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Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

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CBS Gramophone Records & Tapes Ltd. has released into the market 3 audio cassettes of J.Krishnamurti's Talks. The titles are :
Relationship, Religious Life, and What is suffering? The tapes, priced at Rs.29/- each, will be available in cassette shops in your locality.

In case you are ordering from us you will have to pay Rs. 15/- extra for packing and postage. The amount has to be sent by Demand Draft drawn in the name of "Krishnamurti Foundation India" payable at Madras.

From the Editor

In 1911, shortly after Krishnamurti was drawn into the Theosophical Society, his father Narayaniah dictated an account of the boy's early life to Mrs Katherine Taylor, an English Theosophist. Narayaniah, who was later drawn into controversy and disparaged by his detractors as a man with an unbalanced temper and no sensibility, here retells a familiar story in his own words and from his own perspective.

A typescript of this interesting historical document, which was found in the papers of B. Shiva Rao, is reproduced here along with extracts from Mrs Taylor's description of how it came to be written. At the end of the document, which Mrs Taylor calls an 'affidavit', Narayaniah testified to its authenticity, with the words: 'The above was written to my dictation and the statements therein contained are correct.'

— R.H.

AFFIDAVIT DICTATED BY MR. JIDDU NARAYANIAH

Headquarters of the Theosophical Society
Adyar, Madras, India

March 1911

It was in a small lane that we lived, at Madanapalle, in a house which had an upper storey. I came to this town about the end of 1894. As an itinerant officer in Government service, I had often occasion to be away on duty and returned home after one such absence, on the evening of May 11, 1895, towards sundown. I found my wife happy and cheerful, though expecting her confinement very shortly. She told me that it might happen that day, and I then asked her if she would prefer to be upstairs or downstairs. She replied that she had already selected a room on the lower storey, and had prepared it. Then I asked her if she felt well enough to sing to me; she had a very beautiful melodious voice, and liked very much to sing. She said: 'Yes, but let us go upstairs.' Then, reclining on an easy chair, she sang. Afterwards we had our evening meal, and retired to sleep almost in the open upstairs because it was our hot month, May.

At about eleven o'clock my wife called me; my servants and the other children were all downstairs. She said that she was feeling ill, and asked me to bring her down. Now, as is our custom, we had a *pooja* room set apart for meditation and devotion, and it was into that room she wished to go. Generally we don't enter that room at night after food, or at daybreak until we have bathed. But as she insisted upon it, I allowed her to enter the *pooja* room that night. She seemed very calm, and sat some time in meditation, prostrating herself in worship. Her special deity was Anjaneya, and she came out repeating that name. Then she retired to the room she had prepared, where a Brahmin lady, a relation of the family who was staying with us, assisted her. Just before the confinement, the *sudra* nurse, who had been sent for from the hospital, entered, but I sat in front of the door, with my watch in my hand (the general rule with us on such occasions). After some

time, the door opened, the lady friend appeared, and announced: 'Sirasodayam' (the head appears). It is a Sanskrit word which is always used, and signifies the time from which we reckon birth. My watch recorded the hour 12.30 (midnight), Saturday, 11th May 1895 (eleventh of May, eighteen hundred and ninety-five). With the birth of the other children, my wife had suffered very much, but on this occasion it was an easy and quick birth, and all the time she muttered, 'Rama, Rama, Anjaneya.'

So was born into the world J. Krishnamurti, second surviving son of Mr. Jiddu Narayaniah, at Madanapalle, in the District of Cuddapah, S. India.

Next morning the astrologer was sent for — Kumara Shrowtulu, one of the greatest astrologers in the Ceded Districts. The details of the time of birth were given him, and he retired to the *pooja* room to worship and to perform the usual religious ceremonies before beginning his task. These being accomplished, he took paper and pencil and made astrological calculations. Then he told that this boy was going to be a very great man, and continually all through the years that followed, whenever we met he would ask me: 'What of the boy Krishna?' and add, 'wait, I have told you the truth, he will be somebody very wonderful and great.' Only the other day he spoke on the same subject to me.

The horoscope which was cast the day after the birth of Krishna by Kumara Shrowtulu is the same that is now in my possession.

