

# BULLETIN

2/92

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION  
INDIA

There is a last minute change in the location of the KFI gatherings this year. The gatherings will be held at Rishi Valley after the third week of November. For further information, please contact : The Secretary, Rishi Valley Education Centre,  
Chittoor District, Andhra Pradesh-517 352.

## FROM THE EDITOR

The earth is ours, yours and mine, and we have to live on it together; we have to cherish it and grow things in its soil, so that all the people in the world will have sufficient food, clothing and shelter. Actually, it is because the earth is divided into competing nations that millions of people haven't got these things.

Rajghat, November 27, 1963.

The recent Earth Summit at Rio, where the leaders of the world gathered ostensibly to save the world, vividly demonstrated the havoc that modern technology, modern systems of economics and the politics of nation states have wrought. As the above quotation shows, Krishnamurti seemed to have diagnosed the problem long before it became front page news.

The theme of the present Bulletin is 'Krishnamurti On Nature'. Over the past several hundred years the continually rising tide of science has swept aside religious faith; and as science has unravelled its mysteries, nature has ceased for modern man to be a repository of the sacred. The Creator, for instance, lost his role as an explanatory hypothesis when Darwin showed that animals and plants are well fitted to their environment because of Natural Selection: those creatures that are not adapted simply die and fail to pass on their genes to their progeny. We are now faced with a world in which human beings relate to the world primarily as consumers and exploiters.

Our ancestor's attitude to nature had an ethical basis. Trees and animals were sacred; it was sin to kill, to destroy. The material we have selected here shows how Krishnamurti restored this ancient sense of the earth's sacredness for humanity. Our first selection is about creation, and how the meditating mind can touch this beginningless mystery. The second piece is taken from one of his letters to the various schools. Humanity and nature, he wrote, three years before he died:

... are inter-related. Man cannot escape from that. When he destroys nature he is destroying himself. When he kills another he is killing himself. The enemy is not the other but you. To live in such harmony with nature, with the world, naturally brings about a different world.

Letters to the Schools, November 1, 1988

We conclude our exploration of the theme with illustrations of Krishnamurti's own sense of enchantment with the earth's beauty, her abundance, and her mystery, that appear scattered throughout his writing.

R.H.

What is the origin and the beginning of all existence, from the minutest cell to the most complex brain? Was there a beginning at all, and is there an end to all this? Now, to find out, to uncover all this, what kind of a brain do you need? What kind of capacity, what kind of energy, what kind of passion is needed really to probe into all this?

To probe into something totally unknown, not preconceived, not caught in any sentimental, romantic illusions, there must be a quality of brain that is *completely* free; free from all its conditioning, from all its programming, from every kind of influence, and therefore a brain that is highly sensitive and tremendously active. Is that possible? Do you have such a brain? Or is it very sluggish, lazy and living in its own self-conceit? Which is it? Because we are going to enquire into something that demands a mind, a brain, that is extraordinarily alive, not caught in any form of routine, not mechanical. Do you have such a brain in which there is no fear, no self-interest, no self-centred activity? Otherwise it is living in its own shadow all the time. It is living in its own tribal, limited field, its own environment. It is like an animal tied to a stake. The tether may be very long or short, but it is tied to a post and therefore its movement is limited. You may give it a very, very long rope, but it is still limited.

A brain must have space. So what is space? Not only the space between here and there. Space indicates 'without a centre'. Right? If you have a centre, and you move away from the centre to the periphery, however long or wide that periphery is, it is still limited. So, space indicates, does it not, that there is *no centre* and *no periphery* and therefore there is *no boundary*? Have you such a brain that does not belong to anything, is not attached to anything -- to your experiences, conclusions, hopes, ideals?

Such a brain must have space and silence, psychological silence. Such a brain is really, completely free. If it is burdened, you cannot go very far. If it is crude, vulgar, self-centred, you cannot have measureless space. And space indicates emptiness (one is using the word very, very carefully). Are you following? Does it interest you at all? Are you sure that we are communicating with each other?

Space indicates emptiness, nothingness. And that space, because there is not a thing in it put by thought, has tremendous

energy. This is what the scientist, too, is saying, only it is his theoretical conclusion, not his actual living, because he, like every other human being, is greedy, out for himself, ambitious, or he represents a government. He is just like anybody else except that he has got an extraordinary capacity for accumulating knowledge in a certain area.

We are trying to find out if it is possible to live in this world without any fear, without any conflict, with a tremendous sense of compassion, which demands a great deal of intelligence. You cannot have compassion without intelligence. And that intelligence is not the activity of thought. You cannot be compassionate if you are attached to a particular ideology, to a particular narrow tribalism, or to any religious concept, for all these are limitations. Compassion can only come, or be there, when there is the ending of sorrow, which is the ending of self-centred movement.

So the brain must have the quality of complete freedom and space. That is, one must be nothing. Whereas we are all something. We are analysts, psycho-therapists, doctors. And when we are therapists, when we are biologists, technicians, that very identification limits the wholeness of the brain.

When the brain is whole -- only then can one really know what meditation is. But you try to meditate and follow a form or system, either Zen, Buddhist, Tibetan, Hindu or Christian. Or you try all the latest gurus, each with his peculiar invitation to mysterious meditations.

