

BULLETIN

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KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

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Vasanta Vihar, 64/5 Greenways Road, Madras 600028

- U.K. Krishnamurti Foundation Trust Ltd.
24 Southend Road, Beckenham, Kent, U.K. BR3 1SD
- SPANISH AMERICA Fundación Krishnamurti Hispanoamericana,
P.O. Box 1782, San Juan, Puerto Rico 00919-1782
- U.S.A. Krishnamurti Foundation of America,
P.O. Box 216, Ojai, California 93023
- AUSTRALIA Mrs. Mavis Bennett, Krishnamurti Books,
P.O. Box 655, Surfers Paradise, Queensland 4217
- BELGIUM Krishnamurti Komitee Belgie (French)
Comte et Comtesse Hugues van der Straten Ponthoz,
Mr. R. Linssen,
20 rue Pére Dedeken, 1040 Bruxelles
Krishnamurti Komitee Belgie (Flemish)
Monica Cattoor, Mortierstraat 11, 9850 Poesele-Nevele
- BRAZIL Instituicao Cultural Krishnamurti,
Avenida Presidente Vargas 418 - Sala 1, 109,
Caixa Postal 1827-ZC-00, Rio de Janeiro, Estado Do Rio de Janeiro
- CANADA Krishnamurti Centre of Canada,
1480 Palmerston Ave., West Vancouver, B.C. V7T 2H7
- DENMARK Krishnamurti Komiteen,
Strandboulevarden 62 B, 4.mf., 2100 Copenhagen 0
- FINLAND Krishnamurti-Kirjat, Eerikinkatu, 26 A 9, 00100 Helsinki 10
- FRANCE Association Culturelle Krishnamurti,
73 rue Fondary, 75015 Paris
- GERMANY/AUSTRIA Mrs. I. von Massenbach, Ganghoferstr. 7, D-8031 Gernlinden
Mr. Manfred Schneider, Albert-Schweitzer-Strasse 1,
D-6072 Dreieich-Götzenhain
- GREECE Spyros Tsourapas, c/o Petros Hadjipetros,
15 Harkaou Trikoupi 145 62 Kifissia, Athens
- ICELAND Mr. S. Halldorsson, Bakastig 1, Reykjavik
- INDONESIA Mr. M. Dalidd, 14 Djalan Singkep, Malang
- ISRAEL Mr. Avraham Jacoby, Ahneveim St. No. 16 Shickoon-Mizrah
Rishon-le-Zion 75-534
- ITALY Dott. Ing. Giovanni Turchi, Via Garofalo 19, 20133 Milano
- JAPAN Yumiko Shimizu, Kataoka-kata, Kamimeguro 3-42-21, Meguro, Tokyo
- MAURITIUS Krishnamurti Centre, c/o Vishnu Achameeing, 8 Victor Hugo Street,
Beau Bassin
- NETHERLANDS Stichting Krishnamurti Nederland,
Secretary: Lage Duin 19, 2121 CC Bennebroek
Books, Bulletin: Weikamperweg 93, 7351 TG Hoenderloo
- NEW ZEALAND Mr. R. Falla, Charteris, R.D.1, Lyttelton
- NORWAY Krishnamurti Biblioteket, J. Lem, Fagertunun 12 N-4790, Lillesand
- PORTUGAL Núcleo Cultural Krishnamurti, Av. Leonor Fernandes 36, 7000 Evora
- SINGAPORE Mr. Koh Kok Kiang, 104 Henderson Crescent, 079-62, Singapore 0315
- SOUTH AFRICA Krishnamurti Learning Centre of Southern Africa,
113 Ninth Avenue, Durban
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- SRI LANKA Krishnamurti Centre Sri Lanka Inc., 23/3 Mirihana Road, Nugegoda
- SWEDEN Krishnamurti Center, c/o Englund, Storskogsvagen 45, 14400, Ronninge
- SWITZERLAND Krishnamurti Freunde der Schweiz (German and Italian)
Mr. Franz Haller, Bachstrasse 18, CH5303 Würenlingen
Miss Gisèle Balleys (for the Suisse Romande)
rue Encyclopédie 6 bis, CH1202 Geneva

From the Editor

On the 11th of May, 1988, in Madras, at Vasanta Vihar, which was Krishnamurti's home in India, there was a gathering of friends to witness the laying of a foundation stone for *The K.F.I. Centre for Continuing Dialogue* and to hear Shri R. Venkataraman deliver the first Krishnamurti Memorial lecture. Dr. P. C. Alexander laid the foundation for the Centre and Smt. Subhalakshmi sang Krishnamurti's favourite bhajans at the end, at twilight.

