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Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

FROM THE EDITOR

Nowhere is Krishnamurti's regard for the civilization created by India more poignantly revealed than in the way he described a wordless encounter with a passing villager from Rishi Valley.

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

(Krishnamurti's Journal, p. 46)

The present issue of the Bulletin brings together Krishnamurti's closely observed lives of the Indian poor, in the villages that surround Rishi Valley and Rajghat and in the tenements within the large metropolitan cities of Madras, Bombay and New Delhi. There are fisherman preparing their nets, weavers spinning thread, and little girls carrying babies on their hips; there are wedding parties, funerals and festivals. The themes of compassion and life's essential simplicity are interwoven with portraits of beggars, ox-cart drivers and rikshaw pullers.

The selections show that Krishnamurti's rejection of Indian nationalism, the theme of the last Bulletin, was balanced by a deep love of humanity.

- R.H.

INDIA AND HER POOR

You cannot get the whole feeling of a country unless you have lived in it for some time. Yet the people who live there, who spend their days and years and die there, seldom, it seems, have a feeling for the whole of their own country. People in this vast country with so many languages, generally are very secular and provincial. The different class divisions which at one time bound them together through religion, chants and stories, are rapidly going; this unity, this feeling of sacredness of life, of things that are beyond thought is disappearing. When you came year after year and spent several months here, you would notice the general decline; you would see in every big town the enormous increase in population; and walking down any street you would see people sleeping on the pavement, the terrible poverty, the dirt. Around a corner you would see a temple or a mosque full of people and beyond the town the factories, the fields and the hills. It is really a very beautiful country with its high snow-covered mountains, its vast blue valleys, the rivers, the deserts, the rich red soil of the earth, palm trees, forests and the disappearing wild animals. The people are concerned with politics — one group against another group — the encroaching poverty, the squalor, the filth, but very few talk about the beauty of the land. And it is very beautiful in its variety, in the innumerable colours, in the vast expanse of the sky. You can get the whole feeling of the country with its ancient traditions, the mosques and the temples, the bright sunlight, the parrots and the monkeys, the thousands of villagers struggling with poverty and starvation, with lack of water until the rains come.

When you go up into the hills the air is cool and fresh, there is green grass. You seem to be in a different world and can see many hundred miles of snow-covered mountains. It is startlingly magnificent and as you come down a narrow path poverty is there and misery; in a little shed there is a monk talking to his disciples. There is a feeling of great aloofness from all this. You meet people with brains that

have been cultivated through many generations in religious thought and who have a peculiar capacity — at least verbally — to grasp the otherness of life. They will discuss sharply with you, quoting, comparing, remembering what has been said in their sacred books. It is all on the tip of their tongue, words piled upon words and the rich waters of the river pass by. You get the whole feeling of this extraordinary beauty, the vast mountains, hills, forests and rivers of the immense population, the varieties of conflict, the intense sorrow and the music. They all love music. They will sit listening by the hour in the villages, in the towns, absorbed in it, keeping time with their hands, with their heads, with their bodies. And the music is lovely. There is tremendous violence, increasing hate, and a crowd around the temple on the hill. Millions make a pilgrimage to the river, the most sacred of all rivers, and come away happy and weary. This is their form of enjoyment in the name of religion. There are sannyasis, monks, everywhere. Serious ones and those who have taken to the cloth as the easiest way of living. There is endless ugliness and there is the great beauty of a tree and of a face. A beggar is singing in the street, telling of ancient Gods, myths and the beauty of goodness. The workers on the buildings listen to it and give of their little to the man who sings. It is an incredible land with its incredible sorrow. You feel all this deep down in yourself with tears. The politician with his ambitions, everlastingly talking about the people and their welfare, the various petty leaders with their flocks, the division of language, the intense arrogance, the selfishness, the pride of race and ancient forebears, it is all there; and the strangest thing is children laughing. They seem to be so utterly ignorant of all this. They are poor and their laughter is greater than that of the rich and stuffy. Everything you can think of is in this land — deception, hypocrisy, cleverness, technology, erudition. A little boy in rags is learning to play the flute and a single palm tree grows in the field. In a valley that is far from towns and noise, where the hills are the oldest in the world, a parent had come to talk of his children. Probably he never looked at those hills; they seemed almost to be carefully carved by hand, huge boulders balancing on each other. The sky that morning was very blue and there were several mon-

keys running up and down in the tree outside the veranda. We were sitting on the floor on a red carpet and he said, 'I have several children and my troubles have begun. I don't know what to do with them. I have to marry off the girls and it is going to be very difficult to educate the boys, and' —he added as an after-thought — 'the girls. If I do not educate them they will live in poverty, without a future. My wife and I are very disturbed about all this. As you can see, sir, I have been well educated; I have a university degree and a good job. Some of my children are very intelligent and bright. In a primitive society they would do very well, but today you need to be highly educated in some special field in order to live a fairly decent life. I think I love them and I want them to live a life that is happy and industrious. I don't know what that word love means but I have a feeling for them. I want them to be cared for well educated, but I know that once they go to school the other children and the teachers will destroy them. The teacher is not interested in teaching them. He has his worries, his ambitions, his family quarrels and miseries. He will repeat something he has learned from a book and the children will become as dull as he is. There is this battle between the teacher and the student, resistance on the part of the children, punishment and reward and the fear of examinations. All this will inevitably cripple the minds of the children and yet they have to go through this mill to get a degree and a job. So what am I to do? I have often lain awake thinking of all this. I see year after year how children are destroyed. Haven't you noticed, sir, that something happens to them after they reach the age of puberty? Their faces change; they seem to have lost something. I have often wondered why this coarseness, this narrowing of the mind should take place in the adolescent. Is it not part of education to keep alive this quality of gentleness? — I do not know how to put it. They all seem suddenly to become violent and aggressive, with a stupid feeling of independence. They are not really independent at all.'

