

# *Perfect Brilliant Stillness*

*beyond the individual self*

*david carse*

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are not copyrighted. They are not 'mine.'*

*Understanding or misunderstanding,  
interpreting or misinterpreting, quoting or misquoting,  
using or misusing, appropriating or misappropriating,  
may or may not occur.*

*All is Presence, Awareness, in which  
all apparent thoughts and concepts, events and actions,  
arise spontaneously.*

*david carse  
2005*

First US edition: Paragate Publishing 2005□

This edition: Non-Duality Press

September 2005□□□□□□

NON-DUALITY PRESS

6 Folkestone Rd□

Salisbury SP2 8JP□

[www.non-dualitybooks.com](http://www.non-dualitybooks.com)□

ISBN 0-9547792-8-2



*The fine print:*

*There are many books out there that will help you to live a better life, become a better person, and evolve and grow to realize your full potential as a spiritual being.*

*This is not one of them.*

*At the time of this writing, almost every popular spiritual teacher in America and Europe is teaching that ultimate spiritual enlightenment, once attained only by certain yogis, gurus and other extraordinary beings, can now be yours; and that reading their book or attending their seminar will help you toward that end.*

*This book will tell you that these ideas are absurd, because it's quite obvious that neither you nor anything else has ever existed.*

*In fact, notwithstanding the enthusiastic blurbs on the cover, I would actually encourage any reasonably normal person not to buy this book. I say this because there's no point in spending good money on yet another 'spiritual' book only to have it turn out to be of no use to you. The subject matter is such that only a very few will be interested in it. What is written about here, if it is really understood, is so genuinely strange that it is on the far edge of what the normal human brain can comprehend or accept. I wouldn't have understood it myself, or found it interesting, before what happened in the jungle.*

*In addition, if you do find yourself interested, and are able to see past the words to understand at least some of what they point to, you are likely to find it quite disturbing. Few people buy books on spirituality to be deeply disturbed, so consider yourself forewarned.*

*And finally, if you read it anyway, and what is hinted at here resonates and is by some remote chance followed to its end, then that will likely also be the end of you. So again, a warning. With any luck, you will not come back from this with a life you can call your own; 'you' will not come back at all.*

*There's no way to know what the chances are of this happening, but the Upanishads say that "only once in a thousand thousand years does a soul wake up," so there's probably no need for concern. Probably.*

*That said, enjoy.*

*From the beginning, this life never made sense.  
For forty-six years, life was experienced as  
arbitrary, chaotic, and painful.*

*There have been many:  
parents, brothers and sisters,  
teachers, classmates, friends,  
girlfriends, wives,  
co-workers and business associates,  
advisors and counselors,  
shamans, priests and prophets,  
doctors, therapists, healers of all kinds,  
and more than a few relatively innocent bystanders;*

*who, each in your own way, gave  
solace and support, aid and comfort,  
wisdom and guidance  
to a fragmented soul  
as it flailed about in the dark,  
until no longer.*

*This book is dedicated to all of you,  
with eternal gratitude.*

*Now it is seen so simply:  
you are all mySelf.*

Cover painting (untitled) by Bianca Nixdorf,  
who lives and works in Bombay.  
*(“It’s all words, no? – Words and concepts.  
And the truth is beyond.  
So it’s better to forget all the concepts  
and all that I have heard here... ”)*  
Used with permission.

*“When you are very quiet,  
you have arrived at the basis of everything.  
That is the deep, dark blue state  
in which there are millions of stars and planets.  
When you are in that state,  
you have no awareness of your existence.”*  
- *Nisargadatta Maharaj*

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Heartfelt thanks to those whose  
comments, questions and proofreading  
all had a part in shaping and birthing this work:  
Cindy, Annie, Bill, Jina, Anima, Michael, Kara, Marcey,  
Diana, Dave, Anna, Claudine, and Koshen.

---

*And for Ramesh, with deep affection and appreciation.*

*Be still.*

*And know.*

*I Am.*

*God.*

*- Psalm 46:10*

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*“The essential Understanding is that  
in reality nothing is.  
This is so obvious that it is not perceived.”*

---

*- Wei Wu Wei*

# *One*

*the Brilliance  
within  
where the  
Heart  
opens  
and there is  
Nothing*

1.