The Centre is not meant to be a memorial to Krishnamurti, who disdained such things, but rather, as the name suggests, a place where earnest people will gather and discuss, in a spirit of free and impersonal enquiry, those questions passionately discussed by Krishnamurti but forgotten by the modern world: how should one live? A statement on the activities of the Centre is part of this issue as is a talk delivered by Krishnamurti in 1928.

Shri Venkataraman, now president of India, was a former trustee of the Krishnamurti Trust, Madras. As a member of the Trust and a friend of Krishnamurti's he visited Vasanta Vihar every year. And it was as a friend of Krishnamurti's that he chose to come to Vasanta Vihar to deliver the lecture, the text of which is also included in the Bulletin.

TRUTH OR LOYALTY

Opening Address Ommen Star Camp 4 August 1928

For seventeen years, or perhaps more, some of you have been waiting, watching, eagerly expecting, anxious to find out for yourselves. And if you have come to the camp not to question, not to doubt, but merely to enjoy yourselves, merely to seek a shelter for your comfort, then the camp as such will be useless. You will find Truth only by putting aside everything that you have gained, by denying everything that you have accumulated. All that you have built can be pulled down by doubt because you have based your understanding throughout the ages on authority, on personal worship.

You all are afraid because you are trying to find shelters where there are no shelters, you are trying to reconcile your beliefs with the irreconcilable which is Truth.

You want so many things to help you and guide you, so many crutches to give you understanding.

For you, loyalty to a person is greater than loyalty to the Truth. I hope you will never be loyal to me, but rather be loyal to yourselves. Because you are loyal to one individual you exclude from your mind and heart the loyalty due to everyone and the loyalty due to yourselves. You may have — as I know you have — great devotion to this form, but you have not the same devotion to Truth, which is what I want to awaken in you.

You may give me your affection, you may show me your devotion, but that is not of very great importance. What is important is that you should become the disciples of Truth, not of the intermediary,

not of the shadow which stands between yourself and the Truth. For I would much rather have one person who understands than thousands who are constantly merely repeating my words through a different mask.

I do not mind whether at the end of this week you all decide not to return to the camp next year. I do not mind if you no longer hold me in your hearts and minds, but I want to show you that which is false, which is fleeting, can never lead you to Truth and happiness.

In order to attain, in order to fulfil, you must go through great discontentment, great revolt and great turmoil. But you are not willing to go through that. And as you have not been willing to do that and as the time has now come when it must be done, I am going to do it for you, not out of cruelty, not out of harshness, not out of lack of affection, but on the contrary, out of love.

I am in love, not with you but with that which is behind you, not with your faces and your clothes but with that which is Life.

**SPEECH BY THE PRESIDENT OF INDIA,
SHRI R. VENKATARAMAN, ON THE OCCASION OF
J. KRISHNAMURTI MEMORIAL LECTURE
AT VASANTHA VIHAR**

11 May 1988

Friends,

These lovely woods and this twilight hour are precious to us. This is the place, this the hour, which Krishnaji chose whenever he was in Madras, to share his innermost thoughts. Here under this filigree of leaves, he would sit and communicate — with his silences no less than with his words. And as the light of the setting sun went down over the gathering, an inner light would slowly emerge within every listener.

I believe I have been asked to deliver the First Krishnamurti Memorial Lecture, not so much because I happen to be the President of India but because I am one of his admirers who had the privilege of listening to him and being fascinated by him. I have therefore chosen to speak today on Krishnaji himself and on what he has meant to our generation. At the same time I must confess to a sense of inadequacy at the task of painting a picture of one who transcended human limitations and belonged, really, to the vast expanse of metaphysical thought. And yet, this opportunity is of extraordinary value to me and I must thank the Krishnamurti Foundation for giving it to me.