During the whole of 1895 and 1896, we remained in Madanapalle, which is a very healthy place, the sanatorium of the district, used as a resort for the summer recess. The child Krishna thrived well, but, unfortunately, in November 1896, when he was only about eighteen months old, I was transferred to the *Taluq* of Cuddapah, the worst place in the district for malarial fever. It attacked the young child, ending in convulsions, and in spite of the best medical treatment available we despaired of his life.

1897 was a bad famine year, and one day while I was away in camp on duty, I received a letter from my wife in which she said that unless I returned immediately, I could not hope to see Krishnamurti

alive. I hastened back and arrived about four hours later to find the child struggling for life. With great difficulty we pulled him through but I could not leave Cuddapah on account of my official duty, and malarial fever took strong hold of both Krishna and my wife. The boy was troubled with attacks at intervals all the while we were there.

In the year 1898 Nityanandam was born, his name being formed of two Sanskrit words meaning eternal bliss. He showed, from the time he first took notice, a great intellect; and before he could talk, when he saw the other boys going to school, he would pick up a slate and pencil and want to follow them.

As for Krishna, the fever troubled him very much, and in point of education, he fell behind the others. Once, for a whole year, I had to keep him from a school and he frequently suffered from haemorrhage from the mouth and the nose.

After being at Cuddapah for about a year, I was transferred to Kadiri, a much healthier place, but the fever had taken such hold of Krishna that even now, at the age of fifteen, he still feels it sometimes. Here I sent him to school regularly, and little Nitya would always run after him to go too, for these two boys were always friends.

There is a ceremony which Brahmin boys always go through when it is time to launch them out into the world of education. It takes place between the age of five and seven years, according to the health and capacity of the child. So when Krishna had reached that age, a day was set apart for this ceremony.

It is our custom to make it a family festival, and friends and relatives were invited to dinner. When all the people were assembled, the boy was bathed and clothed in everything new; very rich clothes are used, if the parents can afford them. Krishna was brought in and placed upon my knee, while on my stretched hand I supported a silver tray strewn with grains of rice. His mother, sitting beside me, then took the index finger of the boy's right hand, and with it traced in the rice the sacred word, *Aum*, which in its Sanskrit rendering consists of a single letter: the letter

which is, in sound, the first letter of the alphabet in Sanskrit and in all the vernaculars. Then my ring was taken from my finger, and placed between the child's finger and thumb, and my wife, holding the little hand, again traced the sacred word in Telugu character with the ring. Then again without the ring, the same letter was traced three times. After this, *mantrams* were recited by the officiating priest, who blessed the boy, that he might be spiritually and intellectually endowed. Then, taking Krishna with us, my wife and I drove to the Narasimhaswami temple to worship and pray for the future success of our son. From there we drove to the nearest Indian school, where Krishna was handed over to the teacher, who, in sand, performed the same ceremony of tracing the sacred word. Meanwhile, many of the friends of the schoolchildren had gathered in the room, and we distributed among them such good things as might serve as a treat to the pupils. So we started our son in his educational career according to the ancient Brahmin custom. Then we drove home, partook of dinner with our relations and friends, who afterwards separated to go to their own homes.

While at Kadiri, I remember that Krishna would often return home without either a pencil or a slate or book. He would come and tell me he had given it to some poor boy who had not the thing he had given, and would ask me to purchase a new one.

In the morning when beggars come to the house, it is our custom to send out to them a cup or bowl of unboiled rice, and we distribute it to the hands outstretched in turn, until the cup is empty. My wife would send Krishna out to give the alms, and the little fellow would come back for more, saying he had poured it all into one man's bag. Then his mother would go with him and teach him how to give to each.

There was a wide open verandah, broad and big, to our house, where I used to sit in the cool evening with my friends, just for a chat after office. Again beggars would appear, who come for cooked food for their meal. The peons (servants) would try to drive them away, but Krishna always stopped them, and would run inside and fetch food to give them.

Very near the house in which we lived at Kadiri there was a big temple which was very celebrated for its sanctity. Every evening Krishna would go with his mother and little Nitya to this temple, and would prostrate with his mother in worship. He always showed a religious turn, quite different from Nitya and my older son.

