

April 11, 2006 (Tuesday)

Speech is Silver, Silence Is Also Silver.

Krishnamurti Is a Samurai (principled)

Silversmith.

雄弁は銀なら、沈黙も銀。クリシュナムルチは、サムライ銀細工師だ。



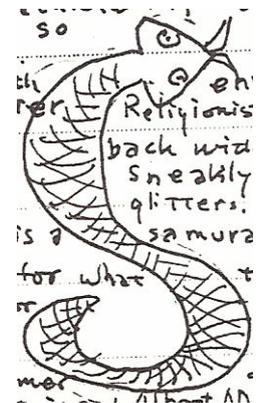
Krishnamurti says to me, “Be a light to yourself. Be a holistic man never deals with corruption.” I argue back, “Sir, light travels faster aboveground, but sound travels faster in the water. Your speech isn’t holistic; but ‘holonic,’ according to one of your Yoga disciples from Mumbai. Give me the sound of your voice, so I can ‘see’ you.” “See me?,” says my mentor, “Stop seeing my image. Your image of me will keep you trapped. Let go of my image. Be a light to yourself. Free yourself from fear, jealousy and images.” “I CAN’T. But I’ll be your shadow.”

Without thinking WHY, WHY, WHY, I’ve been blinking, blinking and blinking. Pro and con, pro and con.

Thinking the opposite for a change makes me whole, if not holistic. I’m not physically fit in the first place. It’s raining outside. The rain depresses me. My body makes me feel negative and contrary. Today is an S day – spiritual and soulful, in search of something sacred in me.

Speech is silver, silence is golden. So goes the prove. Is it true? I’ll debate that with myself. Krishnamurti is silver-tongued, arguing melodiously, “Listen to the sound of silence. Is the silence golden? No. It’s silvery. My counter-argument: Speech is silver, so is eloquence.

Silence is silver? Why? Let me prove it. If speech is golden, it can be a gift or prize for you so you can flaunt it, as athletes might. Speech contests and the Olympics are golden, gold and the first prize is coveted so much that every professional athlete fights like a demon to be No.1. Gold glitters as Gelt (money) does. Makes people greedier and greener with envy. Organized religions get greedier and greedier by making their GOD glitter. Religionist by and large put light above darkness, shadow shared by shady, seductive snake-like Satan.



But subconsciousness comes back with a vengeance spirally upward like a Kundalini (Serpentine energy) sneakily? No, silently. Sexy? No, sacred. Shadowy? No, shiny. Gold also shines brightly, but it glitters. Silver doesn't compete; it doesn't care which is shinier. Silver is a samurai that serves someone else – saburau – ready to sacrifice themselves for what they believe in. Their “mentsu” (面子) is at stake. Face, mask (personality), name or dignity might be lumped together, as images – to be dumped.

Chinese have competitive 面子 – golden. Japanese have non-competitive mentsu – silvery. The former glitters; the latter shines by its own light. Both are beautiful. In fact, Victoria and Albert Museum's SILVER exhibitions were surreally beautiful, treacherously beautiful. Judas betrayed Jesus for thirty pieces of silver. There are always snakes in the grass. Eve was evil enough to seduce Adam to eat from a forbidden tree – a sly slut. Adam, golden boy, was seduced and scandalized into a sacrificial lamb. A smutty joke? No. A story from a scripture, signifying the subconscious mind of all souls capable of committing sins, secretly, secretively or surreptitiously.

Silver is samurai's self-worth, where as gold is businessmen's wealth, money's worth. Economists might call it 'conspicuous consumption,' an engine for economic growth. Gold is highly valued over silver, 80 to 1 for its exchange value (rarity) or the store value, to be blunt, not for an aesthetic value that varies from person to person.

Silver is shibui (cool), disciplined beauty, zen, unobtrusive, both silent and eloquent (silver-tongued). But silver, because of its inherent mercurial temperament, has more down-to-earth functions. Mercury is God of commerce. Silver can be currency, mirror, ornament, wine – cooler, germ-killer because of its malleability.



Playing the devil advocate for the moment, let me praise almighty gold as omnipotent and infallible God. The muses lay people, worship God, 'something out there' – outworldly, and are tempted to identify with the super-being or savior God, to be saved. This is where the devil sneaks in – in the detail or in the grass. God (surreal and abstract) is the best tempter of Satan and the millions of devils, Her disciples, seduced and slaved.

Silver-haired Krishnamurti is silvery, having never been tempted to die a martyr's death – a golden opportunity to be crowded and worshipped eternally. He lived up to ninety-one, talking till he breathed his last. If the sun is golden, shining brightly, tempting devils, then the moon is silver, shining by itself, tempting nobody, making God jealous. Since in a while, Krishnamurti's speech was, still is, silvery, so is his silence.