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# Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

## FROM THE EDITOR

Krishnamurti distinguished love of country from nationalism, anticipated the current understanding of its dynamics, and warned of its dangers. Always true to his original intention of setting man free, Krishnamurti also analyzed the psychological underpinnings of the phenomenon of nationalism, thereby exposing the impulse that has led humankind to its fruitless search for self-identity. For Krishnamurti, identification with the nation was not inherently different from identification with family, organized religion or great men.

The first issue of the Bulletin published this year was devoted to Krishnamurti's views on Indian nationalism. In the second issue we saw the Indian poor through Krishnamurti's compassionate eyes. This issue brings together Krishnamurti's statements on different facets of nationalism — some of our selections being autobiographical. We follow through with Krishnamurti's distinction between nationalism and love of the land by including some of his lyrical descriptions of India.

— R.H.

## IDENTITY, NATIONALISM AND RELIGION

You identify yourself with a country — India or England or Germany or Russia or America — you identify yourself as a Hindu. Why? Have you ever looked at it, gone behind the meaning of the word, behind the words that have captured your mind?

Why do you identify yourself with India? Because you are living in a small town, leading a miserable life, with your struggles, with your family quarrels; because you are dissatisfied, discontented, miserable, you want to identify yourself with a thing called India. This gives you a sense of vastness, a bigness, a psychological satisfaction; so you say, 'I am an Indian'. And for this you are willing to die, to kill and to be maimed. In the same way because you are very small, because you are in constant battle with yourself, because you are confused, miserable, uncertain, because you search and know there is death, you want to identify yourself with something beyond, something vast, significant, full of meaning, which you call God. So, you say that is God, and you identify yourself with that; this gives you an enormous importance and significance, and you feel happy. So with the identifying process comes the self-expansive process, that is still 'the me', that is still the self, struggling.

— *Talk to Boys and Girls, Rajghat, December 30, 1952.*

### ARE YOU AN AGENT OF IMPERIALISM?

*Questioner (Q): It is being said that you are an Agent of the British Government, and that your talk against nationalism is part of a vast plan of propaganda directed towards keeping India within and subject to the British Empire. Is this true?*

J. Krishnamurti (K): I am afraid this is not true. It is rather absurd to be told, when one says what one thinks, that one is

an agent for some cause or country. (Laughter.) To me, nationalism, whether in Chile, England or India, is destructive. It separates human beings, causes many evils. Nationalism is an ugly disease; and when I say this, those people from other countries who have vested interests here or in any country not their own are very much in agreement with it; and those for whom nationalism is a means of exploiting their own people are very much opposed to it. Nationalism is, after all, a false sentiment, stimulated by vested interests and used for imperialism and war.

— 3rd Public Talk, Santiago, September 8, 1935.

## NATIONALISM VERSUS LOVE OF THE LAND

*Q: What are the characteristics of nationalism, which you call stupidity? Are all forms of nationalism bad, or only some? Isn't it wonderful that your country is striving to free itself from the yoke of England? Why are you not fighting for the independence of your country?*

*K: To love anything beautiful in a country is normal and natural, but when that love is used by exploiters in their own interest, it is called nationalism. Nationalism is fanned into imperialism, and then the stronger people divide and exploit the weaker, with the Bible in one hand and a bayonet in the other. The world is dominated by the spirit of cunning, ruthless exploitation, from which war must ensue. This spirit of nationalism is the greatest stupidity.*

Every individual should be free to live fully, completely. As long as one tries to liberate one's own particular country and not man, there must be racial hatreds, the divisions of people and classes. The problems of man must be solved as a whole, not as confined to countries or people.

— Rosario and Mendoza, July 27, 1935.

## NATIONALISM AND WORLD PEACE

To rely on governments, to look to organizations and authorities for that peace which must begin with the understanding of ourselves, is to create further and still greater conflict; and there can be no lasting happiness as long as we accept a social order in which there is endless strife and antagonism between man and man. If we want to change existing conditions, we must first transform ourselves, which means that we must become aware of our own actions, thoughts and feelings in everyday life.

But we do not really want peace, we do not want to put an end to exploitation. We will not allow our greed to be interfered with, or the foundations of our present social structure to be altered; we want things to continue as they are with only superficial modifications, and so the powerful, the cunning inevitably rule our lives.

Peace is not achieved through any ideology, it does not depend on legislation; it comes only when we as individuals begin to understand our own psychological process. If we avoid the responsibility of acting individually and wait for some new system to establish peace, we shall merely become the slaves of that system.

