

BULLETIN

KRISHNAMURTI
FOUNDATION
INDIA
1982

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FROM THE EDITOR

This issue contains broadly two sections, one of talks and the other, passages from Krishnamurti's Note Book and the recently published Krishnamurti's Journal in which he writes something about himself. Two talks are included, one given in 1980 and the other in 1970, both in Madras. The extracts from the two books unfold, describe, give expression to the "inexpressible", "timeless" dimension. Krishnaji refers to this, variedly, as Otherness, Benediction, Immensity and so on. Together these passages delicately capture the profound and living quality of the extraordinary states.

Krishnaji's programme in India during the coming winter of 1982-83 has already been published in the last issue of the Bulletin. He will be visiting Calcutta for the first time and giving four talks there between the 20th and 28th of November. Those who want to know the details regarding the place, time of talks etc. in Calcutta should write to Mr. S. Tiwari, 595, Block 'O', New Alipore, Calcutta-700 053 (Phone : 459506).

"You are the World" and "Krishnamurti's Note Book" have been reprinted this year. We are also bringing out the first Indian edition of "Flight of the Eagle".

Subscribers please note that this is the last issue for the year 1982. We request all our subscribers to renew their subscription for the year 1982 as early as possible. Those who wish to become Life Members, please remit Rs.200/-

Two new books of Krishnaji have been printed abroad. These are "Question and Answers" and "Krishnamurti — The Network of Thought". A few copies of these have been ordered by the Foundation. They will be available for sale at the counters during the the talks.

KRISHNAJI WRITES SOMETHING ABOUT HIMSELF

He always liked machinery; he dismantled the motor of a car and when it ran it was as good as new. When you are driving, meditation seems to come so naturally.

(September 16, 1973)

He always had this strange lack of distance between himself and the trees, rivers and mountains. It wasn't cultivated; you can't cultivate a thing like that. There was never a wall between him and another. What they did to him, what they said to him never seemed to wound him, nor flattery to touch him. Somehow he was altogether untouched. He was not withdrawn, aloof, but like the waters of a river. He had so few thoughts; no thoughts at all when he was alone. His brain was active when talking or writing but otherwise it was quiet and active without movement. Movement is time and activity is not.

This strange activity, without direction, seems to go on, sleeping or walking. He wakes up often with that activity of meditation; something of this nature is going on most of the time. He never rejected it or invited it. The other night he woke up, wide awake. He was aware that something like a ball of fire, light, was being put into his head, into the very centre of it. He watched it objectively for a considerable time, as though it were happening to someone else. It was not an illusion, something conjured up by the mind. Dawn was coming and through the opening of the curtains he could see the trees.

(September 17, 1973)

He has never been hurt though many things happened to him, flattery and insult, threat and security. It is not that he was insensitive, unaware: he had no image of himself, no conclusion, no ideology. Image is resistance and when that is not, there is vulnerability but no hurt. You may not seek to be vulnerable, highly sensitive, for that which is sought and found is another form of the same image. Understand this whole movement, not merely verbally, but have an insight into it. Be aware of the whole structure of it without any reservation. Seeing the truth of it is the ending of the image builder.

(September 21, 1973)

He was standing by himself on the low bank of the river; it was not very wide and he could see some people on the other bank. If the talk was loud he could almost hear them. In the rainy season the river met the open waters of the sea. It had been raining for days and the river had broken through the sands to the waiting sea. With the heavy rains it was clean again and one could swim in it safely. The river was wide enough to hold a long narrow island, green with bushes, a few short trees and a small palm. When the water was not too deep cattle would wade across to graze on it. It was a pleasant and friendly river and it was particularly so on that morning.

He was standing there with no one around, alone, unattached and far away. He was about fourteen or less. They had found his brother and himself quite recently and all the fuss and sudden importance given to him was around him. He was the centre of respect and devotion and in the years to come he would be the head of organizations and great properties. All that and the dissolution of them still lay ahead. Standing there alone, lost and strangely aloof, was his first and lasting remembrance of those days and events. He doesn't remember his childhood, the schools and the caning. He was told years later by the very teacher who hurt him that he used to cane him practically every day; he would cry and be put out on the verandah until the school closed and the teacher would come out and ask him to go home, otherwise he would still be on the verandah, lost. He was caned, this man said, because he couldn't study or remember anything

he had read or been told. Later the teacher couldn't believe that the boy was the man who had given the talk he had heard. He was greatly surprised and unnecessarily respectful. All those years passed without leaving scars, memories, on his mind; his friendships, his affections, even those years with those who had ill-treated him — somehow none of these events, friendly or brutal, have left marks on him. In recent years a writer asked if he could recall all those rather strange event, how he and his brother were discovered and the other happenings, and when he replied that he could not remember them and could only repeat what others had told him, the man openly, with a sneer, stated that he was putting it on and pretending. He never consciously blocked any happening, pleasant or unpleasant, entering into his mind. They came, leaving no mark and passed away.

(September 23, 1973)

He was looking out of the window on to green rolling hills and dark woods with the morning sun on them. It was a pleasant and lovely morning, there were magnificent clouds beyond the woods, white with billowing shapes. No wonder the ancients said the gods had their abode among them and the mountains. All around there were these enormous clouds against a blue and dazzling sky. He had not a single thought and was only looking at the beauty of the world. He must have been at the window for some time and something took place, unexpected, uninvited. You cannot invite or desire such things, unknowingly or consciously. Everything seemed to withdraw and be giving space only to that, the unnameable. You won't find it in any temple, mosque or church or on any printed page. You will find it nowhere and whatever you find, it is not that.

(September 25, 1973)

If you ever walk by yourself high in the mountains among the pines and rocks, leaving everything in the valley far below you, when there is not a whisper among the trees and every thought

has withered away, then it may come to you, the otherness. If you hold it, it will never come again; what you hold is the memory of it dead and gone. What you hold is not the real.

(September 25, 1973)

The two brothers were driven in a car to a village nearby to see their father whom they had not seen for nearly fifteen years or more.

Tradition is very strong, stronger than love.

(September 29, 1973)

As a young boy, he used to sit by himself under a large tree near a pond in which lotuses grew; they were pink and had a strong smell. From the shade of that spacious tree, he would watch the thin green snakes and the chameleons, of the frogs and the watersnakes. His brother, with others, would come to take him home. It was a pleasant place under the tree, with the river and the pond. There seemed to be so much space, and in this the tree made its own space. Everything needs space. All those birds on telegraph wires, sitting so equally spaced on a quiet evening, make the space for the heavens.

