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Egoic Bodymind Versus Compassionate Bodymind

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**EGOTISTICKÉ TĚLO-MYSL PROTI SOUCITNÉMU
TĚLU-MYSLU**

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D e c l a r a t i o n

I declare that I have prepared my Bachelor's Thesis/Master's Thesis, Dissertation independently on the following topic, and declare that I am declaring things because it is compulsory:

Egoic Bodymind Versus Compassionate Bodymind

under the expert guidance of my thesis advisor and with the use of the cited literature and sources.

Prague, date: September 24, 2019

.....hh.....
Signature of the candidate

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Abstract

The original version of this thesis has been written the same way a painter paints a painting; with care about both content and form, form being the composition of pages. However, the author was threatened by the Academic institution, that his Master's Degree will not be given to him if he refuses to obey the obligations they demand. The institution has censored this writing by forcing uni-formatting on the composition. Uni-formatting is a soul-sucking machine all dictators of history have used, and are using. This is not my painting anymore, and I want to cry.

So I give the reader two options: Keep reading this institutional thesis, or, stop reading it at the end of this very paragraph, and email the author at hesam.hanafi@gmail.com, for his painting.

Academic Institutions and Educational Systems that are based on reward and punishment, that use grading systems, and are heavily addicted to capitalistic contracts, damage humankind. A bombing airplane kills honestly, and instantly. Academic institutions don't kill instantly, they infect generations of human beings whose brains are drugged by academic aristocracy, and thus, they live long lives of no integrity, being good obedient slaves to the impositions of society, education, religions and family.

The content of the original writing relates directly to the current censorship the writing is going through. Having an abstract was not in the original composition, and the author is trying to use it to go against what human societies are at the moment: Machines of burrying truth. The good news is, The Earth will vomit back what we have been burying for thousands of years, soon enough, if our species does not come to a radical change.

The whole of truth is, responding with reward and punishment to reward and punishment does not stop the violent chain.

The content of the writing examines the possibility of that radical change in human kind, and looks at how reward and punishment give birth to the ego, how the ego sustains war within and without, and how you and I are nothing but violent competitive self-centred creatures that hide under all kinds of social masks all day, waiting for an opportunity to consume the other as food for the ego.

Abstrakt

Původní verze této práce byla napsána tak, jako malíř maluje obraz, s péčí ohledně obsahu i formy. Nicméně, akademická instituce autora varovala, že mu nebude udělen akademický titul magistra, pokud práce nesplní požadavky které se po něm chtějí. Instituce cenzurovala jeho práci tím, že jí vnutila podřízení se jednotnému formátu. Jednotný formát je stroj, vysávající duše, který používají a používali všichni diktátoři historie. Už to není můj obraz, a chce se mi plakat. Tudíž dávám čtenáři dvě možnosti. Čtete si dál v této institucionální diplomové práci, nebo přestaňte číst na konci tohoto odstavce, autora kontaktujte na této adrese: Hesam.Hanafi@gmail.com abyste uviděli obraz pravý. Prosím vás, vyberte si teď, než budete dál číst. Akademické instituce a systémy školství které jsou postaveny na principu odměn a trestů, které používají systém hodnocení známkami, které jsou silně závislé na kapitalistických dohodách, ubližují lidstvu. Bombardující letadlo bombarduje upřímně, a hned. Akademické instituce nezabíjí hned, infikují celé generace lidí, jejichž mozky jsou omámené akademickou aristokracií. Tudíž žijou dlouhé životy bez cti. Jsou dobří, poslušní otroci toho, co jim společnost, školství, náboženství a rodina uvalila. Obsah původní práce se přímo vztahoval k cenzuře kterou autor teď zažívá. Abstrakt nebyl součástí původní kompozice, a autor ho teď využívá k tomu, aby udělal něco proti tomu, čím lidské společnosti teď jsou: stroje na zahrabávání pravdy. Dobrá zpráva je, že planeta země brzy vyzvrací vše, co jsme tisíce let zahrabávali, pokud náš druh nepřijde k radikální změně. Obsah psané práce zkoumá možnost této radikální změny v lidstvu, jak systém odměn a trestů vede k růstu ega, jak ego podporuje války vnitřní i vnější, a jak relativní láska a relativní mír jsou vlastně převlečená nenávist. Zkoumá jak Vy a já nejsme nic jiného než násilní, soutěživí, sebestřední tvorové, kteří se celý den skrývají pod různými sociálními maskami, a kteří čekají na příležitost pohltnout druhého jako jídlo pro své ego

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me

This whole writing, on the one hand, is the ego's ambition, my ambition, for achieving personal peace before other egos get there, and so showing the middle finger to all the idiots around me who are hating behind smiling masks just like me, and on the other hand it is the re-offering of the fundamental question of peace among us human beings, regardless, truly regardless, of the competitive ambitions of the self.

Here is truth. I have hated for years. I often wake up hating. I day dream about dominance, to push everyone down the surface of the water, so I can breathe above. This has been my inner plan about you.

Here is truth. I have carried a sense of being suffocated all these years, a sense of being pushed down a water well by a bunch of hands pressing down on the soft bone on top of my head, playing artfully with their fingers, the drum of my fore head, the drum of my thoughts. Like the pattern of the past left on the surface of little stones and giant rocks by the sea, they have carved a tight little frown between my eyebrows. That is where I starts.

Here is truth. I have lived with fatigue, carrying a sense of constant irritation, a lacking of breath, a lacking.

I break easily, so I play strong. And the process of concealing the cracks have been my little hell. If you have walked passed me, you have felt the heat.

I have loved. And I was genuinely shocked each and every time I met that effortless beauty pouring out of me in all directions, that fountain of freshness. I have been shocked to have that capacity of giving, of giving breath.

When I have loved, I was not there. And this is not a metaphor. I was dissolved in the form of tears, in honest expressions of helplessness like a new born baby. But, not fully.

no. no. no. I have not given all there was.

You don't know me yet. You don't know how persistent my nails and fingers are in deeply rooting in the flesh of love. You don't know how tight they are holding, planning the tightest fist homo sapiens have ever made at the end of their arms.

Trust me. I never forget. I record. I sharpen my slayer with that recording. And I fantasize punishment. Slayer is the real meaning of my given name, hesam. I told you, this is not a metaphor.

When I have loved, I was somewhere down there, hidden, planning my glorious return, bloody, heroic and aesthetic.

I have hated in style. And, I ask myself, if I can come to a full stop.

Here is truth.

The peace I am asking us to re-consider has been ringing in the back of the head of this organism since it can recall being. It has been ringing underneath the deafening noise of the concern with me.

*Please give me your raw truth.
Is it also, has it also been, ringing, in the back of your head?*

the grammatically wrong spellings and words in this writing are intentional.

living truly, and absolutely, free without a single conflict

Does not the above phrase sound like a cheesy slogan?

Or, could it be that the many failures of humankind for living in peace has made the human brain, which has evolved all along history with conflicts, misery and wars, cannot grasp the possibility of absolute peace?

And if this absolute peace is possible, is it already there unnoticed on a personal-psychological level? If yes, what is it that blocks one's view towards it? Or, is it something achievable, something one can cultivate and get to in future?

global peace before personal peace

Let us fantasize that global peace, that is, peace between countries, is possible. But would that be enough if there is still conflict in families?

Let us fantasize that peace in families is possible. But would that be enough if one is in conflict with oneself, caught in patterns of self-deception, postponing self-realization everlastingly?

Or that outward peace will inevitable move inwards, and no human being will deceive oneself any longer?

If everything outwardly is at peace, can one not be at peace inwardly, that is, psychologically? And, what is it that allows psychological hurt?

Aiming for global peace, before coming upon absolute peace with oneself, seems to be the logic of all governments of the world, the united nations, the european union, the pope(s), karl marx, and leaders as such. They have been trying to 'fix' world problems for many many thousands of years, from outside to inside. It actually sounds very logical that once they achieve outward peace, the peace will move inward. But, is not the achievement of outward peace itself, without inward peace, a mere fantasy that has costed, and is costing, countless human lives?

Homo sapiens are estimated to have lived on planet earth for two hundred thousands of years. Today, they have achieved incredible technological advancements through relying on human intellect. But there is one thing homo sapiens have made almost zero progress in: peace. I have a simple question: Why?

Most human beings, when asked this question, suggest that conflict is human nature. The author's ego loves that answer. Does not yours?

Because this answer wipes out the question itself, which means it is not really an answer, but a withdrawal from facing the question fully, and honestly.

Let us keep going with the fantasy of achieving global peace, before personal peace, to understand it better.

So we wake up one day and see that all competitiveness, ambitions, wars, starvation, hatred and conflicts between countries, different political groups, and humans, have stopped. All people who irritated 'me' are now loving and understanding, tigers don't bite, no one is slaving eight hours a day and there is food and shelter for everyone while the planet is at its peak of health. In short, all things that the 'me' is defensive towards have stopped, would that stop my 'me', my assumed center of perception and choice making, my flow of egotistic thought, from inward tyranny?

Perhaps we could be sure that absolute outward peace, sooner or later, leads to inward peace. Why would a baby develop self-centered activity if it was not traumatized by family, education and society?

I am sure all of us know the feeling of facing the peace of the countryside after a day of chaos and mechanical noise in the city. That outward peace moves inward. Or, the feeling of playing with your cute dog after fighting with your partner, which makes you forget. Or, doing yoga, or feldenkrais method, or dialogical acting with the inner partners, or drinking and using drugs, attending therapy sessions, all of these bring about peace, but occasional-relative-partial. The things that my 'me' is unhappy about somehow become unimportant after such activities.

Why is it that the peace does not last?

One could say that perhaps it is because the 'me' is the one who has made a plan for such activities: 'I will go to the park or yoga or whatever today, I will feel better after the anxiety of dealing with the selfishness of my partner last night or my stupid boss this morning, and then, I will be more ready to face the anxiety ahead of me tonight'.

Does not this argument sound like a child's argument for deserving ice-cream after doing homework?

'I will pay attention to myself by doing such and such activity, so that I can go back to my illusion of security in the chaos I do not feel sufficient to say no to.'

You see? The 'me' who is the prison itself, does not bring about freedom when it is the one planning the rescue from the prison! It is in fact the 'me' who is writing this very line, offering you how to free yourself from your 'me's. See, how kind the 'me' is!

This is the basis of the most beautiful character the author has ever encountered in any drama, the clown.

Destructiveness, whether in the scale of a fight with your partner or a war between nations, begins when instead of wearing a red nose that makes us feel ridiculous and thus honest, we wear all kinds of other masks that make us look serious, in charge of things, and thus dishonest.

I am not suggesting that regulating compulsory red noses into the books of law of societies will necessarily make any difference, although it might bring about another occasional opening for peace. The gold within the idea of the clown character is the 'I have no fucking clue', as opposed to the all other destructive clever brainy masks we wear, that imply 'I know. I know what I am doing or saying. I know how to solve this issue'. Playing the problem-solver, the 'I know', which organized religions personify as the devil, is the cursing gift of our parents, and every teacher since grade one up to our master's degrees and PhDs, who has made us do what we did not want to do through punishment and reward.

In fact, the clown is merely an occasional reminder to the audience of a clown show, and also to the actor-clown. Because the clown's enquiry stops at 'I don't know'. Theatre itself as an art form, like all other art forms and science and anything made by human intellect, is bound to stop there.

After the clown-show (or the artist's exhibition), the actor, the human being playing the clown, is absolutely necessary to keep the thirst of finding out, the curiosity, a human being who does not escape into a few drinks or a few lines of cocaine after the show or into finding some flatterer whose body the actor can consume for a night or two, etc. Someone who does not feel satisfied by the mere occasional liberation of their separate self, someone who is also concerned with the unconscious contribution we are doing to the current misery of humanity, which is not necessarily in front of our eyes, it is in the streets, in the neighbourhood, in the neighbouring country, or the neighbouring continent. Let us not even mention what we are doing to animals, trees, etc.

And how is it that such ridiculously childish logic, the logic of investing in activities that result in occasional peace only for one-self or one's family or the group one finds occasional common benefit in, becomes our belief and most of us, including the author, live all our so-called adult lives under such restraints, finding ourselves again and again in the same conflicts, and never daring to go beyond?

Dr. David Bohm (to whom I will refer to as B from now on) suggests that egotistic thought is defence mechanism. And, defence mechanisms naturally use concealment as strategy¹(David Bohm on Krishnamurti and the problem of thought*YouTube*. 9. April, 2015.)

A fresh example is that the author has been caught in the same loops all his life, and until verbalizing what the deceiving thought has to say outwardly in the paragraphs above, he was not aware of how self-deceptive the thought is. He was identified with the monologue of the 'me'. Now he has zoomed back from that monologue and thus has encountered a dialogue, a wider vision. And, of course, just for the occasion. Not fully.

So, expressing outwardly can be helpful for self-realization. The author has discovered something. The author has discovered a...a method!

1 David Bohm on Krishnamurti and the problem of thought*YouTube*. 9. April, 2015. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=emAeFuwtelQ>

You see? As soon as the truth of a concealment unfolded in front of him through his 'I don't know' attitude, he started taking credit for being the one who discovered something, to flatter the ego, he turned it into 'I know'. The concealment came back immediately, using the self-flattering tone and language he learned in kindergarten.

