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Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

From the Editor

The years between 1922, when Krishnamurti had his first mystical experiences in Ojai, and 1929, when he dissolved the Order of the Star, are crucial for a clear understanding of Krishnamurti's life and the unfolding of his mature teaching. This is the middle period in his life during which he used traditional religious vocabulary but was struggling to find his own authentic voice. It was a time of creative ferment, when he experimented with many forms including verse, parables and stories, and gave some impressive talks. Carlo Soares, an early biographer, studied this period with a careful and critical eye. We produce Soares' analysis of Krishnamurti's output in 1927, which included the semi-biographical piece 'Who Brings the Truth?' and several prose-poems. What we publish here is a chapter from Carlo Soares' *Krishnamurti and the Unity of Man* (Bombay: Chetana. 1950). Introducing the chapter, Soares says: '. . . it is quite clear that his first talks and the poems following his realisation (towards 1927: he was then about 30) ought not to be quoted, if we wish in good faith to understand his message. On the other hand, if they are placed in proper perspective, these early works are profoundly human and allow us to follow the development of a wonderful experience.' (pp. 39-40).

— R.H.

KRISHNAMURTI AND THE UNITY OF MAN

Carlo Soares

THE SONG OF LOVE

Krishnamurti began when very young to deliver lectures and to write, but, as we have just said, the documents belonging to that first period, books, pamphlets and notes, do not enlighten us much as to his message, even if they reveal a few traits of his character. In order to understand the message, without subjecting it to misinterpretations arising from his very early teachings, we need not examine it before 1927, the date when, as Krishnamurti puts it, he had fully realised himself.

His message, however, undergoes constant transformation. One can easily find contradictions in it: for example, between a statement made in 1928 and another in 1931. This can be explained by the nature of the message itself, which is not the result of scientific research or study in libraries, but the day-to-day descriptions of a living experience, which, in order to become intelligible, must invent a language. Krishnamurti, who was taught from his earliest childhood to worship a certain image, then another, never accepted the peace which such illusions offered. He was athirst for eternity, but an eternity in living, direct contact with daily life. It was therefore his great love, in the most universal and at the same time most simple meaning of the word, which enabled him to leave the shadows of the churches.

More attracted by the expression of a face, by a gesture, by the human, than by abstractions, his greatest desire was to learn from all and everyone, that he may be united with the life which was so fleeting and which was hidden from him in images and divinities. This was a passionate love for all that is living, for the entire world, for the passer-by, for everything; it was an indomitable will to doubt, not to allow himself to be imprisoned by anyone or by anything and, at last, a revolt, nurtured by the infinite suffering which was his lot during childhood and youth. This was what brought him to knowledge. It will readily be understood that his decisive experience was anything but an intellectual discovery. When, suddenly, he felt his psychological nature, so to speak, 'melt' within life, that impersonal, enormous, universal life he had always sought, quite naturally that shock, that metamorphosis,

that death of the 'I' within the eternal present, began by expressing itself as best it could, through images and ideas that belonged to the past.

The 'I' had disappeared, but into a permanence. There was no break, no halt, but an unbroken stream of life. The psychological life was transposed into a world in which the old world existed, though transfigured and recreated. For a long time Krishnamurti thought that it was a question of union: was it not his love for life that had allowed him to be destroyed by it as an 'I'?

His first expression is a hymn of joy, a song of love in which there is no place for an explanation of the phenomenon which had taken place. Already, going far beyond the experiences of mystics that are known to us, Krishnamurti has discovered, contrary to the gropings of his thought, a de-divinised life, a life without myths, if we may so express it. He knows already that no way, no path, no mysticism, no yoga leads to it. He leaves the religious sphere and concentrates on Reality, establishing it within himself permanently (whereas no mystic gives us an example of absolute and definite identification), and allows himself to be re-created by it.

This fact amply demonstrates that the experience was a total one. From then onwards one witnesses the evolution of this man, invaded by the living Reality which has dispossessed him of himself. He needs three or four years to recreate for himself, slowly and patiently, a new intelligence, a new way of thinking, a method. The song of love, the lyrical explosion, the freshness of spring, making a direct appeal to joy, happiness, unreasoning enthusiasm, are to be transformed into a message, in which clear intelligence will be united with love.

This intelligence, however, created by love, will itself elude those who claim to classify it, to stop its growth, to dissect it, to smother it in a system. It will make its appeal to a way of thinking, which, far from being cerebral, will be a fusion of intelligence and love, and in which these two powers never at any moment become dissociated.