When governments, dictators, big business and the clerically powerful begin to see that this increasing antagonism between men only leads to indiscriminate destruction and is therefore no longer profitable, they may force us, through legislation and other means of compulsion, to suppress our personal cravings and ambitions and to co-operate for the well-being of mankind . . . .

And even though we may all be well fed, clothed and sheltered, we shall not be free of our conflicts and antagonisms, which will merely have shifted to another plane, where they will be still more diabolical and devastating. The only moral or righteous action is voluntary, and understanding alone can bring peace and happiness to man.

Beliefs, ideologies and organized religions are setting us against our neighbours; there is conflict, not only among different societies, but among groups within the same society. We must realize that as long as we identify ourselves with a country, as long as we cling to security, as long as we are conditioned by dogmas, there will be strife and misery both within ourselves and in the world.

Then there is the whole question of patriotism. When do we feel patriotic? It is obviously not an everyday emotion. But we are sedulously encouraged to be patriotic through school-books, through newspapers and other channels of propaganda, which stimulate racial egotism by praising national heroes and telling us that our own country and way of life are better than others. This patriotic spirit feeds our vanity from childhood to old age.

The constantly repeated assertion that we belong to a certain political or religious group, that we are of this nation or of that, flatters our little egos, puffs them out like sails, until we are ready to kill or be killed for our country, race or ideology. It is all so stupid and unnatural. Surely, human beings are more important than national and ideological boundaries.

The separative spirit of nationalism is spreading like fire all over the world. Patriotism is cultivated and cleverly exploited by those who are seeking further expansion, wider powers, greater enrichment; and each one of us takes part in this process, for we also desire these things. Conquering other lands and other people provides new markets for goods as well as for political and religious ideologies.

One must look at all these expressions of violence and antagonism with an unprejudiced mind, that is, with a mind that does not identify itself with any country, race or ideology, but tries to find out what is true. There is great joy in seeing a thing clearly without being influenced by the notions and instructions of others, whether they be the government, the specialists or the very learned. Once we really see that patriotism is a hindrance to human happiness, we do not have to struggle against this false emotion in ourselves, it has gone from us forever.

Nationalism, the patriotic spirit, class and race consciousness, are all ways of the self, and therefore separative. After all, what is a nation but a group of individuals living together for economic and self-protective reasons? Out of fear and acquisitive self-defence arises the idea of 'my country', with its boundaries and tariff walls, rendering brotherhood and the unity of man impossible.

The desire to gain and to hold, the longing to be identified with something greater than ourselves, creates the spirit of nationalism; and nationalism breeds war. In every country the government, encouraged by organized religion, is upholding nationalism and the separative spirit. Nationalism is a disease, and it can never bring about world unity. We cannot attain health through disease, we must first free ourselves from the disease.

It is because we are nationalists, ready to defend our sovereign States, our beliefs and acquisitions, that we must be perpetually armed. Property and ideas have become more important to us than human life, so there is constant antagonism and violence between ourselves and others. By maintaining the sovereignty of our country, we are destroying our sons; by worshipping the State, which is but a projection of ourselves, we are sacrificing our children to our own gratification. Nationalism and sovereign governments are the causes and the instruments of war.

Our present social institutions cannot evolve into a world federation, for their very foundations are unsound. Parliaments and systems of education which uphold national sovereignty and emphasize the importance of the group will never bring war to an end. Every separate group of people, with its rulers and its ruled, is a source of war. As long as we do not fundamentally alter the present relationship between man and man, industry will inevitably lead to confusion and become an instrument of destruction and misery; as long as there is violence and tyranny, deceit and propaganda, the brotherhood of man cannot be realized.

— *Education and the Significance of Life*, pp. 69-73.

# THE INDIAN LANDSCAPE

## Rishi Valley

The sky was burning with fantastic colour, great splashes of incredible fire; the southern sky was aflame with clouds of exploding colour and each cloud was more intensely furious than the other. The sun had set behind the sphinx-shaped hill but there was no colour there, it was dull, without the serenity of a beautiful evening. But the east and the south held all the grandeur of a fading day. To the east it was blue, the blue of a morning-glory, a flower so delicate that to touch it is to break the delicate, transparent petals; it was the intense blue with incredible light of pale green, violet and the sharpness of white; it was sending out, from east to west, rays of this fantastic blue right across the sky. And the south was now the home of vast fires that could never be put out. Across the rich green of rice fields was a stretch of sugar cane in flower; it was feathery, pale violet, the tender light beige of a mourning dove; it stretched over and across the luscious green rice fields with the evening light through it to the hills, which were almost the same colour as the sugar-cane flower. The hills were in league with the flower, the red earth and the darkening sky, and that evening the hills were shouting with joy for it was an evening of their delight. The stars were coming out and presently there was not a cloud and every star shone with astonishing brilliance in a rain-washed sky. And early this morning, with dawn far away, Orion held the sky and the hills were silent. Only across the valley, the hoot of a deep-throated owl was answered by a light-throated one, at a higher pitch; in the clear still air their voices carried far and they were coming nearer until they seemed quiet among a clump of trees; then they rhythmically kept calling to each other, one at a lower note than the other till a man called and a dog barked.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, November 1, 1961, pp. 161-162.*