In Kadiri, subsequently I sent Krishna to the Mission school; he was not fond of book study, but appeared to be of a mechanical turn of mind. One day during my absence on tour, it would appear he did not go to school, but was meddling with a small time-piece that I had. A peon came from the school to fetch him, and his mother went to see what he was doing in his room. She found him undoing the time-piece, taking out all its works, and he refused to go to school. Well, he seem to have completed the undoing, and began to put it together again; with the help of one of the servants he completed it by the evening; until then, he refused to come out of the room, even to take his food. He was always [of] a generous nature too. Supposing the children to have been given something nice to eat which they all liked, it would be divided between them equally. Krishna would take a little of his and then distribute the rest among his brothers. Not so young Nitya; he would always hold his own share in his hand, and ask for more from his brother, which Krishna always gave.

During the years 1900 to 1901, we stayed in Kadiri. In the latter half of 1901, I was transferred to a place called Vayalpad, from there to Jammalamadugu, and from there back to Cuddapah in 1903, where I remained until 1908. All these years were full of trouble. My eldest daughter died in 1904, and I lost my wife in 1905. She was broken-hearted at our daughter's death, a girl of only twenty years, highly spiritual, who cared for nothing that the world could give her.

One curious incident I remember at the time of my wife's death. We are in the habit of putting on a leaf a portion of the food prepared for the household, and placing it near the spot where the deceased was last laying, and we did so accordingly in the case of my wife.

Between 9 and 10 a.m. of the third day, Krishna was going to have his bath. He went into the bathroom, and had only poured a few *lotas* of water over his head, when he came running out, unclothed and dripping wet. The house in which I lived at Cuddapah was a long, narrow house, the rooms running one at the back of the other, like the compartments of a train. As Krishna passed me running from the bathroom, I caught his hand and asked him what was the matter. The boy said his mother had been in the bathroom with him, and as she came out he accompanied her to see what she was going to do, I then said: 'Don't you remember that your mother was carried to the burning ground?' 'Yes', he said, 'I remember, but I want to see where she is going now.' I let him go and followed him. He went to the third room and stopped. Here was the place where my wife's saris used to be stretched for drying overnight. Krishna stood intently gazing at something, and I asked him what was going on. He said, 'My mother is removing her wet clothes, and putting on dry ones.' He then went into the room, and sat down near the leaf on which the food was placed. I stood by him some minutes, and he said his mother was eating. By and by he arose and went towards the stairs, and still I followed him. He stopped half-way up, and said he couldn't see her any more. Then we sat down together and I questioned him as to how she looked, and whether she spoke to him. He said she looked just as usual, and had not spoken to him.

On the eleventh day, I saw her myself, at about 9 p.m. I was lying on my bed resting and talking to my elder brother, who was with us for the funeral ceremonies, and he was lying on the bed opposite, when I saw my wife enter the room. She bent over me, put her face caressingly against mine, and passed her hand over my hair; then she sat on the edge of the bed near me. I lay quite still, but called to my brother, 'Don't you see my wife? She is here, sitting next to me.' But he said, 'No.' I lay quite still, and presently she bent over me again with the same caressing gesture, and whispered 'I am going.'

After my wife's death, I took eighteen months' furlough (leave), the last portion of which I spent in Madanapalle, simply for the sake of the children's health, for the fever at Cuddapah had so weakened him; and again I took service there (Madanapalle) until my retirement in 1907.

There was a hill close by us at Madanapalle, with a temple at the top. It was a lonely hill — no houses or people near — and Krishna would like to go there daily in the evening, after school hours, but the other boys did not care for that sort of enjoyment. It was about a mile and a half, perhaps two miles, from my house to the hill, which distance he walked; and then he climbed the hill, passing over rough and rugged stones and boulders, and yet he would try to insist upon his brother going with him daily. Krishna was also very fond of giving picnics to his schoolmates. As I was *Tahsildar* of Madanapalle, the other boys thought it was not quite up to their dignity to carry the food, but Krishna would run and take it himself, and say, 'I will carry it.'

Another thing I always noticed in him; he was always observing trees, plants and small insects. One morning he was sitting near a plant close to the house, observing something at its root. I asked him what he was doing there; it was quite early in the morning. He said a small peculiar insect had passed by that way; he saw it only for a second, and could not find it again, and that he wanted to see what it was. I went up to the place, but could find no insect, and asked him what it looked like. He tried to describe it, but the poor little fellow could not, so he ran into the house crying: 'Wait, wait, I will bring something and show you how it looked.' He brought out a small rice cake, like a hollow ball, spiked all over. In the evening he caught that insect and brought it to show me.

