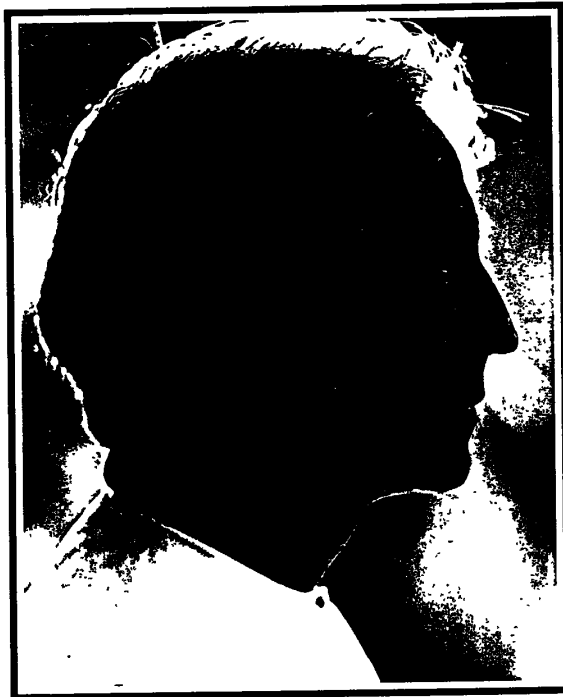




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The emphasis that was placed on the psychology of the human condition and the nature of the mind, with its labyrinth complexities inevitably drew mental health professionals to Krishnamurti and his work. There has been a long-standing relationship with people in this field. One of those drawn to him was Benjamin Weinniger, former head of the Baltimore Washington School of Psychiatry.

B E N J A M I N W E I N N I G E R , M . D .

PSYCHIATRIST, SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

BW In 1946, I introduced Krishnamurti to all of the psychoanalysts in the Washington Psychoanalytic Society. He was at my house for a week and he talked every day. The ones that were there were very much impressed with him. Harry Stack Sullivan, Eric Fromm, David Rioch and Margaret Rioch. During that period Karen Horney asked me to come to New York. I spent two hours with her discussing the teaching of Krishnamurti and she was not only impressed with him, but she saw the similarity between his teaching and her whole school, the Karen Horney group of psychoanalysts. They became interested and began to write about Krishnamurti's teaching. Later, David Shainberg and his whole psychoanalytic group from the Karen Horney circle became absorbed in Krishnamurti's teaching. K used to go there every year for several talks, to those analysts. They are still involved in one way or the other. One of the people dropped out of psychoanalysis altogether and became an artist. So that was one of the important effects.

EB Was Krishnamurti able to clearly lay out his view of the human mind to the psychoanalysts?

BW Krishnamurti's perceptions of the human mind, were clearer than anybody that I had encountered. It was obvious to me, that he had a better understanding and when I brought him to Washington D.C., and he talked to the psychoanalysts, they asked me, "How did you know we would be interested in Krishnamurti?" I told them it was obvious to me that it would be the case. They became very much interested and it had an effect on their practice and their lives too.

EB Krishnamurti must have looked forward to these meetings.

BW Well, I have seen Krishnamurti fearful and I think it's an important thing to describe the circumstances under which it happened. When he was talking to the psychiatrists and psychoanalysts for the first time in Washington, D.C., he came to me and he was shaking with fear. He said, "I'm scared." And I tried to reassure him that it would be alright, and then when he went in to the talk, I realized that he was able to drop the fear. He allowed himself to experience the fear fully and then let it go. Most of us don't do that, we stay with the fears instead of letting it go. This is what he means when he says, I have no fear. I also asked him, "Would you be afraid if you were dying?" and he said, "I don't know. I would have to see, I would have to be aware to see whether I was afraid."



"KRISHNAMURTI'S PERCEPTIONS OF THE HUMAN MIND WERE CLEARER THAN ANYBODY'S THAT I HAD ENCOUNTERED "

—BENJAMIN WEINNIGER



*Love there is
neither "you" nor "I".*

*THE STAR BULLETIN,
MARCH/APRIL 1933*

EB Was there a particular area that was of special interest to the group?

BW There's been a considerable interest among psychoanalysts and psychiatrists recently in self-centered activity and actually, self-centered activity is something that Krishnamurti has talked about all his life and maybe the psychiatrists are beginning to catch on to it. It is a very important point, most of us, if we are hurt strongly in childhood have a more difficult time interrupting self-centered activity. Another way of saying it is excessive self-involvement. It's easier to do that to the degree that one has had a pleasant or good childhood. Then it is easier to drop the self-centered activity; otherwise it is more difficult. Some people never break away from it.