---

## OUTPOURING

*“Whoever brought me here  
will have to take me home.”*

*- Rumi*

**A**<sup>ND SO</sup> there is only One  
all else is illusion  
    construction in mind  
there is nothing happening here  
there is only  
One Being Awareness

stillness silence perfection  
and in the stillness  
    a breathing perhaps  
    as if  
there is only One  
breathing

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and all this is that breathing  
all this is That  
we are That  
we are that One  
yet not –

not even we are One  
because there is no we  
only One

nothing happening here  
despite what it seems  
nothing matters

still  
the One breathing  
is an Outpouring of  
pure blazing compassion  
love forgiveness beauty gift

and I find that I am not  
who I thought I was  
what I have called ‘myself’  
is nothing – is an idea is  
an accretion of memories  
attributes patterns thoughts  
inheritances habits ideas  
which I can look at and say

not I  
I am not this

*1. Outpouring*

as myself I simply  
am not  
no self no me has ever existed –  
illusion  
fabrication

there is nothing happening  
nobody here  
there is only One  
breathing  
That is what I – is

I Am That  
And That is All

and That is the Brilliance  
which all this is –  
life death love anguish  
compassion understanding healing  
light

the Brilliance within  
where the Heart opens and there is  
Nothing  
no self no one  
only aching beauty  
and overwhelming gratitude

Outpouring

## 2.

---

### *A THREAD*

*“Let yourself be silently drawn  
by the stronger pull  
of what you truly love.”*

*- Rumi*

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*“Wisdom can be learned -  
but it can't be taught.”*

*- Anthony DeMello*

**T**HERE IS ONLY ONE. There is not ever in any sense many, or even two. All perception of distinction and separation, of duality, and therefore of what is known as physical reality, is a mind-created illusion, of the nature of a dream. What you think you are, a separate individual entity, is part of this illusion. You are not the doer of any action or the thinker of any thought. Events happen, but there is no doer. All there is, is Consciousness. That is what You truly are.

In the study or practice of philosophy, religion or spirituality, one comes across a recurring set of ideas and

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statements such as these, which attempt to point to the true nature of reality: a continuous thread of understanding spanning nearly all cultures and all of history and which has been referred to as ‘the perennial wisdom.’

In terms of sheer numbers, relatively few people have been interested in discovering or learning about this thread of insight, and far fewer have understood it fully. Hence there is something of an aura of secret or mystery about it; an aura which, according to human nature, has been exploited and capitalized on throughout history, by mystery schools and secret cults and all kinds of teachers who claim to have special, exclusive knowledge about the nature of What Is.

But truly it is and always has been an open secret; passed on, offered and made available both within and outside of all the major spiritual traditions. Although pursued and understood by so few, this thread of Understanding, this perennial wisdom, has endured because it offers no less than everything: the answers to life’s questions, the true nature of all that is, ultimate meaning and purpose, and the end of suffering.

Since it offers so much, it might seem peculiar that the Understanding of this, and the elements of what is simply referred to as the Teaching, have been discovered by so few. There is actually a basic reason for this, inherent in the Understanding itself. But the immediate, functional reason as viewed from human experience and understanding is this: the Teaching, the perennial wisdom, cannot be directly expressed. Teachers who have come to understand it can point to it, talk around it, suggest ways and means for others to approach it; but cannot directly and clearly

## 2. *A Thread*

state it. This leads many to believe it is not real or not worth pursuing, while to others who are drawn to it this characteristic of the Teaching is the source of much frustration and exasperation.

Albert Einstein once said that a problem cannot be solved by the same mind that created it. In a similar way, any answers to the questions concerning human existence which arise from within that human experience will themselves be part of the problem, conditioned by and arising from the same situation which they seek to explain. It stands to reason that any true answer or ultimate understanding must in a sense come from outside of, must be other than, the condition it understands.

