

Perfection, Elitism and Excellence

What a pain perfection is!

What do we mean by it? Can there ever be a perfect painting? Can there be a perfect cake? Or a perfectly washed plate! Can there ever be a perfect meditation period?

Who decides?

Are we not talking about personal interpretation? What is perfect to one is not quite up to the mark for another.

And everything becomes tight. This is how it should be. There

And when I fail, as I must, the misery. m no good. It stand myself.

And how can one possibly reach perfection in a changing world? In a relative world? Where is there an objective standard? And if there is one, who decided it was? Cant be that objective then!

I was cured of a lot of my obsession for perfection in Sri Lanka. Id just installed myself in a kuti (monastic hut). A gardener came to cut back the weeds and sweep out the leaves and so give me a head start. As he was leaving, I pointed out that he hadnt finished the job. There was still a strip of garden to be cleared. , he said. I never saw him again! I was annoyed. Why couldnt he finish the job *properly*! It was the same with the monks. They swept the leaves on the paths and open ground, but there it was. A little bit left. I was so miffed!

Then I woke up! I saw what pressure I was putting on myself and my meditation to be perfect. Right, I thought, enough of that! Every morning I swept out my room, thoroughly. But now I decided to leave a corner unswept. How it clawed on the mind! A few days passed and I was ok with it. I even stopped being so judgemental about my meditation. What a relief!

Now excellence is something else. It is relative. It is dependent on the person. When a child drew a picture of me without my nose, it was excellent. When an artist friend painted a portrait of me, it was excellent.

Its do better. Nor that another couldns just that now, this very moment, Im doing the best I can.

Thatt it?

So wheres the anxiety coming from?

It might be real. I might not be good enough. Maybe I will lose my job. But thatve to accept Ive over-reached myself.

But I still feel anxious. And jealousy of others? Am I still in competition? Still competitive?

Ive slipped into the error of elitism. Here I am comparing! Im worse than you. And at a more subtle level I in equal, of course, simply means Ive found a companion in conceit.

Someone I can join to compare ourselves against all those who are superior or inferior to *us*!

When I win, I feel great! When I lose, I feel miserable!

Thats the three conceits the Buddha talks about.

Thats grief.

And worse.

Elitism judges the person by how good they are at doing something, achieving something.

Take reading. Some people are poor readers, some speed readers. Bertrand Russell, the philosopher, read an Agatha Christie novel in 15 min. Dont we tend to rate people according to their cleverness. To be clever is to be a good person. Hence, a slow reader cant be a very good person. So if a slow reader thinks they are no good till they can speed read, then they suffer from the effects of elitism.

Best to stay within my limits.◆◆ No pain! What a joy it is just to do things the best I can.

Now thats excellent!