The two brothers would sit with many others in the room with pictures; there would be a chant in Sanskrit and then complete silence; it was the evening meditation. The younger brother would go to sleep and roll over and wake up only when the others got up to leave. The room was not too large and within its walls were the pictures, the images of the sacred. Within the narrow confines of a temple or church, man gives form to the vast movement of space. It is like this everywhere; in the mosque it is held in the graceful lines of words. Love needs great space.

(October 4, 1973)

The space, the distance between you and the tree, is the word, knowledge which is time. Time is the observer who makes the distance between himself and the trees, between himself and what is

The observer makes a separation, a distance between himself and what is; from this grows conflict and sorrow. The transformation of what is takes place only when there is no separation, no time, between the seer and the seen. Love has no distance.

The brother died and there was no movement in any direction away from sorrow. This non-movement is the ending of time. It was among the hills and green shadows that the river began and with a roar it entered the sea and the endless horizons. Man lives in boxes with drawers, acres of them and they have no space; they are violent, brutal, aggressive and mischievous; they separate and destroy each other. The river is the earth and the earth is the river; each cannot exist without each other.

(October 4, 1973)

The sun had set behind a rounded hill and amidst these extravagant colours there was the birth of the evening star. The villager stopped in front of you, looked at those startling colours and at you. You looked at each other and without a word he trudged on. In that communication there was affection, tenderness and respect, not the silly respect but that of religious men. At that moment all time and thought had come to an end. You and he were utterly religious, uncorrupted by belief, image, by word or poverty. You often passed each other on that road among the stony hills and each time, as you looked at one another, there was the joy of total insight.

(October 6, 1973)

There is neither the outer nor the inner but only the whole. The experiencer is the experienced. Fragmentation is insanity. This wholeness is not merely a word; it is when the division as the outer and inner utterly ceases. The thinker is the thought.

Suddenly, as you were walking along, without a single thought but only observing without the observer, you become aware of a sacredness that thought has never been able to conceive. You stop, you observe the trees, the birds and the passer-by; it is not an illusion or something with which the mind deludes itself. It is there in your eyes, in your whole being.

(October 6, 1973)

Again a well-known guru came to see him. The guru had announced a few days before that he wished to pay a call. He arrived and his disciples came streaming in afterwards, one by one.

“You deny being a guru but you are guru of gurus. I have observed you from your youth and what you say is the truth which few will understand. For the many we are necessary, otherwise they would be lost; our authority saves the foolish. We are the interpreters. We have had our experiences; we know. Tradition is a rampart and only the very few can stand alone and see the naked reality. You are among the blessed but we must walk with the crowd, sing their songs, respect the holy names and sprinkle holy water, which does not mean that we are entirely hypocrites. They need help and we are there to give it. What, if one may be allowed to ask, is the experience of that absolute reality?”

Reality is not to be experienced. There’s no path to it and no word can indicate it; it is not to be sought after and to be found. The finding, after seeking, is the corruption of the mind. The very word truth is not truth; the description is not the described.

Any authority on meditation is the very denial of it. There is no system and so there is no direction to truth or to the beauty of meditation. To follow another, his example, his word, is to banish truth. Only in the mirror of relationship do you see the face of what is. The seer is the seen. Without the order which virtue brings, meditation and the endless assertions of others have no meaning whatsoever; they are totally irrelevant. Truth has no tradition, it cannot be handed down.

In the sun the smell of sweet peas was very strong.

(October 12, 1973)

(Extracts from “Krishnamurti’s Journal”)

THE ETERNAL RENEWAL

J.Krishnamurti

We are concerned with the transformation, psychologically, inwardly of human beings. Unless our consciousness undergoes a radical transformation psychologically, really, there is no hope for man. This is a serious thing — to take a journey together into this whole problem of our daily existence and see if it is possible to transform, to bring about a radical, psychological revolution in the very structure of our thinking, of our acting, of our behaviour and our outlook. We are concerned with our own lives, understanding our lives, our daily miserable, conflicting unhappy lives, and see if we cannot possibly bring about a deep, abiding transformation in ourselves.

Together, the speaker and you, are going to explore the problem of the brain, our human brain which has been damaged, so deformed, so distorted through constant pressure of propaganda, of culture, by our ambitions, by our grief, anxiety, fears and also by our pleasures. There has been constant pressure on the brain. That is a fact. And when there is pressure on the brain, there must be distortion unless the brain has the capacity to renew itself, can come back to itself after the pressure is over, which very few people are capable of.

There is an art of listening, the art of observation, seeing, and the art of learning. Perhaps through this art of listening, observing, learning, the pressure of the brain may never be felt at all, so that the brain remains pristine, pliable, young, fresh, innocent. It is only a mind that is innocent, that can see the truth. Through the understanding of 'what is' the art of listening, the art of seeing, the art of learning, if one can capture the full significance of these three arts, then when pressures occur on the brain — ambition is a pressure, violence or resistance, anger, propaganda,

tradition — all these are tremendous pressures on the brain; therefore, a brain that lives in this pressure must inevitably be distorted, deformed and damaged. By understanding the art of listening, the art of seeing, observing and the art of learning, that pressure on the brain can be understood and the brain not be affected.

One can observe the effect of various forms of pressure on the brain. A brain that is damaged is caught in illusion and it may meditate for ten thousand years, it will not find truth. It is very important to understand whether it is possible for a brain that has been so damaged, to make it, to bring about its original quality of freshness, clarity, a brain that is capable of instant decision, not based on logic, reason. Reason, logic, have a certain value but they are limited. What we are doing now together, is, whether you are aware of this pressure; that, to be cognizant, to be conscious of it, to know for yourself not because the speaker points it out but to know for yourself that whether your conscious thinking is not the result of various pressures and therefore, that thinking is the outcome of a distorted brain. Then the problem arises, whether it is possible to bring the brain to its original condition undamaged, and therefore able to function freely. We say it is possible only, when you understand, or learn the art of listening, how to listen; when there is resistance to what is being said, that resistance is the outcome of your pressure. To learn the art of listening is very simple. There is a great miracle in listening. In that if there is no interpretation of what you are hearing or turn it into an idea and pursue that idea, then you are off the mark entirely; but if you listen with your heart, with care, with attention, with affection, then that very listening is like a flowering. There is beauty in that listening. In the same way to observe, to observe the world as it is, the outer world, with all the misery, poverty, degradation, vulgarity, the brutality and the appalling things that are going on in the scientific world, in the technological world, in the world of religious organisations, the crookedness, the ambition, money and power. To observe all this without bringing your personal condemnation or acceptance or denial, just to observe it without verbalizing it, without wanting to see the beauty, just to observe. And then from the outer to observe equally that which is going on inwardly, your thoughts, your ambitions, your greed, your violence, your vulgarity, your sexuality,

all that — just to observe and then you will see, if you so observe, that thing flowers; your greed flowers and dies and there is an end to it.

