Our question is concerned (but not only) with daily living — with all its miseries, turmoil, anxieties, uncertainty, sense of guilt, despair, the hopeless battle without any meaning whatsoever — which we call life. What is the meaning of going to the office every day for forty years, the utter boredom, the loneliness of existence, the repetitive nature of it? The intellectual people invent a significance to life, the more clever they are the brighter the significance. And that's what we call living: a battlefield. And there is death, the unknown, something one doesn't know anything about, but one is afraid of it. We cling to life as the known and are afraid of the unknown. Being afraid we invent various theories, beliefs: the whole of the East believes in reincarnation, to be born anew next life, it gives them hope as in the Christian world there is the resurrection, again a hope. That is, between living and death there is time. Time, that interval between what actually is and something which we call death, of which we are afraid. This interval between life and death is brought about by thought. Of course there is actual dying: the physical organism, through disease, accident, through usage, dies. But there is fear of death and the sorrow of death as a psychological ending. So there is not only the fear of physical dying, but also the fear of losing all the things that one has learnt, the memories, the experiences, the affections, the family, the hopes, the works, the character, all that one has developed, cultivated, nourished — fear of their coming to an end. We cling to life, life being this extraordinary battle from the moment we are born to the moment we die. That is all we know of life, in which there are moments of great joy, but that joy is at rare intervals and becomes a memory. So our life, as we live it is total disorder. All our relationship, human or otherwise, is a conflict. And that is all we know of life. To that we cling desperately. And we are afraid of something which we call death, of which we know nothing.

Can one find out what it means actually to die, not biologically, physiologically, but psychologically, which is a much deeper issue? Because it is only in dying that there is a renewal and not a continuity. That which has continuity is repetitive, it is of time. It is only when time comes to an end that something new takes place. So the question is: the life we know, which is turmoil, disorder, anarchy, can that come

to an end totally? — because that is what we call death, the ending. Can there be a dying to all one's memories, not only to the ugly memories, but to the memories that one has cherished, that one keeps very carefully locked up? To die every day, to every problem, to every pleasure, and not carry over to tomorrow any problem at all; so that the mind always remains tremendously attentive, active, clear. That is only possible when one dies every day to all the psychological accumulations.

I do not know if you have ever tried to die to a pleasure, without any argument, without any sense of sacrifice, just to completely drop it. If you have, then you will know what it feels like to die, to end a pleasure before the next pleasure begins. In that interval, between the dying of the old and the beginning of thought, the demand for a different kind of pleasure, in that interval is the renewal of mind.