Such is the case with the Understanding. It is not of this human condition; it comes from 'outside,' it is completely other than or prior to all of human experience and comprehending. But of course as such, it is inherently incomprehensible; since it arises outside of human thought and experience, it cannot be put into, limited to, or captured by human concepts and words. While it can be learned, it cannot be taught. While it can in itself be in-seen, apperceived, or if you will intuited, it cannot be directly talked about or even for that matter thought of in linguistically structured thoughts or ideas or concepts. Does exist. Cannot be expressed.

Naturally, this is enough to put off most of the human race, to lead them to look for whatever meaning may be found in something a little more tangible. And it is enough to spark and hold the interest of the few who find themselves drawn, or driven, into that ineffable flame. These are the ones called 'spiritual seekers.' They know, and are

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haunted by the knowledge, that the ultimate answer is there, just beyond their perception. And they spend their lives following and listening to the seers and sages, masters and elders, trying to learn what cannot be taught.

And then, inexplicably, there are those who are surprised by grace, in whom the true nature of What Is becomes obvious. Perhaps after long years of following and listening and learning, or perhaps even more incongruously with little or no overt seeking. If it seems peculiar that so few should awaken from the dream of everyday life to see things as they are, consider that it is stranger yet, given the parameters of the dream, that any should awaken at all.

And of these in whom the Understanding of What Is does occur, what can be said? They are the inverse; awake to what the world is asleep to and asleep to what the world is awake to. Little about them will make sense to the regular person, even to those well versed in spiritual things.

“The awakened mind is turned upside down and does not accord even with the Buddha-wisdom.”  
(Hui Hai)

Of these, there will be some through whom will come, just as inexplicably, an attempt to communicate the incommunicable; thus keeping alive the continuous thread of the perennial wisdom.

Does exist. Cannot be expressed.

### 3.

---

## TELLING THE STORY

*“I have lived on the lip of insanity,  
wanting to know reasons, knocking on a door.*

*It opens.*

*I’ve been knocking from the inside!”*

*- Rumi*

### I

**R**ECENTLY, I WAS ONCE AGAIN ASKED to share my story... and once again declined. Good reasons: you see, it is precisely this constant creating and maintaining, telling and retelling, polishing and honing of the personal story which maintains the sense of individual self. The ego is only the story it constantly tells of itself, the experiences and difficulties it has had, the path it has followed, the wounds it carries.

The invitation here is precisely to stop telling the story. When the sense of individual self disappears, this intensely important and deeply cherished story that makes us who

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we think we are is seen as the really rather shallow and poorly told pulp fiction it is, and it is left without polishing, without retelling, to crumble into the thin air whence it came. This is the invitation to spiritual awakening: to let drop this constant propping up of the belief in yourself as a separate individual self, and in so doing to emerge from endarkenment.

And so, of course, divine justice, or at least divine irony; circumstances dictate that the story is to be told after all. So be it. Let it be done this once, and it will be enough.

There are other reasons for the reluctance, perhaps not so noble: deep resistance in the mind/body, laid down in the fabric of its conditioning. There was a running away from 'the holy man gig' once before, leaving behind the Roman Catholic priesthood; a deep distrust of anything that would call attention here, that might reinforce a deadly sense of specialness. Down that path lay certain destruction, and I ran like hell and kept running, constantly shirking the leadership roles that were continuously offered, until I learned to avoid the situations that offered them. Working as a carpenter, hammering nails and sawing two-by-fours, was safe... while the mind, propped up by therapies and medications, teetered on the edge of chaos. Twenty-five years pass, and two failed marriages. Consciousness thinks nothing of time.

Then, goaded by some force unknown at the time (shit, I thought it was 'my' idea) the rediscovery and exploration of Native American roots (back when there was thinking that a personal history mattered) gives rise to pottering around with native elders, medicine men and shamans.

### 3. *Telling the Story*

One thing leads to another and the David thing, despite finding travel uncomfortable and unpleasant, harboring in particular a secret fear of the (myopically perceived) dark continent of South America, and possessed of a severe allergy to anything involving being part of a group, finds itself nevertheless with four other delightful characters undertaking several days of travel by bus, small plane, canoe and foot, south and eastward from Quito: first down off the Andean plateau, through the cloud forest and then down various tributaries into the upper Amazon basin.