The author has observed in himself that a selfish act is the outward view of a self-deceptive thought. And anger, often, is the scream of the ego to keep the hidden deal concealed.

In other words, self-deceptive and selfish are parts of the same movement.

Is it possible to step out of these egotistic loops once and for good?

If yes, what does it take to move out, completely, without ever looking back? What is it that prevents us from letting go completely?

He was drunk and bald, his face fully red, his eyes radiating cruelty and truth. He stared deeply into the eyes of the author who could not help but try to look away from those two intensified blue time-bombs.

'You poor beautif...[pause]...What have they done to you?' he said in his deep scottish accent.

[pause]

'What have they done to you?'

infants

The psychological knowledge of humankind, today, suggests that the level of rigidness of an adult, that is, the capability of an adult to let go of their egotistic activity, depends, to a large extent, on their infancy:

The relationship of the baby and the boob of the mother-figure. Dr. Winnicott² suggests that the process of a healthy separation of the baby from the magic of being fed and cared for by the mother (a fantasy to an adult), which is also the journey of the baby from the initial helplessness and dependency to confident individuation, can only be done:

gradually,

in small dosages of not giving immediate care after the initial period of full care-giving,

and

through play.

Now, how many human beings have been lucky enough to have that privilege as infants? Most parents are either of the following:

- Over-protective (even when their former infant has grown to be sixty years old) which can be categorized as a masochist habit (enjoyment of experiencing pain, in this case through addiction to constant worrying about the child) in the mask of what they call love.
- They are on the care-less side which can be categorized as sadism (enjoyment of inflicting pain on others, in this case through addiction to cold isolation) in the mask of what they call individuality.

² WINNICOTT, W. Donald. 'Transitional Objects and Transitional Phenomena-A Study of the First Not-Me Possession¹', *International Journal of Psycho-Analysis*, 34: 89-97, S.N (1953)

...

macro (micro (macro (micro)))

...

It is interesting that countries with warm weather are often drowning in the lava of masochist protective 'love' and are ruled by visible dictators.

It is interesting that countries with cold weather are often freezing in cold sadistic isolation and are ruled by invisible dictators.

It is interesting that cold air is heavier, it stays near the ground, while light and rather instable warm air floats above the cold base.

It is interesting that molecules of cold air are heavy, relatively isolated and move rather slowly, while the molecules of warm air are lighter, move fast, vibrate intensely and generate heat, the thermal energy that is the inner invisible flow between warm things and cold things.

It is interesting that warm countries are in fire-y war and cold countries are in ice-y ignorance.

And it is interesting that most emigration on our planet, whether done voluntarily or involuntarily, just like heat transfer, floats from warm countries to cold ones.

It is interesting that in mathematical language of fluid mechanics, which, in its function, is not superior to the language of rappers, painters, poets, bankers, japanese language or czech, the base-equation for heat transfer in an object is

$$Q=MC\Delta T$$

Q, being the heat-energy transferred

M, being the mass of the substance

C, being the specific heat capacity of that substance

ΔT , being the change in temperature

It is interesting that according to the equation, over-populated warm countries have bigger mass of humans with bigger specific heat capacities, thus they flow like heat-energy to the places of lower temperatures.

It is interesting that most human beings of warm places move fast in reality, and romantically idealize the virtual fastness of cold places, sold to them through images of media, in the name of so-called progress or development.

And most human beings of cold places move very little in reality, and idealize/fantasize the virtual contemplation of warm places, which the governments of cold places have encountered in the midst of their kind bombings, colonializing

and exploitation of the resources of warm countries, recently in the name of so-called human rights, and namelessly before.

It is absurd yet interesting that, in iran, protesting against a government that does not allow the holy meat of McDonalds, Hollywood, cheap sexually potent TV series or other trash products of cold countries, has become an underground hip movement for the 'rebellious' youth.

And it is absurd yet interesting that the blind glorification of emigrants and refugees from warm countries has become a hip movement for the 'rebellious' youth of cold countries who are playing the plastic instrument of white guilt, imposed on them by their families and governments.

It is interesting that cold things need warm things to avoid freezing inside, and warm things need cold things to avoid burning inside.

*It is interesting that in macro, we see things in separated-ness:
a warm hand holding a cold hand*

*It is interesting that in micro, there's no separate hand:
only energy in constant motion*

*or to be more precise,
only motion*

A note for people who are familiar with Katap department's essential readings:

Micro is what Martin Buber calls I-thou relationship in his book *I-thou*³.

Macro is I-it.

Micro dissolves.

Macro objectifies.

In fact, in the world of micro, cold air is not any different from warm air. The only difference is that its motion happens in longer spans of time.

It is only in relation to the 'me' that cold is different than warm because 'me' prefers one to the other in such and such situation. Bees do not see flowers the same way we see them. In other words, they do not see what we call flowers. So-called flowers, with all the romanticism we have attached to them, only exist in human thought.

But the centre of perception within a human being, the 'me', perceives the relative difference of tempo between warm and cold, as an essential-substantial difference between cold air and warm air. While in micro, in essence, cold and warm are one.

Psychologically speaking, in macro, masks exist: 'me', other-than-'me', fault, guilt, and the guilty.

In micro, the world is 'emptied from sin'.

Empathy-love-compassion-true care-being aware of the innocence behind the mask of a so-called hater, and essence, are inseparable, otherwise we would not effortlessly feel joy by encountering natural greenery, mountains, a body of water, babies or dogs.

It is the innocence, the mask-less-ness that makes human beings feel one.

if we have seen the necessity of peace over war, we have to see the necessity of choosing essence over surface.

I wonder if we are even concerned with the necessity of peace.

Are we?

Like a mama bear protecting his cubs, he was there at the door of his room, screaming in rage. He was ready to tear everything apart.

3 When *Thou* is spoken, the speaker has no thing for his object. For where there is a thing there is another thing. Every *It* is bounded by others; *It* exist only through being bounded by others. But when *Thou* is spoken there is no thing. *Thou* has no bounds.' BUBER, Martin. *I and Thou*, New York: Scribner, 1958, print. 120 p.

Up to that evening, people around him had accepted him as the neurotic one. So, they wouldn't show their hidden neurotic-ness around him, they wouldn't play that true card. They rather made sure he does not stop taking anti-depressants and does not stop his endless process of therapies with therapists who were neurotics in expensive costumes.

He was a cheap neurotic. He did not bother putting on make-up. He collected the dirt of society everywhere he went. His make-up was to put on the dirt he collected.

Since everyone, truly everyone, around him looked at him as the sick one, he had started to believe the role, and the bloody play was on.

That evening, things changed. The ignored was showing up. Pots were over boiled. His brother screamed back at him from the living room. His father, the god of intensity in both love and hate, came out of his room showing his sharp teeth and strong hands. His mother on the bed, partly contributing, partly crying, partly begging them to stop.

He was standing at the door to his room, and suddenly, he saw the entire play, in an instant, until the end. Without a speck of doubt, he saw what's coming next, if he does not stop playing the role right there. There was a...let's call it a knowing, emerging from inside, a clear instantaneous knowing of truth, cracking through his mask.

He saw fire coming out of the chest of his brother and father. He saw the ugly collapse of the whole house, and the spreading of the hatred in ashes after the burn, into all other houses of the neighbourhood.

The knowing was truth itself. And it felt as if it was down there all along the years in which they were all playing their pitiful roles in the play of self-destruction, of collective madness, avoiding to see the obvious.

The structure of our societies, which Eric Fromm has accurately called the structure of our personality markets⁴, are destructively addicted to macro, the surface, from which our blind glorification of science and technology gets fed. We have sold the integrity of our species to technology and science, while they cannot possibly have an explanation for human consciousness, and awareness.

All that happens in the brain is electro-chemical movement, that is, movement of matter accumulated from the past. No one has been able to theorize how the movement of matter in the brain causes us to think a thought, how one can imagine a tree, how one can be aware of sensory perceptions, and how one can be aware of being aware. These, the Author has heard from Dr. Deepak Chopra⁵. Chopra claims that all matter including the brain can only exist in awareness, which is the time-

4 The Mike Wallace Interview: Erich Fromm (1958-05-25)YouTube.25. 05, 1958. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OTu0qJG0NfU>

5 The Reality Problem: Can Science become Enlightened? - Deepak ChopraYouTube. 24. Nov, 2015. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OJEa8LZwuEE>

less eternal dimension of human beings. In his words, all that is the object of study for a scientist can only exist because the scientist is aware of them. And the irony is, the scientist studies an object as if he himself is separate from that object, he is not aware of his role in the existence of the whole thing. The scientist has forgotten that he/she is the creator, the field of infinite possibilities.

In my words, science, technology, politics, arts, everything that is created by human intellect, inevitably roots in the past hurt or pleasure, and thus is self-centered, a bridge of fantasy over *what is*.

We all lack clown noses.

What is truth

If we observe what is, if we stay with facts, the actualities that are here right now, we realize that, first of all, thought keeps coming in trying to verbalize, interpret, analyze, understand, theorize, justify, condemn, etc. Secondly, we realize that *what is* is never static. Nothing true can ever be frozen and framed to be looked at. Truth never stops.

However, our scientifically drugged societies 'teach' us from childhood through reward and punishment that one has to step out of the motion of truth and assume a separate identity for oneself to study a phenomenon. Science, just like egotistic thought, assumes a frozen image from *what is* and assumes that the thinker (or scientist) is something separate from what they think about or study.

This is non-participatory study which is not true study, because there is no risk for the 'me', no letting-go of the idea of a center of perception, a separate 'me'.

In Literature or cinematic terms, we can call it third person narrator or point of view, the describer or separate observer, commenter, opinion-giver. In Cinema, this is when the camera is not fully facing what is going on, it is angled to the side of the issue. And this is exactly what Martin Buber calls I-it relationship as opposed to I-thou.

Those of us who have tried DJ know very well this describer. Usually, one spends the first few years of DJ describing what is going on as a narrator outside *what is*, avoiding true experimentation. The irony is that one is in such panic and suffering in that position while having the illusion of protecting oneself, illusion of security. Both my body and voice often shake when I play the describer in DJ or in life. In that position, the egotistic center is fully believed (identified with) to be a separate entity. In other words, I play the 'me' so well that I believe it myself.

That is why most third-person camera shots in Cinema are given intentional shaking. Perhaps the person who tried this form of filming for the first time was not really aware why it makes sense to shake the camera while filming in third person point of view. He justified it as his rebellion against aesthetically clean-beautiful cinema.

why mention Winnicott at all?
to have verbal academic support for my sayings?
to hide behind an authority?

I doubt Dr. Winnicott's theory to be true in all cases (triplets, being fed by mother figure but cared for by an elder sibling or a neighbour, etc).

I have not been around many infants myself, and do not remember much from my past specially the first 14 years, and I do not see genuine educational value in the act of repeating, like parrots, the results of other people's study, although my ego does.

Quotation is nothing but looking at the paper of the so-called smart kid who is sitting next to you in an exam. Not only it is cheating, it is re-affirmation that I cannot understand it myself without clinging on to some better-than-'me' figure.

The 'me' always needs better-than-'me' figures to keep playing the lost one who needs help, doesn't it?

Quotation, we could say, is only useful when one does not treat it like a line of the bible, but studies its capacity for being true, that is, when one enquires into it effortlessly, with the 'I don't know' attitude, when one stays with the question instead of jumping into verbal responses, and one does not stop in that inquiry-attitude until the response is unfolded by itself. In my experience, the answers to true questions are often right there, one just needs to pause the flow of thoughts, and look around.

I despise bibliography. The footnotes and bibliography in this text are forced by the institution. It would be very unkind and manipulative of me to send the reader after what another other-than-'me' figure has said in such and such book. Only when one dares to discard all stored past knowledge, all methods offered by others, all the prescriptions of authority figures; it is only when one is left with oneself completely alone (not lonely), independent of anyone else, that one might... one might what? Well, one has to do it to see what happens, so let's leave the blank open.

By authority figure, the author refers to the people the 'me' looks up to, or down to, due to the illusive isolative separation it feels from others. So, authority figure is not only the classroom teacher, the president of blah blah, or the armed officer in uniform, it is also the people one feels superior to, television itself, and of course, the 'me', the inner master.

Why is following authority self-deception?

The 'me' itself, means 'I need'. I need is our self-image. Because according to the 'me', I am never good enough. So, the 'me' and 'I need' are the same.

Jim Carrey, formerly only a so-called actor, now a so-called spiritual leader, said at his speech for accepting his second golden globe, that he is holding this prize for

*the second time in his hands, and something in his head is saying that only if he wins it for the third time, he would be good enough*⁶.

Not Nietzsche, Not Eugen Fink, Not Buddha, Not Ivan Vyskocil, Not Jiddu Krishnamrty, Not Hesam Hanafi, nor hesam hanafi, Not any God, nor any god, not any prophet, Not any star, nor any porn star, Not my mama or papa, or grandpa, not any therapist, not any meditation class, not any pedagogue, not any prize, not any job, not any amount of money, not any skill, not any academic degree, not any social status, not any heavenly fruit, and not any form of orgy, can take away the 'I need' from the 'me'.