It is because of this fusion that we must not limit ourselves to the study of the most recent parts of Krishnamurti's message, which analyse the functions of consciousness, but must also get to know the wonderful impulse of love which drove this man to annihilate himself to himself.

It will be noticed first of all that from the age of ten or twelve, Krishnamurti became the centre of a considerable movement. When he

was about fifteen, in 1911, the movement was organised for setting the state for the role of a World-Teacher which had been reserved for him. This led to a drama in 1927, and to a Destruction of the Temples in 1929. These incidents had such repercussions that twenty years later (at Madras in 1947) he was still being asked questions on the subject:

QUESTION: The Theosophical Society announced you to be the Messiah and World-Teacher. Why did you leave the Theosophical Society and renounce Messiahship?

KRISHNAMURTI: I have received several questions of this kind, and I thought I would answer them. It is not frightfully important, but I will try to answer them.

First of all let us examine the whole question of organizations. There is a rather lovely story of a man who was walking along the street and behind him were two strangers. As he walked along, he saw something very bright and he picked it up and looked at it and put it in his pocket and the two men behind him observed this and one said to the other: 'This is a very bad business for you, is it not?' and the other who was the devil answered: 'No, what he picked up is truth. But I am going to help him organize it.' You see it!

Can truth be organized? Can you find truth through an organization? Must you not go beyond and above all organizations to find truth? After all why do all spiritual organizations exist? They are based on different beliefs, are they not? You believe in one thing and somebody else believes in it too and around that belief you form an organization and what is the result? Beliefs and organizations are forever separating people, keeping people apart; you are a Hindu, I am a Muslim, you are a Christian and I am a Buddhist. Beliefs throughout history have acted as a barrier between man and man, and any organization based on a belief must inevitably bring war between man and man as it has done over and over again. We talk of brotherhood, but if you believe differently from me I am ready to cut your throat; we have seen it happen over and over again.

Are organizations necessary? You understand that I am not talking about organizations formed for the mutual convenience of man in his daily existence: I am talking of the psychological and the so-called spiritual organizations. Are they necessary? They exist on the supposition that they will help man to realise truth and they are

a means of propaganda: you want to tell others what you think or what you have learned, what appears to you to be a fact. And is truth propaganda? What is truth to someone, when propagated surely ceases to be truth for another. Does it not? Surely, Reality, God or whatever you call it, is not to be propagated. It is to be experienced by everyone for himself and that experience cannot be organized; the moment it is organized, propagated, it ceases to be the truth, it becomes a lie, therefore a hindrance to reality, because after all, the real, the immeasurable cannot be formulated, cannot be put into words, the unknown cannot be measured by the known, by the word, and when you measure it, it ceases to be the truth, therefore it ceases to be the real and therefore it is a lie, and therefore generally propaganda is a lie. And organizations that are supposed to be based on the search for truth, founded for the search of the real, become the propagandists' instruments, and so they cease to be of any significance; not only this particular organization in question but all spiritual organizations become means of exploitation. They acquire property and property becomes awfully important; seeking members and all the rest of that business begins; they will not find truth for the obvious reason that the organization becomes more important than the search for reality. And no truth can be found through any organization because truth comes when there is freedom and freedom cannot exist when there is belief, for belief is merely the desire for security and a man who is caught in his need for security can never find that which is.

Now, with regard to Messiahship, it is very simple. I have never denied it and I do not think it matters very much whether I have or have not. What is important to you is whether what I say is the truth. So, don't go by the label, don't give importance to a name. Whether I am the world-teacher or the Messiah or something else is surely not important. If it is important to you then you will miss the truth of what I am saying because you will judge by the label and the label is so flimsy. Somebody will say that I am the Messiah and somebody else will say that I am not and where are you? You are in the same confusion and the same misery, in the same conflict. So, surely, it is of very little significance. I am sorry to waste your time on this question. But whether I am or I am not the Messiah is of very little importance. But what is important is to find out, if you are really earnest, whether what I say is the truth and you can only find out whether what I say is the truth by examining it, by being aware now of what I am saying and finding out whether what I am saying

can be worked out in daily life. What I am saying is not so very difficult to understand. The intellectual person will find it very difficult because his mind is perverted and a man of devotion also will find it extremely difficult, but the man who is really seeking will understand because of its simplicity. And what I am saying cannot be put into a few words and I am not going to attempt to say it in a few words because my answers to the questions and the various talks which I have given will reveal it if you are interested in what I am saying.