'The teachers seem to disregard this totally. I see my eldest boy coming back from school, already changed, brutalized, the eye already hard. Again what am I to do? I think I love them, otherwise I wouldn't be talking this way about

them. But I find I cannot do anything, the influence of the environment is too strong, the competition is growing, ruthlessness and efficiency have become the standards. So they will all become like the others; dull, the brightness gone from the eye and the happy smile never to appear again in the same way. So, as a parent among a million other parents, I have come to ask what I am to do. I see what effect society and culture have but I must send them to school. I can't educate them at home; I have not the time, nor has my wife and besides, they must have the companionship of other children. I talk to them at home but it is like a voice in the wilderness. You know, sir, how terribly imitative we are and children are like that. They want to belong, they don't want to be left out and the political and religious leaders use this and exploit it. And in a month's time they are walking in parades, saluting the flag, demonstrating against this or that, throwing stones and shouting. They are gone, finished. When I see this in my children I am so depressed I often want to commit suicide. Can I do anything at all? They don't want my love. They want a circus, as I did when I was a boy, and the same pattern is repeated.' We sat very silently. The mynah bird was singing and the ancient hills were full of the light of the sun. We cannot go back to the ancient system of a teacher with a few students living with him, being instructed by him and watching the way he lives. That is gone. Now we have this mechanical technology giving to the mind the sharpness of metal. The world is becoming industrialized and bringing with it its problems. Education neglects the rest of man's existence. It is like having a right arm highly developed, strong, vital, while the rest of the body withers, is weak and feeble. As a parent you may be an exception, but most parents want the industrial, mechanical process developed at the expense of the total human being. The majority seem to win. Could not the intelligent minority of parents get together and start a school in which the whole of man is considered and cared for, in which the educator is not merely the informant, a machine which imparts a particular knowledge, but is concerned with the well-being of the whole? This means that the educator needs education. It means creating a place where the educator is being educated, and the help of a

few parents who are deeply interested. Or is yours only a temporary, despairing cry? We don't seem to be able to apply ourselves to seeing the truth of something and carrying it out. I think, sir, that is where the trouble lies. You probably feel very strongly for your children and how they should be. But being aware of what is happening in the world doesn't seem radically to affect you; you drift with society. You merely indulge in complaint and that leads nowhere. You are responsible not only for your own children but for all children and you have to gather up your strength together with others to create the new schools. It is up to you and not up to society or governments, for you are part of this society. If you really loved your children you would actually and definitely apply yourself to bring about not only a different kind of education but also a totally different kind of society and culture.

Beginnings of Learning, pp. 216-220

The sea was as restless as the town, but its restlessness had depth and substance. The evening star was on the horizon. We walked back through a street crowded with buses, cars and people. A man lay naked and asleep on the sidewalk; he was a beggar, exhausted, fatally under-nourished, and it was difficult to awaken him. Beyond lay the green lawns and bright flowers of a public garden.

Commentaries On Living, p. 22

A man came up to us and began to talk in broken English. He said he had been watching us, and felt impelled to say something to us. With great feeling he promised he would lead a clean life, and that from this moment he would never smoke again. He said he was not educated, as he was only a rickshaw boy. He had strong eyes and a pleasant smile.

Ibid, p. 25

The road passed the gates, and a few yards along that road was the village, on the outskirts of a large town. The village was foul, with open gutters along its main, narrow lane. The

houses were thatched, the front steps decorated, and children were playing in the lane. Some weavers had stretched out long strands of gay-coloured threads to make cloth, and a group of children were watching them at work. It was a cheerful scene, bright, noisy and smelly. The villagers were freshly washed, and they had very little on for the climate was warm. Towards evening some of them got drunk and became loud and rough.

Ibid, p. 48

The train had come to a stop, and just then a two-wheeled carriage was passing, drawn by a horse. On the carriage was a human corpse, wrapped in an unbleached cloth and tied to two long green bamboo poles, freshly cut. From some village it was being taken to the river to be burnt. As the carriage moved over the rough road, the body was being brutally shaken, and under its cloth the head was obviously getting the worst of it. There was only one passenger in the carriage besides the driver; he must have been a near relative; for his eyes were red with much crying. The sky was the delicate blue of early spring, and children were playing and shouting in the dirt of the road. Death must have been a common sight, for everyone went on with what they were doing. Even the inquirer into death did not see the carriage and its burden.

Ibid, p. 88

The village was dirty, but there was tidiness around each hut. The front steps were washed and decorated daily, and inside the hut was clean though somewhat smoky from the cooking. The whole family was there, father, mother and children, and the old lady must have been the grandmother. They all seemed so cheerful and strongly contented. Verbal communication was impossible, as we did not know their language. We sat down, and there was no embarrassment. They went on with their work, but the children came near, a boy and a girl, and sat down, smiling. The evening meal was nearly ready, and there was not too much of it. As we left, they all came out and watched; the sun was over the river,

behind a vast, solitary cloud. The cloud was on fire and made the waters glow like remembered forest fires.

Ibid, p. 190

There was hardly anyone on the long, curving beach. A few fishermen were going back to their village among the tall palms. As they walked they made thread, rolling the cotton on their naked thighs and winding it on the bobbin; it was a very fine thread, and strong. Some of them walked with ease and grace, and others with dragging feet. They were ill-fed, thin, and burnt dark by the sun. A boy passed by singing, with long cheerful strides; and the sea came rolling in. There was no strong breeze, but it was a heavy sea, with thunderous waves. The moon, almost full, and just rising out of the blue-green water, and the breakers were white against the yellow sands.

How essentially simple life is, and how we complicate it! Life is complex, but we do not know how to be simple with it. Complexity must be approached simply, otherwise we shall never understand it. We know too much and that is why life eludes us; and the too much is so little. With that little we meet the immense; and how can we measure the immeasurable? Our vanity dulls us, experience and knowledge bind us, and the waters of life pass us by. To sing with that boy, to drag wearily with those fishermen, to spin thread on one's thigh, to be those villagers and the couple in the car — to be all that, not as a trick of identity, needs love. Love is not complex, but the mind makes it so. We are too much with the mind, and the ways of love we do not know.

Ibid, p. 210

The baby had been crying all night, and the poor mother had been doing her best to quiet him. She sang to him, she scolded him, she petted and rocked him; but it was no good. The baby must have been teething, and it was a weary night for the whole family. But now the dawn was coming over the dark trees, and at last the baby became quiet. There was a peculiar stillness as the sky grew lighter and lighter. The

dead branches were clear against the sky, slender and naked; a child called, a dog barked, a lorry rattled by, and another day had begun. Presently the mother came out carrying the baby, carefully wrapped, and walked along the road past the village, where she waited for a bus. Presumably she was taking him to the doctor. She looked so tired and haggard after that sleepless night, but the baby was fast asleep.

Ibid, p. 214

A boy was walking with long strides, singing as he walked. He smiled at all those he passed and seemed to have many friends. He was ill-clad, with a dirty cloth around his head, but he had a shining face and bright eyes. With his rapid strides he passed a fat man wearing a cap. The fat man waddled, head down, worried and anxious. He did not hear the song the boy was singing, nor even glance at the singer. The boy strode on through the big gates; passing the beautiful gardens and crossing the bridge over the river, he rounded a bend towards the sea, where he was joined by some companions, and as darkness gathered they all began to sing together. The lights of a car lit up their faces, and their eyes were deep with unknown pleasures. It was raining heavily now, and everything was dripping wet.