Insufficiency is the essence of I. Why would one need an I if one was not feeling not-enough?

So when I go to a therapist (which I have, for eight years), I am already playing the role, the 'me'. I have already deceived myself. And it is impossible to be aware of self-deception, it is impossible to see the truth of I, when one has already deceived oneself. The very 'I need' is the block, the blindfold.

And no matter how amazing the therapist is in making me understand that my very sense of needing the therapist is the issue, they have already said yes to my blindfold by giving me an appointment, and thus I cannot see the whole truth. So I will need them again in a week or two! This is the deception embedded in accepting authority.

And in the rare case, let's say a therapist says: *'I cannot help you. I am just like you. Lost. let's investigate together as two lost neurotics who are determined and open to finding out why and how each of them are neurotics.'*, there might be a chance as no one is playing superior to the other. But, then, why should one pay the other for this investigation?

insufficiency is the essence of I. I is the essence of war.

I is the essence of all conflicts among homo sapiens. I is the essence of the invention of selfie-sticks, instagram, facebook, and all the rest of 'me'-selling bazars we glorify and participate in.

Please remember that the author is aware that blaming is punishing, blaming is enforcing the 'me', and thus war. So the author is trying to avoid that, and mention facts that are ignored, and true. As, the ignored will show up, sooner or later.

⁶ Jim Carrey Speech At The Golden Globe awards 2016. HDTVYouTube. 12. January, 2016. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=a9J8GaeDqVc>

*the return of the ignored
and silence*

That was our regular artsy get together at nights. I was an outsider in her society, she did not fit in her society. So, a few nights a week, I would take some brown drug to mix with her green drug in the hope of a flowering of forgetfulness after we put our joint little garden on fire.

Those days, she was the only one from that art school I could avoid calling dumb. And I liked her cat's name, 'shifty'.

'What does shifty mean?', I had asked her.

'The one who looks at you from the side of the eye, as if questioning something inside you.', she had responded.

Like other nights, I went to her hippy type apartment in which my dirt was welcome. We sat at her orange little couch by the window, and the fire was on.

'I feel like all I enjoy these nights is to come home, smoke weed, and doodle in my little notebook. It feels like the whole thing unwinds.', she said.

I had felt something fishy about her behaviour that night, but since we were there to forget truth, I did not bother asking.

'My little brother got shot today.', she suddenly said. 'He was getting into the isis thing lately. He went to a corner store this morning, and pulled out a gun.'

I became all ears.

'Apparently, he yelled a bunch of things, but did not hurt anyone. I don't understand why would the cops shoot an eighteen-year-old who has not hurt anyone.'

'Let's go for a walk by the water?', she said after a long silence.

We walked along the atlantic ocean, by the canadian east coast harbour. Her little brother was going to be buried the next day somewhere in the west coast, near the pacific.

There was a little wooden structure built over the ocean, a little walk over the water, which had created a very small triangular shore. The waves were hitting the rocks of that tiny shore, not too wildly, not too calmly.

My usual habit was to stop there alone, and watch.

I turned my head to ask her if she she doesn't mind us making a little stop there. She had already stopped a few meters back, leaning on the wooden bar, her hand under her chin, watching the waves. A few meters ahead, I leaned on the wooden bar, my hand under my chin, I watched the waves.

I do not know how long we were watching the waves grieve.

After sometime, we both turned around at the same time, and walked away in silence.

It is surprising to the author that people are surprised by mass shootings in united states, or bombings in paris, or about the rise of groups such as isis. When one observes the behaviour of an isis member in their videos, it is obvious that they are enjoying the show, not the murder, because they have felt left out from the game of power, they have felt ignored. That's all. They just want to be seen, just like Hitler or Trump or Saddam Husein. And the irony in those videos is, they try to look like American heroes of Hollywood films while declaring war at America. What a bloody entertainment circus.

Why do News agencies propaganda this as 'breaking news'? Do they really think it is not going to happen again if humankind does not come to a radical change?

The 'me' does all kinds of tricks to make our brains dull, dumb and numb, so we don't see that not only we are in ugly situation, we are radiating ugliness.

the declaration of war

I exited the classroom door, paused, and looked back. Behind his broken taped-up red glasses, his seven-year-old eyes, filled with hatred, were declaring war at me. I knew that I'm not going back to that job ever again.

He was a grade-one kid with a few disabilities, whose daily activities in classroom i was in charge of. The main teacher of the classroom, by any standard, was a pure angel compared to the sadistic teachers I had as a kid. But, she was a teacher in a civilized school system, which meant she had to force children to learn what society was imposing on them as important, instead of allowing them do the simple natural thing they were all thirsty for doing: going in the field to run freely, purposelessly, to play.

I had been feeling guilty that whole month for making Saul do what he did not want to do. Perhaps this was a small percentage of the same substance of guilt the executioners feel when they obey orders from above, orders that carry obvious cruelty inside, obvious forcefulness.

I even started to think I am the crazy one, as no one else from those civilized teachers showed any concern as such.

I loved watching Saul run in his crooked way during break-times. He was the most beautiful thing in his broken-ness, and they were all concerned with fixing his so-called problem of walking.

We, adults, cannot stand a shadow of anything that threatens what we have sold ourselves to, all our lives.

That evening, before everyone goes home, I was asked firmly to make him do the fucking math game on the computer. They had asked me firmly because they had noticed I let him skip orders every now and then. All Saul wanted to do, was to press the mouse buttons purposelessly. He was so free and happy doing that. I was afraid of being punished by my boss, so I punished the child by pulling the mouse out of his small hands forcefully. And the school bell rang. I walked right away, carrying hatred towards both the disobedient student and the idiot I was.

I exited the classroom door, paused and looked back. A little hesam was sitting there, with his crooked frown, his seven-year-old eyes, filled with hatred, declaring war at the world.

I, in the beginning, is given to us through aggression, as we grow up. Aggression is a form of abuse, of imposing one's own insufficient self-image on others. Aggression is not only being beaten or verbally accused as a kid.

Years ago, the author lived under the same roof with a human being who had a very calm and free childhood compared to the author, but was beaten up to almost death, and sexually abused, at the age of twenty-three, and could not have a calm sleep more than two hours a night, for many years. Of course, her self-image was so filled with unworthiness and insufficiency, that she had to abuse the author. She had to impose her self-image on something! She had to throw her fire at someone! And she was blindfolded to her own fire-ness.

Getting compared to others through grading systems is also aggression. Grading systems imply insufficiency of the student, and sufficiency of the teacher who decides what price tag to give to the student. If the teacher was feeling sufficient, they would not grade anyone. Grading systems feed the 'me'. Telling your so-called fat daughter that she must lose weight to become attractive is aggression as well. You are grading her by demanding her to change.

A teacher imposing power and superiority on a student, blaming them for not following orders, is aggression. Reward-punishment is aggression.

The 'I need', the 'me', is made through reward-punishment, and in its root, is divisive, fragmented. It is impossible for the divided fragment to love. To love is to feel one with.

how can I not be I?

'Observer is the observed. Experiencer is the experience. Thinker is the thought. Meditation is the meditator. Meditation cannot be planed; meditation is unpremeditated art'. These sentences get repeated in K's teachings⁷.

K, in his 3rd Brockwood Park conversation⁸, instead of asking his audience to observe their thoughts, offers the following:

K: 'See if thought can be aware of itself'

An audience member: 'So you want me to be aware of my thoughts?'

(Identification: see how the 'me' is doing self-deception through language, claiming possession over thought?)

K: 'No. See if thought can be aware of itself'.

The audience member: 'Ok, I will try it'.

⁷ How can we fully understand 'The Observer is The Observed'? J. Krishnamurti YouTube. 29. July, 1981. Available at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MS9r2_fUtWM

⁸ J. Krishnamurti – Brockwood Park 1976 – Discussion 3 – Can I completely change at the very root? YouTube. 18, May 1976. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UT1gtGPBsWQ&t=2547s>

K: 'Don't try it! Do it!' (trying is another 'me' trick)

Winnicott and other formulas

Putting the data of the author's 'me' today, into the formulation of Dr. Winnicott, he can conclude that it is most probably true:

The almost constant state of panic that most human beings live in today, which has brought some of us to Katap or to some priest or therapist or some drug in the hope of 'fixing' what we are, perhaps comes from a serious and tragic (rather than playful) environment at the time of infancy, and later on in educational systems. By the word serious, the author means not flexible, as it can also mean being determined about an enquiry, not giving up.

Personally, the author has seen in DJ (and some other unnamed experimentations) that the tragic self who he believed so strongly he was, could be an exaggeration. As if, the 'me' puts a magnifying glass on the hurt of the past and presents it as all there is, and one is totally unaware of that.

In a DJ session in his second year of being with Katap department, the author's 'me' fully expressed how bad he was feeling in that moment. Suddenly, there was immediate laughter which did not come from his 'me'. There was no time for his 'me' to play the one in control, the 'me' always needs time to plan. The magnifying glass had disappeared.

Who was the one who laughed kindly and said: 'your situation is not that bad' with a friendly tone? While articulating this sentence, the one who obviously was a wiser version of 'me', had an opener voice and a body tension, an occasionally-partially-relatively less rigid body-brain tension, again.

However, who and where was he before, when the tragic one was articulating his tragedy?

We could call that a listener, but listener implies a voice and body tension as well. Or, was it just awareness? A presence? I cannot possibly be sure about this, but it surely was not 'my' presence.

The author is asking himself, why is he pointing at the Winnicott's article at all, if he does not see value in quotations. Perhaps, because he has encountered, in that DJ session, a fact that tragedy is not the whole story, that his rather tragic up-bringing in the absence of red noses, has disturbed his process of a healthy separation from the mother figure.

I wonder if the readers are also interested in self-enquiry about this, or they are reading this as mere entertainment, or just because it is their job.

The author kindly asks the reader to stop reading this if they are reading it as entertainment or as a mere part of their job, and come back to it when they feel the 'I don't know', and the thirst for finding out again.

But there is something fishy about Winnicott's theory. It feels like he is offering another method, another formula (or this perhaps could be the illusion cause by author's conditioned body-brain):

hey mother, give full care for such period of time, then slowly and playfully separate yourself so the baby individuates without tragedy.

And the mother follows the formula to avoid feeling guilty. Methods inevitably interfere with *what is*. They filter truth.

Krishnamurti and love

K has an stimulating point of view about parenting infants, or relationships in general⁹. He suggests that as long as one has an image about oneself, that is, as long as one has a 'me', one is bound to impose that image on the child (or others in general).

Author: Education with grading systems and compulsory exams, and societal race which are all competition fields for our 'me's, do impose images on children inevitably, even if the parents are image-less. And that is the source of the 'me' of the child.

K suggests that as long as one has an image about oneself, there is no relationship. There might be sensual, sexual, pleasure-based trade-deals we mistake for true relationship, but there is no true relationship and true care between a wife and a husband who have personal images about themselves, nor is there love.

'As it is now, there is no love in the world, period. Because almost everybody has images about themselves. I'm an English man, I'm an American, I'm an argentine, I'm a hindu, I'm a christian, I'm a muslim, I'm a buddhist, I'm a communist, a socialist, and all the rest of it.

I personally have no image about myself. I really have no images. And everybody around me is building images about themselves all the time, and so destroying this beautiful earth in which we are meant to live happily, in true relationship, to look at the heavens, and...

And I ask myself, what am I to do?', he says in his 6th conversation at Brockwood Park in 1976, on the topic of consciousness and images.

The author has gone deeply into the teachings of K, and this is a very rare talk in the sense that K has spoken of himself, and only for a brief 40 seconds.

Please bear in mind that K himself asks his audience to doubt and be skeptical about everything they hear from others, including what they hear from himself, to not accept any authority what so ever.

9 J. Krishnamurti – Brockwood Park 1976 – Discussion 5 – Your image of yourself prevents relationship. *YouTube*. 19, May 1976. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z3VmcITsopE>

what are the blocks
that keep us from dropping, completely,
the I?
Linguistic conditioning?

Physically speaking, ego is there because the outward flow of energy is blocked, due to past traumas.

Now, how does this fact unfold in my interactions today?

When language comes in, in the form of thought, we are already looking through the lens of the past. The past is the known, it is the food of the ego, the 'me'. It is impossible to feel genuine awe when looking through the lens of past knowledge.

The author needs to clarify here, that it is only the familiar language, the language we are the most used to, that oppresses our fresh life energy, excitement, and curiosity. It is the familiar language that traps our vitality in the goddamn past. That language is the language, or languages, we have been conditioned in during our past traumatic experiences, both the ones that we remember and the ones that are too painful for us to remember.

It is necessary to clarify, even more, that by language the author does not mean only words and the sentences composed by words or the meaning they make. It is also the familiar tones, the musicality, associated to that language within the registration (and re-cognition) process in one's brain.

Oppressive voices have certain body postures, and certain vocal qualities. They are often condemning and antagonizing, and thus trying to close their object of oppression. We use oppression to silent. We are not aware that we are living the familiar past. That is why we often use this familiar language mechanically, lifelessly. We see often in DJ that the body-brain closes as soon as an accusative body-voice comes along.