The time spent with the medicine men and shamans of the Shuar people deep in the rainforest is the stuff of great stories filled with wonderful drama. And all of it irrelevant, and signifying nothing, except as an elaborate setup in Consciousness for the rather heavy-handed measures that would have to be taken if the David thing was to be cracked open. Why Consciousness would bother, when there are thousands of deserving and ripe devotees out there just waiting to be popped, is beyond comprehension.

## II

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE JUNGLE.” Tony Parsons speaks of “walking across the park.” For Suzanne Segal it was “the bus stop.” U.G. Krishnamurti refers to an event he calls “the whole calamity.” In Douglas Harding’s case it was “the so-called Himalayan experience.” Here, it is “what happened in the jungle.” Nothing happened in the jungle. What happened is everything, the only thing that has ever happened any‘where’ to any‘one.’ What happened is unspeakable. Nothing happened.

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What happened in the jungle would fill many conversations, if the conditioning here was not so allergic to the idea of what that might lead to. So it is being written here instead, coming clean, and it will inevitably lead to the same damn thing.

And ultimately, so what? “Settles forevermore the ponderous equator to its line...” All things find their balance. The shreds and remnants of david’s conditioning, flapping noisily in the wind, fret dire warnings of the ego trap here, wanting to run away, to find the anchorite’s proverbial cave to live in, at least metaphorically.

But it’s silliness. There is no ego, no trap; this too is illusion, thin as a summer morning mist on a hay field. The aversion is there in the conditioning of this mind/body apparatus, like the aversion to certain foods or to loud music. This is seen, but it no longer holds any significance. One Consciousness streams through all these billions of forms and what happens in which, including this one, truly is of no significance. There is no choice here, only the pure and choiceless awareness of Consciousness streaming. Tony DeMello called it, “wholehearted cooperation with the inevitable.” So here goes.

Much of what happened in the jungle was experiential, and so could be thought about, remembered, talked about. Deep, transformative experience. Nice stuff. Transcendent stuff. Beautiful. Major peak experience type stuff. You know well what I mean. Enough to burn the livin’ be’jesus out of the david thing. Preparatory, could be said of it now. This can be talked about, however haltingly and with much abuse of the rules of grammar and the intended meaning of words.

### 3. *Telling the Story*

But there then came a time when all that stopped, when the experiencing stopped, and here it gets dicey. Because david also stopped. But of course that's silly. david never was.

Looking at the journal entries from shortly after, it's gibberish. Pointing toward the unspeakable and going, "gagaga." It all goes to show the infinite but from this perspective rather twisted sense of humor possessed by the Brilliance beyond light we call Consciousness. "Hey look, we've tried all the other combinations: many years of preparation and then awakening; many years of preparation and then no awakening; many years of preparation and then almost awakening but whoops, sorry, not quite. Here's one we don't do so often: how about complete realization, total consciousness, pow, without any preparation at all! Take some schmuck, renegade part-Indian, renegade couldn't-quite-make-it priest, tortured psyche, carpenter from the hills of Vermont, poor bastard won't know what the fuck hit him. Great entertainment!"

You have to understand, I knew absolutely zip about any of this shit. Didn't know there was any such animal as a 'seeker,' let alone the whole seeker subculture. Never heard any of the jargon, didn't know any of the concepts. Never heard of *saddhana* or *moksha* or *lila* or *samadhi* and if I had I'd probably have thought they were salad dressings. No categories or thoughts with which to think about this. Absolute, pure, utter, appalling Grace which makes absolutely no sense whatever.