Ibid, pp. 218-219

How kind we naturally are, especially away from the towns in the fields and the small villages! Life is more intimate among the less educated, where the fever of ambition has not yet spread. The boy smiles at you, the old woman wonders, the man hesitates and passes by. A group stops its loud talk and turns to look with surprised interest, and a woman waits for you to pass her. We know so little of ourselves; we know, but we do not understand; we know, but we have no communion with another. We do not know ourselves. And how can we know another? We can know the dead, but never the living; what we know is the dead past, not the living. To be aware of the living, we must bury the dead in ourselves.

Ibid, p. 242

Some boys were playing in the little stream that the rain had made by the road-side; they were naked, and it was good to see their shining bodies and their bright eyes. They were having the time of their life, and how happy they were! Nothing else mattered, and they smiled out of joy as one said something to them, though they didn't understand a word. The sun was coming out and the shadows were deep.

Commentaries On Living, Second Series, p. 19

The breeze was playing with the water, and there was murmuring along the shore. Some boys were bathing, naked, unashamed and free. Their bodies were glistening and beautiful, well-formed, slender and supple. They would swim out into the middle of the lake, then come back and start again. The path led on past a village, and on the way back the full moonlight was upon the waters, and the palms were like white columns in the shadowy dark.

Ibid, p. 23

A mother was beating her child, and there were painful screams. The mother was very angry, and while she was beating she was talking to it violently. When presently we came back she was caressing the child, hugging as though she would squeeze the life out of it. She had tears in her eyes. The child was rather bewildered, but was smiling up at the mother.

Love is a strange thing, and how easily we lose the warm flame of it! The flame is lost, and the smoke remains. The smoke fills our hearts and minds, and our days are spent in tears and bitterness.

Ibid, pp. 37-38

The cattle were coming back from pasture, and a little boy was driving them home. He couldn't have been more than ten or twelve, and though he had spent the whole day by himself, he was singing away and occasionally flicking the

cattle that wandered off or were too slow. He smiled, and his dark face lit up. Stopping out of curiosity, and distantly eager, he began to ask questions. He was a village boy and would have no education; he would never be able to read and write, but he already knew what it was to be alone with himself. He did not know that he was alone; it probably never even occurred to him, nor was he depressed by it. He was just alone and contented. To be contented with something is to be discontented. To seek contentment through relationship is to be in fear. Contentment that depends on relationship is only gratification.

Ibid, pp. 45-46

A boy was playing the flute, with the rice-field before him. He had a clean, healthy body, well-proportioned and delicate, and he wore only a clean white cloth around his loins; the setting sun had just caught his face, and his eyes were smiling. He was practicing the scale, and when he got tired of that, he would play a song. He was really enjoying it, and his enjoyment was contagious. Though I sat down only a little distance away from him, he never stopped playing. The evening light, the green-golden sea of the field, the sun among the palms, and this boy playing his flute, seemed to give to the evening an enchantment that is rarely felt. Presently he stopped playing and came over and sat beside me; neither of us said a word, but he smiled and it seemed to fill the heavens. His mother called from some house hidden among the palms; he did not respond immediately, but at the third call he got up, smiled, and went away.

Ibid, p. 52

There was a wedding going on in the little village. During the previous evening there had been much gaiety; the songs and laughter had gone on late into the night, and now the parties were being awakened by music. Presently the naked branches began to show against the pale sky; the stars were disappearing one by one, and the music had come to an end. There were the shouts and calling of children, and noisy

quarrelling around the only water tap in the village. The sun was still below the horizon, but the day had begun.

Ibid, p. 91

The daily pattern of life was repeating itself around the only water tap in the village; the water was running slowly, and a group of women were awaiting their turn. Three of them were noisily and bitterly quarrelling; they were completely absorbed in their anger and paid not the slightest attention to anyone else, nor was anyone paying attention to them. It must have been a daily ritual. Like all rituals, it was stimulating, and these women were enjoying the stimulation. An old woman helped a young one to lift a big, brightly-polished brass pot onto her head. She had a little pad of cloth to bear the weight of the pot, which she held lightly with one hand. Her walk was superb, and she had great dignity. A little girl came quietly, slipped her pot under the tap, and carried it away without saying a word. Other women came and went, but the quarrel went on, and it seemed as though it would never end. Suddenly the three stopped, filled their vessels with water, and went away as though nothing had happened. By now the sun was getting strong, and smoke was rising above the thatched roofs of the village. The day's first meal was being cooked. How suddenly peaceful it was!

Ibid, p. 96

As I walked along this avenue there were various types of beggars lying on the pavement; they were not noisy; and did not even stretch out their hands to the passer-by. A girl about ten years old was lying with her head on a tin can, resting with wide-open eyes; she was dirty, with matted hair, but she smiled as I smiled at her. Further along, a little girl, hardly three, came forward with outstretched hand and an enchanting smile. The mother was watching from behind a nearby tree. I took the outstretched hand and we walked together for a few paces, returning to her mother. As I had no coin, I returned with one the next day, but the little girl would not take it, she

wanted to play, so we played, and the coin was given to the mother. Whenever I walked along that avenue the little girl was always there, with a shy smile and bright eyes.

Opposite the entrance to the fashionable club a beggar was seated on the ground; he was covered with a filthy gunny-sack, and his matted hair was full of dust. Some days, as I went by, he would be lying down, his head in the dust, his naked body covered with the gunny-sack; on other days he would be sitting up, perfectly still, looking without seeing, with the massive rain-trees over him. One evening there was gaiety at the club; it was all lit up, and sparkling cars full of laughing people were driving in, tooting their horns. From the club-house came light music, loud and air-filling. Many policemen were at the entrance, where a large crowd had gathered to watch the smartly-dressed and well-fed people pass by in their cars. The beggar had turned his back on all this. One man was offering him something to eat, and another a cigarette, but he silently refused both without making a movement. He was slowly dying, day by day, and the people passed by.

Ibid, p. 122

On the hot rock in the burning sun the village women were spreading the paddy that had been kept in the storehouse. They had carried large bundles of it to the flat, sloping rock, and the oxen that were tied to the tree would presently tread on the paddy to release the grain. The valley was far from any town, and the huge tamarind trees gave deep shadows. Through the valley a dusty road made its way to the village and beyond. It was a pleasant land, and yet poverty hung over it like a plague. Voluntary poverty is one thing, but compulsory poverty is quite another. The villagers were poor and diseased, and although there was now a medical dispensary and food was distributed the damage wrought by centuries of privation could not be wiped away in a few years. Starvation is not the problem of one community or of one country, but of the whole world.