This familiar language is not exclusively in the brain. The brain and the body are not separate things. Embodied brain or embrained body, whatever symbol we choose for calling the thing, we have to be aware that they operate together, they are one movement.

The author chooses to avoid the terms embodied mind or bodymind, as the word mind could imply the thing that includes awareness along with the brain, thoughts, body etc. Awareness, to the author, seems to be of a totally different species, if not of a different dimension.

Let's put down this standard that the word awareness does not fit in the boundaries of body, brain, mind, consciousness, unconscious, or any other thing that could possibly have something to do with the stored data of the past.

Unfamiliar language, on the other hand, can be used creatively. Those of us who have tried using gibberish know this very well. Creativity and livelihood, which are the contents of infants' lives who are examples of living the awe (along with rare adults), cannot arise from past experience.

The 'me', the ego, cannot oppress when using unfamiliar ways of expressivity because it has no use there, and no known linguistic tools.

So, is the author claiming that, only, the familiar language of the ego is the reason we do not let go of our 'me's once and for all? So, is he offering a new religion called gibberish?

That would be silly and useless. Because gibberish will become a method, and thus another language! Any kind of method would push us back to the suffering loop in which the ego breathes.

Let us ask again,
why is it that we do not see the necessity of dropping the 'me' fully? Why always do this partially?
Why do we reach for suffering?

We seek psychological security in authority (another K teaching¹⁰), in the other-than-'me' figure. And that makes us behave mechanically, to re-assure the superficial security we have found in certain loops of activity. For example, the author finds the state exam of Katap department extremely mechanical, childish and blind. The two state exams he has observed at Katap department could be written as plays, and acted out by the actors. After this example, I will continue with the reasons why letting go of mechanical behaviour caused by thought is not happening much.

*state exam
the play*

playwright: 'me'

characters:

the student, Misha, Eva, Honza, Michal, maybe Tereza, the opponent and the advisor.

pozor:

Michal not speaking English but being there is not the only mystery of this play.

We might dress nicely as it is the state exam, because we just follow such traditions which tell us to dress nicely when there is a state exam.

Deep down, none of the characters really know why they are there or why they are following this tradition or why they follow grading systems whose abusive nature was made naked in this thesis, other than the good-old excuse of 'It is our job, this is how it works, the KOS system (or the administration office) asks us to do so, it is the rule of the institution, or it is the rule of the country, we have used the whiplash of reward-punishment embedded in grading systems on other students and it would

10 J. Krishnamurti – Brockwood Park 1976 – Discussion 4 – In aloneness you can be completely secure. *YouTube*. 19, May 1976. Available at:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EDNameIJ1uY>

be unfair to them if we don't use it on you! In short, it is not me but the university, I do not take responsibility for this, etc.

The authority figures of this play act mechanically, and impose that mechanicalness on the student because 'we are afraid of our boss, the institution or other pedagogues, afraid of losing our jobs or our social status, etc'.

None of that is sane logic, if we want to be fully honest.

The student is not so sane either. He/she perhaps picks up the easier ass-kissing attitude because he/she has to satisfy the authority figures to get a good grade (like a treat for a good doggy who obeys the daddy), to be able to graduate and post the breaking news on instagram that they have a master's degree to make their family, finally, proud of them, and to find psychological security in some pitiful job they can only get with the master's degree.

So, we, the authority figures, bring some biscuits to the table, and sit down while having in mind that 'my soup in Kafe Damu is the most important thing I need to get to after I finish this mechanical business'. The authority figures ask the good doggy to repeat like a parrot what he/she has memorized, and has already written in length in the body of the thesis, as the summary of his/her thesis in 10-15 minutes.

Why? Another tradition? What is the logic here?

Then Honza, his majesty, will share his expert opinion, and take his time in doing so, but later ask others to stop their talk as time is short, and the soup is waiting. And others will not object to this attitude, they follow his order because he is the boss, and we follow authority blindly. This very process happened in Ivana Atanasova's state exam, who was asked to be fast because of the approaching lunch time, and her opponent's talk was also cut by Honza for the same reason. Of course, Ivana was later punished by a low-ish grade that was communicated to her through a very politically correct smile and hand-shake by the boss. The boss played the exact same role for the other student who had the exam that day, to tell her the chosen grade. Please spare the author this part of the play, at least, in his upcoming state exam.

The grading itself, happens by asking the student to leave the class. Why? What are you hiding? Perhaps deep down there is shame for labeling human beings. I hope there is.

And how do you grade? There is an already built structure in your mind, and you judge the student by their skill in fitting themselves into that structure, which is a mechanical process. In other words, you hold on to an 'I know' attitude. Jiri Lossel is the only pedagogue I recall now as I'm typing these lines, who was fully and truly excited to encounter the so-called mistake/error of the student. He had no image-imposing machine in his head, no throwing that image at the student and thus no reducing the whole encounter to a blind status-trade.

Then the advisor and opponent will read their reflections (which is the only sane part the author can find in the whole game: getting feedback about the writing,

without grading or expecting anything different from the student, leaving the student to their personal paths). The student is then put into a defensive position, which as I explained in length, is only feeding his/her sense of insufficiency, his/her 'me'. The authority figures, of course, are not immune to this deep sense of insufficiency either. They are not evil. They are also deceived by their 'me's.

Then the student has to respond to a few questions about certain chosen topics of study they have already worked on, and have already been graded for, during those classes. Why?

Why does the student have to repeat what they have already been rewarded/punished for during their studies once? What is the point of them answering the questions the authority figures find important? Because it is tradition? Give me a break!

Why should I re-prove to Misha that I can interpret a dramatic text. I'm sure she is aware already of my deep vision into a dramatic text, deep insight into what and why the characters are doing in a drama, what the playwright is going for, the layers of meaning and inner interactions between themes as well as characters. She has seen me express this deep vision in class. I could easily teach that class. Why should I re-dance for her like a stripper satisfying the one in the position of power? Please spare me the dance!

And by the way, is anyone aware that I am the one who paid thousands of euros in this strip-club?

Or why should I re-read and re-verbalize oasis of happiness (or other other texts) which I find stupidly materialistic. Fink claims that play does not need purpose, while talking of an oasis of happiness for the individual! How western of him! How is happiness not his goal? Or he claims that play is for fun. Well, the fun is his purpose. As I have explained above, personal happiness and fun, exclusively for the person playing or the group he/she is attached to, is another self-centered concern of the ego, which inevitable leads to the continuation of being chained by the 'me'.

I have encountered this high level of acceptance of the happiness-only-for-me attitude in europe and north america. I, my 'me', is selfish just like others, and this is not limited to westerners, of course. But being proud of playing selfish as if it is the most normal thing in the world, in such collectively accepted way, is what is new to me.

We are not in the head of the line-up of being massacred in our world right now. We are standing way in the back. And hoping it will not be my turn in my life time, so I will keep myself occupied with 'me'.

what is the solution for the state exam?

Well, there are only three options as far as I can see.

- 1. The student gives up his master's degree in order to avoid stripping for the ones playing their roles of power.*
- 2. The authority figures quit their job and start some place new where they do not have to punish others in the fear of being punished by the institution.*

3. *They apologize to the people they have graded before, and give everyone an A in all subjects, from now on, so they can keep the department going without judging anyone. This is what my philosophy teacher in my BFA, Nick Webb, did.*

In the first session, he told everyone: I will give an A to you all, so you don't have to run after me to satisfy me. And don't come to class if you don't truly want to be here and if you truly don't want to contribute, it will not affect your grade. He also did not ask the students to speak of, or re-act to, the philosophy texts we read until the mid-term, he knew well that we needed to learn listening, not speaking. This way, he truly showed us how our egos are stopping our art from free and honest flourishing. When I look back at all pedagogues I have had since being six years old until now that I am thirty, the truly sane ones were not more than seven. Let me repeat that I am not claiming sanity at all. I am surely neurotic.

he wants to trade the game he knows for shelter

Just to change your mood before we go on, let's take a look at the beautiful way Leonard Cohen has described the 'me' in the poem he wrote for his 'stranger song' in his early years:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=RLq7Aqd_H7g

The poem:

*It's true that all the men you knew were dealers
Who said they were through with dealing
Every time you gave them shelter.
I know that kind of man
It's hard to hold the hand of anyone
Who is reaching for the sky just to surrender
Who is reaching for the sky just to surrender.
And then sweeping up the jokers that he left behind
You find he did not leave you very much, not even laughter.
Like any dealer he was watching for the card
That is so high and wild
He'll never need to deal another.
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger
He was just some Joseph looking for a manger.
And then leaning on your window sill
He'll say one day you caused his will
To weaken with your love and warmth and shelter.
And then taking from his wallet
An old schedule of trains, he'll say
I told you when I came I was a stranger
I told you when I came I was a stranger.
But now another stranger seems
To want you to ignore his dreams*

*As though they were the burden of some other.
O you've seen that man before
His golden arm dispatching cards
But now it's rusted from the elbows to the finger.*

*And he wants to trade the game he plays for shelter
Yes he wants to trade the game he knows for shelter.*

the psychological need for security

Neurotic or sane, human beings need order. Simply because the universe has an order, and the human brain is born in the universe. The order of the neurotic is mechanical, put together by thought, and thus creates more disorder¹¹. That's all.

Psychological security is mechanical. Because it ignores the only certainty of life, death.

Death is universal order. We don't like facing death fully.

If I assume that this master's degree will give me job security, and succeed in achieving the job, then I will be bound by that job security, because it can easily be taken away from me in zillion different ways, and that, takes away that psychological security from me. And so, the inner anxiety of losing this or that will not be wiped away by getting the master's degree and the job. What does the mechanical brain do next? It breaks away from that prison it created for itself, and jumps to find a new mechanical security, in sex or some drug or church, etc.

The person I mentioned living with, who had experienced extreme violence and sexual abuse, felt super calm when watching the data statistics of a file downloading on her computer. Simply, watching that mechanical process in which numbers were following their mathematical logic (which is put together by human thought), made her feel sane, momentarily.

On the other hand, the other thing that made her, and the author himself, feel occasional sanity, is encountering nature, children and animals. In other words, sanity comes from things that are not put together by thought, by human intellect, things that are a part of universal order.

Now, K says that transformation only happens when one sees the fact that psychological security leads to disorder, and when one stays with the fact without escape, resistance or helping it to get anywhere; when one sees the fact without a motive. Accepting the idea, the concept, intellectually will do nothing. Have I seen the fact of it fully, I ask myself?

A fact is *what is*. This computer I am typing on *is*. That is a fact, an actuality. Do I perceive that *psychological security leads to disorder* like I perceive this computer? No. I don't.

Why?

¹¹ J. Krishnamurti – Brockwood Park 1976 – Discussion 2 – A mechanical way of living leads to disorder *YouTube*. 18, May 1976. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ypM8EVALvEo>

why?

K suggest that rejecting authority, letting go of the endless pursuit of psychological security which cannot possibly happen because death is a fact, is frightening. Because one has to stand completely alone, out of the stream everyone is lost but playing found in¹². And not being a part of a group is scary to the security seeking thought. The author has experienced this fright after his period of letting go through sufism, a few years ago. The freedom, and the alone-ness was frightening. Not having a Hesam was frightening. Not having a plan or worry, was frightening. I did not last there.

The other fright is that actual economic insecurity might come along. And the one who has been fairly secure economically, all along life, finds that very scary.

12 J. Krishnamurti – Brockwood Park 1976 – Discussion 4 – In aloneness you can be completely secure. *YouTube*. 19, May 1976. Available at:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=EDNameIJ1uY>

I was sitting in Kafe Damu, writing in my notebook about the ego for this thesis, trying to understand how it works, what its actual function is, why does it interfere with what is, why can't it just let things be the way they are. If it is so destructive, why is it there in the first place?

I had in my mind from a recent DJ session a new encounter with the whole situation of my 'me'.

In that DJ session I somehow had stopped trying to find meaning or purpose in my body-brain impulses and gestures. That day, I truly followed the thing that was coming out of me, without any inner 'no' or 'I must know' what this leads to before trying it out'.

This inner 'no' or 'stop' is not an actual word when it arises. I am using words right now to point at the actual thing. The actual thing is not solid-unchangeable, it is the same in its friction-creating function. It feels like some hands pushing me down, and backwards.

In the 'no', the organism works against its own natural movement. It is like pushing down the brake pedal with one foot while the rest of my organism is already the whole moving car with no driver.

When I had gone deeply into sufism a few years back, the imagination that emerged on the freest day of my life was different. I saw myself sitting on the sit next to the driver of a car. At that time, I called the driver god. And I was just an observer, not an operator. 'relax and enjoy the show', I had told myself. Later I realized god and the 'me' go hand in hand, god is an invention of the 'me'. And the presence of the 'me' in the car is a sign that the freedom was not total, it was to some extent imagined.

That unique DJ experiment became playing in an imaginary act, in a game, that was super light, easy and effortlessly in motion. The only thing I was reminding myself was to stay alert and follow the thing when the ego was pushing back to stop the game in the midst of it.