All these forms of meditation are based on making thought silent, making thought quiet. That is, there is a controller who is going to control thought through a system, through practice, through a daily allotted time for quietness, and so on. There is always the controller watching. But the controller himself is the activity of thought. So you are going around and around in a circle like a dog chasing its tail. And this is called meditation!

Now, meditation is something *entirely* different. You have to have laid the foundation of order in your life -- you understand, order? There cannot be order if there is fear. There cannot be order if there is any kind of conflict. Your house, not the outer house but your inner house, must be in complete order, so that there is great strength, great stability, and in that very stability there is that order. Then only can you ask what is true meditation.

If your house is not in order, your meditation has very little meaning. You can invent any kind of illusion, any kind of enlightenment, any kind of daily discipline -- it will still be limited, illusory, because it is born out of disorder. Please, this is all logical, sane, rational. It is not something the speaker has invented for you to accept. Unless there is this kind of 'undisciplined order' (that's a good word -- I'm glad I thought of it) -- unless there is undisciplined order, meditation becomes very shallow and meaningless.

So, then, what is order? Thought cannot create order, because thought itself is disorder. Do you see that? Thought is based on knowledge, which is based on experience. All knowledge is limited. This is a fact. And so thought is limited. And when thought tries to create order, it brings about disorder. Do you see this as an actual fact -- not as a theory?

Thought is necessary in certain areas, but psychological thought always brings disorder. When psychological thought is absent, the mind itself is in order.

Thought has created disorder through the conflict between 'what is' and 'what should be', the actual and the theoretical. Thought looks at the actual from a limited point of view and therefore its action must inevitably create disorder. Do you see this as a truth, as a law -- or just as an idea? You understand? I am greedy, envious -- that *is what is*. But the opposite -- 'what should be' -- has been created by the human being in an attempt to understand 'what is' and also as a means of escaping from 'what is'. But there is only '*what is*'. And when you perceive 'what is' without its opposite, then that very perception brings order.

As we have said, your house must be in order, and this order cannot be brought about by thought. Thought creates its own kind of discipline by creating opposites -- do this, don't do that; follow this, don't follow that; be traditional or not traditional, and so on. Thought is the guide. Through meditation based on thought you hope to bring about order. The ordinary meaning of the word 'meditation' is to measure -- measure between 'what is' and 'what should be', between 'what I am' and 'what I want to be'. So meditation, both in Sanscrit and Latin, is the quality of measurement, right? And comparison is disorder, right? Do you need an explanation of that?

When you meditate, you are hoping to get a result, to become something other than what you are. This is a quality of measurement which is comparison. And comparison is disorder. When I am

comparing myself with what I want to be, I am trying to be better than what I am. This creates a constant conflict, doesn't it? So is it possible to live without any comparison, not only biologically, physically, but much more important psychologically, inwardly -- never to compare oneself with *anything*, with *anybody*, so that the mind, the brain is free from this conflict of opposites? Then we can ask, what is meditation? Because in order to ask it is necessary to have a brain that is *absolutely quiet*.

The brain has its own rhythm. It is endlessly active, chattering from one thought to another, from one association to another. It is constantly occupied, although one is not aware of it generally. But when one is choicelessly aware of this movement of the brain, then that very awareness, that very attention, ends the chattering. Please do it, and you will see how simple it all is.

As we are talking now, thought is being employed, and this brings up the question of language. Does language condition the brain? Have you ever thought about this? Does the very use of a language shape the brain so that it becomes conditioned? Language does condition the brain. Have you noticed when you talk to any person of another nationality, his whole outlook is limited by the language he uses? Have you noticed this? Can you use a language and not allow it to shape your outlook on the *whole* of existence and so be free of the network of words! Not to be caught in the network of words is very complex. When you say, 'I am a communist', your whole reaction is different from that of a capitalist.

When you talk about Argentina, your whole reaction is different because you have had a recent war in the Falklands. The label is more important than the person. So there must be freedom from the label, the word. If I keep repeating for the rest of my life, 'I'm British, British' or 'French, French French', or any other nationality, whatever it is -- that tribalism is very limited. And that tribalism is causing great havoc in the world. You don't go to the very root of it -- *end* tribalism and therefore end wars!

We are going to enquire into creation -- the origin, the beginning of all life. Not only our life, but the life of every living thing -- the whales deep down in the sea, the dolphins, the little fish, the minute cells, the vast nature, the beauty of the tiger. And the life of man, from the minutest cell to the most complex man, with all his inventions, with all his illusions, with his superstitions, with his quarrels, with his wars, with his arrogance, vulgarity, with his

tremendous aspirations and his great depressions -- what is the origin of all this?

Now, meditation is to come upon this -- not you come upon it -- in that silence, in that quietness, in that absolute tranquility. The beginning -- is there a beginning? And if there is a beginning, there must be an ending. That which has a cause, must end. If I have cancer, it must be cured or it will kill me, right? Wherever there is a cause there must be an end. That is a law, that is natural. So is there a causation at all for the creation of man, for the creation of his way of life? Do you understand my question? Is there a beginning of all this? How are we going to find out?

Religions have said there is God -- that God is the beginning and the end of all things. That is a very easy way of solving the problem. The Hindus and Buddhists say it in one way and Christians in another.