Also there is an art of learning. Learning implies generally for most of us accumulation of knowledge stored up in the brain like a computer and to act according to that knowledge and that is what we call learning. We are introducing something entirely different, which is to learn without accumulation. To learn means to have an insight into the fact. Insight implies grasping the full significance of say, for instance, your greed, grasping the full nature and the structure of greed, having an insight into it, a total comprehension of that reaction called greed. When you have an insight there is no need to learn. You are beyond it. It is very important to understand these three, because then if you have captured the full significance of the three, then the pressure on the brain can be understood and removed as you go along. And pressure exists on the brain when there is no space in the brain.

Everything exists in space — the trees, the fish, the clouds, the stars, the birds and human beings. They must have some space to live. World is getting over populated, space is becoming rather limited. That is an obvious fact and so, that may be one of the factors of violence, that human beings not having enough space, living in a city, in a town, and this pressure is one of the factors of violence. And inwardly, we have hardly any space at all. That is, our brains are so occupied, our minds are so concerned with ourselves, with our progress, with our status, with our power, with our money, with our sex, with our anxiety, the very occupation prevents space. People may be occupied with meditation. Your brain, your mind is occupied to find out how to meditate. You are occupied, as a woman is occupied in the kitchen with her utensils, food and all the rest of it. So your brain is occupied. If you are a lawyer, your brain is occupied, concerned with all the law and so on. All our inner world, is in a state of constant occupation with something or the other. There is no space and because there is no space the pressure of occupation becomes greater and greater. Any human being who is completely occupied with something or other, whether the most sublime ideas or with sexuality, that occupation prevents space and therefore, the brain becomes more and more damaged. It is only when you have leisure that you can learn. But when the brain or the mind is

so occupied you have no leisure, therefore, you never learn anything new. So, that is one of the problems of meditation. When the mind is so occupied, as most peoples minds are, there is no space. No fresh air can come into it and therefore the damage to the brain through pressure becomes greater and greater, that is one of the problems of meditation — whether the mind, the brain, the consciousness can be free from all pressure, which means a mind that is free.

We are investigating into what is meditation, not how to meditate. That is a most silly question you can possibly think of — tell me how to meditate. That means you want a system, a system of meditation. For the speaker, there is no system of meditation. In meditation the act of will has to come totally to an end. Will is the essence of desire, heightened form of desire. We act all our lives through will. 'I will do this', 'I must not do that', "I will become something great". The very essence of will is ambition, violence. Is it possible to act in daily life without the act of will? Which means, without control?

Is it possible to act in life, in daily life, without will, without control? The controller is the essence of desire, varying from time to time. Therefore, there is always conflict between the controller and the controlled. When traditionally you accept meditation you try to concentrate, try to control your thoughts; In meditation if you pursue it to its utmost depth and height, the mind must be completely free of all actions of will. The action of will exists when there is choice. When there is a choice, there is confusion. Only when you are confused, you begin to choose. Only when you are clear, there is no choice. So, choice, will, control, go together and prevent the total freedom of the mind. That is one point.

The other is, you think your particular consciousness is different from mine or from another. Is that so? Your consciousness contains all the culture that has been poured into that mind, the tradition, the books that you have read, the struggle, the conflict, the misery, the confusion, the vanities, the arrogance, the cruelties, grief, sorrow, pleasure — all that is your consciousness as a Hindu, as a Buddhist, as a Muslim; that is your consciousness. The content of that makes your consciousness. The book is its content. Consciousness is its content. Now is it possible to be free of the content? Can the mind, consciousness as we know it,

be free of its content? It is very important to understand this, not how to empty consciousness of its content, but to become aware of it first. Awareness implies to observe the world as it is, to know the world, the trees, the nature, the beauty and the ugliness and also to be aware of your neighbour, sari, dress and also to be aware of what you are, inwardly. And if you are so aware, you will see that there are great many reactions, like and dislike, punishment and reward, in that awareness. Can you be aware without any choice, a choiceless awareness, to just to be aware without choosing, without prejudice? To become totally aware of our consciousness — which means, can consciousness become aware of itself, not being asked to be aware and then it becomes a pressure; but to naturally become aware choicelessly of your consciousness. Can consciousness become aware of itself? Which means also can thought, your thinking become aware of itself?

The brain is like a computer. It is registering, registering your experience, your hopes, your desires, your ambitions; it is registering every impression and from that impression, from that registration, thought arises. From registration thought arises. Now, we are asking can there be an awareness of the thought arising, as you can be aware of your anger arising? You can be aware of it, can't you? As one can be aware of anger arising, so can you be aware of thought beginning? Which means, to be aware of the thing flowering, growing. In the same way, is there an awareness of your consciousness, the totality of it? This is part of meditation. This is the essence of meditation — to be aware without any choice of the world outside you, and the immense conflict of the world inside you. When you come to the point, you will see that the world is not separate from you; the world is you. By consciousness, becoming aware of itself then the parts that make up consciousness disappear. Then consciousness becomes quite a different thing. Then it is consciousness of the whole, not of the part. That is one \hat{p} oint.

Most of us are accustomed to systems, various forms of yoga, various forms of government, various forms of bureaucratic rule and they are all based on systems. Your guru will give you a system of meditation; or you pick up a book and learn from that book a system. System implies, the comprehension of the whole through the part. By collecting the part, you hope to understand the totality of existence. Your brain, mind is trained to follow

systems, political systems, religious systems, yogic systems or your own systems. When you are following a system, you are static and that is the easiest way to live — to follow a system, like a railway keeps going on the lines and we are never aware we are like the railway, running on lines, groves.

So concentration is resistance to all other forms of thought. You cultivate resistance whereas we are saying concentration at a certain level is necessary. Even there, if we can learn how to attend, then concentration becomes very easy. We are going to find out, what it means to attend. That means, give your heart, your mind, all your senses completely to something. When you so attend, when all your senses are completely awakened and observing, then in that process or in that quality of attention, there is no centre. When there is no centre, there is no limitation to space. Most of us have the centre, which is the form of the 'me', the ego, the personality, the character, the tendency, the idiosyncrasy, the peculiarities and so on. There is a centre in each one, which is the essence of the self, which is selfishness. Wherever there is a centre, the space must always be limited. That is why we are saying a mind that is occupied is forming all the time a centre, and therefore its occupation is limiting the space. When there is total attention, when you observe, hear, learn, with all your senses awakened, there is no centre.