EB Is there any special focus in mental health today?

BW Psychoanalysts today are emphasizing the importance of love, even Freud emphasized the importance of work and love. But today they even more emphasize the importance of love. Most psychoanalysts and psychiatrists have a more limited view of love and I feel, that they don't go far enough. They stop short of the goal. If a person doesn't get into a spiritual awakening and understanding of the whole person, then it's incomplete. Most psychiatrists/psychoanalysts work, in my opinion, is incomplete and the influence of Krishnamurti was able to help me go further in my own life than I would have done without him.

EB What do you think Krishnamurti was actually talking about?

BW When I had my private talks with Krishnamurti he told me what he thinks he is talking about. Psychology, philosophy and religion, that's the subject he is talking about—all three. It's not just one thing, they are all related, interrelated. You can't separate them. Psychoanalysts, modern psychoanalysts, think that without philosophy there is no psychoanalysis. That's the beginning, the philosophical orientation.

EB Has there been a change in your practice because of your interest in Krishnamurti?

BW In the first five years of my training, I was practicing regular Freudian psychoanalysis, but after I finished the training I found myself drifting back to my interest in Krishnamurti's way of teaching. The change was partly that I was having more of a relationship with the person, the patient. I was not so impersonal and I didn't hesitate to talk about my philosophy and share it with the patients. I often gave them Krishnamurti's pamphlets to read and I think I had a lot of impact through that, and many of them became very much interested and they followed the teaching. My psychoanalytic practice was criticized for being so involved with Krishnamurti but I kept on teaching. A lot of the things that happened to me and my patients are really non-verbal. The feeling between us is what gets through. There's one element as far as the practice is concerned and this is a point that I learned from Krishnamurti. The condemning quality that I have is very strong and I learned through the course of the years to be aware of my condemnation. It came across as impatience because they felt that when they came into my office and the world at large, they were being condemned every day. Later, when they came to my office they had a sense that somebody here is not condemning and they left the



IN MY EXPERIENCE, THERE IS NO WAY OF DESCRIBING KRISHNAMURTI IN WORDS YOU CAN SAY HE WAS A WORLD TEACHER OR YOU CAN SAY HE WAS A GREAT PSYCHOLOGIST, PHILOSOPHER AND A GREAT RELIGIOUS TEACHER AND THAT WOULDN'T CONVEY ANYTHING TO THE OTHER PERSON "

—BENJAMIN WEININGER

office feeling, virtually as I used to do when leaving Krishnamurti.

EB Throughout his life Krishnamurti stressed freedom, psychological freedom. What is your view of this emphasis?

BW Many psychologists don't believe there is such a thing as psychological freedom—they think that you are conditioned and you are a victim of your past and nobody is psychologically free. Non-psychologists sometimes say, if there is only one other person in the world besides yourself, you are not free to do as you please; the other person won't let you. But Krishnamurti is not talking about that kind of freedom, he is talking about psychological freedom and this is often very confusing. We are a part of our total past, but psychologically we can be free. We have a hard time in understanding Krishnamurti because he is often talking about psychological freedom, psychological death, psychological ending and he doesn't mean technically ending. Psychologically free means being free of past conditioning.

EB Most religions and philosophies see the importance of self knowledge. What is the key to self-understanding?

BW. The key to self-understanding in psychoanalysis is based on the revealing of past history and Krishnamurti makes a very important point—a slightly different point. The key, as he sees it, is to be aware of your reactions. Usually your images of the way things should be are constantly being threatened, and when your image is threatened in any area, you react and sometimes you react with anger or hurt and those reactions are always from your past. So you can get at your past by understanding your reactions rather than digging into the past history.

EB Can you give a description of Krishnamurti, both the man and the teaching?