Ibid, p. 126

A young ox with bells around its neck was drawing a light cart which was delicately made, its two large wheels connected by a thin steel bar on which a wooden platform was mounted. On this platform a man was sitting, proud of the fast-trotting ox and the turnout. The ox, sturdy and yet slender, gave him importance; everyone would look at him now, as the passing villagers did. They stopped, looked with admiring eyes, made comments, and passed on. How proud and erect the man sat, looking straight ahead! Pride, whether in little things or in great achievements, is essentially the same. What one does and what one has gives one importance and prestige; but man in himself, as a total being, seems to have hardly any significance at all.

Ibid, p. 160

In the morning one would see brightly-dressed women, their bodies bent, their skin turned dark by the blazing sun, picking the delicate leaves of the bushes. It all had to be picked before a certain time in the morning and carried to the nearest factory before the sun became too hot. At that altitude the sun was strong and painfully penetrating, and though they were used to it, some of the women had their heads covered with the part of the cloth they wore. They were gay, fast and skilful in their work, and soon that particular task would be over for the day; but most of them were wives and mothers, and they would still have to cook and look after the children. They had a union, and the planters treated them decently, for it would be disastrous to have a strike and allow the tender leaves to grow to their normal size.

Ibid, p. 164

Two women came down the path carrying firewood on their heads. One was old and the other quite young, and the burdens they carried looked rather heavy. Each had balanced on her head, protected by a roll of cloth, a long bundle of dried branches tied together with a green vine, and she held it in place with one hand. Their bodies swung freely as they came down the hill with a light, running gait. They had nothing on their feet, though the path was rough. The feet

seemed to find their own way, for the women never looked down; they held their heads very straight, their eyes blood-shot and distant. They were very thin, their ribs showing, and the older woman's hair was matted and unwashed. The girl's hair must have been combed and oiled at one time, for there were still some clean, sparkling strands; but she too was exhausted and there was a weariness about her. Not long ago she must have sung and played with other children, but that was all over. Now, collecting wood among these hills was her life, and would be till she died, with a respite now and then with the coming of a child.

Down the path we all went. The small country town was several miles away, and there they would sell their burden for a pittance, only to begin again tomorrow. They were chatting, with long intervals of silence. Suddenly the younger one told her mother she was hungry, and the mother replied that they were born with hunger, lived with hunger, and died with hunger; that was their lot. It was the statement of a fact; in her voice there was no reproach, no anger, no hope. We continued down that stony path. There was no observer listening, pitying, and walking behind them. He was not part of them out of love and pity; he was them; he had ceased and they were. They were not the strangers he had met up the hill, they were of him; his were the hands that held the bundles; and the sweat, the exhaustion, the smell, the hunger, were not theirs, to be shared and sorrowed over. Time and space had ceased. There were no thoughts in our heads, too tired to think; and if we did think, it was to sell the wood, eat, rest, and begin again. The feet on the stony path never hurt, nor the sun overhead. There were only two of us going down that accustomed hill, past that well where we drank as usual, and on across the dry bed of a remembered stream.

Ibid, pp. 183-184

There are villages, filthy and diseased, where it has not rained enough for many seasons; the wells are all but dry and the cattle are skin and bones; the fields are cracked, and the ground-nut is withering away; the sugar-cane is no longer planted, and the river has not flowed for several years. They

beg, they steal, and go hungry; they die waiting for the rains. Then there are the opulent cities with their clean streets and shiny new cars, their washed and well-dressed people, their endless shops filled with things, their libraries, universities and slums. The earth is beautiful and its soil, around the temple and in the arid desert, is sacred.

Ibid, p. 209

A boy came along carrying on his head an old kerosene tin, half-filled with some liquid. He must have been working around that new building which was under construction. He had bright eyes and an extraordinarily cheerful face; he was thin but strongly built, and his skin was very dark, burnt by sun. He wore a shirt and a loin-cloth, both the colour of the earth, brown with long usage. His head was well-shaped, and there was a certain arrogance in his walk — a boy doing a man's work. As he left the crowd behind, he began to sing, and suddenly the whole atmosphere changed. His voice was ordinary, a boyish voice, lusty and raucous; but the song had rhythm, and he would probably have kept time with his hands, had not one hand been holding the kerosene tin on top of his head. He was aware that some one was walking behind him, but was too cheerful to be shy, and he was obviously not in any way concerned with the peculiar change that had come about in the atmosphere. There was a blessing in the air, a love that covered everything, a gentleness that was simple, without calculation, a goodness that was ever flowering.

Commentaries On Living, Third Series, p. 6

The street-lights made the stars seem dim and far away, but Mars was red and clear. A beggar was walking along with slow, weary steps, hardly moving; he was covered with rags, and his feet were wrapped in torn pieces of canvas, tied together with heavy string. He had a long stick, and was muttering to himself, and he did not look up as we passed. Further along the street there was a smart and expensive hotel, with cars of almost every make drawn up in front of it.

Ibid, p. 21

The car was stopped, and we walked along the road. A group of peasants were returning from their work in the fields; all were women, and after a long day of toil, they were singing a lilting song. In that peaceful countryside their voices rang out, clear, resonant and gay. As we approached, they shyly stopped singing, but continued with their song as soon as we had passed.

Ibid, p. 24

The whole countryside was green, fresh and young, with tender leaves sparkling and dancing in the sun. It was a heavenly day, but the carriage was full of weary people, and the air was thick with tobacco smoke. A little girl and her mother sat just across the aisle, and the mother was explaining to her that she must not stare at strangers; but the child paid no attention, and presently we smiled at each other. From then on she was at ease, looking up often to see if she was being looked at, and smiling when our eyes met. Presently she fell asleep, curled up on the seat, and the mother covered her with a coat.

Ibid, p. 51

On holy days the villagers came down to the water's edge, singing, joyous, lilting songs. Bringing their food, with much chattering and laughter, they would bathe in the river; then they would put a garland at the foot of the great tree, and red and yellow ashes around its trunk, for it too was sacred, as all trees are. When at last the chatter and shouting had ceased, and everyone had gone home, a lamp or two would remain burning, left by some pious villager; these lamps consisted of a home-made wick in a little terra-cotta saucer of oil which the villager could ill afford. Then the tree was supreme; all things were of it; the earth, the river, the people and the stars. Presently it would withdraw into itself, to slumber till touched by the first rays of the morning sun.