Do it in daily life, with your relationship, with your wife, with your neighbour, in your relationship with nature. Relationship means to be related. You can only be related to another if you have no image about yourself or about one another; then you are directly related.

Out of this comes compassion; that is, passion for all. That can only take place when there is this perfume, this quality of love, which is not desire, which is not pleasure, which is not the action of thought. Love is not a thing put together by thought, by environment, by sensation. Love is not emotion, love is not sensation. Love means the love of rocks, love of trees, love of a stray dog, love of the skies, the beauty, the sunset, love of your neighbour, love without all the sensation of sexuality with which it is identified now. Love cannot exist when you are ambitious, when you are seeking power, position, money. How can a man love you, if you are the wife, when all his mind is concentrated on becoming something, on having power in the world? He can

sleep with you, have children, but that is not love. That is lust, with all its misery. And without love, you cannot have compassion. When there is compassion, there is clarity, clarity of your mind; to think clearly, objectively, non-personally, to reason sanely. That also brings certain clarity but we are not talking of that clarity. We are talking of the light that comes from compassion. Every act is clear, and from that clarity comes skill, skill in communication, skill in action, skill in the art of listening, learning, observing.

Meditation is the awakening of that intelligence that is born out of compassion, clarity and the skill that intelligence uses. The word 'intelligence' means not only what is to be read between the two lines, horizontally as well as vertically, but much more than that. That intelligence is non-personal, non-cultivable; that comes only out of compassion and clarity. All this is meditation and much more, and the more is when the mind is free and therefore completely quiet. It cannot be quiet if there is no space. So, silence can only come not through practice, not through control, not the silence between two noises, not the peace between two wars; silence comes when the body, the mind is in complete harmony without any friction. Then, in that silence there is a total movement which is the end of time. That means, time has come to an end. There is much more in meditation, which is, to find that which is most sacred; not the sacredness of the idols in the temples or in the church or the mosques — those are man-made, hand-made, made by the mind, by thought. There is sacredness which is not touched by thought. That can only come about naturally, easily and happily when we have brought about complete order in our daily life. When there is such order in our daily life — order means no conflict — then out of that comes this quality of love, compassion and clarity. And meditation is all this, not something that you escape from life, your daily living. And those who know the quality of this meditation are blessed.

KRISHNAJI ON ' ' OTHERNESS' ' ' BENEDICTION'
' ' IMMENSITY "

Woke up early this morning, to experience that benediction. One was "forced" to sit up to be in that clarity and beauty. Later in the morning sitting on a roadside bench under a tree one felt the immensity of it. It gave shelter, protection like the tree overhead whose leaves gave shelter against the strong mountain sun and yet allowed light to come through. All relationship is such protection in which there's freedom, there is shelter.

(July 22, 1961)

Woke up early this morning with an enormous sense of power, beauty and incorruptibility. It was not something that had happened, an experience that was past and one woke up to remember it as in a dream, but something that was actually taking place. One was aware of something utterly incorruptible, in which nothing could possibly exist that could become corrupt, deteriorate. It was too immense for the brain to grasp, to remember; it could only register, mechanically, that there is such a "state" of incorruption. Experiencing such a state is vastly important; it was there, limitless, untouchable, impenetrable.

Because of its incorruptibility, there was in it beauty. Not the beauty that fades nor something put together by the hand of man, nor the evil with its beauty. One felt that in its presence all essence exists and so it was sacred. It was a life in which nothing could perish. Death is incorruptible but man makes of it a corruption as, for him, life is.

With it all, there was that sense of power, strength as solid as that mountain which nothing could shatter, which no sacrifice, prayer, virtue could ever touch.

It was there, immense, which no wave of thought could corrupt, a thing remembered. It was there and the eyes, the breath were of it.

Time, laziness, corrupts. It must have gone on for a certain period. Dawn was just coming and there was dew on the car outside and on the grass. The sun wasn't yet but the sharp snow peak was clear in the grey-blue-sky; it was an enchanting morning with not a cloud. But it wouldn't last, it was too lovely.

Why should all this happen to us? No explanation is good enough, though one can invent a dozen. But certain things are fairly clear. 1. One must be wholly "indifferent" to it coming and going. 2. There must be no desire to continue the experience or to store it away in memory. 3. There must be a certain physical sensitivity, a certain indifference to comfort. 4. There must be self-critical humorous approach. But even if one had all these, by chance, not through deliberate cultivation and humility, even then, they are not enough. Something totally different is necessary or nothing is necessary. It must come and you can never go after it, do what you will. You can also add love to the list but it is beyond love. One thing is certain, the brain can never comprehend it nor can it contain it. Blessed is he to whom it is given. And you can add also a still, quiet brain.

(July 23, 1961)

Woke up this morning, rather early, with a sense of a mind that had penetrated into unknown depths. It was as though the mind itself was going into itself, deeply and widely and the journey seemed to have been without movement. And there was this experience of immensity in abundance and a richness that was incorruptible.

(July 25, 1961)

Woke up early in the morning; that which is a benediction and that which is strength were there and the brain was aware of them as it is aware of a perfume but it was not a sensation, an emotion; they were simply there. Do what one will, they will always be there; there was nothing one could do about it.

There was a talk this morning and during the talk, the brain which reacts, thinks, constructs was absent. The brain was not working, except, probably, for the memory of words.

(July 27, 1961)

Unexpectedly, there was a flash of that unapproachable power and strength that was physically shattering. The body became frozen into immobility and one had to shut one's eyes not to go off into a faint. It was completely shattering and everything that was didn't seem to exist. And the immobility of that strength and the destructive energy that came with it, burned out the limitations of sight and sound. It was something indescribably great whose height and depth are unknowable.

(July 30, 1961)

Walking along the path that followed the fast-running stream, cool and pleasant, with many people about, there was that benediction, as gentle as the leaves and there was in it a dancing joy. But there was beyond and through it that immense, solid strength and power that was unapproachable. One felt that there was immeasurable depth behind it, unfathomable. It was there, with every step, with an urgency and yet with infinite "indifference". As a big, high dam holds back the river, forming a vast lake of many miles, so was this immensity.