The Krishnamurti Foundation has today installed two memorial stones, one on the beach at Adyar and one here. This is entirely appropriate. Krishnamurti and his younger brother came to Adyar as children. There, where the river meets the sea, Krishnamurti

spent many pleasant moments every day for several months. On the Adyar sands, one day Charles Leadbeater saw on the young Krishnamurti a most wonderful aura that was "without a particle of selfishness in it". Very soon, therefore, the two brothers were taken to meet Dr. Annie Besant. Krishnaji has recorded:

As is the custom with us towards those for whom we have great reverence, we both prostrated ourselves at her feet. She lifted us up and embraced us.

The act of lifting up and embracing the two sons of Jiddu Narayaniah by the great Mother Spirit that Dr. Besant was, resembled what happened several years earlier, when Ramakrishna Paramahansa met Swami Vivekananda. Both Shri Ramakrishna and Dr. Besant had anticipated the arrival of a great soul who would, in his own way, give the world a great message.

Discovery, adoption and initiation into the Theosophical Society were rapid. Within a matter of months, he began to exhibit powers of intuition that far surpassed even Dr. Besant's expectations. Soon, the first book written by him entitled *At the Feet of the Master* came to be published. Dr. Besant, in an introduction, said:

This is the first book written by a younger brother, young in body verily, but not in Soul.

The Order of the Star in the East with Krishnaji as its Head was soon set up, Dr. Besant and Leadbeater being its 'Protectors'.

Dr. Besant declared in her daily *New India* that the voice that had been heard two thousand years ago was now to be heard again — the Voice of Christ; that the Flute that had been heard on the banks of the river Yamuna was now to be heard again through Krishnamurti.

Krishnaji was soon sent to England for further studies. But once there, Krishnaji began to probe into problems of life quite independently. It is a tribute to his personality that, in the words of Jamnadas Dwarkadas:

He found himself free to choose his own path and no one

dared to interfere with him.

Krishnaji soon shook himself free of all following. He in fact began to describe following of any type as evil, be it the following of a guru, or the following of religion.

In 1928, at the Seventh International Camp of the Order of the Star held at Ommen in Holland, he was asked "Are you the Christ come back?", Krishnaji answered:

Friends, if I say to that I am, and another says to you that I am not the Christ — where will you be? Put aside the label, for that has no value. Drink the water, if the water is clean. I say to you that I have that clean water; I have the balm that shall purify, that shall heal greatly; and you ask me; who are you? I am all things because I am life.

The Theosophists and the Order of the Star had, for years, predicted a great Coming, the arrival of a World Teacher who would say something so new and unexpected that would startle the world. But the Order of the Star and the Theosophical Society had visualised the World Teacher in their own likeness. Krishnaji was not to be in any one's likeness.

In the presence of Dr. Besant and more than three thousand Star members, Krishnaji dissolved the Order of the Star in 1929. Krishnaji's speech on the occasion at the Ommen Camp at Holland belongs to the category of all-time utterances. He said at the conclusion of it:

I have now decided to disband the Order, as I happen to be its Head. You can form other organisations and expect someone else. With that I am not concerned, nor with creating new cages, new decorations for those cages. My only concern is to set men absolutely, unconditionally free.

In 1930, Krishnaji resigned from the Theosophical Society also. After his severance from Theosophy, as Mary Lutyens tells us in her book on Krishnaji, his meetings drew people who were "interested in what he had to say, not what they had been told he was".

Dr. Besant was, soon, grievously ill. Ever thoughtful, ever caring, Krishnaji came from the USA where he then was, to see her at Adyar. The last meeting was moving. Two decades and more had elapsed since the day when as a child, Krishnaji had prostrated before her. The sands of time were running out for Dr. Besant while Krishnaji was well on the way to becoming the Krishnaji that the world was to know for another half a century. After Dr. Besant's passing away, he observed:

She was a mother to me, she brought me up, but never did she say to me do this, don't do that.

Acharya Vinoba Bhave, after a meeting with Krishnaji once said:

Krishnamurti may deny the role of the World Teacher, negate the church built for him, deny his role as the supreme guru, deny being the divine Krishna; but Dr. Besant could not be denied her role as Yashoda, the foster mother of Krishna, the divine cowherd.