I retired from Government Service in 1907, and in December 1907, I attended a Convention of the Theosophical Society (of which I had been a member since 1882) in Benares. On my return home I wrote to the President, Mrs. Besant, offering my service at the T.S. Headquarters at Adyar. She replied that she could not have me at Headquarters, because I had a family of four boys who would make noise and give trouble in the compound, and pointed out that there was no school at Adyar. I would have to send the boys to school at Mylapore, in a pony-carriage, which would cost me extra and therefore she thought my plan impossible. About three letters passed (which letters I still have) but I would not take a refusal. I was determined to come. I wrote that she need not trouble about the extra cost, and that I would make my own

arrangements to send the boys to school. The President then wrote back to say that she was not, at that time, in need of my services. There the matter ended for some months.

About the end of 1908, the Corresponding Secretary of the Esoteric Section wanted an assistant, and suggested my name to Mrs. Besant. She seems to have told him that she would like to see me before deciding and therefore asked him to let me know that if I came to the Convention at Adyar in December of that year, she would see me.

I came to the Convention, was interviewed by the President, and my services were accepted. Accordingly on January 23rd, 1909, I moved to Adyar and settled down with my children. I sent Krishna and Nitya to a school in Mylapore, while my eldest son Shivaram attended the Presidency College. Nothing special happened; things went on quietly, until one day in February, 1909, Mr. Leadbeater met me with my boys. As he was going to the sea, he asked me to let the boys go with him, and he would teach them to swim, and after that he helped them now and then with their lessons.

On the 13th of June, 1909, I performed the holy thread ceremony of my third son Nitya, a five days' ceremony, and one of the most important. It means entering the *Brahmacharya*, that is, becoming a Brahmin, taking on the responsibilities of Brahminhood. The ceremony is called *upanayanam*. All the inmates of the Adyar compound, Hindus and Europeans, both ladies and gentlemen, were present. Seated under the big mahogany tree, in Vasanta Puram (Besant Village), they sat patiently for two or three hours, witnessing its progress. This ceremony is, as a rule, performed only in temples or holy places. I noticed that Mr. Leadbeater, who was present, observed my boys very closely. At this time it had become quite the rule for all the boys to go to him for help with their lessons, and then accompany him to the river or to the sea to bathe. When they did not go with him, they would have their swim in the tank close to Vasanta Puram.

One afternoon at about three o'clock, when all the boys were in the tank, I saw Mr. Leadbeater standing alone on the bank, watching

them. I went up to him, and he told me he was observing my son Krishna, that he was a good boy, and that he would like to study him more closely, with my permission. I told him I had no objection, and he then asked me to bring the boy to his room, one day when there was no school. I accordingly did so, one Saturday or Sunday, and Mr. Leadbeater put Krishna by his side on the sofa. Then he rested his hand on the boy's head, and began to describe his last birth and life. I wrote down what he said; he described, I think, two or three lives, and this went on for several occasions, when Krishna had not to go to school. As this proceeded, Mr. Leadbeater's interest in Krishna and Nitya gradually increased. One day he came to know that the two boys had been caned at school, and he told me that their astral bodies had been very much disturbed, and induced me to write to the schoolmaster to explain his conduct. Eventually I extracted a half-promise from the schoolmaster that it would not happen again. This Mr. Leadbeater did not think enough, and he asked me to remove the boys, and he would teach them himself. I hesitated, but after much pressing consented temporarily, as I wished first to consult Mrs. Besant who was at that time in Europe.

Finally, upon her return, I made up my mind with her approval to do so. Mr. Leadbeater took over the education of Krishna and Nitya and offered to be entirely responsible for it, and send the boys to England, but I did not wish so to give up the boys. Subsequently, Mrs. Besant asked me to give the boys into her hands; even that I did not like to do, but when she pressed the matter, I, of course, yielded and ever since they have occupied rooms at Headquarters with Mrs. Besant, but continued always to have their meals with me.

The education of Krishna and Nitya continued steadily under the President's supervision, and on March 22nd, 1911, my two boys accompanied her to Benares, sailing thence on April 22nd, 1911 for Europe.