But every moment there was destruction; not the destruction to bring about a new change — change is never new — but total destruction of what has been so that it can never be. There was no violence in this destruction; there is violence in change, in revolution, in submission, in discipline, in control and domination but here all violence, in any form with a different name, has totally ceased. It is this destruction that is creation.

But creation is not peace. Peace and conflict belong to the world of change and time, to the outward and inward movement of existence, but this was not of time or of any movement in space. It is pure and absolute destruction and only then can the "new" be.

As one writes that benediction is there, as the soft breeze among the leaves.

(July 31, 1961)

Woke up early this morning; unwashed one was forced to sit up and one has generally sat up in bed for some time before getting out of bed. But this morning it was beyond the usual procedure, it was an urgent and imperative necessity. As one sat up, in a little while there came that immense benediction and presently one felt that this whole power, this whole impenetrable, stern strength was in one, about one and in the head, and in the very middle of all this immensity, there was complete stillness . . . It was a stillness which no mind can imagine, formulate; no violence can produce this stillness; it had no cause; it was not a result; it was the stillness in the very centre of a tremendous hurricane. It was the stillness of all motion, the essence of all action; it was the explosion of creation and it's only in such stillness that creation can take place.

Again the brain could not capture it; it could not record it in its memories, in the past, for this thing is out of time; it had no future, it had no past or present. If it was of time, the brain could capture it and shape it according to its conditioning. As this stillness is the totality of all motion, the essence of all action, a living that was without shadow, the thing of shadow could not, by any means, measure it. It is too immense for time to hold it and no space could contain it.

All this may have lasted a minute or an hour. Before sleeping the process was acute and it has continued in a mild way all day long.

(August 2, 1961)

Woke up early with that strong feeling of otherness, of another world that is beyond all thought; it was very intense and as clear

and pure as the early morning, cloudless sky. Imagination and illusion are purged from the mind for there is no continuance. Everything is and it has never been before. Where there is possibility of continuance, there is delusion.

It was clear morning though soon clouds would be gathering. As one looked out of the window, the trees, the fields were very clear. A curious thing is happening; there is a heightening of sensitivity. Sensitivity, not only to beauty but also to all other things. The blade of grass was astonishingly green; that one blade of grass contained the whole spectrum of colour; it was intense, dazzling and such a small thing, so easy to destroy. Those trees were all of life, their height and their depth; the lines of those sweeping hills and the solitary trees were the expression of all time and space; and the mountains against the pale sky were beyond all the gods of man. It was incredible to see, feel, all this by just looking out of the window. One's eyes were cleansed.

It is strange how during one or two interviews that strength, that power filled the room. It seemed to be in one's eyes and breath. It comes into being, suddenly and most unexpectedly, with a force and intensity that is quite over-powering and at other times it's there, quietly and serenely. But it's there, whether one wants it or not. There is no possibility of getting used to it for it has never been nor will it ever be. But it's there.

(August 3, 1961)

Woke up early in the morning; it was still dark but dawn would soon come; towards the east there was in the distance a pale light. The sky was very clear and the shape of the mountains and the hills were just visible. It was very quiet.

Out of this vast silence suddenly, as one sat up in bed, when thought was quiet and far away, when there wasn't even a whisper of a feeling, there came that which was now the solid, inexhaustible being. It was solid, without weight, without measure; it was there and besides it, there existed nothing. It was there without another. The words solid, immovable, imperishable do not in any way convey that quality of timeless stability. None of these or any other word could communicate that which was there. It was totally itself and nothing else; it was the totality of all things, the

essence. The purity of it remained, leaving one without thought, without action. It's not possible to be one with it; it is not possible to be one with a swiftly flowing river. You can never be one with that which has no form, no measure, no quality. It is; that is all.

How deeply mature and tender everything has become and strangely all life is in it; like a new leaf, utterly defenceless.

(August 4, 1961)

There was, as one woke up this morning early, a flash of "seeing", "looking", that seems to be going on and on for ever. It started nowhere and went nowhere but in that seeing all sight was included and all things. It was a sight that went beyond the streams, the hills, the mountains, past the earth and the horizon and the people. In this seeing, there was penetrating light and incredible swiftness. The brain could not follow it nor could the mind contain it. It was pure light and a swiftness that knew no resistance.

On the walk yesterday, the beauty of light among the trees and on the grass was so intense, that it left one actually breathless and the body frail. Later this morning, as one was just going to have breakfast, like a knife thrust into a soft earth, there was that benediction, with its power and strength. It came as does lightning and was gone as quickly.

The process was rather intense yesterday afternoon and somewhat less this morning. There's frailty about the body.

(August 5, 1961)

Though one had slept, not too well, on waking one was aware that all night the process was going but, much more, that there was a blossoming of that benediction. One felt as though it was operating upon one.

On waking, there was an outgoing, outpouring of this power and strength. It was as a stream rushing out of the rocks, out of the earth. There was a strange and unimaginable bliss in this, an ecstasy that had nothing to do with thought and feeling.

There is an aspen tree and its leaves and trembling in the breeze and without that dance life is not.

(August 6, 1961)

The sun was just beginning to show through the clouds, early in the morning and the daily roar of traffic had not yet begun; it was raining and the sky was dull grey. On the little terrace the rain was beating down and the breeze was fresh. Standing in the shelter, watching a stretch of the river and the autumnal leaves, there came that otherness, like a flash and it remained for a while to be gone again. It's strange how very intense and actual it has become. It was as real as these roof-tops with hundreds of chimneys. In it there is a strange driving strength; because of its purity, it is strong, the strength of innocency which nothing can corrupt. And it was a benediction.

(September 6, 1961)

Walking along the pavement overlooking the biggest basilica and down the famous steps to a fountain and many picked flowers of so many colours, crossing the crowded square, we went along a narrow one-way street (via Margutta), quiet, with not too many cars; there in that dimly lit street, with few unfashionable shops, suddenly and most unexpectedly that otherness came with such intense tenderness and beauty that one's body and brain becomes motionless. For some days now, it had not made its immense presence felt; it was there vaguely, in the distance, a whisper but there the immense was manifesting itself, sharply and with waiting patience. Thought and speech were gone and there was peculiar joy and clarity. It followed down the long, narrow street till the roar of traffic and overcrowded pavement swallowed us all. It was a benediction that was beyond all image and thoughts.

(September 27, 1961)

At odd and unexpected moments, the otherness has come, suddenly and unexpectedly and went its way, without invitation and without need. All need and demand must wholly cease for it to be.