There can be no doubt that it was Dr. Besant who first ignited the lamp which has glowed ever since.

Whether here at Madras, or at Rishi Valley; in Rajghat at Varanasi or in New York City; in Sri Lanka or at Saanen in Switzerland, Krishnaji seemed to incandesce. In the intellectual and spiritual darkness that surrounds us, he was like a light, now here and now over there, moving incessantly, transmitting lustre almost in spite of himself.

Instinctively, countless persons came to regard him as a preceptor who could enlighten them. Shrimati Pupul Jayakar tells us in her moving book on Krishnaji about a discussion that took place between her, Shrimati Radha Burnier and Krishnaji at Rishi Valley. At her comment that, for her, Krishnaji was the guru, Krishnaji asked "what do you mean by guru". Pupulji said "he who awakens". Krishnaji then said:

The approach of the awakener and the awakened is wrong. When there is light and I am in darkness and move into the light where is the awakener? Some stay in the light, some

wander away, that is all.

A little later Krishnaji added a comment which echoed the Tathagata: "I am not saying I am the light".

A Philosopher of Philosophers, a Teacher of Teachers, Krishnaji recoiled from these descriptions. He so recoiled because he did not set out to persuade or instruct anybody. At all times he was a comrade, a friend, a fellow thinker.

Despite all his fame, Krishnaji remained intensely human. Krishnaji was one of the world's most naturally modest people. I used to feel greatly embarrassed when during my conversations with him, he used to say 'Sir' and I would demur. But the next moment he would repeat 'Sir' when he made a sharp point or refuted your observations. Courtesy was for him his second nature. What he valued most, perhaps, was the pleasure of companionship that was not dependant on physical proximity but had its being in silent, intuitive, empathy. Whenever he spoke or saw someone, a certain intensity would slowly but surely establish itself between the two, leaving the other person powerfully aware not just of Krishnaji but of himself; he seemed to introduce us — to ourselves. Often times people asked him questions. Krishnaji would seldom answer but would excite in the questioner a thought process that would lead the person to find an answer. Once I asked him in despair whether there is no solution to human misery in the shape of wars, of destruction and exploitation of man by man. He put me a counter question: 'What are your problems?', I said I had none. I do not covet wealth or office. I am content and have no disappointments. Then he asked me why cannot all other human beings be the same. Will the world then have the problems I spoke about?

In one of his talks, Krishnaji said we fret over the unborn tomorrow and dead yesterday and bring misery on one's self. He said you should live the present. In another talk he traced the cause of misery to one's ego, personal, sectarian and national.

Krishnaji's mind observed everything, but did not docket the observations into 'set' pigeonholes. From this very spot on the 3rd January 1968, he said:

We never see a tree, we see the tree through the image that we have of it, the concept of that tree; but the concept, the knowledge, the experience, is entirely different from the actual tree.

We see through myriad lenses; the bi-focals or racial or individual bias, the tints of subjective opinion, the prisms of prejudice; concaves of what has been or convexes of the hereafter. Everything, except the simple act of seeing something as that something is, unfragmented and undistorted.

Why, we may ask, is a total vision important? It is important not just because such vision enables a total view per se but because it enables us to see linkages, relationships and the interlocking of cause with effect. The physical can then be seen to impinge on the metaphysical; the mundane on the moral.

The mystic poet William Blake wrote in the 18th century these immortal lines:

To see a World in a grain of sand,
And a Heaven in a wild flower,
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,
And Eternity in a hour.

This inability to see the real constitutes a loss as serious as that caused by physical sightlessness. It leaves one deprived of right understanding, of right relationships and therefore of a whole world of awareness. The blinded Duke of Gloucester in Shakespeare's King Lear, who failed to distinguish between good and bad when he had his eyes, says, "I stumbled when I saw". Krishnaji knew that society is constantly stumbling for lack of an ability to see reality, to perceive and to understand it. And by so stumbling, it is constantly injuring itself.