The questions: 'Are you the Messiah?' — 'Are you the World-Teacher?' — 'Have you renounced your mission?' — 'Are you he who was foretold?' — are obviously strongly tinged with religious emotion, and the contrasting nature of Krishnamurti's reply, analysing as it does the character of so-called spiritual organizations, i.e. religions, is striking. In his early period, however, in 1927, Krishnamurti was far from having attained this objective calm. Let us listen to him at that time:

I have always in this life, and perhaps in past lives, desired one thing: to escape, to be beyond sorrow, beyond limitations, to discover my Guru, my Beloved — which is your Guru and your Beloved, the Guru, the Beloved who exists in everybody, who exists under every common stone, in every blade of grass that is trodden upon. It has been my desire, my longing, to become united with Him so that I should no longer feel that I was separate, no longer be a different entity with a separate self. When I was able to destroy that self utterly, I was able to unite myself with my Beloved. Hence, because I have found my Beloved, my Truth, I want to give it to you.

Through the images, myths and doctrines pressed upon him; and despite the advice given him by his patrons, with their occult hierarchies and their magics; in spite, too, of the traditions, superstitions, prejudice and waves of devotion besieging him, this stubborn and solitary individual was able to win through to deliverance, without once wavering in intention.

All the texts of his we possess, no matter how far back they go, bear witness to this will and determination to discover, entirely on his own, his essence, which he knew to be the essence of all. As early as 1926, before realisation came, he was saying:

I think all of you realise that to create, as you must create if you would live, there must be struggle and discontent; and in guiding

these to their fruition you must cultivate your own point of view, your own tendencies, your own abilities; and for this I desire to arouse in each that Voice, that Tyrant, the only true guide that will help you to create. Most of you prefer — it is a much easier way — to copy. Most of you like to follow ...

In cultivating this Voice till it becomes the one Tyrant, the one Voice which we obey, we must find out our goal and work unceasingly for its attainment. Now what is this goal? To me it is this. I want to attain the Ultimate Truth. I want to reach a state where I know for myself that I have conquered, that I have attained, that I am the embodiment of that Truth ... This is the goal for me. The first essential is the strengthening of this Voice, in each of us, which asserts itself from time to time ... means a life according to its edicts ...

This is for me the big thing in life. I do not want to obey anybody, it does not matter who he is, so long as I do not feel he is right. I do not want to hide behind the screen which veils the Truth ...

If you have this enthusiasm, you will find that your Intuition, that Voice which we are eager to hear, will become your Master, the one authority in your lives ...

Krishnamurti, therefore, not only knows already what he wants, but also what he must do to attain it: rouse that inner voice, that creative intuition which has to make us 'more than the ordinary', and the irresistible call of which will command us to leave all and follow it. In brief, by a process of self-revelation, Krishnamurti clearly establishes within himself his own goal, that tyrant which will never cease driving him without ever granting him respite. This is why he sets it up, and then uses that goal itself as a means of attaining it!

He gave this will expression, when, as a small child almost dying of hunger, he aspired to one thing only: absolute truth, which he had made up his mind to find, without the aid of anyone whatsoever, without ever yielding, and without ever stopping on the way! At the age of ten, he was already consumed by this incredible call of the absolute. And when at last he came to the end of his search, what matters if he began by hymns to the self, the Well-Beloved? What matters the name he gave to the All which is in all? *You ask me: Who are you? I am all things, because I am Life.* Let us understand that that 'I' was already no longer an entity, that Krishnamurti was no longer there:

If I say, and I will say, that I am one with the Beloved, it is because I feel and know it. I have found what I longed for, I have become united, so that henceforth there will be no separation, because my thoughts, my desires, my longings — those of the individual self — have been destroyed.

Hence I am able to say that I am one with the Beloved — whether you interpret it as the Buddha, the Lord Maitreya, Sri Krishna, the Christ, or any other name.

From childhood he had been taught to adore images, but his whole desire, his whole aspiration, during all these years of suffering and struggle had been to suppress the object of his search by a process of identification:

I said to myself: as long as I see Them outside as in a picture, an objective thing, I am separate, I am away from the centre; but when I have the capacity, when I have the strength, when I have the determination, when I am purified and ennobled, then that barrier, that separation, will disappear. I was not satisfied till that barrier was broken down, till that separateness was destroyed. Till I was able to say with certainty, without any undue excitement, or exaggeration in order to convince others, that I was one with my Beloved, I never spoke. I talked of vague generalities which everybody wanted.