Ibid, pp. 74-75

All afternoon thin, dark men with long poles had been laboriously poling their way upstream against the current, in single file close to the bank; starting at the fishing village below the town, each man in his boat, sometimes with a child or two, had pushed slowly up the river past the long, heavy bridge, and now they were coming down by the hundreds, carried by the strong current. They would be fishing all night, catching big, heavy fish, ten to fifteen inches long, which would afterwards be dumped, some of them still writhing, into larger boats tied up along the bank, to be sold the next day.

One of the lanes led to the wide steps which descended to the very edge of the river, and on these steps everything was going on. Some people were sitting close to the water, with eyes shut, in silent meditation; next to them a man was chanting in front of an enthusiastic crowd, which extended far up the steps; further on, a leprous beggar held out his withered hand, while a man with ashes on his forehead and matted hair was instructing the people. A man with cupped hand was silently begging the heavens to fill it; and a mother her left breast bare, was suckling her baby, oblivious of everything. Further down the river, dead bodies, brought from the neighbouring villages and from the sprawling, dirty town, were being burnt in great roaring fires. Here everything was going on, for this was the most holy and sacred of towns. But the beauty of the still-flowing river seemed to wipe away all the chaos of man, while the heavens above him looked down with love and wonder.

Ibid, pp. 79-80

A beggar with a nice voice was singing in the street, and the song had that nostalgic quality which is so familiar. His voice had not become raucous, and amidst the rattling of buses and the shouts of people calling across the street, it had a pleasant and welcoming sound. You would hear him every morning if you lived around there. Many beggars do tricks, or have monkeys that do the tricks; they are knowing and sophisticated, with a cunning look and an easy smile. But this

beggar was altogether of a different kind. He was simple beggar, with a long staff and torn, dirty clothes. He had no pretensions, no wheedling ways. The others received more alms than he did, for people like to be flattered, to be called pleasant names, or to be blessed and wished prosperity. But this beggar did none of those things. He begged, and if you gave, he bowed his head and went on; there was no pose, no gesticulation. He would walk the whole length of the long, shady street, always giving way to people; at the end of the street he would turn right into a narrower and quieter street, and begin his singing again, finally wandering off into one of the little lanes. He was quite young, and there was a pleasant feeling about him.

Ibid, pp. 108-109

The sun was beating down on the rough, pebbly road, and it was pleasant in the shade of the big mango tree. People from the village came along that road carrying on their heads large baskets laden with vegetables, fruit, and other things for the town. They were mostly women, walking with bare-footed ease, chatting and laughing, their dark faces bare to the sun. They would put their burdens down along the edge of the road and rest in the cool shade of the mango tree, sitting on the ground and not talking so much. The baskets were rather heavy, and presently each woman would help another to place her basket on her head, the last one somehow managing by almost kneeling on the ground. Then they would be off, with steady pace and an extraordinary grace of movement that had come with years of toil. It wasn't a thing that had been learnt through choice; it had come about through sheer necessity. There was a little girl among them, not more than ten or so, and she too had a basket on her head, though much smaller than the others. She was full of smiles and play, and wouldn't look straight ahead, as the older women did, but would turn round to see if I were following, and we would smile at each other. She too was barefooted, and she too was on the long journey of life.

Ibid, p. 124

The village on the other bank had been awake for an hour or two. The villagers were shouting to each other, and their strong voices came clearly over the water. That shouting had something pleasant about it; it was warm and friendly. A voice would call from across the river, rolling along in the clear air, and another would answer it from somewhere upstream, or from the opposite bank. None of this seemed to disturb the quietness of the morning, in which there was a sense of great, abiding peace.

Ibid, pp. 156-157

The villagers were returning to their homes, weary after a day's work in the fields. Soon you would see smoke rising from their huts as they prepared the evening meal. It wouldn't be much; and the children, waiting for their meal, would smile as you went by. They were large-eyed and shy of strangers, but they were friendly. Two little girls held small babies on their hips while their mothers were cooking; the babies would slip down, and get jerked up onto the hips again. Though only ten or twelve years old, these little girls were already used to holding babies; and they both smiled. The evening breeze was among the trees, and the cattle were being brought in for the night.

Ibid, pp. 183-184

In the narrow, shady lane between the two gardens, a young boy was playing a flute; it was a cheap wooden thing, and he was playing a popular cinema tune, but the purity of the notes filled the space in that lane. The white walls of the houses had been washed by the recent rains, and on those walls the shadows were dancing to the music of the flute. Beyond the houses and the gardens was the village, with huge trees towering over the thatched huts. Under those trees, women were selling fish, a few vegetables and some fried things. Little children were playing in the narrow road, and still smaller children were using the ditch as their toilet, unmindful of the grown-ups and the passing cars.

But the flute player was there among the green foliage, and the clear notes called one out of doors. The boy was dirty, his clothes torn and unwashed, his face aggressively sharp and complaining. No one had taught him to play the flute, and no one ever would; he had picked it up by himself, and as the cinema tune rolled out, the purity of the notes was extraordinary. It was strange for the mind to float on that purity. Moving a few paces away, it continued through the trees, over the houses and towards the sea. Its movement was not in time and space but in purity.

Ibid, pp. 225-226

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. The old man's eyes told of infinite patience, and his mouth expressed weariness and endless toil. He wouldn't receive much money for his firewood, but it was enough to get by. They would rest along the roadside for the night, and make a start for home in the early morning. The cart would be empty, and the return journey would be easier. We went down the road together, and the oxen didn't seem to mind being touched by the stranger who was walking beside them. It was beginning to get dark, and presently the driver stopped, lit a lamp, hung it under his cart, and went on towards the noisy town.

Ibid, pp. 295-296

A beggar was coming down the road, singing; he was blind, and a child was leading him. People passed him by, and occasionally someone would drop a coin or two into the tin he was holding in one hand; but he went on with his song, heedless of the rattle of the coins. A servant came out of a big house, dropped a coin in the tin, muttered something, and went back again, shutting the gate behind him.

Ibid, p. 325

They were the children of the chauffeurs and other servants. They would never go to school, they would always be the poor people of the earth; but among the fallen petals beside the tarred road, those children were part of the earth. They were startled to see a stranger sitting there with them, and they became suddenly silent; they stopped playing with the petals, and for a few seconds they were as still as statues. But their eyes were alive with curiosity, friendliness and apprehension.