Pupulji tells us in her book that, for instance, when on January 30, 1948, Krishnaji received the news of Mahatma Gandhi's assassination, he became very still and then he said to the group of people he was talking to:

World events are not unrelated incidents; they are related. The

real cause of Gandhiji's untimely death lies in you. The real cause is you. Because you are communal, you encourage the spirit of division — through property, through caste, through ideology, through having different religions, sects, leaders. When you call yourself a Hindu, a Muslim, a Parsee, or God knows what else, it is bound to produce conflict in the world.

Morality is not a code; it is a sense of the relatedness of things, of the wholeness of things, an ability to discriminate between order and its opposite — disorder. This sense must come from within. Krishnaji believed that all of us possessed that faculty, that sense. But he knew that in most of us it lay dormant.

He once spoke of 'order' as being: Not a goodness in heaven, but order, goodness in relationship and action in the new.

We should ponder over the phrase "goodness in relationship" and his stress on "the new". Relationships in our times are measured in terms of the usefulness of a person or a situation to oneself. We go in fact a step further; one who is not useful is taken to pose a threat and so, to the pursuit of self-interest, are added competitiveness and conflict. This is true of individuals as well as of nations.

Krishnaji said in New York City in 1971:

Don't you know what it means to be related to the world? When you feel you are the world, feel that you are responsible, that you are committed to this responsibility. That is the only commitment; not to be committed through bombs, or committed to a particular activity, but to feel that you are the world and the world is you. Unless you change completely, radically, and bring about a total mutation in yourself, do what you will outwardly, there will be no peace for man.

Krishnaji stressed here the need for action, but an action that proceeded from one's own inner change.

With order, harmony and wholesomeness in Man everything else falls in place. Without such order things cannot but fall apart.

Inner change, Krishnaji said, was essential if the pervasive miseries of our time — individual, social, political, economic are to end. In an observation made in Switzerland in 1969, Krishnaji said:

Look, Sir, I have not read anything. Now here I am: I know nothing. I only know that I am in sorrow and that I have got a fairly good mind. I have no authority — Sankara, Krishna, Patanjali, nobody — I am absolutely alone. I have got to face my life and I have got to be a good citizen — not according to the Communists, Capitalists, or Socialists. Good Citizenship means behaviour, which is not one thing in office and different at home. First, I want to find out how to be free of this sorrow. Then being free, I shall find out if there is such a thing as God or whatever it is.

That statement of Krishnaji's is quite extraordinary. It reiterates that we must lean on no external authority. It tells us that we must face life, not shy away from it. It also tells us that we must be good citizens — privately as well as publicly. Only thereafter, if we so wish can entering into philosophical speculations have any meaning.

Twenty five centuries ago, the Buddha had given the same message. He said, 'One is one's own refuge, who else could be the refuge?'

According to Mahayana Buddhism, the Buddha, standing on the threshold of Nirvana resolved never to make the final crossing as long as a single undelivered being remained on earth.

Krishnaji felt for others as I have known very few people to do. He was able to interiorize the thoughts and anguish of others. He tried to help them overcome their difficulty by assisting them to see and understand the nature of their difficulty and their fear. He personified the concept given in the Vedas:

I seek not temporal power
Nor swarg nor freedom from rebirth
All I seek is that the suffering
of all mortal being be destroyed.

he Sage of Kanchi had expressed the same thought in an unforgettable stanza composed by him in Sanskrit. I shall quote two lines from it:

Look upon Others as Thyself; Renounce War; forswear competition.

It is India's great fortune that from time to time men of laser-like sight are born on its soil to speak to the world and offer it a set of alternative values.

Rishnaji in our times represented an intelligence that is awake: In that he was another Sankara. He also represented a Compassion that is total: In that he was another Gautama. He therefore became a complete human being: one in thought, one in speech, one in action (manaskyekam vacasyekam karmanyekam mahaatmaanaam).

Rishnaji rejected memorials, stones and edifices; he was aware that these fade with time. But no one can deny that the thoughts he had given to us will last as long as humanity lasts.