After sitting down, I realized the character I was playing up there was an absolutely sadistic character, but it was played with zero identification. I realized that the 'no' that has happened in my head all the time is the ego, is 'me', whose identification with the sadist character had led to actual sadistic acts in my life, actual little wars. Without identification, all that was left was a game I was creating without knowing what's next! War had turned into a game with no casualties. There were masks in the game but with no 'me' sticking itself to the masks

So I was sitting in Kafe Damu, writing in my notebook about the ego for this thesis, trying to understand how it works, what its actual function is, why does it interfere with what is, why can't it just let things be the way they are. If it is so destructive, why is it there in the first place?

I had in my mind from that recent 'me'-less DJ session a new encounter with the whole situation of my 'me'. I asked myself: 'Could it be that the ego is just an inner child needing to play?'

I felt an answer coming to me in the form of an insight: 'The answer must be right here'.

So I looked around. There was a little kid with a plastic Stethoscope walking around speaking in Czech, playing the role of the doctor who knows how to fix sicknesses within a human organism, a problem-solver.

So, the answer was no. Ego is not an inner child needing to play. It is a childish inner image, the I, the past, pretending to know how to solve problems, and thus interfering with true effortless play. Solving problems is the conditioning we get from education, if not from family.

The inner child (true player) never plans the play. All the ego does is planning. Often in DJ sessions, when we sit down after a try, or before it, it is the ego, the problem-solver in our head planning ahead or re-playing what happened inwardly, flattering or humiliating the self-image.

The unplanned play is no different than the play of planets and galaxies, the play of molecules and energy. The unplanned play is true intelligence, and compassion, in one un-divisible never static flow.

The same universal order of playing, when stopped too much by the fake protective play, deepens one's sense of isolation, and the 'me' turns into a monster, a true neurotic, a true psychopath. The 'me' fully follows, the first implication of the first punishment one has received: 'there is something essentially wrong with me'. The 'me' is imitating the punisher. It is childish, but not child-like.

fear and thought

After the second year of trying dialogical acting with the inner partner, the author saw clearly how thinking and fear are connected. The moment I was thinking of a solution, presence was gone, and I was shaking from inside. That was a war state, without actual war around. And the moment I noticed that process, the body relaxed and everything was flowing again. Fear and thought are connected for sure, but it is not clear for me what comes first, or they go exactly hand in hand?

By fear, I do not mean the panic that is being echoed since the hurts of childhood in my body-brain. That panic is surely not governed by the 'me'. That panic does root in the past, and in that sense it is not different than the 'me', same thing. Its only difference, in the case of the author, is that it is so deeply rooted in the biological function (or it feels like that), that one could call it *what is*. It is here before 'me'. The fear I am speaking of, is the fear that comes after identification with the panic/*what is*, feeling guilty or responsible for it. The fear I am speaking of is the fear of staying with that panic without escape, which goes hand in hand with solution seeking thoughts:

I want to escape, so a thousand solutions and options of getting entertained and pleased come to my head. This fear is fear of fear. It is produced by thought and it pretends being different, looking at thought.

By this very escape into entertainment through solution seeking thought, I carry the panic of the body-brain to the next moment, to the future.

In Somatic Experiencing which is developed by Peter Levine and explained in length in his book *waking the tiger*, Levine suggests that the panic of the body-brain keeps showing up in the hope of healing itself, in the hope of a release that the nervous system needs to go through in order to re-regulate itself, if one gives all of one's attention to it. Attention, here, is to give everything one has, everything one is holding onto. Levine suggests that the body-brain panic (not the fear of it in solution seeking thought) is stored survival energy from past trauma. That energy is immense; it is the energy that makes a mother be able to lift a car to help release her child after a car accident. This immense survival energy, according to Levine, needs to be released in small dosages, in safe environments, with a physician.

I wonder if there is an interval between the fear embedded in the body-brain, and the fear of that fear. If there is, I miss that every time.

When K suggests that the thinker is the thought, or the observer is the observed, he is suggesting that the solution seeker is not real, in the sense that, it is pretending being something other than the body-brain panic, and pretends looking at the panicked body-brain cleverly to fix it (here, the author is trying to understand K's teaching, he does not know if it is true or not). That is, the solution seeker is an image, and an image's job is to imitate reality. So the solution seeker, the fixer, the identified kid with a stethoscope, offers itself as an independent divided reality while it is not divided. It is the same panic in disguise! That is the concealment trick of thought.

So X is looking at his/her thoughts to realize who 'me' is, to see in what ways the me is the root of his/her neurosis. X says: *Ok, yes, I see in my imagination that all 'me' is concerned with is 'me', 'me' does seem to root in past hurt, and it offers itself as a shield for protection, and it does offer itself as an independent reality. And yes, 'me' seems to be functioning like a projector machine. The past is a memory stick attached to its back, and it does project that past on the future it imagines. And yes, this way, future can never be different. And yes, the 'me' seems to exist only in the land of thoughts.*

So X is looking at its 'me', naming its qualities and apparent structure. The key question K arises is, *is X different than that 'me'?* Perhaps this is what K means by *meditation is the meditator*. X is thought pretending to be something other than thought looking at thought as his/her object of meditation.

The author personally has not been able to see if what K is saying is true or not. He follows K's suggestion: *see if thought can be aware of its own movement*. As soon as the author does that, the whole thought movement stops! And after a few seconds, without him noticing how, he is playing the divided observer again, he is fallen into the trick. But, one should not give up if one is truly concerned with dropping all inner hatred. *This last sentence was a thought-concealment-trick. Did you notice that?*

K suggests that the divided observer which pretends being real, is the choice maker of your life which is naturally anxious all the time because it is not real, it is acting! It cannot possibly take you to security, order, sanity. He describes what happens after thought becomes aware of its own movement as: *choice-less awareness*¹³. 'Awareness is something that is not cultivable. Either you observe, or you don't observe.'

13 On awareness and the awakening of intelligence, J.KrishnamurtiYoutube. 30, July 1981. Available at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3w2_TaDME28

Concealment

'I have spent four hours with you talking about deep stuff, and laughing hard. You have been smiling all this time. But somehow...[pause]...I feel like I have not met you at all...[pause]...as if you don't really show yourself', said the giant half-bald no-etiquette czech drunk man with the honesty of a giant no-etiquette little boy, the type of honesty that most little dumb consumers of our civilization would call creepy.

He was of a rare species of humans. He had a giant jaw and laughed as loud and hard as a giant in a japenese tale. His best and only friend was a no-etiquette turkish bale dancer with long hair, an outcast mirroring the giant's exclusion from proper people.

'I don't show myself to anybody', said the author.

'only such a giant rude half-bald bold fucking creep would be intelligent and brave enough to touch upon truth in a drunkard Damu party where the whole point is losing contact with truth' said a voice in the forehead of the author.

why hide?

Let's go over the production of the ego step by step.

X is born and is too loud according to the tradition it is born in. So the tradition punishes X emotionally and/or physically.

X as an infant is absolutely defence-less. The only source of defence around X, has now turned out to be an occasional hurtful monster, an occasional predator.

Since X is just like a plant that closes itself to protect itself, X's organism, that is, X's body-brain starts to be active in the search for a possible hurt in near future like a radar. In this search, psychological time is born. Within that psychological time, X's body closes from the chest-bone and naturally the flow of energies from inside to outside get blocked. So the energies have no choice but to over-flow inwardly. Within the same psychological time, movements of thought start to form, thoughts that are born from memory of the hurt and are there to plan a rescue for survival. these type of thoughts are the beginnings of divisiveness: the sense that I am a separate thing from the universe, I need help to be sufficient, and I need to compete (opposite of love) to survive divisively.

Have we missed a step?

I think so.

How do the thoughts of survival, the images of the hurt, end up in a fixed belief that there is a separate 'me' who is fundamentally insufficient?

the pointing finger
the antagonizing

There must be a time that belief enters the body-brain, the belief that 'I am not good enough, there's something fundamentally wrong with me, I need to be fixed'. It must be the very moment of being pointed at during punishment, when the intense energies of the punisher are all diverging directionally towards a concentrated point within X. The most common, perhaps archetypal, gesture of human being when punishing is the hand gesture with the pointing finger pointed at the object of antagonizing, in our case, X. This is the moment of being conditioned by an authority figure. For some reason, I see waves of intense and sharp aggressive expanding energy penetrating into the soft defence-less being of the infant. The level of penetration is different for different infants due to biological difference, biological uniqueness.

Even trees have different capacities of being damaged when attacked by a hurricane. Some infants, like the author, were (are) of the very sensitive and resistant type of plants, according to the people who remember his infancy. Sensitivity plus resistance leads to reactivity. Sensitivity is the ability to pick up certain frequencies, in this case aggression. Resistance is the friction against the panic caused by sensing aggression, resistance is the beginning of the 'me', of hiding the inner quake. That is, at the time of attack (real or imagined in thought), the author's body reacts by tensing up like a wall on the outside layer while the

heart and other organs are in sensible shake from inside. Where the sensitivity, panic, resistance and reactivity come from is perhaps of ancestral biological reasons, and what the mother was going through during pregnancy. I don't think any human knowledge can describe the totality of why such characteristics are there before 'me'. What I imagine from the time of pregnancy of my mother is rooted in what I have heard from people around her, not necessarily facts. But the total received image can be called tense tragedy, as opposed to flowing ease.

Plus, the author's 'me' is extremely similar to his father's 'me'. In an old image of his father's childhood, one can see how his father is hiding behind an authority (the author's grandfather) as a kid. That also could be biological transfer, or just imitation patterns picked up during early childhood. But surely, what truly matters, is now. Not the past.

The more sensitive and resistant, the more tensing up of the body when under attack, and thus, the more cracking's in the wall-ed up soul of the panicked infant. After doing many physical therapies and the master's degree period in Katap department which is focused on the body rather than intellect, the author has come to notice that if he could let his body loosen when attacked, aggressive energies move through the body and don't stay. But he was and is the tensing up type of plant.

All efforts to change that characteristic, to find security from that embedded anxiety, has led to messier tragedy, more disorder. He wakes up with the body-brain echoing the intense aggressively his 'me' was born in (although his present environment is peaceful, which in simple words, is a state of panic). Fighting the panic, or helping it become fulfilled, has re-traumatized him over and over. Trying to act strong, under the mask of the one who knows what to do, has led to pure insanity, neurotic explosions and perpetuating inner and outer conflict. Why is the panic so hard to accept? Why is it so hard to let our broken selves show through our strong masks?

Let's go back to X to find out the answer without emotionality.

X, the infant, is antagonized and pointed at by family or teachers or priest. X interprets that as 'I am fundamentally wrong; I don't deserve existence.' And that becomes a rigid belief that keeps X divided from others. Love cannot exist in division. Up to here, things are not loving and happy, but at least they are unfolding according to what is, according to truth, having in mind that the parents hurt the kid because they have been antagonized by their parents or society and have not been able to move beyond their pained body-brains.

However, X does not have many examples of behaviour other than the family/oppressor. And X knows that he has to act, that he has to use pretense, to buy the love of the parents again.

Here the parrot or imitating monkey comes in. We imitate the same parents who conditioned us. Infants are amazing imitators, they easily observe how the face muscles of the oppressor is working, and copy it excellently, without intellectual interference.

Let's look at educational conditioning of the author. He had to study such and such course in grade one while all he wanted to do was to play (football, or some other game). He had to behave when he needed to run. He had to be quiet when he needed to scream. These were the rules in the house and out there. Then there was the exam period, on which not only getting love and respect from his family was dependent on, but love and respect from the whole town, teachers and friends. This way, he was forced to compete, to cheat, to do whatever it takes to win that image of worthiness, which is what he is doing to some extent, these days as well. And acting was necessary in satisfying the sadistic teachers. Masks were a given. I'm not antagonizing my family or the teachers, I am just mentioning facts. As for my family, they really did not have any other choice at the time. Now that they have choice, they have truly changed.

Our grade three teacher was an old prestigious lady, a mother herself, whom my family knew as well. One day she came to class, and without giving a single reason or explanation to anyone, asked all kids to stand by the board and hold their hands open so she could go around with her wooden ruler and beat the innocent palm of their hands. I'm sure someone did the same to her as a kid, or perhaps worse.

Our so-called sociology teacher in grade two, would put a classmate in the corner of the class and slap his face over and over to teach him behaviour. The teacher found the kid dirty, not clean. And then, he would open all zippers of the kid's backpack, turn it over so everything falls down. After the kid collected everything and put them back in his bag, the teacher would open the zippers again and do the same thing many times. And we were all watching that. I will be surprised if that kid is not in some prison for crazy crimes. Or, perhaps he is the new sociology teacher for grade two kids.

And many more incidents like these.

I am sure you the reader, have the same type of stories with different degrees of aggression from your past. And I ask myself, are our 'me's really different? Is my 'me' not moving somewhere among your thoughts about your 'me'? They must be the same in the root and seed, perhaps looking unique and different in the leaves due to different environmental conditionings.

My question is: Am I you? Are you me? Don't we all share an ego which is the same in essence?

The logic I used to reach the point that it looks like I and you are the same, is perhaps the theoretical logic for having empathy. Empathy is to see, clear as a fact, that someone is innocent in their apparently non-innocent act.