Meditation, in the still hours of early morning, with no car rattling by, was the unfolding of beauty. It was not thought exploring with its limited capacity nor the sensitivity of feeling; it was not any outward or inward substance which was expressing itself; it was not the movement of time, for the brain was still.

It was total negation of everything known, not a reaction but a denial that had no cause; it was a movement in complete freedom, a movement that had no direction and dimension; in that movement there was boundless energy whose very essence was stillness. Its action was total inaction and the essence of that inaction is freedom. There was great bliss, a great ecstasy that perished at the touch of thought.

(September 28, 1961)

In that garden (of the Villa Borghese), right in the middle of the noisy and smelly town, with its flat pines and many trees, turning yellow and brown and the smell of damp ground, there, walking with certain seriousness, was the awareness of the otherness. It was there with great beauty and tenderness; it was not that one was thinking about it — it avoids all thought — but it was there so abundantly that it caused surprise and great delight. Seriousness of thought is so fragmentary and immature but there must be seriousness which is not the product of desire. There is a seriousness that has the quality of light whose very nature is to penetrate, a light that has no shadow; this seriousness is infinitely pliable and therefore joyous. It was there and every tree and leaf, every blade of grass and flower became intensely alive and splendid; colour intense and the sky immeasurable. The earth, moist and leaf-strewn, was life.

(October 14, 1961)

The morning sun is on the little wood on the other side of the road; it is a quiet, peaceful morning, soft, the sun not too hot and the air is fresh and cool. Every tree is so fascinatingly alive, with so many colours and there are so many shadows; they are all

calling and waiting. Long before the sun was up, when it was quiet with no car going up the hill, meditation was a movement in benediction. This movement flowed into the otherness, for it was there in the room, filling it and overflowing it, outward and beyond, without end. There was in it a depth that was unfathomable, of such immensity and there was peace. This peace never knew conflict, was uncontaminated by thought and time. It was not the peace of ultimate finality; it was something that was tremendously and dangerously alive. And it was without defence. Every form of resistance is violence, so also is concession. It was not the peace that conflict engenders; it was beyond all conflict and its opposites. It was not the fruit of satisfaction and discontent, in which are the seeds of deterioration.

(October 15, 1961)

There is something curiously pleasant to walk, alone, along a path, deep in the country, which has been used for several thousand years by pilgrims; there are very old trees along it, tamarind and mango, and it passes through several villages. It passes between green fields of wheat; it is soft underfoot, fine, dry powder, and it must become heavy clay in the wet season; the soft, fine earth gets into your feet, into your nose and eyes, not too much. There are ancient wells and temples and withering gods. The land is flat, flat as the palm of the hand, stretching to the horizon, if there is a horizon. The path has so many turns, in a few minutes it faces in all the directions of a compass. The sky seems to follow that path which is open and friendly. There are few paths like that in the world though each has its own charm and beauty. There is one (at Gstaad) that goes through the valley valley, gently climbing, between rich pasturage, to be gathered for the winter to be given to the cows; that valley is white with snow but then (when he was there) it was the end of summer, full of flowers, with snow mountains all around and there was a noisy stream going through the valley; there was hardly anyone on that path and you walked on it in silence. Then there is another path (at Ojai), climbing steeply by the side of a dry, dusty, crumbling mountain; it was rocky, rough and slippery; there wasn't a tree anywhere near, not even a bush; a quail with her small new

brood, over a dozen of them, was there and further up you came upon a deadly rattler, all curled up, ready to strike but giving you a fair warning. But now, this path was not like any other; it was dusty, made foul by human beings here and there, and there were ruined old temples with their images; a large bull was having its fill among the growing grain, unmolested; there are monkeys too and parrots, the light of the skies. It was the path of a thousand humans for many thousand years. As you walked on it, you were lost; you walked without a single thought and there was the incredible sky and the trees with heavy foliage and birds. There is a mango on that path that is superb; it has so many leaves that the branches cannot be seen and it is so old. As you walk on, there is no feeling at all; thought too has gone but there is beauty. It fills the earth and the sky, every leaf and blade of withering grass. It is there covering everything and you are of it. You are not made to feel all this but it is there and because you are not, it is there, without a word, without a movement. You walk back in silence and fading light.

Every experience leaves a mark and every mark distorts experience; so there is no experience which has not been. Everything is old and nothing new. But this is not so. All the marks of all experiences are wiped away; the brain, the storehouse of the past, becomes completely quiet and motionless, without reaction, but alive, sensitive; then loses the past and is made new again; it was there, that immensity, having no past, no future; it was there, without ever knowing the present. It filled the room expanding beyond all measure.

(January 3, 1962)

A TALK

J. Krishnamurti

Shall we sit quietly for a while? Not meditate or anything like that, but just sit quiet. Then we can probably observe our own activities of mind, our own behaviour, our own conduct, our ways of daily life, our relationship with others, our relationship with each other, intimate or superficial. We ought also to talk over this evening, sorrow, death and meditation. It is a lovely sky and looking at the sky through the leaves and the strange silence of evening that descends at about this time and to talk about the ending of life or death, it may be irrelevant or may not be irrelevant, it is part of our life, like sorrow, and we want solutions, answers immediately for all our problems. These problems can be solved if you immediately behave righteously, if you immediately change your relationship with each other completely. That is the final absolute answer for your problems.

How do you approach any problem, both physical and psychological, how do you come to it? What is your motive, what is your intention, what is your end, because the motive, the direction, the demand for an answer does prevent the solution to the problem, because your approach is already directed, is already conditioned. You have already come with the conclusion, that the answer must be that — satisfactory, comfortable, if I can use the word bourgeois, highly respectable and so on. It matters very much if you are serious to find out for yourself, how you approach any problem. So what is your approach to this problem, the problem of sorrow, the problem of death, and what is that thing called meditation, what is your meditation, what is your puja? Is it traditional, is it an escape, is there a motive that is directing your observation, or are you free to approach the problem? If you approach it freely, then you can look at the problem. Then the

problem itself has an answer. Now a mind that is traditional, that acquiesces, puts up with everything how can it solve a problem? So if you are at all serious, from your heart, from your blood, from your guts, then you must enquire what is your approach to any problem. Are you free? Is your mind capable of observing without any pressure? If you are approaching this problem of sorrow with any amount of pressure, is there an ending to it which becomes a pressure undissolved? If there is not any pressure, any urge to find a solution or answer, then your mind is terribly alive, is logical. Your concern is not then with sorrow but with your traditions, which is much more important than the ending of sorrow. So you are caught both ways. Either you come to it freely, openly, without a single shred of prejudice or pressure or you realise your own prejudice, your conclusions and concepts and end those only. Only then you can understand the problem with all its implications. If you have listened to what is being said that very listening has brought about your attention to your own prejudice, conclusions or concepts. And you put those aside, not for this afternoon or for this evening, but when you put them aside, you put them aside.