There is some writing slightly less garbled, augmenting those first journal entries, months later, after Consciousness got merciful and set a plate of Advaita ideas in front of what

was left of the david thing. These I share with you, in the pages that follow. That snap, that pop, the instantaneous out-of-time in which it is obvious that there is a simple 'watching' (not yet knowing that the correct Advaita term is 'witnessing') of that david thing, of what I had thought was 'me;' not just the body but all of it, the so-called body-mind-soul-personality-spirit; and realizing instantly that there is none such; there is nobody home. Nothing there. Obviously no 'me,' no thing to be a 'me.' And it is even more obviously not 'me' watching, witnessing. The witnessing fills the universe and there is not a thing any where, there is no where and no things, no beings, no entities. There is only this, this thisness, Awareness, and that is what 'I' is.

"A shift of perception" is the neat phrase, but... sweet mother! Not seeing differently or seeing different things, but no seer to see. As near as can be said: the perception now is not as from this mind/body thing.

And of course at the same time all of the above is pure bullshit, negated by the equal realization that nothing at all happened. Near as can be said there's a sort of retroactive sense to the whole calamity. Nothing changes because it is seen that it has always been so: a misconception stops, a misperception ceases. What has happened? Nothing. There has always been nobody home. This thisness is always what 'I' is. Funny that there should have been that little misunderstanding, that there at one time were these funny ideas about 'time' and 'things' and ideas and persons and beings and david and jungle and Source and all...

Nisargadatta Maharaj called it Understanding, but it has nothing to do with comprehension. A knowing, which has nothing to do with knowledge.

### 3. *Telling the Story*

Listen, this is important. There are words and concepts being used here descriptively. But whether or not what happened in the jungle corresponds to what various teachers, sages or traditions might have been referring to with their words or concepts, I do not know, and ultimately do not care. Of its essence this nothing that happened is completely self-validating. It relativizes everything and is relativized by nothing.

On the one hand there is everything; everything known, felt, thought, believed, everything that exists or doesn't exist, everything possible and impossible. Everything that was, is, or ever will be, or never will be. And on the other hand there is this. And everything is not. And this is.

Whether another soul in the known or unknown universe ever recognizes this or not has been forever irrelevant since that out-of-time in the jungle. I cannot explain this, because I am otherwise somewhat rational. Not only is there no doubt. The very concept of doubt does not exist.

The word that comes frequently is that it is 'obvious,' but evidently that is an abuse of a good word because when it is used in conversations it usually draws blanks. Nevertheless. What is right in front of you, more than that, what you actually are, what all *this* is, what cannot be escaped from, what cannot be otherwise, is obvious, even if in most cases apparently there is not seeing.

So anyway, it could have ended there. Tried to express it to a few people ("gagaga") but they thought I was crazy, so gave up. Watching of the david thing going back to hammering nails. Bathed in Brilliance, which no one saw. Astonishing, breathtaking gratitude. Tears most of

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the time, spontaneous and unstoppable. david has lost his marbles, but he seems a happy idiot so what the hey. Always everywhere perfect Brilliant Stillness, and no-thing, which has no name (love and compassion and bliss are pathetic shadows) outpouring constantly seen now always not as from this mind/body thing.

III

**I**T COULD HAVE ENDED THERE. But then Consciousness got merciful again, or brutal again, same difference; brutally merciful; and, totally out of character, signed the david thing up for a course, which led to exposure to a certain dynamic duo of self-styled teachers of Advaita. In time, they turned out to be almost entirely ego, way off the mark as spiritual teachers go. But, quite brilliant and with a good intellectual grasp of the teaching, so obviously, coming from zippo in that regard, I could learn a lot there. Odd experience, because some of what she talked about tingled, like maybe she knew... but then obviously she didn't.

Gradually learned and pieced together that there's a whole culture out there of the blind leading the blind, that there has been enough of a sprinkling through the eons of occasions when seeing happened, and the eyes through which was seeing, knew they were not. Enough writings by Buddha-things, Rumi-things, Seng-Ts'an-things and Ramana-things, that other things who thought they were things but it was not them thinking, who didn't see, (but it's all a joke because 'they' is the I-ness that is the Is-ness of all seeing) could read and think they comprehended; and in the interim between the occasions when seeing happened, there would be the developing of whole structures

### 3. *Telling the Story*

and systems around a theory of seeing, and some would get many others to follow them and worship them because nobody knew the difference. Nobody knew the bloody difference, so they are so easy to fool!