So what is creation? Not the painter who creates the picture, not the poet, not the man who makes something out of marble. Those are all manifests, things manifested. But is there something which is not manifest? Is there something, which, because it is not manifested, has no beginning and no end? That which is manifested has a beginning, has an end. You are a manifestation, are you not? Not of something or other divine -- but the result of thousands of years of so-called evolution, growth, development, and you come to an end. That which is manifested can always be destroyed. But that which is not manifested has no time.

Now we are asking -- is there such a thing as something beyond all time? This has been the enquiry of philosophers, scientists and religious people -- to find that which is beyond the measure of man, which is beyond time. Because if one can find, come upon, discover that, or see that, that is immortality. That is beyond death. I wonder if you understand all this? Are you following, a little bit at least?

See, this man has really sought, in various ways, in different parts of the world, through different beliefs. Because when one has discovered that, or realised that -- life then has no beginning and no end. Therefore it is beyond all concepts. It is something immense.

Now to come back. We never look at life as a tremendous movement, at our own life as having tremendous width, a great depth, a vastness. We have reduced our life to such a shoddy little affair. And life is really the most sacred thing in existence. *To kill somebody is the most irreligious horror.*

We never see the world as a whole because we are so fragmented. We are so terribly limited, so petty. We never have this feeling of wholeness, where the sea, the things of the earth, nature, the sky, all the universe, are part of us -- not imagined, not a concept.

Break down this small self-centred interest, have nothing of that! From there you can move infinitely. And meditation is this. Not just sitting cross-legged, or standing on your head, or doing whatever you do, but having this feeling of complete wholeness and unity of life. And that can only come when there is love and compassion.

You know, one of our difficulties is that we have associated love with pleasure, with sex. Love, for most of us, means jealousy, anxiety, possessiveness, attachment. That is what we call love. But is love attachment? Is love pleasure? Is love desire? Is love the opposite of hate? If it is the opposite of hate, then it is not love. Do you see this? When you try to become courageous, that courage is born of fear. So love cannot contain its opposite. Love is where there is no jealousy, ambition, aggressiveness, hate.

And where there is that quality of love, then from that arises compassion; where there is compassion there is intelligence -- not the intelligence of self-interest, not the intelligence of thought, not the intelligence of a great deal of knowledge, for compassion has nothing to do with knowledge, but the intelligence which gives humanity security, stability and a vast sense of strength.

September 4, 1983

An Excerpt From *The World Of Peace \ Welt Des Friedens*  
(Meetings At Brockwood Park) München, 1985. pp 83 - 99.

What is this education doing actually? Is it really helping man, his children, to become more concerned, more gentle, generous, not to go back to the old pattern, the old ugliness and naughtiness of this world? If he is really concerned, as he must be, then he has to help the student to find his relationship to the world, the world not of imagination or romantic sentimentality, but to the actual world in which all things are taking place. And also to the world of nature, to the desert, the jungle or the few trees that surround him, and to the animals of the world. Animals fortunately are not nationalistic; they hunt only to survive. If the educator and the student lose their relationship to nature, to the trees, to the rolling sea, each will certainly lose his relationship with man.

What is nature? There is a great deal of talk and endeavour to protect nature, the animals, the birds, the whales and dolphins, to clean the polluted rivers, the lakes, the green fields and so on. Nature is not put together by thought, as religion is, as belief is. Nature is the tiger -- that extraordinary animal with its energy, its great sense of power. Nature is the solitary tree in the field, the meadows and the grove; it is the squirrel shyly hiding behind a bough. Nature is the ant and the bee and all the living things of the earth. Nature is the river, not a particular river, whether the Ganga, the Thames or the Mississippi. Nature is all those mountains snow-clad with the dark blue valleys and range of hills meeting the sea. The universe is part of this world. One must have a feeling for all this, not destroy it, not kill for one's pleasure, not kill animals for one's table. We do kill the cabbage, the vegetables that we eat, but one must draw the line somewhere. If you do not eat vegetables, then how will you live? So one must intelligently discern.

Nature is part of our life. We grew out of the seed, the earth, and we are part of all that but we are rapidly losing the sense that we are animals like the others. Can you have a feeling for that tree, look at it, see the beauty of it, listen to the sound it makes; that creeper that is growing up the wall, to the light on the leaves and the many shadows? One must be aware of all this and have that sense of communion with nature around you. You may live in a town but you do have trees here and there. A flower in the next garden may be ill-kept, crowded with weeds, but look at it, feel that you are part of all that, part of all living things. If you hurt nature you are hurting yourself.

One knows all this has been said before in different ways but we don't seem to pay much attention. Is it that we are caught up in our own network of problems, our own desires, our own urges of pleasure and pain that we never look around, never watch the moon? Watch it. Watch with all your eyes and ears, your sense of smell. Watch. Look as though you were looking for the first time. If you can do that, that tree, that bush, that blade of grass you are seeing for the first time.<sup>3</sup> Then you can see your teacher, your mother and father, your brother and sister, for the first time. There is an extraordinary feeling about that: the wonder, the strangeness, the miracle of a fresh morning that has never been before, never will be. Be really in communion with nature, not verbally caught in the description of it, but be part of it, be aware, feel that you belong to all that, be able to have love for all that, to admire a deer, the lizard on the wall, that broken branch lying on the ground. Look at the evening star or the new moon, without the word, without merely saying how beautiful it is and turning your back on it, attracted by something else, but watch that single star and new delicate moon as though for the first time. If there is such communion between you and nature then you can commune with man, with the boy sitting next to you, with your educator, or with your parents. We have lost all sense of relationship in which there is not only a verbal statement of affection and concern but also this sense of communion which is not verbal. It is a sense that we are all together, that we are all human beings, not divided, not broken up, not belonging to any particular group or race, or to some idealistic concepts, we are all living on this extraordinary beautiful earth.