In practice, I experienced this in Katap. Student X was on my nerves without doing anything! From the first moment, X was on the black list of the 'me'.

In the first DJ session, as soon as X stood up and went to the space, I was him. I had clear openness and compassion for X because DJ in its very function challenges our masks. X was showing his broken-ness, his fragility. I did not feel separate from X during X's DJ. Of course, when X sat down, I had the same unreasonable hatred towards X again.

Or in Body in Motion or other physical classes of Katap, as soon as my body was in contact with X's body, compassion was there. I was not divided from X. I could feel

poor X's tensely closed back and neck, and I could clearly see X's panic, which was my panic as well!

Illusion, insanity, disorder, is not being panicked or broken as these two are facts. Insanity is hiding the panic through the masks of either:

- Playing harmless: Smiling all the time, being shy and silent, agreeing all year long, until one explodes in violence and rage, or suicide.
- playing harmful: Strong or unbreakable. Males do this more often.

When X is attacked, there is a shock moment, and freezing, immobility.

The freezing also happens to prey animals (which Dr Peter Levine unpacks in his development of Somatic Experiencing¹⁴) one moment before the predator's paws touch them.

The freezing can have two functions. One is that the prey is pretending to be dead already, in the hope that the predator will believe their acted out role and stop being alert. And as soon as the prey notices that the predator is not alert anymore, it runs away! Even insects in my bathroom do this. And the funny thing is, the baby insects do not do this in the first few encounters with danger. If they survive a few dangers and their brain is fed enough to develop psychological time, they gradually learn to play dead when they are attacked.

The bigger insects of my bathroom all freeze when in danger, without exception.

The other function of freezing could be that awareness simply falls into a different dimension because it cannot handle being aware of the intense physical pain. Last spring, I took the tram in *Chotkovy Sady*. A few minutes later, my awareness was suddenly gone, I have very vague images in my memory album of what happened in the meantime. When I (the awareness) came back, iron dust was falling from the ceiling of the tram, there was a cracked window across my seat and another tram was resting its head in the crack.

I have also seen this happen to many close friends. We disassociate from reality to a dream like state while we are awake to avoid the pain.

¹⁴ Dr. Peter Levine on the Somatic Experiencing Approach and the concept of Titration. *YouTube*. 10, March, 2014. Available at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AFUZH6_0XE

Dogs

Some dogs bite their masters so the master lets go of the leash pressing on their necks. Some dogs have their leash in their mouth, running around the city making cute faces, looking for a master.

Peace, outward to inward, possible?

Only in fantasy. That is only possible in organized religions with hero-like saviours, Hollywood-type of films, series and books.

When fantasy is over-used and believed in as if it is the whole of truth, it gradually creates a collective war of fantasies of the separate 'me's, of the egos.

When most individuals of a society act every day in plays directed by societal fantasies of the ruling fantasizers, such collective insanity we live in today can happen:

Some people putting on costumes and masks to fit in a job position, some putting on the costumes and masks of rebelling against job positions.
Some people playing heroes and villains, and some playing victims.
Some look at the clouds above and complain about a gloomy day, some look up to escape a 250 million dollars bomb-dropping airplane, some hearing the news of the bombing from a news agency with £5.0627 billion income a year, some watching a 15 million dollar episode of an entertaining fiction series set in that real war.
Some spending their days in the competition of making their resumes everlastingly heavier and drowning themselves in different forms of drugging oneself at night.
Entertainment is surely an escape by the solution seeker 'me', from looking at the pain and disorder the very seeking of solution brings about.

If one is interested at all in peace, one has to start inwardly, with oneself.

Let's look at how entertainment through different forms of pleasure buy time for the 'me'.

on the difference between joy and pleasure
(the search for the eternal boobie)

Joy comes to one effortlessly, without invitation. Pleasure is the remembering of the past joy and wanting to re-cultivate it through effort, through will, through the 'me', to re-possess it in some near future.

I learnt this from K's teachings¹⁵. I truly learnt it, that is, I observed it in myself and saw that it is true.

When one encounters a thing, before thought comes in to name the thing with a word rooted in the past such as flower, ice-cream or a beautiful woman or man or house or whatever, there is only seeing without a 'me'. That is, perceiving without a word or symbol, without a perceiver.

¹⁵ Krishnamurti, Anderson, 8 – Does Pleasure Bring Happiness? *YouTube*. 21, February, 1974.
Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mDK9e5db3Fo>

Then, the naming happens by the conditioned (programmed) brain in the form of a thought which is rooted in memory, then one sees an image (or images) in one's head, of the 'me' possessing/consuming that thing. In that moment, all one is concerned with is planning a role to play in order to hunt. One is concerned with oneself.

K says that only a mind that has gone beyond conditioning of the past (self-realized) can effortlessly stay with perceiving without a perceiver,¹⁶.

Psychological pain comes about in the exact same way as pleasure does. Of course, we like to think pleasure can be there without the following pain. They are both serving the continuation of the ego.

For example, X likes that her mother is proud of her master's degree. The illusory self-image is pleased by that. But, it is exactly the same image which gets hurt if the mother or someone else comes along the next month and instead of flattery, calls X stupid.

Fantasy, identified

Fantasy is not something one can stop willfully. It gets generated by itself in one's canvas of awareness. Suddenly, it's there. It is a part of what is.

On the other hand, we know that fantasy is the root of conflicts costing human lives.

So, what is one to do when fantasy knocks on the door of our imagination? Is it possible at all to meet the present through fantasy?

We have said that fantasy roots in the past. That is, it is put together by movements of thought in our forehead, thoughts that are re-compositions of past images recorded and registered in the brain, something like a collage projection. The peculiar point about fantasy is that, if you observe it closely, it always has a main character, a hero-villain-victim, a 'me'.

There is an inner cinema in our foreheads. The projected 'me' in the dramatic story-line of the fantasy is a moving image on that screen.

I call this main character, the 'me', hero-villain-victim because the 'me', the imagined self, is always distributed among, and floating between, these three positions.

Please observe this in yourself and check if this is true.

Villain-hood at any point in a story implies victimhood in other characters. Or, later/earlier in the fantasy's story-line, the main character switches from a villain to a victim or vice versa. And a hero, a saviour, is always imagined as the saviour of the victim, the one who puts an end to the evil done by dark forces radiating from the villain.

¹⁶ Krishnamurti, Bohm – Perceiving without the perceiver *YouTube*. 28, June, 1975. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XcSFqjSJmeU&t=4s>

A victim (a future villain) is a person who has been brain-washed forcefully by a villain (formerly a victim) to believe that he/she is fundamentally a villain-victim. And since the villain-victim's lack of sufficiency is fundamental and un-changeable, the villain-victim inevitably needs to depend on a stronger figure (saviour), an authority that would make them sufficient.

The hero figure is a projection of the villain-victim's mind, not a real thing. Some villain-victims approach their need of dependency on a hero outwardly. That is, they seek and hope to be fished, feel special when they have become the chosen fish of the saviour, depend on the saviour and grow emotional attachment, hate and scream when the saviour is bored with them and starts to seek other fish, get re-traumatized by the pain of being abandoned and rejected which had made them the villain-victim in the first place as infants, and seek and hope for being fished by a new authority figure. They do this unconsciously. The author recently observed his 'me' creating (initializing) the situation that would re-confirm his sense of being a villain-victim, his sense of insufficiency and inferiority, and realized he has been doing that over and over and over for decades.

*Byron Katie says defence is the first act of war¹⁷. It is better way of wording what I was describing in the past paragraph.
Defence is the first act of war.*

Here you are. That inner heroic cinematic piece is exactly the cause of our attraction to Hollywood type of films, which is the films in which there is good and evil, victim and hero, fast cuts that cause inattention, distractions from truth. That inner heroic cinema is the reason of our attraction to violence, sex and blood on the screen. Hollywood makes more than a billion dollars annually from subtly jerking off our little broken 'me's.

Of course, most religions, especially when organized, advocate similar stories in which the masses are victims of the inner and outer satanic villains and only god or his son or his messenger or priests would save the poor helpless little victims. So the masses have to pay the heroes to keep them alive, slave for them and worship them.

Most educational systems follow the same story. Teacher or principle is the hero who knows, the gods of knowledge. Students are the idiots who don't know and cannot possibly know, unless they satisfy the teachers little egos by being good little mindless obedient followers who keep looking up at the teachers.

Most political systems are the same, just put the word president or queen or minister instead of the words god, priest, etc.

Most families have the same power dynamic, and are perhaps the seeds of the sickening tree of victimhood.

For the sake of this writing, I will stick to the Hollywood-type of imagery analogy that I started with as an example which I am more familiar with through filmmaking. The word Hollywood here is a symbol which points at most current moving images in czech cinema, iranian cinema, practically everywhere!

17 Byron Katie – Oprah Soul Series Interview *YouTube*. 2, January, 2015. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ZCkZvVBY7g>

The thing is, our inner fantasy which could not possibly exist without that main character, the projected 'me', is the result of past hurt. That imagined 'me' would not exist if the natural organism was not punished and blocked by family, school, organized religion and society.

I ask myself, who is the one sitting on the inner cinema sits, watching that hero-villain-victim 'me' on the screen?

I think I already, unconsciously answered that. It is our broken sense of dignity, our 'me's. We could call it a belief. A thought, and image, that is unconsciously held onto for decades: 'I am not good enough. My broken-ness is essential, not superficial. There is something fundamentally wrong with me'.

So the inner cinema is the 'me' watching the 'me'.

The author often feels his 'me' in a physical way, a physical friction-creating force going against the ease of what is, starting from the forehead and chest, pushing the body backwards with its heavy movement. Then thoughts come in to rationalize that state of physical disorder, and become the image in the image.

Leonard Cohen spent the last years of his life in peace and joy. He was asked in an interview about how the monk Cohen lived with for a while healed his psychological sickness?

'He healed my illusion that I was sick', said Cohen¹⁸.

And where is the projector located at?

Here is a response from somewhere inside me, don't ask me where:

The wounds of the past have opened holes within us, and it is dark inside the wound like black holes in space.

The projector is somewhere inside that black hole. My projector is inside that black hole.

I guess the key question her is: are the wounds really there as an actuality?

The physicality of past trauma embedded in our nervous systems is not deniable.

But the psychologized reaction to that, the thoughts and the 'me', are not actualities.

Fantasy, if stepped into through identification with the 'me', with the hero-villain-victim of the fantasy, naturally becomes a bridge for the past to be modified in the now, and then to be projected into one's future.

Identified fantasy bridges over truth.

Truth is the food. Identified fantasy is the picture of the food in a menu.

¹⁸ Leonard Cohen interview (2011) *YouTube*. 5, January, 2015. Available at: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=44-xVe_vivs

This inevitable process of bridging embedded in fantasizing, is the reason one does not change, change being the ending of inner conflict, the ending of hate and desire, the ending of the 'me'.

on humankind's fetish with glorifying the so-called geniuses

Whether the so-called genius or some other other-than-'me' figure like god, jesus, buddha, my husband, my wife, the 'me' will find an authority figure to depend on to re-affirm the 'me's sense of victimhood.

Albert Einstein, an object of worship for many people, says: *Everyone is a genius. But if you judge a fish by its ability to climb a tree, it will always think it's stupid.*

This demand for the fish to climb a tree has shaped the author's 'me' to a large extent (it is making his hands shake in this very moment), along with the 'me's of all other people who need to follow some outside agency in order to feel complete and secure:

An authoritative figure to cling to, in order to re-affirm to one-self that one is stupid, one is not good enough.

Grotowski, according to his writings, went through his own self-revelation through facilitating the actor's self-revelation.

It is not the first time we encounter the so-called genius, which are often male, of course, 'helping' others to liberate themselves while they themselves avoid facing oneself in their alone-ness. Grotowski obviously was depending on others. What Grotowski called revelation was more of a temporary high. A high cannot be 'me'-less, as highs are pleasures for the 'me', a high is another boobie to suck on.

K says that the universal order of the mind, the full sanity of a human being, comes only upon total silence of the mind¹⁹.

Then the 'me' *is not*, and thus true love (which is not jealousy and possessiveness), compassion, support (not help), intelligence, and true genius *is* (and not are) in one whole action.

This whole action is without a center who *tries* to be loving and compassionate, or hateful and destructive, etc.

K calls this silence of the egotistic mind, a total psychological revolution, the only true revolution. And, unlike most religious figures or thinkers and theoreticians, K suggests that there is no *process* of letting go of the ego.

Because the ego is time, psychological time, it cannot exist outside of psychological time (the author has self-observed this and it is true for him as well).

So if you call the letting go *a process* as some Katap teachers do, it is your ego who is speaking, bargaining more time, postponing truth. I do not mean to suggest that Postponing total self-realization is a crime or one is to be punished for it. Reward and punishment are the wings of the 'me', and competition is the heart. I am hoping one, including the author, will see the depth of ugliness it creates.

¹⁹ Jiddu Krishnamurti: In Total Silence The Mind Comes Upon The Eternal YouTube. 22, July, 1979. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=u7aLnJtZgyY>

Postponing the psychological revolution does contribute to the wars of our time, and all other conflicts. If you doubt that, please take time and honesty to see if this is true.