Ibid, p. 368

The road in front was empty; it was red, rough, and sandy and the dark hills looked down on it; it was a pleasant road with hardly any cars and the villagers with their ox-drawn carts going from one village to another; they were dirty, skeleton-thin, in rags, and their stomachs drawn in but they were wiry and enduring; they had lived like that for centuries and no government is going to change all this over-night. But these people had a smile, though their eyes were weary. They could dance after a heavy day's labour and they had fire in them, they were not hopelessly beaten down. The land had not had good rains for many years and this may be one of those fortunate years which may bring more food for them and fodder for their thin cattle.

Krishnamurti's Notebook, p. 163

Along that road, a villager and his wife were walking, one behind the other, the husband led and the wife followed; they seemed a little more prosperous than the others that one met on the road. They passed us, she never looking at us and he looked at the far village. We caught up with her; she was a small woman, never taking her eyes off the ground; she wasn't too clean; she had a green soiled sari and her blouse was salmon coloured and sweat-stained. She had a flower in her oily hair and was walking bare-footed. Her face was dark and there was about her a great sadness. There was a certain firmness and gaiety in her walk which in no way touched her sadness; each was leading its own life, independent, vital and unrelated. But there was great sadness and you felt it imme-

diately; it was an irremediable sadness; there was no way out, no way to soften it, no way to bring about a change. It was there and it would be there. She was across the road, a few feet away and nothing could touch her. We walked side by side for a while and presently she turned off and crossed the red river-bed of sand and went on to her village, the husband leading, never looking back and she following. Before she turned off, a curious thing was taking place. The few feet of road between us disappeared and with it also disappeared the two entities; there was only that woman walking in her impenetrable sadness.

Ibid, p. 167

Everywhere life is hard, there is disease and death. There is an old woman who goes by every day, carrying a little pot of milk or food of some kind; she seems to be shy, without teeth; her clothes are dirty and there is misery on her face; occasionally she smiles but it is rather forced. She is from the village nearby and always bare-footed; they are surprisingly small feet and hard but there is fire in her; she is a wiry old lady. Her gentle walk is not at all gentle. Everywhere there is misery and a forced smile. The gods have gone except in the temples and the powerful of the land never have eyes for that woman.

Ibid, p. 183

The garden had so many flowers, so many colours and each flower was doing a dance, a skip and a jump and every leaf was astir; even the little blades of grass on the little lawn were being shaken. And two old, thin women were weeding it; two old women, old before their age, thin and worn out; they were squatting upon the lawn, chatting and weeding, leisurely; they weren't all there, they were somewhere else, carried away by their thoughts, though they were weeding and talking. They looked intelligent, their eyes sparkling, but perhaps too many children and lack of good food had made them old and weary.

Ibid, p. 200

The village was neglected, dirty and there were hardly any roads, and round about this tank were houses and on one side was the old temple in ruins and a comparatively new one, with red striped walls; the houses were dilapidated but that village had a familiar, friendly feeling about it. Beside the way that led to the sea a whole group of women were haggling over some fish at the top of their voices; everyone seemed so excited about everything; it was their evening entertainment for they were laughing too. And there were the sweepings of the road in a heap in the corner and the mangy village dogs were poking their noses into it and a shop close to it was selling drinks, things to eat, and a poor woman with a baby and torn rags was begging at the door of the shop.

Ibid, pp. 210-211

They are quarreling in that little hut, with an oil lamp, on that pleasant road; in a high-pitched, screechy voice she was screaming something about money, there wasn't enough left over with which to buy rice; he in a low, cowed tone was mumbling something. You could hear her voice quite far away and only the crowded bus drowned it.

Ibid, pp. 212-213

The villagers were unaware of the beauty of the evening; they were used to it; they accepted everything, their poverty, their hunger, the dust, the squalor and the gathering clouds. One gets used to anything, to sorrow and to happiness; if you didn't get used to things you would be more miserable, more disturbed. It is better to be insensitive, dull than to invite more trouble; die slowly, easier that way.

Ibid, p. 221

It began to rain, heavy sharp downpour that made puddles in a second in the road and there was running water where there was dry land; it was a furious rain, an exploding rain that washed, cleansed, purified the earth. The villagers were soaked to the skin but they didn't seem to mind; they went on with their laughter and chatter, their naked feet in the puddles.

The little hut with the oil lamp was leaking, the buses roared by, splattering everybody, and the cycles with their feeble lamps, passed with a tinkle, into the heavy rain.

Ibid, pp. 223-224

The village boys were flying kites on the bank along the river; they were yelling at the top of their voices, laughing, chasing each other and wading into the river to get the fallen kites; their excitement was contagious, for the old people, higher up the bank, were watching them, shouting to them, encouraging them. It seemed to be the evening entertainment of the whole village; even the starved mangy dogs were barking; everyone was taking part in the excitement. They were all half-starved, there wasn't a fat one among them, even among the old; the older they were the thinner they were; even the children were all so thin but they seemed to have plenty of energy. All of them had torn, dirty rags on, patched with different cloths of many colours. And they were all cheerful, even the old and ailing ones; they seemed to be unaware of their own misery, of their physical weakness, for many of them carried heavy bundles; they had amazing patience and they had to have it for death was there, very close and so also the agony of life; everything was there at the same time, death, birth, sex, poverty, starvation, excitement, tears. They had a place, under some trees higher up the bank, not far from a ruined old temple to bury their dead; there were plenty of little babies who would know hunger, the smell of unwashed bodies and the smell of death.

Ibid, pp. 233-234

The river passes between them, deep, alive and tranquil; many small boats go up and down it; some with large, square sails, which carry wood, sand, cut stone and sometimes men and women going back to their villages but mostly there are small fishing boats, with lean dark men. They appear to be very happy, voluble people, calling and shouting to each other though they are all clad in rags, with not much to eat, inevitably with many children. They cannot read and write; they have no outside entertainment, no cinemas, etc., but they

amuse themselves singing, in chorus, devotional songs or telling religious stories. They are all very poor and life is very hard, disease and death are always there, like thé earth and the river.

Ibid, p. 237

There was a little girl of ten or twelve leaning against a post in the garden; she was dirty, her hair had not been washed for many weeks, it was dusty and uncombed; her clothes were torn and unwashed too, like herself. She had a long rag around her neck and she was looking at some people who were having tea on the verandah; she looked with complete indifference, without any feeling, without any thought of what was going on; her eyes were on the group downstairs and every parrot that screeched by made no impression on her nor those soft earth-coloured doves that were so close to her. She was not hungry, she was probably a daughter of one of the servants for she seemed familiar with the place and fairly well-fed. She held herself as though she was a grown-up young lady, full of assurance and there was about her a strange aloofness. As you watched her against the river and the trees, you suddenly felt you were watching the tea party, without any emotion, without any thought, totally indifferent to everything and to whatever might happen. And when she walked away to that tree overlooking the river, it was you that was walking away, it was you that sat on the ground, dusty and rough; it was you who picked up the piece of stick and threw it over the bank, alone, unsmiling and never cared for.