Thus his desire to attain to that ultimate reality did not lead to self-deception but made all clear. Not to deceive oneself, and to attain to reality, are synonymous terms.

When I began to think for myself, which has been now for some years past, I found myself in revolt. I was not satisfied by any teachings, by any authority. I wanted to find out for myself what the World-Teacher meant to me and what the Truth was behind the form of the World-Teacher. Before I began to think for myself, I took it for granted that I, Krishnamurti, was the vehicle of the World-Teacher because many people maintained that it was so. But when I began to think, I wanted to find out what was meant by the World-Teacher, what was meant by the taking of a vehicle by the World-Teacher, and what was meant by His manifestation in the world.

I am going to be purposely vague, because although I could quite easily make it definite it is not my intention to do so. Because once

you define a thing it becomes dead. If you make a thing definite — at least that is what I maintain — you are trying to give an interpretation which in the minds of others will take a definite form and hence they will be bound by that form from which they will have to liberate themselves.

What I am going to tell you is not on authority, and you must not obey, but understand. It is not a question of authority, nor of set lines which you must follow blindly — that is what most of you are wanting. You want me to lay down the law, you want me to say: I am so and so; so that you can say: all right, we will work for you. That is not the reason why I am explaining, but it is in order that we should understand each other, that we should help each other . . .

Now, when I was a small boy I used to see Sri Krishna, with the flute, as He is pictured by the Hindus, because my mother was a devotee of Sri Krishna. She used to talk to me about Sri Krishna, and hence I created an image in my mind of Sri Krishna, with the flute, with all the devotion, all the love, all the songs, all the delight — you have no idea what a tremendous thing that is for the boys and girls of India . . .

Then he was shown other images, and finally it was the Buddha he saw..

It has been a struggle all the time to find the Truth, because I was not satisfied by the authority of another, or the imposition of another, or the enticement of another. I wanted to discover for myself, and naturally I had to go through sufferings to find out . . .

What was this Truth? It was everything: everything at once, everything that hid behind each image, and something more than all those images.

I said to myself: until I become one with all the Teachers, whether They are the same is not of great importance: whether Sri Krishna, Christ, the Lord Maitreya, are one is again a matter of no great consequence . . .

Though I used to worship that picture, I was not satisfied . . . and because of my dissatisfaction, because of my discontentment, because of my sorrows, I was able to identify myself with the picture and hence I am the picture . . .

I could not have said last year, as I can say now, that I am the Teacher; for had I said it then, it would have been insincere, it

would have been untrue. Because I had not then united the Source and the Goal, I was not able to say that I was the Teacher. But now I can say it. I have become one with the Beloved. I have been made simple.

In India, the miraculous becomes, in all simplicity, a part of everyday life. The young Krishnamurti really saw these images which he was taught to adore: Sri Krishna with his flute, of whom his mother spoke, and who is adored by all small Hindus, and then the various Masters, and lastly Buddha. They lived in him, but in the end, impelled by his burning desire to discover the truth which these images concealed, he passed, truly and literally, through them, became identified with them. It was only later, when this identification, this union, had taken place, that he understood that these images had been but a projection of himself, and of his own essence, which he was pursuing.

About this time he told the following story:

One day a disciple went in search of a Sannyasi and asked him to teach him the truth. The Sannyasi shut him up in a cave.

— Meditate deeply, he told him, and in a year's time you will see the Master appear.

In a year's time, he asked the disciple if the master had appeared to him.

— Yes, was the reply.

— Then meditate another year, and the Master will speak to you.

A year later the Master had spoken.

— Now, said the Sannyasi, Listen for a year to what the Master says to you.

And for a year the disciple heard the Master's teachings. And when that third year had gone, the Sannyasi went to the disciple and said:

— Now you have lived with the Master and he has spoken to you and you have heard his teachings, meditate until there is no Master any longer. Then you will know the truth.

The difference between the disciple and Krishnamurti was that the latter had to discover all by himself and in spite of everyone, that the

Master was none other than himself. His meeting with the last image, the adorable image of Buddha, with which he succeeds in merging, was actually lived by him, and it was an indescribable emotion, an ecstatic experience.