Have you ever woken up in the morning and looked out of the window, or gone out on the terrace and looked at the trees and the spring dawn? Live with it. Listen to all the sounds, to the whisper, the slight breeze among the leaves. See the light on the leaf and watch the sun coming over the hill, over the meadow. And the dry river, or that animal grazing and those sheep across the hill -- watch them. Look at them with a sense of affection, care, that you do not want to hurt a thing. When you have such communion with nature, then your relationship with another becomes simple, clear, without conflict.

This is one of the responsibilities of the educator, not merely to teach mathematics or how to run a computer. Far more important is to have communion with other human beings who suffer, struggle, and have great pain and the sorrow of poverty, and for those people who go by in a rich car. If the educator is concerned with

this he is helping the student to become more sensitive, sensitive to other people's sorrow, other people's struggles, anxieties and worries, and the rows that one has in the family. It should be the responsibility of the teacher to educate the children, the students, to have such communion with the world. The world may be too large but the world is where he is; that is his world. And this brings about natural consideration, affection for others, courtesy and behaviour that is not rough, cruel, vulgar.

The educator should talk about all these things, not just verbally but he himself must feel it -- the world, the world of nature and the world of man. They are inter-related. Man cannot escape from that. When he destroys nature he is destroying himself. When he kills another he is killing himself. The enemy is not the other but you. To live in such harmony with nature, with the world, naturally brings about a different world.

November 1, 1983

*Letters To The Schools Vol.II.* Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India. pp 69 - 73.

In the blue sky the kites were wheeling; occasionally they would alight on a branch to preen themselves, and then off they would go again, calling and circling. There were also several eagles, with white necks and golden-brown wings and bodies. Among the newly sprouted grass there were large red ants; they would race jerkily forward, suddenly stop, and then go off in the opposite direction. Life was so rich, so abundant -- and unnoticed, which was perhaps what all these living things, big and little, wanted.

*Commentaries On Living: Second Series.* London: Victor Gollancz. pp 159- 160.

There were a great many birds running up and down the lawn in search of worms. They were so eager in their search, that they would come quite close without any fear when one remained seated under a tree. Two birds, green and gold, with square tails and a long, delicate feather sticking out, came regularly to perch among the rose-bushes. They were exactly the same colour as the tender leaves, and it was almost impossible to see them. They had flat heads and long, narrow eyes, with dark beaks. They would swoop in a curve close to the ground, catch an insect, and return to the swaying branch of a rose-bush. It was a most lovely sight, full of freedom and beauty. One couldn't get near them, they were too shy; but if one sat under the tree without moving too much, one would see them disporting themselves, with the sun on their transparent, golden wings.

Often a big mongoose would emerge from the thick bushes, its red nose high in the air and its sharp eyes watching every movement around it. The first day it seemed very disturbed to see a person sitting under the tree, but it soon got used to the human presence. It would cross the whole length of the garden unhurriedly, its long tail flat on the ground. Sometimes it would go along the edge of the lawn, close to the bushes, and then it would be much more alert, its nose vibrant and twitching. Once the whole family came out, the big mongoose leading, followed by his smaller wife, and behind her, two little ones, all in a line. The babies stopped once or twice to play;

but when the mother, feeling that they weren't immediately behind her, turned her head sharply, they raced forward and fell in line again.

*Commentaries on Living: Third Series.* London: Victor Gollancz.  
pp 9 - 10.

At the early hour, there was a strange quietness -- the quietness of the slumbering earth before man begins his toil. Within this quietness were the screeches of the parrots, flying crazily to the fields and woods; within it were the raucous calls of the crows, and the chatter of many birds; within it were the distant hoots of a train, and the blast of a factory whistle announcing the hour. It was the hour when the mind is as open as the heavens and as vulnerable as love.

*Commentaries on Living: Third Series.* London: Victor Gollancz.  
p.71.

The bloated carcass of some large animal came floating by, and several vultures were on it, screeching and tearing at the flesh. Others wanted their share, but they were driven off with huge, flapping wings, till those already on the body had had their fill. The crows, furiously cawing, tried to get in between the larger, clumsier birds, but they had no chance. Except for this noise and flutter around the dead body, the wide, curving river was peaceful.

*Commentaries on Living: Third Series.* London: Victor Gollancz.  
p. 127.

