the past or will live in the future. Each person is unique, unprecedented, unrepeatable, and unparalleled. Each is a unique genetic print out. But sometimes, in one in a million, things click in such a fashion that the individual becomes an outstanding one. Leonardo da Vinci, the great scholar, painter, philosopher—all rolled into one, the creative genius, was the so-called illegitimate son of a half-witted woman who spent a night with an itinerant soldier at a wayside inn. That clicking of genes is a rare event.

The biological mechanisms through which each person develops his own behavioral singularity are twofold: his genetic endowment and his evolutionary past. Some of these mechanisms have their roots deep in the evolutionary past of the human genes which human beings have in common with other organisms and which have similar effects on the human species. Other mechanisms are derived from the peculiarities of human genetic endowment. Each individual with his predetermined genetic endowment responds differently to his environment, since each is unique by virtue of his genes.

There is a uniqueness in each of us. Unfortunately society and polity do not accept this disparateness and club us all into one. Each of us has a different potential that has to be expressed and realized in a unique way. In an attempt to establish the equality among men we have suppressed individual peculiarities which are most useful. For, happiness depends on one's being exactly fitted to nature's own work. There are many varied tasks in a modern nation. Human types, instead of being standardized, should be diversified, and their cultural differences maintained and exaggerated by

different modes of education and life habits. Each type will find its place.

Modern society has refused to recognize the dissimilarity of the human being and crowded him into four classes—the rich, the politician, the farmer, and the middle class. The clerk, the police man, the teacher, the shop-keeper, or the government employee, and all others, have the same standard of living as the rest of the middle class. Such ill-categorized types are banded together according to their financial position and not according to their individual characteristics. Obviously they have nothing in common.

The best of those people who could develop their potentialities are atrophied by the narrowness of their life. In order to promote human progress it is not enough to hire architects, to buy bricks and steel, and to build schools, or establish innumerable universities, laboratories, libraries, and temples. It is far more important to provide those who devote themselves to the things of the mind with the means of developing their personalities according to their innate constitutions. The brutal materialism of our modern civilization is not only opposed to the soaring of intelligence but it also criticizes the nonaffluent gentle weak who look for other things than money and whose ability does not withstand the struggle of life.

Every individual is unique since everyone is a genetic print out. But among these unique ones there appear to be some exceptional people who claim transformation. First of all, transformation is a false claim. Secondly, you cannot study one yogi or meditator and apply what is true of him to everyone.

It is, of course, necessary to study man. He has to understand himself first. Understanding oneself demands not only an accumulation of data but a quantum jump. The Einsteinian world became different from the Newtonian world. Nature attempts to create unique entities. Nature does not use models. A unique individual like Leonardo da Vinci was of no use to nature and was thrown off the evolutionary process, and this specimen is unable to reproduce itself. By using the models of Jesus, Buddha, Rama or Krishna we have destroyed the possibility of nature throwing out unique individuals. Those that recommend these people forget nature's uniqueness and put everyone on the wrong track. It's like the blind leading the blind. Society is interested in maintaining the status quo and has provided models for us to follow. You want to be a saint, savior or a revolutionary, but it is an impossibility.

Throwing up of the uniqueness provided by nature is the blooming of individual uniqueness. It happens once in a way that a person frees himself from the burden of his entire past. One has to be in a primordial and primeval state without primitiveness. If we drop the fictitious model of a saint, we are left with natural biological arrangements. Each cell in the body knows itself. Cells cooperate with each other, not out of love and compassion, but from the terror of self-annihilation. They need to cooperate in order to survive. Can everyone bloom by the flowering of individuality? No, it is impossible; only isolated individuals can. Perhaps genetic engineering can be used to modify the static genetic state and modify genetic destiny.

The Innate Intelligence of the Body

The problem with man is that he has been subjugated by the thought culture which has an immense hold on him and which has created the notion of the self in him. This precludes the living organism's interacting with nature. That is to say that the self has separated man from nature. Thus man with his self-centeredness leads a duplicate life as a hypocrite, leading himself eventually to destruction.

U.G. says that the innate natural intelligence of the organism is fantastic. The acquired intelligence is no match to it. For example, the body's defense mechanism lies in its immune system. In fact, the best organized system in the body is the immune system that functions without our intervention. The immune system has nothing to do with the intellect. It does not work at your will and pleasure. It acts spontaneously to respond to a challenge. It is innovative and it operates in a clearly defined fashion.

Manifestation of Order and Disorder in Nature

"Order and disorder occur simultaneously in nature." —U.G.