I sat a-dreaming in a room of great silence,
The early morning was still and breathless,
The great blue mountains stood against the dark skies, cold and clear,
Round the dark log house
The black and yellow birds were welcoming the sun.

I sat on the floor, with legs crossed, meditating,
Forgetting the blue sunlit mountains,
The birds,
The immense silence,
And the golden sun.

I lost the feel of my body,
My limbs were motionless,
Relaxed and at peace.
A great joy of unfathomable depth filled my heart.
Eager and keen was my mind, concentrated.
Lost the transient world,
I was full of strength.

As the Eastern breeze,
That suddenly springs into being,
And calms the weary world,
There in front of me
Seated, cross-legged, as the world knows Him,
In His yellow robes, simple and magnificent,
Was the Teacher of Teachers.

The image lived with him, accompanied him, but despite his happiness, he did not rest there. He kept on searching. He doubted. He wished to shatter the image, pass through it. He wished to reach the essence of things, the absolute. One day:

He walked towards me and I stood still.
My heart and soul gathered strength.
The trees and birds listened with unexpected silence.

There was thunder in the skies —
Then, utter peace.

I saw Him look at me,
And my vision became vast.
My eyes saw and my mind understood.
My heart embraced all things,
For a new love was born unto me.

A new glory thrilled my being,
For He walked before me, and I followed, my head high.
The tall trees I saw through Him,
Gently waving in welcome,
The dead leaf, the mud,
The sparkling water and the withered branches.
The heavily laden and chattering villagers walked through Him —
Ignorant and laughing.
The barking dogs rushed, through Him, at me.
A barrack of a house became an enchanted abode,
Its red roof melting into setting sun.
The garden was a fairy land,
The flowers were the fairies.

Standing against the dark evening sky,
I saw Him
In His eternal glory.

He walked before me
Down the little narrow path,
Always looking, while I followed.

He was at the door of my room,
I passed through Him.
Purified, with a new song in my heart,
I remain.

He is before me forever.
Look where I may, He is there.
I see all things through Him.
His glory has filled me and awakened a glory
that I have never known.

An eternal peace is my vision,
Glorifying all things,
He is ever before me.

He is identified with the image. It is in him. It fills him, but that is still not enough. Doubt is not appeased. He still meditates and seeks. He wishes to be his own essence . . . And at last, one day, reality is there, in its bareness. The images have disappeared. The essence of things itself is seen. His heart overflows with tenderness and happiness. He is transported by an indescribable joy, by infinite compassion for those who lack in themselves such ineffable love. The love so great that it is all. And at the same time, it is solitude. He wishes to give his wealth to all men, shower upon them that eternity of love, on all of them one by one. He burns in that transfiguration. The flame makes him tremble with such intensity that his body, which is too slender and too finely-bred, seems every moment on the point of being shattered. And yet the intensity is also so concentrated, that the outcome is infinite peace. Around him, people listen, and let themselves be carried away by vague emotions, or shrug their shoulders. They do not understand. Already he is a stranger. But what does it matter?

Since I have met with Thee,
O my Beloved,
Never have I known the loneliness.

A stranger am I
Amidst all peoples,
In all lands.
Amidst the multitude of strangers,
Full am I
As the scent of the jasmin.
They surround me,
But I know no loneliness.

I weep for the strangers;
How alone they are.
Full of immense loneliness,
Fearful,
They take to themselves
People
As lonely as themselves

A guest am I
In this world of transient things,
Unfettered by the entanglements thereof.
I am of no country,
No boundaries hold me.

O friend,
I weep for thee,¹
Thou layest deep thy foundation,
But thy house perishes on the morrow.

O friend,
Come with me,
Abide in the house of my Beloved.
Though thou shalt wander the earth,²
Possessing nothing,
Thou shalt be as welcome
As the lovely spring,
For thou bringest with thee
The Companion of all.

O friend,
Live with me,
My Beloved and I are one.

And now the song of that love wells up and fills everything. His Well-Beloved is no longer in his heart, but has filled the world, and he is everywhere. He has truly emerged from himself. He is completely out of centre.

Oh! Listen,
I will sing to you the song of my Beloved.