The large black ants had made a path through the grass, across a stretch of sand, over a pile of rubble and through the gap in an ancient wall. A little beyond the wall was a hole which was their

home. There was an extraordinary coming and going on that path, an incessant bustle in both directions. Each ant would hesitate a second as it went by another; their heads would touch, and on they would go again. There must have been thousands of them. Only when the sun was directly overhead was that path deserted, and then all activity would be centred around their nest near the wall; they were excavating, each ant bringing out a grain of sand, a pebble or a bit of earth. When you gently knocked on the ground nearby, there was a general scramble. They would pour out of the hole, looking for the aggressor; but soon they would settle down and resume their work. As soon as the sun was on its westerly course and the evening breeze blew pleasantly cool from the mountains, they would march out again on their path, populating the silent world of the grass, the sand and the rubble. They went along that path for a quite a distance, hunting, and they would find so many things; the leg of a grasshopper, a dead frog, the remains of a bird, a half-eaten lizard or some grain. Everything was attacked with fury; what couldn't be carried away was eaten on the spot, or taken home in pieces. Only rain stopped their constant activity, and with the last drops they were out again. If you put your finger on their path, they would feel all around the tip, and a few would climb up it, only to come down again.

The ancient wall had a life of its own. Near the top there were holes in which bright green parrots, with curving red beaks, had made their nests. They were a shy lot, and didn't like you to come too near. Screeching and clinging to the crumbling red bricks, they would wait to see what you were going to do. If you didn't come any nearer, they would wriggle into the holes, leaving only their pale green tail feathers sticking out; there would then be another wriggle, the feathers would disappear, and their red beaks and sharply green heads would be showing. They were settling down for the night.

*Commentaries on Living: Third Series.* London: Victor Gollancz. pp 155 -156.

The heavens opened, and there was rain, it covered the earth. It came down in sheets, flooding the roads and visibly filling the lily-pond. The trees bent down under the weight of it. The crows were soaked and could hardly fly, and many little birds took shelter

under the varandah roof. Suddenly, from nowhere, came the frogs large and small. Those with long legs made prodigious jumps with the greatest ease. Some were brown, some had green stripes, while others were almost entirely green, and they all had bright eyes, black, round and large. When you took one in your hand, it remained there, its beady eyes looking at you; and when you put it down again, it still didn't move, but sat as though glued to the spot.

A green snake as thick as your finger was clinging to a branch, you could hardly see it, for it was almost the colour of the leaves, only a brighter green, with a chemical artificiality about it. It had no eyelids, and its black eyes were exposed. It didn't move as you approached, but you could feel it was uncomfortable with you so close. It was of a harmless variety, about eighteen inches long, plump and amazingly supple. Even when you moved away, it still remained motionless and watchful, and from a short distance you couldn't see it at all.

*Commentaries on Living. Third Series.* London: Victor Gollancz.  
p. 215.

Sitting on the Oxcart with a long slender stick in his hand was an old man, so thin that his bones were showing through. He had a kindly, wrinkled face, and his skin was very dark, burnt by many suns. The cart was heavy with firewood, and he was beating the oxen; you could hear the slap of his stick on their backs. They were coming from the country into the town, and it had been a long day. Driver and beasts were tired out, and they still had some distance to go. There was froth around the mouths of the oxen, and the old man seemed ready to drop; but there was stamina in that wiry old body, and the oxen would go on. As you walked beside the cart, the old man caught your eye, smiled, and stopped beating the oxen. They were his oxen, and he had been driving them for years; they knew he was fond of them, and the beating was a passing thing. He was stroking them now, and they continued to move at their ease.

*Commentaries on Living: Third Series.* London: Victor Gollancz.  
p. 241.

The forest was nearby, with deer, an occasional bear and those big monkeys with black faces and long tails, and of course there were serpents too. In deep solitude in strange ways one was related to them all. One could not hurt a thing, even that white daisy on the path. In that relationship the space between you and them didn't exist; it was not contrived; it was not an intellectual or an emotional conviction that brought this about but simply it was so. A group of those large monkeys would come around, especially in the evening; a few were on the ground but most of them would be sitting in the trees quietly watching. Surprisingly they were still; occasionally there would be a scratch or two and we would watch each other. They would come every evening now, neither too close nor too high among the trees, and we would be silently aware of each other. We had become quite good friends but they didn't want to encroach upon one's solitude. Walking one afternoon in the forest one came suddenly upon them in an open space. There must have been well over thirty of them, young and old, sitting among the trees around the open space, absolutely silent and still. One could have touched them; there was no fear in them and sitting on the ground we watched each other till the sun went behind the peaks.

*Krishnamurti's Journal*. London: Victor Gollancz. p. 85.

## BOOK REVIEW

Review essay on *The Collected Works of J. Krishnamurti*, 17 Volumes, 5500 pgs, published by Kendall/Hunt Dubuque, Iowa, 1991-1992, by Ralph Bultjens.

Great sages of history have been ill-served in the preservation of their wisdom. The best of these saints and savants -- ancient Hindu and Jewish holy men, the Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, Jesus Christ, the Prophet Mohammed -- left few significant writings. Their truths were unfolded in profound discourses and sagacious dialogues -- oral expositions transmitted to us in incomplete renderings. Thus, only some of the verities are known; many have been lost. Those who seek the complete schema, as originally presented, have to depend on unreliable intermediaries such as faith, interpretation, interpolation and reconstruction.

As we move closer to our time, this problem is inverted. Knowledge overtakes wisdom and culture surrenders to technology. Recordings are comprehensive, but what is recorded is often of lesser value. There is, it seems, a shortage of authentic sages. By the numbers there are plenty who purvey wisdom and pseudo-wisdom, teachers claiming to possess and provide transcendent insights. However, very few of them survive the tests which surely define a real spiritual pathfinder -- the ability to convey a message which is universal and liberating, non-discriminating and free of hatred; a message which is capable of disinterested enrichment of minds and lives, and is also within the understanding of everyone. By any or all of these yardsticks, Jiddu Krishnamurti was truly a modern master.