We are enquiring, observing and following the movement of sorrow. It is not a fixed thing — sorrow. It is a concrete movement of life, a movement that has been started from the beginning of time. That movement we have inherited and also we have acquired. This whole movement which we call, name, as sorrow, grief, pain, is part of your life, is part of your daily, every day life. It is like the shadow of your life. You cannot escape from it. That is the first thing to realise, that there is no possibility of escape from sorrow. You cannot escape from this thing, from sorrow. You can suppress it, deny it or put up with it. When you put up with something like sorrow, it destroys your mind. You are not sensitive. Our theories, concepts, and our religions all over the world have made us insensitive, have made us dull. So here is the problem: What is sorrow? Why human beings throughout the ages have never resolved their problem? One asks is there an end to it? The ending does not mean an explanation, which is, how am I going to end sorrow? The explanation, the answer, does not solve your sorrow.

We are asking : what is sorrow? What is the relationship between sorrow and passion? We are not talking about lust. When you

enquire into the question of passion it comes with the ending of sorrow. Passion means suffering from which arises that passion which is not physical, which is total, the ending of great burden which man has carried. We are examining the meaning of words, which is, passion and sorrow are interrelated, etymologically, in the root meaning. When you suppress or escape or try to explain it away, you lose the immense energy that is brought about in passion. Sorrow like passion are words to indicate a state of mind in which there is great deal of pain, grief, tears, sense of immense loneliness, a sense of isolation. When that takes place, you feel great sorrow. Feeling that sense of great burden, great grief, pain, we do not know how to resolve it. Not knowing what to do with it, we postpone it. If we don't avoid it and see the full meaning of sorrow, out of that total comprehension, out of that total feeling comes compassion. And without compassion you can never be free. Without passion you can never be creative.

You may be creative when you are lustful, but we are not talking of that. We are not talking of that kind of passion, but a person who observes the movement of sorrow, which is the loss of somebody whom you love or you think you love, the sense of loneliness, the great amount of tears, the weeping, the sense of isolation, having no relationship with anybody else. Don't you know all this? You are completely isolated, and your minds are so trained, so educated that when there is this tremendous crisis in one's life, you seek an immediate answer, and you never face that crisis. If there is no pressure and you face it for yourself, then what is that pain? Is it something that man has inherited from time immemorial? Like our brains which we have inherited through evolution, the human mind which is not your mind or my mind, the human mind, is that part of that inheritance? That is, the remembrance from fathers, fathers down to present generation where man has never solved this problem, or is it self-pity? Is it the sense of deep abiding unconscious loneliness? Have you ever felt that desperate isolation? And because you have not resolved it, that isolation is part of this sorrow. That is, we are self-centred human beings, all our activities are self-centred, unresolved and we come from there and the self-centred activity is a process of isolation. Each person seeking his own fulfilment and ambition, his own pleasure, his own importance, and so on. All these are bringing about a self-centred enclosing, narrow,

limited activity which ultimately, deeply, unconsciously brings about this sense of terrible depressing loneliness. And can you face that loneliness? When you bring all your energy to that loneliness, then you will find if you do it, your total energy in which there is no escape, no running away, no suppressing, no trying to solve it, this deep perception just brings your total energy. Then you find your loneliness is dissipated. But if you are caught in the explanations of your sorrow, karma, past life, circumstances, competition — you are suppressing yourself in order to be like somebody, imitating, conforming; all that also emphasises the narrowing down of this tremendous energy of the mind to a narrow centre from which inevitably action becomes limited and therefore painful. If it is the immemorial, handed down from generation to generation, this sorrow, then can the mind break that tradition? To observe that tradition, if it is a tradition, then with that observation is the gathering of all your energy to look. Out of this perception, observation, stay with the thing, staying, non-moving from this sorrow.

Then out of that comes passion, and with passion comes love. Love is not lust, love is not pleasure, love is not desire. It is the ending of sorrow and the passion that comes with it, which is love, compassion. What is the good of my saying all this, sirs? To the speaker it is a reality, it is something that to him is true. It is not a theory. He does not say anything which is not true to himself. It is not that I want to please you. You can go your way and I can go my way. I am not exploiting you as an audience. I am not relying on one's reputation and all that nonsense, because one lives this kind of life, therefore one is terribly honest.

The next question is death. Why have human beings excluded death from living? What is the living which does not know ending? Why have people written so much about death, volumes about re-incarnation, remembrances of the past? Why have the psychologists gone into the whole business of previous life and so on? Philosophers, religious people, Christians, Hindus and all the so-called religions have written volumes about all this but nobody has taken the trouble to write about life. So we are first enquiring what is living, and what is ending. The ending is what we call death. We are asking what is living and what is ending, why human beings have put the ending as far away from us as possible. What is living, what is existence, what is your life, not

super-consciousness, and all that nonsense, but your daily life? What is your life? Is there never an ending to something in your life? — ending smoking if you are a smoker — ending it; if you are drug addict, ending it. So, what is ending? Have you ever ended anything without pressure? Ending without finding a cause, analysis, wasting time on it. End it. That is what is going to happen to you when death comes to you. You cannot argue with death. You cannot analyse it. You cannot discuss with it. That is ending which means the ending of your brain, the heart comes to an end, circulation stops and the brain collapses, which is the ending of what we call living.

If you examine your own life, what is your life? — a struggle, conflict, pain, sorrow, grief, and ambition, competition, conformity, following a tradition blindly or accepting it. When you examine your life very closely, it is really a very sorrowful affair and you would rather go on with it and say perhaps I will have a better chance next life. Have you examined the 'me', the I, the ego, the soul, the atman? What is that? You believe in some kind of permanency, don't you?, some kind of entity that will get more and more polished as it goes along through time till it reaches the highest principle, which is Brahman, nirvana or moksha or whatever you call it. So you believe that there is an ego, a self, a higher self, the atman, the soul, the principle that moves your life. What is that? What is that thing that the mind clings to? When you examine it very closely is it not the result of thought, the thought of ancestors, the thought which has been quoting the Upanishads or the Gita or the Bible or some book, the poets who have written the Gita? They have established through tradition, that in you there is something which goes on through time. That is your tradition handed down and when you look at it very closely, impersonally, sanely, you will find inevitably if you have an enquiring mind, that it is nothing but the creation of thought. That is you. What are you? — Name, a form, educated to have a degree or not educated; you are all that. You are the result of all time. You are the result of all thought. Thought is the response of memory. Memory is accumulation of knowledge as existence stored up in the brain. You are nothing but thought.