Where the soft green slopes of the still mountains
Meet the blue shimmering waters of the noisy sea,
Where the bubbling brook shouts in ecstasy,
Where the still pools reflect the calm heavens,
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.
In the vale where the cloud hangs in loneliness
Searching the mountain for rest,
In the still smoke climbing heavenwards,

In the hamlet toward the setting sun,
In the thin wreaths of the fast disappearing clouds,
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

Among the dancing tops of the tall cypress,
Among the gnarled trees of great age,
Among the frightened bushes that cling to the earth,
Among the long creepers that hang lazily,
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the ploughed fields where noisy birds are feeding,
On the shaded path that winds along the full, motionless river,
Beside the banks where the water laps,
Amidst the tall poplars that play ceaselessly with the winds,
In the dead tree of last summer's lightning,
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the still blue skies,
Where heaven and earth meet
In the breathless air,
In the morn burdened with incense,
Among the rich shadows of a noon-day,
Among the long shadows of an evening,
Amidst the gay and radiant clouds of the setting sun,
On the path on the waters at close of the day,
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

In the shadows of the stars,
In the deep tranquillity of dark nights,
In the reflection of the moon on still waters,
In the great silence before the dawn,
Among the whispering of waking trees,
In the cry of the bird at morn,
Amidst the wakening of shadows,
Amidst the sunlit tops of the far mountains,
In the sleepy face of the world,
There thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

Keep still, O dancing waters,
And listen to the voice of my Beloved.

In the happy laughter of children
Thou canst hear Him.
The music of the flute
Is His voice.
The startled cry of a lonely bird
Moves thy heart to tears,
For thou hearest His voice,
The roar of the age-old sea
Awakens the memories
That have been lulled to sleep
By His voice.
The soft breeze that stirs
The tree-tops lazily
Brings to thee the sound
Of His voice.

The thunder among the mountains
Fills thy soul
With the strength
Of His voice,
In the roar of a vast city,
Through the shrill moan of swift-passing vehicles,
In the throb of a distant engine,
Through the voices of the night,
The cry of sorrow,
The shout of joy,
Through the ugliness of anger,
Comes the voice of my Beloved.

In the distant blue isles,
On the soft dewdrop,
On the breaking wave,
On the sheen of waters,
On the wing of the flying bird,
On the tender leaf of the spring,
Thou wilt see the face of my Beloved.

In the sacred temple,
In the hall of dancing,
On the holy face of the sannyasi,
In the lurches of the drunkard,

With the harlot and with the chaste,
Thou wilt meet with my Beloved.

On the fields of flowers,
In the towns of squalor and dirt,
With the pure and the unholy,
In the flower that hides divinity,
There is my well-Beloved.

Oh, the sea
Has entered my heart.
In a day,
I am living an hundred summers.
O, friend,
I behold my face in thee,
The face of my well-Beloved.

This is the song of my love.

During the whole of this period Krishnamurti retraces in spirit the stages through which he has passed, seeks to understand them, describes them. He learns from them the lesson which he lavishes on those around him and which they understand so little. The stages are vain, useless. It is absurd to try and go through them. There is nothing to go through. There is no truth but in perceiving 'what is'. There is no way but knowledge of oneself. His song of love becomes gradually more concentrated, though retaining its appeal, gathers itself together and begins to give birth to understanding of itself.

Through the veil of Form,
O Beloved,
I see Thee, myself in manifestation.

How unattainable are the mountains to the valley,
Though the mountains hold the valley.
How mysterious is the darkness
That brings forth the watching stars,
And yet the night is born of day!

I am in love with Life.
As the mountain lake

Which receives many streams,
And sends forth great rivers,
But holds its unknown depths,
So is my love.

Calm and clear as the mountains in the morning
Is my thought,
Born of love.

Happy is the man who has found the harmony of life,
For then he creates in the shadow of eternity.

The tone begins to change. The image fades. It will never return. The era of visions is over. The thought is born of love, 'calm and clear', and we shall now see it put to flight philosophies, metaphysics, psychologies, and effortlessly, spontaneously, create the values of self-knowledge.

The song of love becomes an appeal to clarity. The lyricism fades with the last images. From excess of richness, the language is stripped bare.

I have lived the good and evil of men,
And dark became the horizon of my love.
I have known the morality and immorality of men,
And cruel became my anxious thought.

I have shared in the piety and impiety of men,
And heavy became the burden of life.
I have pursued the race of the ambitious,
And vain became the glory of life.
And now I have fathomed the secret purpose of desire.