Ibid, pp. 241-242

But on the roads and public places you saw the poor, wrapped up in torn, filthy rags, bare-legged, their heads covered up, their dark faces hardly showing; the women had every kind of coloured cloth on them, dirty, with silver bangles or some ornament around their ankles and around their wrists; they walked freely, easily and with a certain grace; they held themselves very well. Most of them were labourers but in the evening as they went back to their homes, huts really, they

would be laughing, teasing each other and the young would be shouting and laughing, far ahead of the older people. It was the end of the day and they had been labouring heavily all day; they would wear themselves out very quickly and they had built houses and offices where they would never live or ever work.

Ibid, p. 251

One day on the road that leads to the sea, walking under the palms and the heavy rain trees, looking at a thousand things, a group of children were singing. They seemed so happy, innocent and utterly unaware of the world. One of them recognised us, came smiling and we walked hand in hand for some time. Neither of us said a word and as we came near her house she saluted and disappeared inside. The world and the family are going to destroy her and she will have children too, cry over them and in the cunning ways of the world they will be destroyed. But that evening she was happy and eager to share it by holding a hand.

Krishnamurti's Journal, p. 18

One saw across the road what appeared to be a large bundle. As the car came near, the bundle turned out to be a man lying across the road, almost naked. The car stopped and we got out. His body was large and his head very small; he was staring through the leaves at the astonishingly blue sky. We looked up too to see what he was staring at and the sky from the road was really blue and the leaves were really green. He was malformed and they said he was one of the village idiots. He never moved and the car had to be driven round him very carefully.

Ibid, p. 20

In the little lane that goes by the house, shaded and quiet, a little girl was sobbing her heart out, as only children can do. She must have been five or six, small for her age. She was sitting on the ground, tears pouring down her cheeks. He sat

down with her and asked what had happened but she couldn't talk, sobbing took all her breath. She must have been struck or her favourite toy broken or something which she wanted denied by a harsh word. The mother came out, shook the child and carried her in. She barely looked at him for they were strangers. A few days later, walking along the same lane, the child came out of her house, full of smiles, and walked with him a little way. The mother must have given her permission to go with a stranger. He walked often in that shaded lane and the girl with her brother and sister would come out and greet him. Will they ever forget their hurts and their sorrow or will they gradually build for themselves escapes and resistances? To keep these hurts seems to be the nature of human beings and from this their actions become twisted. Can the human mind never be hurt or wounded? Not to be hurt is to be innocent. If you are not hurt you will naturally not hurt another.

Ibid, pp. 22-23

He was sitting with a cloth over his head, weeping; his wife had just died. He did not want to show his tears to his children; they too were crying, not quite understanding what had happened. The mother of many children had been unwell and lately very sick; the father sat at her bedside. He never seemed to go out, and one day, after some ceremonies, the mother was carried out. The house had strangely become empty, without the perfume that the mother had given to it, and it was never the same again for there was sorrow in the house now. The father knew it; the children had lost someone forever but as yet they did not know the meaning of sorrow.

Ibid, p. 34

You cross over a rickety bridge to the other side of a narrow, muddy stream which joins the big wide river; you come to a small village of mud and sun-dried bricks. There are quantities of children, screaming and playing; the older people are in the fields or fishing, or working in the nearby town. In a small dark room an opening in the wall is the

window; no flies would come into this darkness. It was a cool in there. In that small space was a weaver with a large loom; he could not read but was educated in his own way, polite and wholly absorbed in his labours. He turned out exquisite cloth of gold and silver with beautiful patterns. In whatever colour of cloth or silk he could weave into traditional patterns, the finest and the best. He was born to that tradition; he was small, gentle and eager to show his marvellous talent. You watched him, as he produced from silken threads and the finest of cloths, with wonder and love in your heart. There was the woven piece of great beauty, born of tradition.

Ibid, p. 37

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

Ibid, p. 46

The village children walked several miles to learn to read and write; here was one small child, all by herself, with shining face, going to a school in the next village, a book in one hand and some food in the other. She stopped as we went by, shy and inquisitive; if she stayed longer she would be late for her school. The rice fields were startlingly green. It was a long peaceful morning.

Ibid, p. 55



BOOKS AVAILABLE AT VASANTA VIHAR

A DIALOGUE WITH ONESELF is a succinct analysis of the problems involved in human relationships. The extract is from a discussion meeting, but it seems as if Krishnamurti is here addressing himself rather than the audience. In doing so, he reveals brilliantly the subtle process of enquiring into oneself, into one's attachment, loneliness and lack of love.

'I started out having a dialogue with myself. I asked myself what this strange thing called love is; everybody talks about it, writes about it — all the romantic poems, pictures, sex and all the other areas of it. I ask: Is there such a thing as love?'

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 9.

CONVERSATIONS: In these thirteen short conversations, the reader is made aware of the depth and 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 we 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.'

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 72.

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 interrelationship. 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.

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 20.

INWARD FLOWERING: Brockwood Park School in England is a small community of teachers and young adults, founded by Krishnamurti to serve as a milieu for exploring the fundamental questions of life and for growing inwardly. Aware of the problems of living in such a group, Krishnamurti asks: 'What's the point of Brockwood if you're going to turn out like the many millions of people who have never felt, or enquired, or lived, in the sense of this vast deepening, flowing, flowering?' At the end of the discussion, Krishnamurti restates his basic proposition that while thought is necessary in practical matters, it is 'deadly in relationship'.

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 25.

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 life and actions, and asserts that unless there is order in our 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.'

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 16.

THE BOOK OF LIFE, the second talk by Krishnamurti in Sri Lanka in 1980, is original in many ways. Apart from covering a wide range of existential themes, it also marks a novel style of presentation; here Krishnamurti speaks of the whole of life as a book of many chapters, and sustains the metaphor throughout as he goes into various problems like conflict, relationship, fear, thought and time. 'Don't depend on anyone for the understanding of life, for the understanding of that book. To read that book, there is nobody between you and the book, no philosopher, no priest, no guru, no god, nothing. You are the book and you are reading it.'

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 14.

KRISHNAMURTI FOR BEGINNERS: AN ANTHOLOGY is an introduction to the teachings of J. Krishnamurti, meant primarily for readers unacquainted with his work. The problems of daily living that confront every human being and Krishnamurti's original approach to them form the basis of the selections.