BW: In my experience, there is no way of describing Krishnamurti in words. You can say he was a world teacher or you can say he was a great psychologist, philosopher and a great religious teacher and that wouldn't convey anything to the other person. There is no way, in my limited vocabulary, of describing Krishnamurti other than by reading his teachings. You get some feeling of it through the films and the video tapes, then you can get a feeling of Krishnamurti without reading him. But, I don't think I could convey it to anybody—not in words. His presence was very powerful, what he transmitted, to me was really the kind of person he is, so that when I saw him in 1945 for a series of talks, he was late for the appointment—five minutes—and he came out to tell me he was late and he shook hands with me and left quickly. The impact of his shaking hands, his presence was so vibrant, that after he left, I felt I was ready to go home, it was such a strong impact. His presence is what is communicated and many people who hear the talks don't even remember what he said. Some of them do remember and are able to talk about it, but many are not because what is communicated from Krishnamurti is non-verbal, the sacred part, the silent part is communicated and that is mostly non-verbal, and this is what people respond to, even though they may not understand anything he said.⁵⁸



clarify the meaning of his existence in the hostile environment both within and without prison walls.

In a lengthy hand-written manuscript entitled *Nobody, Somebody: The Experience of Being Alive: A Desultory Prison Journal*, of which the following is a portion, Boyar describes in great detail the course of his observations during the thirteen years of his adult incarceration. The quotations of Krishnamurti within the writing which follows are entirely the selection of Angel Patrick Boyar.

A N G E L P A T R I C K B O Y A R

AUTHOR, FORMER PRISONER

MY GREATEST DESIRE IN LIFE
WAS TO BE SOMEBODY! I WAS
INCESSANTLY HAUNTED WITH
THE FEAR OF BEING
REGARDED AS A NOBODY!

—ANGEL PATRICK BOYAR

My greatest desire in life was to be somebody! I was incessantly haunted with the fear of being regarded as a nobody. I was plagued with the ambition to excel beyond my peers and I literally began to work at building what I believed to be an intriguing personality and character that would capture the worlds attention and then I would bask in the glory of being known.

I arrived at San Quentin State Prison in the month of January 1982. I was sentenced to an eight years prison term for voluntary manslaughter. I had made the big house! After a couple of months in San Quentin I came across a few books by Erich Fromm and read them voraciously. From then on I knew that my survival in prison would be dependant upon my intelligence because I was not the physically, aggressive type, nor prone to violence. Plus, I was and still am a man of small physical stature and I needed something to compensate for this disability in an environment teeming with some of the most dangerous and violence-prone criminals in the prison system who would not hesitate to hurt and kill at the slightest provocation.

Every prisoner had his own technique of surviving. My shield of protection was a heavy dose of self-education which later turned out to be the cause of much poisoning influence that led to increasingly disabling inner problems and eventually to what I knew to be psychosis.

Why am I writing! Well, for many reasons, none of which I believe are relevant. I'm probably just trying to write and express what is there, which is really not that easy for me as the "cluttered" mind is always there in the way to block the flow.

Actually what can be said when nothing can really come out of the emptiness we are?

We are ever trying to fill the void with "something"—anything that will help us to escape the reality of existence "as it is." We cannot run away from all that we fear—there is nothing to hold on to—there is no isolated identity—there is just the void and our own security needs that are ever driving us to put a "fix" on everything, as though we could hold on to or cultivate the "feelings" that give us the experience of being alive.

Identity and life are synonymous: To be alive is to be somebody!

"Do you want to be a hero?" After fifteen years those words still echo in my mind and they have turned out to be prophetic.

It was my Dad who asked me did I want to be a hero. But the full significance of those seven words are just now beginning to have their greatest

impact as I contemplate their existential connotations.

Dad knew what he was saying when he asked me those prophetic words. He knew why I was running around the neighborhood acting like a vato loco: because I wanted to be a hero!

Like Nostradamus, my Dad prophetically peered into the future like an ancient seer and had seen prophecy fulfilling itself in my life.

Dad did not need to be endowed by inspiration to see the panoramic vision that unfolded before his penetrating gaze... that day I stared into the eyes of Dad... the only hero whose attention would have given me the life I was vainly and desperately seeking by committing stupid and daring acts of mischief to build a reputation in the barrio in order that I might be recognized as being somebody and thus come to real life by establishing an identity... which I have since learned was and always had been a falsely projected image of a "scared" human being who was frightened of being nothing and nobody; yet paradoxically being compelled by the inescapable thoughts, feelings, belief that the experience of being alive could only come as one became somebody in the eyes and minds of everybody else.

In prison the majority of prisoners are hurting to be somebody—especially those who are associates of established prison gangs.

Image is the most valuable asset—and is connected with the belief that becoming known as "somebody" is a power—and there are virtually no rules as to what one can do to create a public image worth being recognized and admired in prison.