Here, now, is the last stage. Love, united to intelligence, mingled inextricably with it, has rejected all objects. Can such an impersonal love still be called love, in the meaning commonly given to the word? No. What becomes of love when the psychological being disappears? It is its own aim, its own meaning, its own beginning and its own end. It is the present moment. *Love is its own eternity.*

You are carried away by the mere expressions of life, the shadow, and ignore Life itself. To understand Life is to think and feel greatly, to be free from self-consciousness. If you depend on the

expression, you will miss the full significance of Life. If you love someone, you are concerned with the person rather than with love. When you love someone intensely, in that love the 'you' and the 'I' have no reality.

And now that this love has attained clarity, all those who expected to be carried away on a flood of emotion, feel annoyed and deceived. Many are even appalled. What? Is that man attached to none? How can one be more attached to love than to the object of one's love? As for the idea of a love without an object, it belongs only to the realms of abstraction.

Here, as always, they think in terms of two alternatives: either a love which is attachment, or a self-deluding love which flees from every object and shuts itself up in its own egotism. But here, as always, comes the simple answer, too simple indeed, since it is not the dictation of an isolated centre of consciousness and has nothing in common with the world of the isolated individuals:

To me, your idea of friendship is wrong. A man whose heart and mind are closed can only be opened by love for a few; such a man demands friends, because he relies on them for his comfort, consolation, satisfaction. I do not crave to possess friends because in me I hold nothing specially for the few as against the rest.

Then the egos, disillusioned, withdraw from him. Yet to the extent that each succeeds in stripping away the self, he finds that love, which is its own eternity, a point like the point of a needle, unfathomable, limpid, incandescent, incapable of being measured, and with neither beginning nor end.

Love has gone beyond its song.

KRISHNAMURTI CENTENARY

The Krishnamurti Foundation India is happy to inform you that it plans to commemorate in 1995 the birth centenary of J. Krishnamurti (1895-1986). The Foundations in America, England, and Spain will also be marking the Centenary in their countries and other parts of the world.

The theme of the Centenary is 'A Century of Krishnamurti'. The Centenary is an occasion to focus attention on the relevance of the timeless teachings of Krishnamurti to the contemporary age and to ensure that they become a living part of human heritage.

In order to consolidate its present work and to reach out to a wider audience, the KFI has drawn up several programmes to disseminate the teachings of Krishnamurti. Some of them are:

- * Encouraging individuals and groups to form Krishnamurti Study Centres in their localities where people can gather periodically to read and borrow books and tapes of Krishnamurti and meet like-minded people.
- * Holding video shows of Krishnamurti's programmes.
- * Arranging lectures and seminars in various towns and cities in India and neighbouring countries.
- * Ensuring that Krishnamurti's books and tapes are available in libraries, schools, colleges, universities, cultural and religious institutions, and also in bookshops.
- * Sponsoring programmes about Krishnamurti on television and radio.
- * Getting articles about Krishnamurti, reviews of his books and excerpts from his works published in newspapers and journals.

Besides, the KFI proposes to bring out new books and pamphlets to mark the Centenary, and also offer some popular titles at reduced cost. Some audio tapes of Krishnamurti's talks have been released through Pan Music, a commercial recording company with a wide distribution network.

The KFI seeks your cooperation in carrying out all these tasks. We will be happy if you can inform us as to what area of activity interests you and in what manner you can take the initiative in carrying out the following schemes:

- * Starting Krishnamurti Study Centres in your locality with the help of some friends, and also strengthening the existing Centres. The Foundation is keen on supporting your work.
- * Arranging video shows for the public, or in educational and cultural institutions.
- * Arranging exhibitions and sales of books and tapes.
- * Contacting libraries, universities, schools and colleges, cultural and religious institutions, and also book shops in your locality and finding out whether they have stocks of Krishnamurti's books.
- * Contacting local newspapers and journals and getting articles, book reviews and excerpts from Krishnamurti's works published.
- * Arranging lectures and discussions by the Trustees of the Foundation.
- * Enrolling more subscribers for the Bulletin.
- * Helping us enlarge our Mailing List by suggesting the names and addresses of your friends and also of religious and cultural institutions in your area who would be interested in keeping in touch with the Foundation and receiving our annual Bulletins, Centenary brochures, and book and audio/video catalogues.

We would like to know the number of Centenary brochures you would require for distributing among your friends and for putting up on the Notice Boards of various institutions.