### **Beyond Time and Place**

Krishnamurti's entire life was focussed on realizing and explaining the human quest. He was born in South India in 1895. When fourteen, he was adopted and hailed as the future World Teacher by Annie Besant, then President of the Theosophical Society. This eminent and energetic Englishwoman, who had an extraordinary and extrasensory affinity for concepts and things oriental, educated Krishnamurti in Britain and established an international movement to carry and present the Universal Soul. In 1929, Krishnamurti repudiated this organization and its cohorts, but did not abandon his mission.

Free of this structure and his handlers, Krishnamurti found fulfillment. For six decades thereafter, until his death in 1986 at the age of ninety, he travelled the world bringing his thoughts to those who would listen. Millions did. His popularity sometimes fluctuated, but Krishnamurti persisted in his efforts to 'set men absolutely, unconditionally free'. Towards the end of his life, new generations -- children of our technetronic age -- rediscovered Krishnaji. In an era of hot shots and holy rollers, razzle-dazzle religion and tinsel preachers, he retained the aura of an old-fashioned prophet. Philosophic fads came and went, Krishnamurti endured.

There are two reasons for this apparent timelessness. The most obvious is, of course, the personality of Krishnamurti. His public persona radiated a kind of undemonstrative charisma, the attraction of luminous restraint. Add to this a speaking manner and tone that, in its prime, could evoke a personal intimacy in the midst of even the largest audiences. It is not surprising that the writer Aldous Huxley, no slouch when it came to critical observation, declaimed: 'It was like listening to the discourse of the Buddha -- such power, such intrinsic authority'. But, in the end, personality is an unsatisfactory explanation. Many who did not see or hear Krishnamurti were and still are drawn to him.

Perhaps a more accurate source of Krishnamurti's appeal is lodged in the quality of his ideas. For many years, the thoughts and talks of his last two decades have been published, translated into almost fifty languages and widely read. Yet, something has been missing. To appreciate the finished sage and to understand his capacity to wear so well, we need to reach into a long maturation. Until recently, this has been difficult. Materials which disclose the early development of his mind have been rare and, then, in fragmentary form.

### **The Making of a Sage**

With the Publication of *The Collected Works of J. Krishnamurti* this obstacle is lifted. Contained in these seventeen volumes (5500 pages) are the transcripts of over 800 talks and more than 2700 answers to questions asked in twenty countries. Here is the essence of Krishnamurti recorded through thirty-four years (1933-1967). In compilation and arrangement, this effort is a triumph. The talks are excellently edited, many by Krishnamurti himself, and the index of both topics and questions are exemplary. Superior layout almost disguises the fact that these are paperbacks. In production quality and clarity. *The Collected Works* is a model for reference publica-

tions. It validates what the modern reading public has long suspected -- it is still possible to provide books that are both handsome in appearance and reasonable in cost.

Taken as a whole, *The Collected Works* is remarkable in what it reveals. Most important, it demonstrates the organic evolution of Krishnamurti's philosophic convictions. In the early 1930's, these clustered around a few central themes -- the liberation of the human mind, the need for a complete revolution in thought, the rejection of all spiritual authorities and institutions, the capacity for self-enlightenment. We are all, argued Krishnamurti in those early days, captives of traditions and values and environments. It is this slavery and dependency which causes suffering. So, how to escape? Krishnamurti's answer was not in self-analysis or the pursuit of external solutions: 'Freedom does not come to him who seeks freedom. Truth is not found by him who searches for truth. Only when you realize with your whole mind and heart the condition of the prison in which you live.. . only then are you free.' In short, enhancement of awareness is needed. This is achieved by internal realization of consciousness -- not through pursuit of gods, gurus and doctrines. Facts, Krishnamurti almost suggests, are the enemy of truth!

Again and again, Krishnamurti declared that people do not need guidance, they need awakening. This high confidence in human potential was rooted in the belief that each individual has no limit on development, if he can eschew the cultural barnacles that load his being: 'A theory based on another man's experience in matters of the psyche or of an inward life has no meaning at all.... We have to let it go completely because we have to stand alone.' With this denial of the transferability of experience and the rejection of all spiritual guidance, including his own, Krishnamurti breaks with most world religions -- all of which have spiritual paradigms and instructors whose examples we can emulate. It was not his purpose to attack other faiths, but he frequently warns against the misleading power of religions, institutions, and rituals, and the divisiveness of sectarianism.

Was Krishnamurti, then, an agnostic or an atheist? These volumes make it clear that he was neither. 'To me there is God, a living eternal reality. But this reality cannot be described; each one must realize it for himself. Anyone who tries to imagine what God is, what truth is, is but seeking an escape.' In these and other constructs, there is evidence of elements of Buddhism and Nihilism. This is especially visible in discussions of sorrow and suffering, and

in Krishnamurti's skepticism about authority and conventional platitudes. Nevertheless, the wellsprings of his truth are much more original than they are eclectic and he wove them into a texture that was exclusively his own.