KRISHNAMURTI CENTRE FOR CONTINUING DIALOGUE

For many years, J. Krishnamurti carried on an extended discourse with scientists, scholars, pundits, and people from all walks of life. Whatever their starting point, his dialogues inevitably turned to an intensely personal inquiry into the individual and the human predicament. In the conviction that this kind of dialogue and inquiry are essential to the enduring vitality of Krishnamurti's teachings, Krishnamurti Foundation India proposes to establish a Centre with facilities and activities to encourage their continuation. In keeping with those teachings, the Centre will be religious, philosophical and non-sectarian.

Krishnamurti's long association with Vasanta Vihar created an atmosphere which has always attracted serious persons, who may continue to gather there now and in the future to interact in dialogue and inquiry concerning all the subjects of Krishnamurti's discourses including the creative life, the questioning, observing mind, awakening of intelligence and the emphasis on values in a disintegrating society. The Centre will provide facilities for the pursuit of various relevant activities within a setting of tranquillity and natural beauty.

Activities at the Centre will include:

- 1) Colloquia, workshops and retreats.
- 2) Weekly public videotape presentations of Krishnamurti's talks and discussions.
- 3) Annual public gatherings.
- 4) Invited public addresses — The J. Krishnamurti Lecture Series.

- 5) KFI Archives containing historical records, documents, tape recordings, and transcripts of Krishnamurti's talks and discussions in India.
- 6) KFI Publications Centre for the preparation of manuscripts and publication of his books and other material, including The Bulletin.
- 7) KFI Centre for translation of Krishnamurti's writings in Indian languages.

Facilities include guest accommodation, study rooms, discussion spaces, library, audio and video material.

BOOK REVIEW

Krishnamurti: The Open Door

by Mary Lutyens. John Murray, London 1988. Hard cover.

When J. Krishnamurti passed away at the ripe age of 91, one saw it as an occasion to celebrate a life rather than to mourn a death. The man who gave himself and all his years unstintingly to the world; the man who spoke of the ending of all sorrow; the prophet who declared it his mission "to set man unconditionally, absolutely free". Standing out in the company of presidents, prime ministers and royalty, celebrated by the foremost intellects of his time— Bernard Shaw, Aldous Huxley, Henry Miller.... such is the triumphal and aristocratic, if mysterious, figure of Krishnamurti in the first two parts of Mary Lutyen's biography of him.

But the Mystic Messiah of the *Years of Awakening* and the revolutionary World Teacher of *The Years of Fulfilment* give way to the picture of a rather melancholy man in *The Open Door*. His frequent high spirits and jollity only serve to underline this impression.

The Open Door, last part of a three part biography, is a strangely disturbing book. It shows a great teacher standing alone:

Each reference to the institutions he set up to carry forward his teaching suggests disagreement, mistrust — may be their everyday utility the only saving grace. Even Rishi Valley, of which 'he seemed particularly proud', appears quite ineffective. After years of teaching, discussing and living, when the New York Times interviewer asks him if his lifetime of work has made any difference, K can only reply, diffidently, "A little, sir, not much." He is

later to tell Mary Zimbalist, "No one in all these years has changed."

But more than anything the greatest tragedy seems personal: The man who all his life insisted that where there is sorrow, there is no love, no compassion, is to mutter, a few days before his death, "[It was] too good to be true. Sorrow — I thought I'd lost you". (Incredibly, nobody, including the biographer, seems to have thought fit to ask him or to explain this extreme contradiction. He *did* have a couple of conscious days afterwards, when he spoke of himself, of life, of the teachings. If he had been asked and there were no reply, it would merely have been sad. Under the circumstances it looks positively unfair.)

And lastly, K the mystic comes out as rather fallible. In August 1985, K seems to have said that he would live another ten years. He even reaffirms, this time to Scott Forbes, that he *did* know how long K was going to live, and that he had 'intimations'. In the event, he had just a few months left.

It must have been very painful for an old friend, associate, Foundation member and chosen biographer to say all this. But say it she does.

There are several other counts on which Mary Lutyens cannot be faulted either — She writes poignantly: Her pain during the suffering of his last days is almost tangible. The way she weaves together private documents, public talks and comment is a lesson in biographical method. But her definitive success is the ease with which she demonstrates the nobility, the complete selflessness of Krishnamurti: for instance, his concern for others even when in pain, on his death bed.