So, now what is sorrow? Knowledge can never be complete. Knowledge always goes with ignorance. Knowledge is always in the shadow of ignorance. Therefore, any thought springing from

knowledge must always be ignorant. Thought has created this entity separating itself from the rest of mankind as the 'me', the 'I'. You are not an individual. We are part of this vast mind of man. When you realise that fact, you enter into a world that is extraordinary. You are the entire humanity, because you suffer, you have agonies, you have doubts, you are hurt, you are ambitious, anxious, uncertain, confused like the rest of the human beings in the world. You are part of that humanity. You are that humanity.

And then what is death? When you realise that fact, an absolute fact, irrevocable, that you are the rest of mankind, you are that mankind, you are the man who goes fishing, you are that poor woman sleeping in the street, you are that little girl making mess in the road, you are all that, then what is death? Then is there such a thing as death? I, born in this country, educated abroad, the various colleges I have been through and all the rest of it, name and certain qualities, I realise that my mind, my brain, my feelings, my senses, are the senses of humanity. Then what is 'I'? Then what is the 'me'? Then what is death? You never come to that point. When you end something, when you end an attachment, to your wife, to your people, to your gods, to your guru, to your concepts — when you end something, what takes place? Have you ever done it? Have you ended an attachment completely? End it. Then that tremendous burden of attachment with pain, anxiety, jealousy, when you end it, there is something totally new that takes place. So a man whose mind is the universe, the universe of humanity, to him there is no death.

Now let us talk about meditation. What is meditation? Why is it important to meditate? Why have human beings throughout the ages enquired into this? Can we briefly examine? You set aside completely every form of system of meditation — Zen, Buddhist meditation, the various types of meditation of the Hindus with their mantras, repetition of mantras, japas, the many Christian forms of meditation, Tibetan form of meditation — they are all based, if you observe it closely, on concepts. Concepts are put together by thought. And thought says "I am restless and chattering all the time. There must be some time when you begin with a concept that it must be quiet, it must be still." So you practice, you follow the system of this person or that person who says 'I know this, you do this'. He has got something which we want and we are willing to pay what he has through meditation. I

know you practise meditation. You do puja, but it is all words. And you are like your gods. They are all put together by thought. So, can we see the whole process of that from the great Himalayas east and west and all that, and put all that aside? Then what is meditation? Conscious, that is the deliberate process of will, desire, compliance, imitation, the practise, all that indicates a conscious effort by thought, by desire, desire with its strong will to achieve a certain result, that is, to have a mind that is absolutely quiet. Conscious meditation with all the implications is no longer meditation.

Then what is meditation which is not conscious? Man throughout the ages has searched for something beyond time, watched, looked at, enquired, something that is incorruptible, something beyond all experiences, beyond all knowledge, outside of all human endeavour, because human endeavour is the movement of thought in different directions and thought is born of knowledge and is very limited. The speaker said there must be somewhere something that is not perishable, that is incorruptible, that is timeless, eternal. That seed has been sown in man from time immemorial, and we have got that seed moving all through mankind, and we have never opened or looked at that seed. We have said what that seed should be. Do you understand what I am saying? We have said what that seed must do, what its activities are, with all kinds of ignoble or noble qualities, but we have never said this thing, which man has started from time immemorial, it can ever flower, grow. That is meditation. That is, to begin a life, daily life, behaviour, which is correct, accurate in daily life, where there is no conflict, where there is affection, care, not for your children, but care for the world around you, care for your women, so that there is no condemnation of each other, no exploitation of each other. If that is not laid down as a foundation, you cannot move. You neglect all that, and try to find some god somewhere. If you don't begin there, you will end up in an illusion. The word "illusion" means to play with something which is not real. You are caught in illusions, if you don't have your house in order.

Your house is burning, and you don't begin there, which is to bring the right behaviour, right order, care, affection, love, compassion, which can only come when there is the ending of sorrow. Then you begin to enquire. Then the mind knows what it

means to die — ending everything everyday. Psychologically can we end registering at all? End your hurt immediately, the hurt which you have carried from childhood or the hurt which you receive from your wife, husband. Face whatever it is, the hurt, anxiety, to end it immediately, which is not to register the hurt. That means to pay tremendous attention when the hurt is beginning to come into being:

So, meditation can never be conscious, can never be thought out, premeditated. Then you will find very naturally, very easily, there is a quality of stillness in the mind. And it is only that enormous sense of stillness and silence — the brain that is in a vast space, then only truth can come into being, and that is real meditation.

Madras,
6.1.1980.

AUDIO AND VIDEO CASSETTES :

A wide range of Audio tapes of Krishnaji's Public talks, talks to the children in the schools and Public discussions are available for sale with the Foundation. Given below is the list of recent tapes :

AUDIO CASSETTES :

1977-78	Rishi Valley	3 Public Talks
1978	Ojai	6 Public Talks
	Saanen	7 Public Talks
	Brockwood	4 Public Talks
1978-79	Varanasi	3 Public Talks
	Madras	6 Public Talks
	Bombay	4 Public Talks
1979	Ojai	6 Public Talks
1979	Saanen	7 Public Talks
	Brockwood	4 Public Talks
1979-80	Madras	6 Public Talks
	Bombay	5 Public Talks
1980	Ojai	6 Public Talks
	Saanen	7 Public Talks
	Brockwood	4 Public Talks
1980-81	Sri Lanka	4 Public Talks
	Madras	6 Public Talks
	Bombay	6 Public Talks
1981	Ojai	6 Public Talks
	Amsterdam	2 Public Talks
	Saanen	7 Public Talks
	Brockwood	4 Public Talks
	Delhi	4 Public Talks
1981-82	Varanasi	3 Public Talks
	Madras	6 Public Talks
	Bombay	6 Public Talks

THE AUDIO CASSETTES ARE PRICED AS FOLLOWS :

Sony C-90 (Imported Cassette)	Rs. 80/-
Tony C-90 (Singapore Make)	Rs. 60/-
Coney C-90 (Indian)	Rs. 55/-
Only for recording a Cassette	Rs. 35/-

VIDEO CASSETTES :

$\frac{1}{2}$ " Video Cassettes in colour on the V.H.S. system are available for sale.

For one Cassette containing two talks,

Rs.800/-