It had become very cloudy; all the hills were heavy with them and clouds were piling up in every direction. It was spitting with rain and there wasn't a blue patch anywhere; the sun had set in darkness and the trees were aloof and distant. There is an old palm tree that stood out against the darkening sky and whatever light there was, was held by it; the river-beds were silent, their red sand moist but there was no song; the birds had become silent taking shelter among the thick leaves. A breeze was blowing from the north-east and with it came more dark clouds and a spattering of rain but it hadn't begun in earnest; that would come later in gathering fury. And 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 overnight. 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. And the road went on and joined at the mouth of the valley the big road with few buses and cars. And on this road, far away were the cities with their filth, industries, rich houses, temples and dull minds. But here on this open road, there was solitude and the many hills, full of age and indifference.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, November 2, 1961, p. 163.*



## Madras

There were a few clouds gathering around the sun; they were far down on the horizon and were afire. The palm trees were dark against the flaming sky; they stood in golden-green rice fields stretching far into the horizon. There was one all by itself, in a yellowing green of rice; it was not alone, though it looked rather forlorn and far away. A gentle breeze from the sea was blowing and a few clouds were chasing each other, faster than the breeze. The flames were dying and the moon strengthened the shadows. Everywhere there were shadows, quietly whispering to each other. The moon was just overhead and across the road the shadows deep and deceptive. A water snake might be crossing the road, quietly slithering across, pursuing a frog; there was water in the rice fields and frogs were croaking, almost rhythmically; in the long stretch of water beside the road, with their heads up, out of the water, they were chasing each other; they would go under and come up to disappear again. The water was bright silver, sparkling and warm to the touch and full of mysterious noises. Bullock carts went by, carrying firewood to the town; a cycle bell rang, a lorry with bright glaring lights screeched for room and the shadows remained motionless. It was a beautiful evening and there on that road so close to town, there was deep silence and not a sound disturbed it, not even the moon and the lorry. It was a silence that no thought, no word could touch, a silence that went with the frogs and the cycles, a silence that followed you; you walked in it, you breathed it, you saw it. It was not shy, it was there insisting and welcoming. It went beyond you into vast immensities and you could follow it if your thought and feeling were utterly quiet, forgetting themselves and losing themselves with the frogs in the water; they had no importance and could so easily lose themselves, to be picked up when they were wanted. It was an enchanting evening, full of clarity and a fast-fading smile.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, November 21, 1961 pp. 192-193.*

The sun was behind the clouds and the flat lands stretched far into the horizon which was turning golden brown and red; there was a little canal over which the road went among the rice fields. They were golden yellow and green, spreading on both sides of the road, east and west to the sea and to the setting sun. There is something extraordinarily touching and beautiful to see palm trees, black against the burning sky, among the rice fields; it was not that the scene was romantic or sentimental or picture post-cardish; probably it was all this but there was an intensity and a sweeping dignity and delight in the earth itself and in the common things that one passed by every day. The canal, a long, narrow strip of water of melting fire, went north and south among the rice fields, silent and lonely; there was not much traffic on it; there were barges, crudely made, with square or triangular sails carrying firewood or sand and men sitting huddled together, looking very grave. The palm trees dominated the wide green earth; they were of every shape and size, independent and carefree, swept by the winds and burnt by the sun. The rice fields were ripening golden yellow and there were largish white birds among them; they were flying now into the sunset, their long legs stretched out behind, their wings lazily beating the air. Bullock carts, carrying casuarina firewood to the town, went by, a long line of them, creaking and the men walking and the load was heavy. It was none of these common sights that made the evening enchanting; they were all part of the fading evening, the noisy buses, the silent bicycles, the croaks of the frogs, the smell of the evening.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, November 25, 1961, pp. 196-197.*