Mary Lutyens captures every nuance of all this with an understanding born of affection. That is what makes her the biographer she is, and gives to all her three books their common flavour, despite the obvious differences in each.

But just as it is not the same K in each volume, it is a slightly different Mary Lutyens too. She is no longer the third person "Mary" of *The Years of Awakening*, but "I", who is involved closely in all that goes on. Her emphasis has shifted from the

mystic side of things to the more human. Yet she never loses sight of the question that runs through the entire biography — who is K? To her credit she always approaches it with a sense of wonder, without even pretending to total comprehension. She has some clues, though. She deduces, in *The Years of Fulfilment*, "I am inclined to believe that K is being used and has been used since 1922 by something from outside.....K and whatever it is that manifests through him are for the most part one."

Though K himself never made much of the Theosophical interpretation, he never actually denied being the World Teacher, either. Further, several instances of 'healing' are narrated and never seriously disputed. Then there are those 'processes', difficult to explain, impossible to comprehend. And the enigma of K remains.

That brings us to an interesting incident. Pandit Jagannath Upadhyaya is said, in the book, to have known a Tibetan manuscript of "600 A.D. or 900 A.D.", which "predicted the coming of the Lord Maitreya and actually gave the name of Krishnamurti as the human vehicle the Lord would inhabit." Mary stands so close to something concrete and verifiable, but does not pursue it. No attempt is mentioned to even verify the existence of such a manuscript. The only reference provided is the biography of K by Pupul Jayakar; whereas, there too is merely a description of the conversation, quite at variance anyway with the present one. So a sort of 'miracle' stands mentioned, uncharted, like some 'evidence-of-greatness' pamphlet on one of those dime-a-dozen gurus. No serious biographer can afford such a lapse.

Talking of lapses, one wonders if the near complete absence of any external context, like in the two earlier volumes, is intentional. In the story of a life spanning nearly a century of extraordinary events — the whole world in a melting pot, and that life often spent near the eye of the storm, there is a peculiar detachment from time and space. Even the death of Mrs Gandhi whom K knew so well, deserves mention only because it brought his trip to Varanasi forward by two days! The last days of a great teacher are fraught with socio-religious interest. To almost never touch that aspect seems an opportunity wasted. But perhaps that anomaly is dictated by the very nature of K's life. After all, the very same

author's biography of Edwin Lutyens is so firmly embedded in time.

In another sense, though, the biography is rather tightly confirmed by time. In fact, the sensitive biographer's flair for theme and mood is often bogged down by the meticulous chronicler. Result: sometimes insignificant and dull detail, occasional jerks in thematic consistency, a nagging feeling of triviality. Would such minutiae interest a 'lay' reader at all? And then, all posterity is a lay reader, in a manner of speaking.

Still the over all impression the book leaves has but little to do with any of these faults. What remain are those carefully crafted images that capture atmosphere as no mere description can.

And the moving portrait of a Krishnamurti, crying from sheer pain and breaking down as he spoke, still trying not to 'make a fuss'. And the infinite sadness as the Teacher at the end of the road speaks again of *that* consciousness, *that* other stage —

"They'll all pretend... they can get into touch with that. Perhaps they will somewhat, if they live the teachings. But nobody has done it. Nobody."

RAJA BALASUBRAMANIAN

Recent Publications

THE LAST TALKS

KFI paperback

This is a record of Krishnamurti's last talks in India, in 1985-86, which, as it turned out, were his last talks. The volume includes a set of 3 discussions with Buddhists, public talks at Varanasi, talks with students and teachers at Rishi Valley and the final talks in Madras. An introduction traces Krishnamurti's last journey through India, his visit to Mrs Besant's house in Varanasi, his stay at Rishi Valley and his last days at Vasanta Vihar.

WASHINGTON TALKS

KFT paperback

Two public talks delivered by Krishnamurti in 1985 at Washington D.C.

KRISHNAMURTI: A BIOGRAPHY by Pupul Jayakar

Penguin India paperback

With a focus on the development of his thought, Pupul Jayakar traces Krishnamurti's life through his encounters with men and women in India.

OPEN DOOR by Mary Lutyens

Hardcover, John Murray. London, 1988

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