As long as the 'me' is identified with the image of being a good actor or teacher or student or artist, as long it is identified with a nation or country or religious group, as long as I am identified with my thoughts or my body as a separate thing, I am contributing to the wars of our time.

This is not a court-like-sentence, but a mere fact. Facts can only be met if one enquires without one's past, without one's stored knowledge and without one's prejudices.

Are you willing to do that? Am I willing to do that?

The author himself is frightened and says no, not now. How childish is that. However, being childish when one is somewhat (not fully) aware of it is not fully ugly. Or, is this my excuse?

*like a mountain recently bombed,
my double-chocolate cake was sitting there half-eaten.
eating a half-eaten double-chocolate cake is not an easy task.
the spoon was somehow lying on the air above the plate.
and the napkins,
indifferent,
were watching game of thrones.*

my contribution to misery of humankind

who?
me?

The majority of us are not even aware that we are childishly contributing to the wars of our time by the constant concern with oneself which is advertised openly, glorified in schools. One is actually treated like a criminal if one avoids the limited concern. The punishment is done by police and security systems. In fact, most people consider concern with oneself a virtue.

The suggested psychological revolution is not going to happen in some near or far imaginary future. You drop all of it now, or you are swimming in pretense, acting behind a mask, that you are a loving person.

Relative or partial imply a center of perception according to which things are compared and given rating to. Relative is macro, and macro is the land of isolated things, land of symbols.

how I imagines the picture after the revolution K suggests
and what is the picture, now

There is no petty little ego (no psychological center) that is being punished, or praised and worshiped.

No center that is feeling proud because other people with petty little ego's go to ask him/her for 'help', and call him/her (although often him) a genius or Jesus or God or Mohammad or Buddha or sex idol, or virgin marry, or Freud or Jung or Winnicott.

No one would need to go to Himalayas to 'liberate' themselves, which is in fact, buying time for the ego. No one would need to read the United Nation's shallow declaration of human rights to understand what loving is, and what hating is. No one would look at TV and the business of the so called super stars and advertisements, which is often legalized pornography in the mask of 'cultured behaviour'. No one would be looking at TV to 'learn' parrot-ly what/who they should find beautiful or ugly, what being a man or woman means. Entertainment does not have much to do with art, letting aside having to do with truth.

In fact, pornography is sanity when compared to the invasive dirt of the 'cultured behaviour' mask of main stream media, because pornography is not pretending to be anything else than what it is.

I think people watch Game of Thrones, or things like that, because all the cheap dirt of humanity is masterfully, and extremely expensively, hidden underneath heavy make-up of the image, which is already a symbol itself. This is the depth of the dump we are swimming in:

Image is a symbol and, naturally, a mask on truth. Here we are at the genuine pornography level. Pornography commodifies human bodies, mainly women and it is genuine by not hiding it.

Then, the main stream media that is made with the purpose of selling ideology for monetary benefit and power, the media that programs and drugs our unaware

minds, the media we call entertainment, is the endless labyrinth of implanting symbols into the structure of the initial symbol. So we are watching mask of the mask of the mask of the mask...This is the depth of the dump we are swimming in while assuring ourselves that the dump does not stink because one uses deodorant sticks and perfumes (or uses drugs and alcohol). And of course, to be able to afford the deodorant and perfume, one needs to put masks to be hired and make money in the dump.

As they use this term with no shame in the film industry, the image has been 'sexied up'.

That is, saturated colors, camera angles set in a way that we see at least a bit of women's boobs (remember the eternal boobie?) and oiled up bodies against the muscled males who are, of course, oiled up as well. The male figures are also portrayed as 'strong' men, saviours, unbreakable, and only cry if their Disney-like female lover is hurt in the story. The female lover is of course fragile and dependent on the savage male for feeling secure.

They portray women as if they they never fart or their bodies never get old and 'undesirable' according to them.

Why is humanity willing to be so shallow?

I once heard from a female Katap teacher: *we do not need feminism in czech republic*. Well, Prague is filled with advertisements that on the one hand portray women as gods, and on the other hand reduce them to objects of consumption. Damu itself is surrounded by brothels. The old town is filled with restaurants that hire 'beautiful' girls and ask them to dress like women we see on screens, so they sell more! I wonder what she meant by not needing feminism.

Ask female actors how many times they have been asked to be 'more' sexy on camera, whatever the fuck the camera-man's grading system of sexy-ness is. Certainly that grading system is a slave to money, to greed, to the 'me'. And how many times they have been asked to show some of their boobs. And how many female actors say yes to that commodification in order to pay rent, to feed their child, and make their 'me's feel secure, to calm their sense of guilt and insufficiency, while they feel a burning sensation in their stomach.

How many female actors have been asked to abort their child in order to serve the egotistic art of the so called genius we blindly worship? His majesty, Mr. Grotowski, did ask a female actor to do so.

Ask camera operators how many times they have been asked to film a hero from a low angle, so the hero looks big and godly or whatever. And how many times they have been asked to film a victim from high angle. Ask the lighting crew how many times they have been asked to soften the light on the face of an advertisement figure so the figure enters the unconscious mind of the common citizen as a flattering and trustable figure.

The author just finished making a commercial for insurance companies with the same demand. And he can pay his rent in the next few months, and pay for his ticket to Prague to defend this thesis.

Symbols, in health, are instruments of truth. Now we live the opposite. We take truth as the instrument of symbols.

The author is not suggesting that the female actor, for example, should yell at the idiotic camera-man and make more conflict. The key point is: Can we refuse to slave while remaining calm and inclusive, without a shadow of antagonizing the oppressor, without a shadow of conflict? Can we not slave while not resisting the expressions of the master's 'me'?

Can we?

our education is false learning

Children are innocent in the fact that they don't see the necessity of having a psychological defence mechanism. They remain innocent until they are yelled at or humiliated for what they cannot avoid being.

We mistake their physical helplessness with their psychological helplessness. We feed their body and make sure they don't get hit by a car, that's healthy. But is it healthy to teach them to pretend they are what they are not? Is it healthy to put them in a nice box with a nice ribbon, and hand the box to the hands of teachers who are still psychological infants, and thus practice their sadistic thirst for power on their students? Is it healthy to compare them with other students through grading systems?

And then, once they have given in to our forceful desires, and have come home with a 'good' grade or a master's degree, we praise and appreciate them, and if they don't, we punish them by hiding our love (in the least), if not with physical punishment. We force the mask on our children in the name of 'teaching'. The only thing we truly teach them is to hate themselves, and thus others. And by this, we set up the foundations of future teachers with sadistic tendencies of control and imposition.

And, is it true that we did not have any other option?

Do you see how both the so called genius and the followers are acting in a play with a hero and many victims, in a fantasy taken for truth, in a play taken for truth?

what is true learning

Having no intellectual knowledge about the thing one wants to learn about.

In the first year of my cinema degree, I was the only truly passionate student in the class and spent many hours in the editing room to make my first film. I did not open a book to learn how to edit. I just went for it, played with the software, and

finally got the exact thing that was making sense to me. Later in the third year of the same degree, they introduced us to an editing book and a chapter on something called an L-Cut. I noticed that I had done many so-called L-Cuts through my passion (determination to make the film no matter what) in that first film, and through encountering the software without any past knowledge. I discovered it for myself while others were reading books and imitating instructions, and becoming dumb through that process.

K's description of *becoming*²⁰

He calls the bridge of fantasy made by egotistic thought, *becoming*. That is, What I am now or *what is* is not enough, I want more. Freedom is freedom from becoming, K suggests.

He suggests that love cannot possibly exist as long as the egotistic thought comes in to control what is, to 'fix' what is. According to him, the things most people call love or partial love are hatred under masks.

K says that if one observes the totality of the 'me', of the mischief it does to the world, one will not hold it for a second. He says that most of us are so programmed by figures of authority to which the existence of 'me' is dependent on, that we cannot see that, I quote him: *'the house is on fire. When the house is on fire, do you stop to think what to do? You leave immediately!'*²¹.

If we search our memory to the moments of our lives that we were at true danger, that is, the moments that our survival was at risk, we will recall that the 'me' fully disappears because there is no 'time' to plan. This also happens when we encounter undeniable beauty, which is not a beauty one could possibly hold onto or possess. Possess-able beauty is the obsession of our societies.

This means that humankind's efforts for creating security is preventing him from true security which is absolute psychological peace. Partial-relative peace is another form of self-deception.

the search for the eternal boob and awareness

All pleasures are desperate longing of the never truly matured infant (fantasizer) inside, who has not accepted the full separation from the fantasy of the boob, that wants to keep depending. This is where all poetry and arts, science and religions, sects and groupings, courts and prisons, all wars and conflicts root in because they all have a 'me' who fantasizes immaturately, that is, without whole awareness of the fact that it is a fantasy and not truth.

20 On becoming a victim or a predator, J. Krishnamurti YouTube. 13, May, 1982. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MDjI96swADw>

21 RAVINDRA, Ravi, *Heart without measure: Gurdjieff Work with Madame de Salzmann*, Idaho: Morning Light Press, 2004, print, 219 p.

When one is not wholly aware of fantasy not being truth, true hell is right here. Taking fantasy as truth leads to fantasy within fantasy, the image within image. The lie within the lie.
Being aware of fantasy or any other thing that *is* leads to being aware of being aware.

Is awareness a thing? Like a table, or a human being? Is it another image in my, and your, head?

Peace or conflict

Humankind's sense of psychological separation from the rest of the world is the root of all conflicts. That is, defining one-self as the thing inside the boundaries of one's skin which is operated from an imagined control room somewhere behind the eyes and between the ears in the skull.

How can two neighbouring countries who are in fact sharing the same land, and the same universe, not come to conflict if they consider themselves separated from the other, from a specific nation, religion, family, etc?

How can two human beings who are sharing the same house and/or bed, not come in to conflict if they are identified with their little manipulative needy separate 'me's'?

The divisive sense of 'me' is what has led humanity to such violent self-centered creatures.

And I am that!

Can you admit that we are nothing but that self-centered violent creature deep inside?

The response to that request, admitting being deeply violent, can be of three forms:

First response: *'Buzz off, who are you to tell me I am violent.'*

Second response: One is fully aware of being nothing but hatred deep inside. And thus one is not playing sanity as a mask. That is, one is truly self-realized, beyond identification with one's ego, and thus do not feel the smallest sense of defensiveness, justification or anger, towards that question or the questioner.

Third response: You might say: *'I am sometimes self-centered and sometimes loving. It is a process to learn to love. I need more time.'*

B and K suggest that the third answer is the first answer under a mask. B has a beautiful way of describing this²².

22 J. Krishnamurti – Brockwood Park 1976 – Discussion 5 – Your image of yourself prevents relationship. *YouTube*. 19, May 1976. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z3VmcITsopE>

He suggests that the loving being we occasionally become is doomed to falling back into the selfishness, as the 'me', the image one has about oneself, is a trickster who conceals the fact that the pulling back to the center is happening while one is loving.

The pulling back is there while you love, it is just hiding. The 'me' is a defence-mechanism including a rope, and a heavy piece of metal in the ground around which the rope is tightly anchored. The other end of the rope is wrapped around the human being.

So, as long as one lives with an image of oneself (the rope-metal mechanism), one is either obviously pulled back and move rigidly near the anchor and thus is not free and thus suffers, imprisoned by self-image, or, one finds oneself in considerable distance from the anchor, that allows one to love occasionally-partially-relatively, but one can only go so far because of the rope (the image is still held onto deep inside. I has the loving occasion under control). In the second case, after one has loved, the image takes flattery in the image of being loving, as if loving is doing a favor to the world, or an achievement. The 'me' is the source of competition. And thus one thinks: 'I have been more loving that this and that person today or I have been more loving than this morning, so I deserve to go back to my illusion of security'. And, soon enough, the rope pulls you back near the anchor.

That is why we experience being loving and freedom occasionally, and can never stay there. In fact, we were never actually loving and free, the 'me' had managed to trick us into thinking we are there.

B uses the example of the famous magician trick of sawing a woman in half on stage. The ego tricks us into thinking there are two 'me's inside, one that is problematic (result of past trauma) and another one that can fix it, the kid with a stethoscope!

According to K and B, human being is capable of leaving the image and the image-making machine of thought fully, and be absolutely free without a trace of it. After many thousands of years of humankind existence in conflict, they suggest that it is possible to be absolutely free of fear and agony caused by our falling for the tricks of the magician, Mr. thought, whose material of work is the past.

The 'me', in its essence, is the same for all humanity. Fear, sorrow, agony, hatred, pain, jealousy, envy, pleasure, desire, entertainment, will, effort, 'I must', 'I must not', all happen within one's thoughts which is the only place for the 'me'. Thoughts are images. The me is a bunch of rationalized images I holds onto (keeps being identifies with) to get secure while an image is incapable of bringing security. When I say my 'me', or try to wipe it out by oppression, opposition and condemnation, or try to fulfil it letting it destroy what/who threatens it, I help it grow even more. Whatever we resist, persists. Whatever we defend, we'll get attacked.

emotion before thought:

From my self-observation, that is bringing my awareness to the inner body which includes the brain, I have noticed this:

Before thought steps in to reflect upon the inner movement of an emotion such as irritation within the body, all there truly is, is a chain of un-neutral (fairly uncomfortable) movements throughout the body, along with all other parts that feel, more or less, neutrally healthy.