HISTORICAL NOTE BY MRS KATHERINE TAYLOR

'Like a flash the thought [that I should record an authentic account of Krishnamurti's early years] had come with such conviction that I acted upon it at once and determined to procure the necessary details. Let no one imagine it was an easy task; many, many fruitless walks to Besant Gardens left me with my tablet clean and bare. Mr. Narayaniah was an extremely reticent man, and not at all eager to speak of his family affairs; and as I followed him all over the gardens, from day to day, I knew he found me quite a nuisance. Still it did not do to be discouraged, so I continued to dog his footsteps, even though he did his best to put me off. The matter was settled, however, by the return of [Mrs. Besant] from Burma, where she had been for some weeks. With her consent, I again approached Mr. Narayaniah, and only with the weight of her approval was I able to induce him to put at my disposal a quiet half an hour, which it was his custom to spend in his sitting-room between 6 and 7 a.m. Accordingly, in the early hours, while yet the cool night air kept a restful hand upon the awakening world, I used to walk down to Mr. Narayaniah's house, under the shady palms of beautiful Adyar, and take down from his dictation the following records. Little by little each day, with thoughtful deliberate care, the matter was dictated to me, and no attempt has been made to alter or improve it in any way; the simple words of Mr. Narayaniah carry their own conviction of truth.'



THE BEAUTY OF THE MOUNTAIN: MEMORIES OF KRISHNAMURTI

by Friedrich Grohe

Reviewed by Mary Cadogan

During his lifetime Krishnamurti would often ask people who worked with him, 'How will you convey the perfume of the teachings when Krishnamurti has gone?' This, of course, was not an easy question to answer, but one felt sure that in a variety of ways the flavour of the teachings, and indeed a sense of Krishnamurti the man, would somehow continue to be communicated to those with the interest and sensitivity to listen.

One of the values of *The Beauty of the Mountain* is its simple conveyance of that perfume or flavour. It is an unpretentious account by Friedrich Grohe of his association with Krishnamurti, which took place between 1983 and 1986 . . . in fact, during the last three years of Krishnamurti's life. As well as writing about Krishnamurti's talks and dialogues with a wide range of people in Switzerland, Ojai, Brockwood Park and India, this seventy-page book persuasively describes Krishnamurti's feeling for the natural scene and his 'intimate relationship with living things'; his joy in hearing and recounting jokes (particularly those with quasi-mystical allusions); his observation of the minutiae of ordinary and extraordinary objects and events; the total attention which he gave to individuals and groups . . . and, above all, the sense of the sacred which, without explanation, flowed through and around Krishnamurti and the places with which he was associated.

The book also provides insights of a more down to earth nature into Krishnamurti's life and work. It is by turns touching and humorous, and the author manages, despite his deep appreciation of Krishnamurti's rare qualities, to avoid the excesses of hero worship or cult creation.

Essentially, of course, all of our contacts with Krishnamurti have significance only in so far as they trigger in us that freedom from conditioning to which he so often pointed. One sympathizes with the subjective experiences which Friedrich Grohe evokes in *The Beauty of the Mountain*. His quotations from Krishnamurti's

works are well chosen, and the book's expansive atmosphere is enhanced by its several excellent colour photographs of Krishnamurti, of his Ojai valley home and of the mountains in Spring, in which he so delighted.

BIRDS OF RISHI VALLEY AND RENEWAL OF THEIR HABITATS

by S. Rangaswami and S. Sridhar

A richly illustrated study of birds, conservation and the recovery of natural habitats.

This compendium of nature lore explores the whole context of environmental awareness and education in modern India. It documents the efforts of a small school to revitalize its natural environment, records the increase in variety of birdlife as a direct result of those efforts, explains basic concepts of ecology, and provides an unusual overview of historical and philosophical perspectives.

Teachers, naturalists and conservationists have contributed essays dedicated to the environmentalist's creed: 'Think globally and act locally'. Policy makers aiming to anchor education in non-sectarian values will find a realistic model in this detailed study of more than one hundred and fifty species of birds in relation to their habitats.

Other notable features include references to the ancient names of birds in Sanskrit literature, based on their form, function and behaviour, and lyrical passages from J. Krishnamurti's journals and commentaries, with his own close observations of many of these birds.

284 pages with 40 pages of colour plates.