### **The Growth of Wisdom**

As the years passed, Krishnamurti's philosophic and intellectual membranes expanded beyond his core ideas. Increasingly, we see him addressing the evils of civil and religious power, the futility of existing social structures, the inertia of conformity, and the failure of temporizing reform. By the mid-1950's, Krishnamurti had evolved notions of education, human relations and communications that are not found in his earlier discourses. The teacher was also learning -- not only answering the questions of others but also extending his own questions.

*The Collected Works* is a testament to this growth. There is, throughout, a consistency and continuity of the basics. Yet, the range of his expositions grows to embrace a number of new concerns -- nationalism, war, ecological despoliation, unemployment and hunger. With an almost contemporary sensitivity, social issues which were once on the periphery of his perceptions come closer to center stage. References to the significance of meditation become more frequent. A note of impatience, an urgency, begins to surface. Krishnamurti senses the peril of the times and the compelling demand for action. As if to respond in style as well as substance, his talks become more focused and his dialogues less elliptical. And yet, the essential message is unchanged: 'When one sees life as it is, when one sees oneself as one is, [only] from there can one move [ahead]...'

In many ways, these volumes are a treasure-house of wisdom -- sometimes diffused and sometimes direct, but always lucid and always directed towards the redemption of humanity. Above all, they are easy to comprehend. No prior knowledge of philosophy or religion is required to grasp their meaning or intricacy. Entire chapters or shorter selections can be read with equal interest. This refined simplicity rescues *The Collected Works* from a hazard generally encountered in lengthy texts of this nature. There is no trace of the mental fatigue which often descends on prolonged discussions of recurring and didactic topics.

As we track Krishnamurti's philosophic trajectory over the three decades covered by this body of work, we must remember that *The Collected Works* is a window on a particular segment of his teach-

ings. Twenty years of fulsome maturity lie ahead and the Krishnamurti of this period is the teacher whose ideas are now best known. Yet, these *Collected Works* add many new dimensions to the latter day philosopher and his philosophy. Here is the making of his wisdom, the exciting alchemy of his mind.

Of all the sages and significant figures of modern times, Krishnamurti had the longest exposure -- about sixty-five years on the stage of eminence. Yet, it is difficult to assess his historical stature. He is too close to us and it is too early to know the full impact of his teachings. After all, for several decades subsequent to his crucifixion, there was little sign that Jesus Christ would make a major mark on the world. At the moment of their death and for quite some time after, who could have predicted the long term influence of the Buddha, Confucius or even Karl Marx? If Krishnamurti's ideas become more widely accepted in the future, it will be because they resonate with the yearnings of people -- because they speak intently to individuals disillusioned with all-knowing and socially transforming macroideologies. Humanity yearns for change, serious change. Books such as *The Collected Works of J. Krishnamurti* address the problems of radical transformation of human thought and consciousness in a way that is refreshingly free of dogma and tradition.

Ralph Buultjens teaches at New York University and the New School for Social Research and is Visiting Professor at Cambridge University. He is the author of several books on Asia and is the recipient of the Toynebee Prize for the Social Services.

We have received a few copies of *The Collected Works* from the KFA. Those who wish to purchase them, may please contact: KFI PUBLICATIONS, Vasanta Vihar, 64/65 Greenways Road, Madras -- 600 028.

## AN AUTHENTIC RECORD

By Mark Lee

*The Collected Works of J. Krishnamurti* consists of seventeen volumes totalling 5,500 pages.

The staff of the Krishnamurti Foundation of America (KFA), along with editors and proofreaders hired specifically for the project, worked for months to prepare the manuscripts for publication. Published versions of talks were verified against original transcripts, stenographic notes, transcripts of tape recordings, the tapes themselves, and often Krishnamurti's own handwriting where he edited what he had said.

The result is as authentic a record as exists of what Krishnamurti said between 1933 and 1967.

The seventeen volumes are distinguished by individual titles, dates of talks, and volume numbers to provide easy access to the collection. The titles are:

<i>The Art of Listening</i>	<i>A Light to Yourself</i>
<i>What Is Right Action?</i>	<i>Crisis in Consciousness</i>
<i>The Mirror of Relationship</i>	<i>There Is No Thinker, Only Thought</i>
<i>The Observer Is the Observed</i>	<i>A Psychological Revolution</i>
<i>Choiceless Awareness</i>	<i>The New Mind</i>
<i>The Origin of Conflict</i>	<i>The Dignity of Living</i>
<i>Tradition and Creativity</i>	<i>The Beauty of Death</i>
<i>What Are You Seeking?</i>	<i>Perennial Questions</i>
<i>The Answer Is in the Problem</i>	

With fewer restrictions in Eastern Europe, there has been a surge of interest in Krishnamurti's work. Soviet readers openly buy Krishnamurti books in Russian. Chinese thinkers are able to read Krishnamurti in Mandarin. In all, Krishnamurti has been translated into forty-seven languages, including Japanese, Malaysian and Swahili.

Today, Krishnamurti's work is studied at more than 125 institutions in the United States alone.

For much of this century, Krishnamurti's ideas have inspired many, including such varied personalities as George Bernard Shaw, Henry Miller, Anne Morrow Lindbergh, Alan Ginsburg, Federico Fellini, Khalil Gibran, Pandit Nehru, Indira Gandhi, Erick Fromm, Prof. David Bohm, Charlie Chaplin, Greta Garbo, John Kenneth Galbraith, Svetlana (Stalin) Peters and the Dalai Lama.