The chain of un-neutral movements includes, more or less, something like this:

A group of audible moving tensions in my stomach (often towards the left side between the heart and left hip, perhaps a block in the diaphragm), a movement of matter in my skull specially behind my eyes, forehead and the top of the skull, a sense of round coldness around my ankles on the front side, and a bunch of different sensations here and there throughout the body. The latter sensations either feel like electricity buzzing on my skin creating heat, or pain in what I perceive to be my muscles but I could be anatomically wrong about locating this pain.

The totality of this chain is not at ease. However, staying with my awareness with them makes them feel less scary, and more factual. Staying with them confusedly reduces confusion.

Now, the neutrally healthy parts are in the background of my awareness while I observe the movement of an emotion, because un-ease is loud and wants immediate attention like a small dog.

However, through doing Somatic Experiencing with Filip Žitník, I have learnt to experiment with bringing my awareness to the parts that feel neutral or healthy after a span of emotion is fully observed.

The un-ease which has already been given care and attention to, moves to the background, and a sense of mature health steps in to the foreground. It often feels like a tree on my back, the length of my spine, with many branches through which electricity lives. This sense is also in motion.

Often after sessions of Feldenkrais and Somatic Experiencing, the authors physical presence had a new dimension, the horizontal. There was a horizontal flow of energy, an inner connectedness felt horizontally, and roundly, not pointy and sharp.

the score:

emotion [interval] thought
true?

The visualization that comes to mind when observing movement of un-ease inside, is that the texture is like gum (not the chewing one but the one from which teeth come out), and it moves and changes shapes slowly like dense clouds.

Depending on how free of conditioning one's brain is, egotistic thought comes in on different timings. If one is absolutely free from ego, thought does not come in at all. But people of such freedom who account for most of love globally, are even more

rare than the top 1% richest people in the world who account for more than 47 percent of household wealth globally.

If egotistic thought steps in to do something about that emotion (playing as if it is not the image of the same past hurt that caused the emotion), either in the form of images that are stored in the brain from the past or words of the most familiar, structured and conditioned language (which is also the past), my visualization while observing was that egotistic thought comes out of the gum like teeth, and it's sharp and divisive. It is there to protect the 'me'. If one is very honest with oneself, each 'me' is ready to wipe out all other 'me's to survive. That is the violent creature inside.

Now, if I say 'me' in Farsi or English in order to verbally express a shape of inner gum, my level of openness and curiosity are a lot lower than when I say 'ja' in Czech as I 'know' very little in Czech. My brain has registered a lot less 'ja's. And thus there is an effortless attitude of 'I do not know'. Rushing stops and one has to curiously explore how to express the gum in the moment. This has been clearly seen in my own DJ, as well as the twenty DJ sessions I led in Canada in summers of 2018 and 2019.

One can go even further to employ gibberish or sounds to express a shape of gum. This would make one become more and more free from the sharp familiar meat-craving teeth of the 'known', the stored knowledge, the 'me'. This way, teeth are not needed, gum-ness expands from inside to outside as movement and sounds, free from the realm of meaning-thought. Here the word meaning is not separable from the word purpose.

In each DJ session in Canada, we called the last round *No-Meaning DJ*. Even the people who were in their first ever DJ session, transformed completely when they were avoiding using the language they have been conditioned in. Their self-sabotaging tone and depressive heaviness got replaced instantly with laughter and playfulness. Their full attention was suddenly there, they were fully connected to something indescribable, in a true relationship, and they were following themselves like the most interesting thing. The 'me', the identification, was gone.

No-Meaning DJ has the same function as a clown nose, except it is better because on eis not even dependant on that little red prop.

cinema, camera lenses, sense of sight and the ego

My senses of smell and sight are weak. My past traumas, and present destructive habits which my holding on to past traumas, have made my body-brain lose accuracy, lose clarity. Most of the sensitivity of sensory perceptions have moved upstairs to the frontal lobe of my brain in the form of psychological sensitivity, the capacity to get hurt, and to hurt.

I was six when the doctor said I need glasses. I did not get glasses until I was thirteen because I was afraid I will be ugly. I was made fun of for being ugly and smelly. Please don't pity me, I am just mentioning fragmented facts of the past. At the age of fifteen I wrote the first so-called poem, out of extreme isolation and feeling misunderstood by everyone. I had to write to myself.

Later in Engineering University, I attended poetry sessions, made young poets whom I admired like gods because of not having a sense of sufficiency. They are now famous.

In those poetry sessions, I was shocked to see people are touched by the poems. Even ten years later, in the last Klauzury of Damu, I was still shocked again to be found interesting, creative, and beautiful after a performance during which I was being absolutely tortured by my ego, finding what I do very poor and stupid from days before the show.

At the age of twenty, through using a digital camera of a friend for the first time, I realized there is an inner framer inside me that is just there. The inner framer, has an innate sense of composition, of perceiving creatively. I am not him. I am the one who injects fear into him.

I think my interest in non-narrative Cinema comes from having had to wear glasses, and seeing the world in two absolutely different modes: blurry in distance (which brings me less fear of possible danger of being attacked. I truly walk the streets of Prague with that fear.), and sharp in distance. The sharpness of the latter mode separates moving things and people from others. And each individual thing feels like a source of danger.

Through this duality, I am very sure that what I perceive to be true in my thoughts, the interpretations, has nothing to do with facts.

Eyes, or the sense of sight in general, is the best friend of my ego for sure. It locates danger, often illusion of danger, in the most accurate way, in space-time. My 'me' is very dependent on my eyes. I truly feel tightness around the muscles at the back of my eyes almost all the time, which generates tightness, a sense of deadness in my chick muscles and bones, my nose, and my jaw. Often a simple touch, or putting my attention on them, wakes them up. Of course, this chain of dysfunctionality from the eyes, moves down through the neck, hunched spine, bringing lower back pains, and cold ankles. I have noticed these thanks to the weekly Feldenkrais class at Katap.

After every Feldenkrais session, the thoughts are gone for a few hours, I actually smell things, and my sight is fresh, lively and more clear. I become more sensitive, and my body reacts before me. In fact, my eye prescription numbers have been going down on both eyes in the past three years. And my eyes have been rejecting glasses. But I use them for this thesis, and editing films, of course.

There are also two vertebrae on the hunch of my back that are often hiding inwardly. They only show themselves, and participate in movement, when I'm very happy and lively.

The psychological sense of insufficiency, the 'I cannot' disappears after Feldenkrais. I rather become empty of the knowledge of the past. And thus fresh to receive present actualities.

But as I have described before, the ego comes back, because I still assume a sense of separate identity. The 'me', the self-image, gets pleased by flattery, as opposed to pain by inward humiliation that was there before a Feldenkrais session.

So, Feldenkrais has given me a taste of openness. But it cannot stop my 'me' fully. Other physical therapies such as somatic experiencing, also has shown me that the inner psychological center is illusion. I can actually make it go away, temporarily, by putting my attention on the tension behind my eyes, open my lower jaw, and move it a bit to the right or left, and the 'me' is melted, gone. Or just by moving my head to the right and left, the 'me' behind my eyes and the 'me' in my thoughts disappear, for a while.

Psychologically, the 'me' seeks, and claims the possibility of permanency. Based on what I described about duality of vision with and without glasses, and physical awareness I have grown within me in the past three years at Katap, it is clear that the 'me' is not capable of living up to its promise of permanency.

In simple words, it is not truthful. It is a lie, a lie that has made homo sapiens such violent selfish creatures.

The 'me' as I described can also be looked at as an inner cinema of fantasy, which the outer cinema of our age feeds. Now, I know clearly why I deeply despise narrative cinema, or any form of image making that is claiming to portray truth. Image making is abstraction of reality and thus inevitably a lie.

Now, the only way for a so-called artist, or as I like to call it creator, is to show somehow within the image he/she is creating, that it is a lie, or else, it is contributing to the stream of violent selfishness we live in today. In this sense, authorial acting and self-aware cinema are honest forms of the theatre and film due to self-awareness, or in Katap terms, self-distance.

A self-aware cinematic piece is aware of its own illusory nature through the relationship of the movement of its camera lens-the eye and time. For example, a very wide shot from a mountain showing a character walking a path in the valley below is aware of itself only if the filmmaker gives it a long time. This shot is meditation for the viewer. It is love. It melts the viewer's ego, if they are patient enough to sit through the experience and give all their attention to it. But if they are used to fast-cuts of TV and Hollywood type of films, and eating popcorns and burgers during the film, they call it boring. It is not the film that is boring, it is your ego, the consumer, that is bored, and wants to sustain its destructive act. Inattention is the main practice of humanity at the moment.

Now, in a human being, whose past trauma is physically connected to the tension of his eyes, the ego, the violent 'me', is the psychological lens that does not give time to what it encounters, just like the consumer type of viewer of a cinematic piece. It

wants to label what it sees (which is bound to be seen in the particular way that lens can see) take that label as truth, make a belief based on it (and all this process happens in less than a second in the movements of thought), and project that belief onto the next thing the lens encounters. This is how I sit in a tram in Prague, with the sudden fear of this or that person attacking me. It is more than a fear, to be accurate. It is already shaped into a belief.

And of course, staying with that fear is as hard for me as it is for the consumer-viewer of a slow film who just wants to escape into beer or popcorn. Staying with discomfort (if it is *what is*) is the only way of meeting truth fully. And it gives one a sense of integrity, the integrity that wipes off the sense of insufficiency embedded in the 'me'.

In this staying, one needs to be alone, independent of help from others. Of course, this conclusion is from my personal experience, not a formula to follow.

On every camera lens you will see numbers regarding the width of vision, the amount of light it can allow in, and the depth of field in which the lens can see things clearly. On every ego lens, the past traumas have written similar numbers. What goes through the lens is a tiny fragment of truth. If we take it as truth, we end up where humanity is now.

Some camera lenses have zooming quality, zooming in and zooming out. Ego lens likes to zoom in, to concentrate and stay tight. Lenses lie, and lead to disorder, that makes them equal in the root.

Can my lens be aware of the specific numbers on itself? Can a lens be truthful to itself? K suggests it can. And the lens will disappear for ever. And no lens will ever be used again for perception.

Lenses lie. Not to themselves, but to the assumed 'me'. Perceiving through any lens is limited to the numbers written on it. Lenses abstract truth into a symbol, the unlimited into the limited. Psychological time in which one thinks in fear, is the time the act of abstraction demands.

And, what will be left if one has no inner lens?

Is lens-less-ness, oneness?

That day on the balcony, I had a sudden unplanned insight into the oneness of inside my body and outside my body. It was suddenly so clearly ridiculous to assume I exist in my body and I have possession over it. This means either the whole universe, the whole works, is my body, or, I don't really have a body to call mine. The latter analogy sounds more logical, less possessive.

So, what does the I have if it does not have a body to claim possession over? Does the I have anything?

It certainly has past knowledge/memories as its content, and it operates in that field. In other words, the I is the past. What is the relationship of the past to *what is*? Denial? Ignorance of *what is*? Rejection? Resistance? Does not suffering only exist in the disconnection between the past and what is?

Who was it that looked at the clouds and then at my body? Who was it that saw oneness? Who was it that saw *what is*? It was there, suddenly, by itself. The I was absent.

As fragments, lenses, cannot see oneness, can we say that, it was oneness that was perceiving itself, that was conscious of its own oneness?

Later, the thought came: *who am i?* which was the ego lens questioning its own existence. And by the very questioning, it re-claimed and sustained its existence. In B's words, it pulled back the rope. Interesting.

What is the relationship of oneness and nothingness? When oneness was perceiving itself on the balcony, was I a thing? I think I was a thing with a bit of a glimpse into freedom from thingness, a glimpse into oneness. It was partial, again. The lens was just wider. Otherwise, the I would not come back to re-claim possession. I actually remember being frightened by the glimpse into oneness, I recall my body closing. With the fright, the question came, *who am i?*

And I did not stay with the question. I got frightened and escaped into inattention. Something inside me says that if I stay with such deep questions, transformation comes along, I felt it coming and then my body closed. The transformation feels to be intense, immense. My brain cells have to transform. And I am afraid I will lose consciousness in that transformation, and will never come back.

I started my Katap studies with the question: *Does God exist?* A year later, it changed to *Am I God?* From that day on the balcony until writing the previous few pages on the very day I submit this thesis, the question had changed to *who am i?*

Now, I have no idea what the question has changed to, what's next. I don't know what to do.

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one more thing.

I picture my death. I picture the transition, from this 'me', to dropping to everythingness. From this 'me' that is so occupied with stupid little worrisome scenarios, to decomposition, into nothingness. Beautiful nothingness. Like daylight that pulls slowly its blanket of light, off, from the body of the evening. That transition must be the most beautiful part. I am only afraid of one thing. To realize, one moment before nothingness, that I was that all this time, and over-looked it.

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