Published by RISHI VALLEY EDUCATION CENTRE (KFI), Rishi Valley,
Chittoor District, A.P. - 517 352

Special Price in India: Rs. 260 inclusive of postage. Proceeds from the book will support the Centre's conservation programmes.

KRISHNAMURTI BIRTH CENTENARY

The Foundation is preparing for the Krishnamurti Birth Centenary, to be commemorated from January to December 1995.

Our plans for the Centenary and suggestions for your participation have been detailed in a six page folder which has already been mailed to our friends in India and abroad. If you have not received it or if you would like to have more copies for distribution or display, please write to us.

Also, keep us informed of any change in your address or if the letters sent to you carry an incorrect/incomplete address.

We are also in the process of preparing a Souvenir — a commemorative volume containing articles by and about Krishnamurti. It will help us to raise money for our various projects through advertisements from industrial houses and individuals. We will be happy if you can offer any help in this connection. If you can, please write to us so that we can send you our letters of appeal and the advertisement tariff card.

We have brought out several publications in time for the Centenary:

BOOKLETS: *Mind in Meditation*
Freedom, Responsibility and Discipline
Conversations
The Book of Life (Reprint)
Inward Flowering (Reprint)
Dialogue with Oneself (Reprint)

Price: Rs. 2 per booklet plus Rs. 3 postage for the set.

The new Centenary editions of the three volumes of *Commentaries on Living* are ready. They are being sold at cost price — Rs. 15 per volume, plus Rs. 14 postage for the set.

KFI is selling these titles directly and not through its commercial distributor, so that they are available to you at cost price. The intention in bringing out these titles is to reach out to a new and wider readership. Your help in this area will be very valuable.

KFI ANNUAL GATHERING 1995

KFI's annual gathering will be held from January 18 to January 21, 1995, at 'Vasanta Vihar', Madras. Such gatherings are occasions to examine serious existential questions in the light of Krishnamurti's teachings.

The programme of the 1995 Gathering will consist of talks, group discussions, study, video shows and cultural events. It will conclude with the Krishnamurti Centenary Lecture by his Holiness the Dalai Lama on the evening of January 21.

As you know, there is limited space available at 'Vasanta Vihar'. Therefore we are constrained to limit the number of participants to 200. Of these, 150 will be provided accommodation by us on the spacious campus of the Theosophical Society, which is about a kilometre away from 'Vasanta Vihar'. The remaining 50 places will be reserved for those who can make their own arrangements for stay in Madras.

All participants will be registered purely on a first-come-first-served basis.

The four day gathering is meant ONLY for registered participants. However, the Centenary lecture by the Dalai Lama will be a public function open to anybody.

If you would like to take part in the gathering, please write requesting despatch of the Registration Form and the Gathering Folder, which gives details of accommodation, tariff, and other details.

We have provisionally fixed the participation fee at about Rs. 500 per head for the four day gathering.

The Gathering Folder will be sent to you after the second week of September, and correspondence about the Gathering will be entertained ONLY after you receive the Folder and the Registration Form.

Please address your requisition letter to:

Gathering 1995
Krishnamurti Foundation India
'Vasanta Vihar', 64 Greenways Road
Madras - 600 028

Statement about ownership and other particulars of Krishnamurti
Foundation India Bulletin

FORM IV

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. Place of Publication | Krishnamurti Foundation
India `Vasanta Vihar'
64/65, Greenways Road,
Madras 600 028. |
| 2. Periodicity of Publication | Once in 4 months |
| 3. Printer's Name | J. Loyola Rodrigo |
| Whether Citizen of India | Yes |
| Address | M/s. Sidma Offset Press (P) Ltd
11, G.A.A. Khan 1st Street,
Thousand Lights Madras - 6 |
| 4. Publisher's Name | Dr. Radhika Herzberger |
| Whether Citizen of India | Yes |
| Address | Krishnamurti Foundation
India `Vasanta Vihar'
64/65, Greenways Road,
Madras 600 028. |
| 5. Editor' Name | Dr. Radhika Herzberger |
| Address | Same as above |
| 6. Name and addresses of
Individuals who own the
Newspaper and partners
or shareholders holding
more than one percent
of the total capital | Krishnamurti Foundation
India, Address as above |

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

Dated 17th August 1994

Sd/- Radhika Herzberger
Signature of Publisher