It is the prison experience which has taught me that the only thing sacred to man is power. And in prison unless you are somebody you are powerless! Being somebody in prison is belonging to some prison clique where the only guiding principle that governs the activities of the group(s) is Nietzsche's "Superman" philosophy.

These men instinctively know there is no room for weakness in a universe that is expanding, that power is all that man respects; and these prison cliques have, as it were, become feared cabalistic type entities of organized violence having established a reputation of being killers. Their identity is not really who they are but what they have the power to do—take life!

The Mexican Mafia is a respected and notorious prison gang of sanguinary individuals who have long held sway over prisoners in California penal institutions. They are especially paid homage to by the non-organized and weaker Mexican prisoners out of fear and are adulated by those aspiring to be Mafiosos, who regard them as heroes and demigods.

Many Chicanos in prison desire and aspire to become members of the Mexican Mafia because for most of their lives they have had a low sense of self-esteem, a poor self-image and a pseudo-identity as gangsters that has become a stigma ever since the advent of the Pachuco and the zootsuit era; an adverse posterity that the Chicano has been unable to live down.

Being held in contempt and prejudice by the larger Anglo-dominated society and forced to congregate in shabby barrios, refused entry into mainstream society, Chicano youth became alienated, and families which once were held together by paternalistic family values of the old country began to disintegrate. The Jefe could no longer instill respect (having lost his own self-respect) in his children for failing to provide them with an adequate and decent home environment. Having to work long hours at menial jobs for minimum pay the Jefes' authority in the home began to decay. The Jefita could not adequately supervise a house full of children.



With stability gone in the home; inadequate supervision and disregard for basic recognition of growing youth who needed attention to feel loved and cared for, the youth take to the streets and begin hanging around with the homeboys and homegirls, who become a surrogate family in the barrio.

Enter the vato loco in prison. He is lost, lonely, alienated and hurting to be somebody. And the only image he has of himself is the stigmatic stereotype gangster surrounded and admired by gorgeous ladies of the night, owner of valuable possessions, feared by others and respected as being somebody because now he is the epitome of the so-called American Dream, which is really an illusion. For some ephemeral moments he transcends his poor image to bathe in egotistical self-glorification as he contemplates the power he has over those whom he exploits because of his status and membership in the Mexican Mafia.

“So meditation has significance...in this process of meditation there are all kinds of powers that come into being: one becomes clairvoyant...all the occult powers become utterly irrelevant, and when you pursue those you are pursuing something that will ultimately lead to illusion.”

—TRUTH AND ACTUALITY, 1978

While in prison I began reading and studying many books on philosophy, spirituality, religion, eastern mysticism, oriental metaphysics, psychology and the occult.

I was thirsty for knowledge, devouring books that I thought would lead me to discovering my true identity, and years later I could see that so-called knowledge had brought me no closer to being totally integrated, as I was still an incomplete and fragmented human being.

For many years I considered myself the victim of the system and believed that there were powerful unseen forces of the universe being wielded by unscrupulous power-motivated men in high places who had somehow tapped into the secrets of the universe and were using those discovered secrets as tools to subjugate and manipulate the masses for purposes of wholesale exploitation in order to remain in power themselves.

While in San Quentin I adopted the conspiratorial view of history and politics and began reading historical and political books on the theme of conspiracy as well as secret societies and subversive movements.

At this time I was also trying to get hold of any books that expounded on brainwashing, mind control and psychological warfare. I desperately wanted to know how I was being manipulated, brainwashed and controlled by those unseen manipulators who I had by now concluded were somehow responsible for my lost identity.

Vigorously, I delved into my books on the theme of conspiracy thinking that at last I was getting closer to the whole truth of what was really going on; how it was happening; why it was taking place and where I fit in in the scheme of things. I was going to learn every detail possible of this struggle for world power and expose this diabolical conspiracy. Along the way I was bound to discover my true identity:

I became arrogant and obnoxious because I considered myself to be in a small circle of people who knew what was really going on in world affairs behind the scenes. At that time I was not fully aware that my own sense of inferiority coupled with my fear of being nothing and nobody caused me to overestimate



myself and put others down; looking upon others who were illiterate and naive with contempt so that I could feel important about my self

I didn't want to share my knowledge with anyone because then if they knew what I knew I couldn't stand out as being intelligent and unique when all along I knew that my motive for refusing to share my knowledge with anyone was to have power over them.