So that was odd. And meanwhile of course always everywhere perfect Brilliant Stillness, outpouring constantly.

It is said that when you need a teacher you will find one. Of course, this assumes that you need teachers at all, which is a highly dubious assertion. The universe is on a need-to-know basis, and for the most part, we don't need to know. But when, in the overall grand picture, it is necessary for a body/mind to know something, then they will hear it, and in a way that it can be taken in. This may take the form of finding a teacher; or, it may be that a conversation is overheard, or a taxi driver makes a comment, or, simply, a thought occurs. How can it be otherwise? Consciousness is all.

In the jungle, everything stopped; david stopped; the world stopped. And for a time there was being in this and this only, without concepts or thoughts in which to frame it. Then, there was coming across those first two, and finding that the ideas they talked about corresponded somewhat with the unspoken knowing that occurred in the jungle. There is simply following the natural trail that emerges, seeing only the next step. Which, after all, is all we get to see.

In any case, just about the time there was figuring out that some basic intellectual framework was about all that could be learned from these two, one day in a talk she mentions the name 'Ramesh,' who she refers to as one of her teachers.

IV

LONG STORY SHORT: INTERNET SEARCH, *The Final Truth* from Amazon.com, and the rest is story. Devouring everything Ramesh Balsekar had written up to that date, and finding it more helpful than anything I had encountered since the jungle. These early works by the retired Bombay banker ring with clarity. The writing is highly metaphysical, reflecting influence from his own teacher Nisargadatta Maharaj, and from an earlier writer known as Wei Wu Wei. Everything available by these gentlemen is read as well, and also what can be found by and about Ramana Maharshi, the mystic sage teacher saint of southern India.

With this reading and reflecting there is the realization that although this no-thing that happened in the jungle could not be recognized or explained by anyone in the immediate context when it occurred, nevertheless there does exist a context, a tradition in which such occurrence is known and recognized. In a world of spiritual mumbo-jumbo and garbled third-hand tales, there are some, a handful, in whom there is clear thinking and writing about What Is. Provided of course that you already know what they are talking about and can sense where their words point. Taken literally or at face value, most of their talk is all but incomprehensible. Necessarily so, given the deficiencies of language.

Thus I was introduced to the timeless thread of the Teaching, the perennial wisdom. And at some point in the midst of this, there is the thought: sometimes it's a good idea, when you're new in a place, to maybe go see and talk to, listen to, someone who's been here a while. Of the four I had so far found as reliable sources, Ramesh is the only

### *3. Telling the Story*

one still alive, and in fairly good health for a lifelong resident of Bombay in his mid-eighties.

The first few meetings are remarkably helpful. The story is asked for, and the story is told; the david thing tells what happened in the jungle. Haltingly, hesitantly, using words and concepts that arise spontaneously from the context of this life, to attempt to describe what is known to be indescribable. And there is recognition, confirmation, from Ramesh, that what occurred in the jungle corresponds with what (echoing Wei Wu Wei and Maharaj) he calls the complete Understanding, what in his tradition is known as awakening or enlightenment. During one visit, he does allow as how it is a little odd, the way of this happening; no guru, no teacher... but then there was always the Maharshi with his mountain, so... the slightest shrug, the biggest smile. He's quite sure of his-not-self.

It takes some convincing. The first response to this is an instinctive recoiling; that old fear of specialness stirring again. And whatever vague preconceived ideas there may have been of what 'enlightenment' might be, they had not included the obliteration of that night in the jungle, and this vast outpouring in Presence. Yet at the same time there is also a sense that this is what is. There is no one home. There is recognition, and yet it is of no consequence and changes nothing. Whatever anyone (including Indian gurus) may have to think or say about this, and however helpful that is, there is no labelling the unspeakable. There can be no owning, no taking on of a label, of a concept, of a tradition.