Krishnamurti held that truth is beyond the constructions of the human mind, beyond 'the known, formulated or imagined', and that in the search for truth 'the first step is the last step'. In the sense that new beginnings held a special meaning for Krishnamurti, all are beginners on the journey of life. And in this sense, the present volume is meant for all.

Publisher: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1995, pp. 240.

FIRE IN THE MIND, DIALOGUES BETWEEN J. KRISHNAMURTI AND PUPUL JAYAKAR: Inspired and inspiring dialogues with one of the great teachers of our time. Published on the birth centenary of J. Krishnamurti, FIRE IN THE MIND is a book of important discussions conducted with Krishnamurti. Held from the end of the 1960s to 28 December 1985, seven weeks before his death on 17 February 1986, these dialogues cover a vast ocean of human concerns — fear, sorrow, death, time, culture, ageing and the renewal of the brain. They also explore subjects that

are central to scientific research today, such as the questions of biological survival, the nature of consciousness, artificial intelligence, computers and the mechanical mind.

These dialogues reveal Krishnamurti's approach to self-knowing and his way of investigation into the brain, the mind and consciousness. In a world brought to the edge of the abyss by growing violence, soaring religious fundamentalism, the desecration of nature and a massive assault on human integrity, they provide a new direction to those of us seeking an alternative way of life.

Publisher: Penguin Books India, 1995, pp. 351.

THE BOOK OF LIFE, DAILY MEDITATIONS WITH KRISHNAMURTI: Inspired by Krishnamurti's belief that truth is found through living, *The Book of Life* presents 365 timeless daily meditations, developed thematically over seven days, illuminating the concepts of freedom, personal transformation, living fully awake, and much more.

For everyone who has come to cherish the wisdom of this extraordinary spiritual sage — as well as anyone discovering Krishnamurti for the first time — *The Book of Life* is a profound collection of insights to treasure every day.

Publisher: HarperSanFrancisco, 1995, pp. 388.

ONE THOUSAND SUNS: KRISHNAMURTI AT EIGHTY-FIVE including **THE LAST WALK**, by Asit Chandmal. *ONE THOUSAND SUNS* depicts the private person behind the world-renowned philosophical figure Jiddu Krishnamurti. The phenomenon of this brilliant teacher is here revealed intimately and respectfully, through the eyes of Asit Chandmal, who for most of his life knew Krishnamurti as a close friend. Krishnamurti is seen in everyday activities — with friends, in his home and garden, walking, and contemplating. Chandmal also describes and depicts the reactions of crowds listening to Krishnamurti speak, the calm he elicited, and the reverence he evoked.

Krishnamurti, the "intellectual's philosopher", was one of the most popular spiritual teachers of modern times. Until his death in 1986, he lectured widely to audiences of hundreds of thousands of devoted followers. In Europe, India, and the United States, he founded schools, gave public talks, and held private discussions; men and women sought his guidance, looking to him for his remarkable ability to penetrate to the very essence of human problems. This revised publication of *ONE THOUSAND SUNS* (originally published as *ONE THOUSAND MOONS* in 1985) arrives at the centennial anniversary of Krishnamurti's birth.

Chandmal's fascinating photo-essay and text show us Krishnamurti at the age of eight-five — still vigorous and active, a source of continuing inspiration. As a supplement to this beautiful tribute, *ONE THOUSAND SUNS* includes Chandmal's moving and personal account, 'THE LAST WALK'. With five new photographs of the great teacher, this addition brings us a poignant look at his final days — as told by Chandmal, who was with him until the end. Together, the texts and photographs in this book render a deeply affecting portrait of one of the most respected philosophical figures of our time.

Publisher: Harry N. Abrams, 1995, pp. 128.

KRISHNAMURTI: 100 YEARS by Evelyne Blau. Out of myth and memory the story of Krishnamurti emerges like a long-forgotten dream. 'Discovered' as an impoverished boy of fourteen on the beach at the Bay of Bengal, he was hailed as the 'coming messiah' and 'world teacher' by the spiritual organization that nurtured him. At the age of thirty-four, he renounced the role, went his own way, and spent almost sixty years of the rest of his life travelling around the world, teaching and speaking to an ever-increasing number of listeners of all ages, races and nationalities.

His life story is of such vast, even mythic dimensions, that no single person can tell it. Thus, author Evelyne Blau turns to a group of 'witnesses' such as Aldous Huxley, Joseph

Campbell, Henry Miller and Van Morrison, to name a few, who reveal their personal recollections of this remarkable man. Then, through various passages of his own writings, we hear the authentic voice of Krishnamurti, unadulterated by interpretation, from his earliest letters and diaries to his last works. Finally, his story is told through photographs, many of which have never before been published. Starting with the earliest known photograph of Krishnamurti with his mother (circa 1900) and ending with a portrait taken shortly before his death in 1986, these images bring into focus the man, the people he knew and the times in which he lived.

Here is a visionary book, published in this centennial year of Krishnamurti's birth, that finds a new way to tell the astonishing story of a slight boy whose life ultimately changed the way many of us view the world.

Publisher: A Joost Elffers Book. Stewart, Tabori & Chang, New York, 1995, pp. 284.



Published by Dr Radhika Herzberger for Krishnamurti Foundation India, 64 Greenways Road, Madras 600 028 and printed at Sidma Offset Press (P) Ltd., 11 Gulam Abbas Ali Khan First Street, Thousand Lights, Madras - 600 006.
Editor: Dr Radhika Herzberger

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Phone: (044) 4915845 | Day School
Ages 3½ to 17 |
| THE VALLEY SCHOOL (KFI)
'Haridvanam'
17th K.M. Kanakapura Road
Thatguni Post, Bangalore - 560 062
Phone: (080) 8435240, 8435241 | Day/Boarding School
Ages 6 to 17 |
| SAHYADRI SCHOOL
Tiwai Hills - 410 513
Rajgurunagar Taluk, Pune District
Phone: (02135) 84269, 84272 | Boarding School
Ages 12 to 15 |
| BAL-ANAND
'Akash Deep'
28, Dongersi Road
Bombay - 400 006
Phone: (022) 3627817 | After-School Centre
for young children |
| BROCKWOOD PARK
Bramdean, Hampshire SO240LQ, UK
Phone: (0044-1962) 771744 Fax: 771875 | Education Centre
and Boarding School
14 years upwards |
| THE OAK GROVE SCHOOL
P.O. Box 1560
Ojai, California 93023, USA
Phone: (001-805) 646-8236 Fax: 646-6509 | Day/Boarding School
Ages 3½ to 17 |

BULLETIN
KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

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