Aldous Huxley once described the quality of Krishnamurti's talks by writing, "...It was like listening to a discourse of the Buddha -- such power, such intrinsic authority..."

In Krishnamurti's view, the truth cannot be found by conventional thought. "One must be free of all paths to find it," he said.

"Change yourself," he suggested. "You are the world."

The annual teachers' conference of the Krishnamurti Foundation Schools will be held at Rajghat Besant School in Varanasi on November 1, 2 and 3, 1992. The programme will include workshops in the teaching of mathematics and physics and English. Participants will include Sri P.K.Srinivasan and Sri Lalit Kishore. For further information write to: Dr P. Krishna, Rector Rajghat Besant School, Rajghat Fort, Varanasi --

There will be a Gathering at Vasanta Vihar, Madras some time during the end of 1992 or the beginning of 1993. For details, please contact: The Secretary, KFI, Vasanta Vihar, 64/65 Greenways Road, Madras -- 600 028.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS

As a result of an agreement reached with Krishnamurti Foundation America and Krishnamurti Foundation Trust, Krishnamurti Foundation India is very pleased to be able to offer the following titles in inexpensive Indian editions:

Commentaries on Living	Rs. 50
Commentaries on Living: Second Series	Rs. 50
Commentaries on Living: Third Series	Rs. 80
All three above are available as a boxed edition	Rs.180
Krishnamurti's Notebook	Rs. 50
Krishnamurti's Journal	Rs. 30
Krishnamurti to Himself	Rs. 35
All three above are available in a boxed edition	Rs.115
Beyond Violence	Rs. 40
Truth and Actuality	Rs. 40
The First and Last Freedom	Rs. 60
Education and the Significance of Life	Rs. 35

### THE FIRST AND LAST FREEDOM

The book, which consists of a selection of writings and recorded talks, was first published in 1954 with an introduction by Aldous Huxley. Krishnamurti attempted to transform the way human beings live by drawing attention to their daily relationships. Tracing the problems of society to the way individuals live and relate to each other, he advocated a way of self-knowledge which was not isolating and which could transform society. 'If, living in this world, you refuse to be part of it, you will help others out of this chaos -- not in the future, not tomorrow, but now.' Society and the individual are thus viewed as interdependent. 'The reader will find a clear and contemporary statement of the fundamental human problem together with an invitation to solve it in the only way it can be solved -- for and by himself.' Huxley wrote in his introduction.

## EDUCATION AND THE SIGNIFICANCE OF LIFE

*Education and the Significance of Life* is the earliest and most expository of the nine books J. Krishnamurti wrote on education. Focusing on the central theme that life 'has a wider and deeper significance' and that it is the concern of education to discover it, various connected themes 'such as, the role of religion in education, the nature of creativity, authority vs freedom, discipline, and intelligence are explored.

### FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS

*This Matter of Culture* is a collection of J. Krishnamurti's encounter with young students. Against a backdrop of innocent questions like, 'Why do birds fly away when I come near?' 'Why do we seek fame?' 'Why do we cry, and what is sorrow?' Krishnamurti's teachings unfold with an astonishing clarity. The book evokes a magnificent portrait of the gentle teacher who believed passionately that education should be connected with life's most fundamental problems. An extremely good introduction to Krishnamurti's thought.

If you would like to order any of these books, please write to The Publication Dept., Krishnamurti Foundation India, Vasanta Vihar, 64/65 Greenways Rd, Adayar, Madras 600 028.

Published by Dr Radhika Herzberger for the Krishnamurti Foundation India, 64/65 Greenways Road, Madras 600 028, and printed at M\ S Sidma Offset Press (P) Ltd., Cathedral Road, Madras 600 086.

Editor: Dr Radhika Herzberger

**FORM IV**

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <b>1. Place of Publication</b>   | <b>Krishnamurti Foundation India 'Vasanta Vihar' 64/65, Greenways Road Madras 600 028</b> |
| <b>2. Periodicity of Publication</b>   | <b>Once in 4 months</b>   |
| <b>3. Printer's Name</b>   | <b>J.Loyola Rodrigo</b>   |
| <b>Whether Citizen of India</b>  | <b>Yes</b>  |
| <b>Address</b>   | <b>M/S Sidma Offset Press (P) Ltd 56, Cathedral Rd Madras 600 086</b>                     |
| <b>4. Publisher's Name</b>   | <b>Dr Radhika Herzberger</b>  |
| <b>Whether Citizen of India</b>  | <b>Yes</b>  |
| <b>Address</b>   | <b>Krishnamurti Foundation India 'Vasanta Vihar' 64/65, Greenways Road Madras 600 028</b> |
| <b>5. Editor's Name</b>  | <b>Dr Radhika Herzberger</b>  |
| <b>Address</b>   | <b>Same as above</b>  |
| <b>6. Name and addresses of individuals who own the Newspaper and partners or shareholders holding more than one per-cent of the total capital</b> | <b>Krishnamurti Foundation India, Address as above</b>                                    |

**I, Dr Radhika Herzberger, hereby declare that the particulars given are true to the best of my knowledge and belief.**

**Dated 17 th August 1992**

**Sd/- Radhika Herzberger  
Signature of Publisher**