Over the next weeks, years, more visits, more talks. Awkward at first; that great hesitancy in the conditioning,

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still flapping in the wind. Some visits, when Ramesh is heard to reiterate, as he does on several occasions, that the complete Understanding is here, I am hounded afterwards by others in the group of seekers who come to the morning talks; or the opposite, avoided. So there is often a hanging back, incognito among the miserable seekers, happy in the wider and deeper always Brilliance outpouring.

If there is a ‘purpose’ in these visits, it is something of what I can only call a ‘backwards process:’ in the jungle, the answer was given before there were questions, so this time was spent filling in the questions to the answer, the framework to understand the Understanding after the fact.

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SO; THAT’S WHAT HAPPENED IN THE JUNGLE. And in Bombay. Nothing happened.

What is seen cannot ever be un-seen. It is all so perfectly simple. Always and everywhere perfect Brilliant Stillness. And no-thing, which has no name: Outpouring, constantly. Seen now, always, not as from this mind/body thing. And the talking about it, when it arises, cannot not be, and the writing about it, it would appear, cannot not be. And I am very acutely, keenly aware of the difficulty this presents.

It was Wayne Liquorman, in his preface to Ramesh’s *Consciousness Speaks*, who made the thoroughly pithy observation that “The mere incident of enlightenment does not necessarily confer an ability to communicate the concomitant understanding.”

### 3. *Telling the Story*

He got that right. I am not a teacher. There is no interest in teaching, and the mind/body thing does not have the skill or qualification. From the perspective of anyone with knowledge of these things, what you have here is one very coarse renegade part-Indian (wrong kind of Indian) carpenter from the hills on your hands, notably and thoroughly lacking in any kind of 'skillful means' and having only a limited intellectual comprehension of the subject, and lacking the training or discipline that could have been instilled by years of meditation or service. Saying that the david thing is seriously flawed and not cut out for what is happening here is being unnecessarily kind. Except of course that the david thing has been designed and cut out and conditioned for exactly this. Consciousness has a sick sense of humor.

There is only this. And this would be a preposterous claim if there were any 'one' here to claim it, which there is not. There is only this, and this is clear. I know absolutely nothing about anything except this: knowing, seeing, understanding; the knowing, seeing, understanding that is not, that is beyond human understanding, has occurred here, is here. Seen now always not as from this mind/body. Unearned, unsought, even unasked for, at least overtly. It is unspeakable, cannot be expressed, cannot be thought.

Rumi was right:

“As salt dissolves in the ocean,  
I was swallowed up in You  
Beyond doubt or being sure.

Suddenly, here in my chest  
A star  
Comes out so clear  
It draws all stars to it.”

*Perfect Brilliant Stillness*

And Ramesh is right: it's got to be what he calls 'divine hypnosis.' How else can you explain it? All these mind/bodies are staring at it, are bathed in it, *are* it, and can't see it. How can you show someone something they are already, especially when it is no-thing and they are no-one? It is all so incredibly simple. There is obviously no one home. All-That-Is, is Love beyond love, Light beyond light, Peace beyond peace, Freedom beyond any concept of freedom... throw capital letters on words and shout them, cry them, weep them.

And folks scratch their heads, say they don't get it, "Well, that's kind of philosophical..." they say; or, "But I like my story, I like my drama;" or, "Gee, aren't we sounding Advaitically correct today." All defended, in various ways, from seeing What Is. Even devout seekers, when they hear, "this is a dream," say "Uh huh," and keep talking. No one *stops*, to see, to be. Pardon the crude david thing if it exhibits a marked lack of interest in these discussions.

And Hafiz was right too:

"Dear ones, you who are trying to learn the miracle of love through the use of reason, I am terribly afraid you will never see the point."

Or, through the use of experience or thought or language or emotion, I might add. It simply has to be in-seen.

Ultimately, there is truly nothing to say. The dream continues; and there is re-entering the dream (not by choice but because that, apparently, is what is to occur in this dream character) with the full knowledge that it is a dream... But you just can't expect I-I to take any of it seriously.

### *3. Telling the Story*

And that hermit's cave still looks awfully good. Nothing is needed. It is so completely not important that anything happen, that anything come of this. No need, no requirement, no mandate, no role. Simple. Utterly simple.