We appeal to you to donate generously towards the work in connection with the Centenary, and suggest the names of your friends in India and abroad who might help us to raise funds for our various projects. We are also looking for institutions

that might sponsor newspaper advertisements about our publications.

We look forward to hearing your suggestions and proposals for sharing in the work. Please write to:

Krishnamurti Centenary Committee
Krishnamurti Foundation India
'Vasanta Vihar', 64 Greenways Road
Madras - 600 028

Our new Telephone Numbers: 4937803 / 4937596

Published by Dr Radhika Herzberger for Krishnamurti Foundation India, 64 Greenways Road, Madras - 600 028 and printed at Sidma Offset Press (P) I.td., No. 11, Gulam Abbas Ali Khan First Street, Thousand Lights, Madras - 600 006.

Editor: Dr Radhika Herzberger.

SPECIAL CENTENARY PUBLICATIONS

KRISHNAMURTI FOR BEGINNERS: An Anthology. This book is meant to introduce the life and teachings of J. Krishnamurti to those who have never read or heard him previously. The selections focus, therefore, on some of Krishnamurti's basic statements on the problems of daily living and on the nature of religious life. They also represent the rich variety of genres that he used — public talks, answers to questions, writings, interviews, diaries, dictations, letters, dialogues and discussions.

MIND IN MEDITATION is a good introduction to Krishnamurti's view of meditation, for here — as in his other talks and writings — he focuses relentlessly on the importance of being aware of our daily lives and actions, and asserts that unless there is order in our daily everyday living, there is no basis for meditation. Negating the traditional notion of meditation as control of thought, or as a system to be practised, he says: 'There must be complete self-knowledge. So there must be no system, no method, no concentration — and a mind that has understood all this through negation, then becomes naturally very quiet.'

FREEDOM, RESPONSIBILITY AND DISCIPLINE: This booklet is not a sermon for the young on freedom, responsibility and discipline. On the contrary, it is a dialogue in which Krishnamurti enquires into these issues of life with a group of children of the Rishi Valley School. He explains very carefully the meaning of freedom, responsibility and discipline and their inter-relationship. However his explanations are not definitions to be accepted but statements to be questioned. Freedom is not freedom to make choices; responsibility is not duty; discipline is not obedience — these are some of Krishnamurti's original insights that challenge students, teachers and parents.

CONVERSATIONS: In these thirteen short conversations, the reader is made aware of the depth and the complexity of the human psyche — its existential problems, emotional traumas and philosophical questions. Krishnamurti's response to each participant is fresh and spontaneous, arising as it does from his accurate perception of the human predicament. His vision of life is all-encompassing, and makes no division between the worldly life and the religious life. 'Religion', he says, 'is not separate from life; on the contrary it is life itself. It is this division between religion and life which has bred all the misery you are talking about. So we come back to the basic question of whether it is possible in daily life to live in a state which, for the moment, let us call enlightenment.'

KRISHNAMURTI SCHOOLS

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| THE BHAGIRATHI VALLEY SCHOOL P.O. Ranari (Via Dunda) Uttar Kashi - 249 151, Uttar Pradesh | Elementary School for local students |
| RISHI VALLEY SCHOOL (KFI) Rishi Valley - 517 352 Chittoor District, Andhra Pradesh | Boarding School Ages 8 to 17 |
| RAJGHAT BESANT SCHOOL (KFI) Rajghat Fort Varanasi - 221 001, Uttar Pradesh | Boarding School Ages 7 to 19 |
| VASANTA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN Rajghat Fort Varanasi - 221 001, Uttar Pradesh | B.A. & B.ED. (Humanities only) |
| THE SCHOOL (KFI) 'Damodar Gardens' Besant Avenue Madras - 600 020 | Day School Ages 6 to 17 |
| THE VALLEY SCHOOL (KFI) 'Haridvanam' 17th K.M. Kanakapura Road Thatguni Post, Bangalore - 560 062 | Day/Boarding School Ages 6 to 17 |
| Bal-Anand 'Akash Deep' 28, Dongersi Road Bombay - 400 006 | An After-School Centre for young children |
| United Kingdom: BROCKWOOD PARK Bramdean, Hampshire SO240LQ, U.K. | Education Centre and Boarding School 14 years upwards |
| United States: THE OAK GROVE SCHOOL P.O. Box 1560 Ojai, California 93023, U.S.A. | Day/Boarding School Ages 3½ to 17 |