As, I see it now, my full motive for withholding knowledge was for identity, power and security.

My brain was like a Christmas tree and I just kept adding all that book knowledge to the brain like decorating a dead Christmas tree pulled up from its life source, and that knowledge to me was like the lights on the tree whose brightness outshined the other dull and mediocre minds around me.

I thought I was deep but I was very shallow because in my vainglory I failed to see that being knowledgeable and intellectual did not provide me with the significant self-help I really needed to bring an end to the spiritual and psychological conflict within me.

I was afraid to accept that I was completely empty within myself that I was nothing and nobody.

Today I know that the only conspiracy going on is me against myself!

I have read many books that have profoundly affected my mind, and naively I thought that each thought-provoking discovery of some hidden knowledge of revealed truth was significantly shifting my consciousness so that I was gradually being liberated from lies, illusions, false knowledge, self-imposed limitations, and I thought that I was making progress in liberating myself by degrees; but I was only further enslaving myself psychologically and exacerbating the confusion going on inside of me; poisoning myself with other people's theories on life.

For years I was desperately seeking the answer in books but I never stopped to realize that all those books were written by people postulating their own theories on life. They were very good at diagnosing the problems of humanity; by pointing the finger at the culprits who were responsible for creating the human condition, yet those pointing the fingers never considered that they themselves were creating the problems of the world.

The problem is not the world, but you in relationship with another, which creates a problem; and that problem extended becomes the world problem

The above statement is true. This is a fact. Not because Krishnamurti said it but because I can see this is true for myself. It is my "relationship with another, which creates the problem." I never thought of myself as being the problem. It was always the other fellow!

The world would be a better place to live in as soon as others came to their senses and accepted the truth as I knew it to be; as soon as everybody started seeing reality my way and started living according to my reality, then a new world order of sane human beings would emerge.

The schism in man, the proverbial dichotomy of life against death, good against evil, the spirit against the flesh; it is we, you, I, who perpetuate this conflict because we believe it is necessary to give us the experience of being alive.

I witnessed a dramatic transformation when I ceased all effort to change myself.

It is truth that frees, not your effort to be free



For many years it was known that the psychological “I” was only an image, a projection of the me. It was an impostor, a pretender to the throne who had usurped the heart of no boundaries and it now had a stake in preserving its non-existent identity. It convinced itself that it was the real John Doe and all along it was playing a game of truth or consequences with itself.

To know is to be ignorant, not to know is the beginning of wisdom.

All along I thought that by the accumulation of knowledge I was becoming more wise, but I had momentary insights that revealed that as I gained more knowledge of the world that this knowledge was my own state of ignorance. The more that I came to know, the more that I could see how ignorant I really was.

Each time I thought I had moved and made progress in the gaining of knowledge, but when I checked to see the distance I had come, I found myself standing in the same spot.

Indeed, even if I contained all of the knowledge of the world and the universe, I would still be an ignoramus because all that knowledge would not even be a microscopic drop in the bucket of the eternal moment.

Nobody can put you psychologically into prison. You are already there.

—COMMENTARIES ON LIVING, VOLUME I, 1956

I was paroled from San Quentin prison on March 17, 1986. I remember the night before I was paroled that I was not feeling anxious to get out. After approximately six years of incarceration I thought that I should be excited about getting out, that I should be agitated with the feeling of emotional elation because I was about to be set free. I expected that I would take on the proper feelings as I stepped out the front gate of the prison and into the so-called free world.

Morning arrived. Still no proper feelings for the momentous occasion of being on the verge of becoming a free man. I was processed for release at R&R. I removed my state issued prison clothing and changed into my dress outs. I was issued my two hundred dollars gate money, and then we were off—being escorted to freedom!

Passing through the garden chapel plaza I saw a few buddies whose smiling facial expressions indicated feelings of peacefulness and inner joy. They waved good-bye to me and I managed a smile and a reciprocal wave of the hand. Then I became aware I am still on the prison grounds—and there is still some distance I had to go to get from “here,” to freedom over “there,” past the front entry gates of the prison. Finally I arrived, but when I crossed the final threshold to freedom, nothing!

I was still in prison! The mind was pretending to be free. I knew that this freedom was an illusion. There was no experience of being free, I did not come alive.

So, freedom had nothing to do with being on the other side of the prison walls. Psychologically, I was still in prison; enslaved by passions and desires and surrounded by the Chinese wall of images and ideas that were the real barriers that shut freedom out.