## Rajghat

High up in the mountains, among the barren rocks with not a tree or bush, was a little stream, coming out of massive, unapproachable rock; it was hardly a stream, it was a trickle. As it came down it made a waterfall, just a murmur, and it came down, down to the valley, and it was already shouting of its strength, the long way it would go, through towns, valleys, woods and open spaces. It was going to be an irresistible river, sweeping over its banks, purifying itself as it went along, crashing over rocks, flowing into far places, endlessly flowing to the sea. It wasn't getting to the sea that mattered, but being a river, so wide, so deep, rich and splendid; it would enter the sea and disappear into the vast, bottomless waters but the sea was far away, many a thousand miles, but from now until then it was life, beauty and ceaseless merriment; none could stop that, not even the factories and dams. It was really a marvellous river, wide, deep, with so many cities on its banks, so carelessly free and never abandoning itself. All life was there upon its banks, green fields, forests, solitary houses, death, love and destruction; there were long, wide bridges over it, graceful and well-used. Other streams and rivers joined it but she was the mother of all rivers, the little ones and the big ones. She was always full, ever purifying herself, and of an evening it was a blessing to watch her, with deepening colour in the clouds and her waters golden. But the little trickle so far away, amongst those gigantic rocks which seemed so concentrated in producing it, was the beginning of life and its ending was beyond its banks and the seas.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, December 18, 1961, pp. 225-226.*

Two crows were fighting, they were viciously angry with each other; there was fury in their voices, both were on the ground but one had the advantage driving its hard, black beak into the other. Shouting at them from the window did no good and one was going to be killed. A passing crow dived in suddenly breaking its flight, calling, cawing more

loudly than the two on the ground; it landed beside them, beating its black, shiny wings against them. In a second, half a dozen more crows came, all cawing away furiously and several of them with their wings and beaks separated the two who were intent on killing each other. They might kill other birds, other things, but there was going to be no murder amongst their own kind for that would be the end of them all. The two still wanted to fight it out but the others were telling them off and presently they all flew away and there was quietness in the little open space among the trees by the river. It was late in the afternoon, the sun was behind the trees and the really bitter cold was gone and all the birds, all day were singing, calling and making all those pleasant sounds they do. Parrots were flying in crazily for the night; it was a bit early but they were coming in; the large tamarind tree could hold quite a lot of them; their colour was almost the colour of the leaves but their green was more intense, more alive; if you watched carefully you would see the difference and also you would see their brilliant curving beaks which they used to bite and to climb; they were rather clumsy among the branches, going from one to the other but they were the light of heavens in movement; their voices were harsh and sharp, and their flight never straight, but their colour was the spring of the earth. Earlier, in the morning, on a branch of that tree, two small owls were sunning themselves, facing the rising sun; they were so still you would not have noticed them, they were the colour of the branch, mottled grey, unless by chance, you saw them coming out of their hole in the tamarind tree. It had been bitterly cold, most unusual, and two golden green flycatchers dropped dead that morning from the cold; one was the male and the other female, they must have been mates; they died on the same instant and they were still soft to the touch. They were really golden green, with long, curving bills; they were so delicate, so extraordinarily alive still. Colour is very strange; colour is god and those two were the glory of light; the colour would remain, though the machinery of life had come to an end. Colour was more enduring than the heart; it was beyond time and sorrow.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, December 30, 1961, pp. 229-230.*

There is a little canal, about a foot wide, that goes between the green fields of wheat. There is a path along it and you can walk along it for quite a while, without meeting a soul. That evening it was particularly quiet; there was a fat jay with startlingly bright blue wings that was having a drink in that canal; it was fawn coloured, with those sparkling blue wings; it wasn't one of those scolding jays; you could approach it fairly close without being called names. It looked at you in wonderment and you looked at it with exploding affection; it was fat and comfortable and very beautiful. It waited to see what you would do and when you did nothing, it grew calmer and presently flew away without a cry. You had met in that bird all the birds ever brought into being; it was that explosion that did it. It was not a well planned, thought-out explosion; it just happened with an intensity and fury whose very shock stopped all time. But you went along that narrow path, past a tree which had become the symbol of a temple, for there were flowers and a crudely painted image and the temple was a symbol of something else and that something else was also a vast symbol. Words, symbols, have become, like the flag, so frighteningly important. Symbols were ashes which fed the mind and the mind was barren and thought was born out of this waste. It was clever, inventive, as all things are which come out of arid nothingness. But the tree was splendid, full of leaves, sheltering many birds; the earth around was swept and kept clean; they had built a mud platform around the tree and on it was the image, leaning against the thick trunk. The leaf was perishable and the stone image was not; it would endure, destroying minds.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, January 7, 1962 pp. 238-239.*



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## BOOK RELEASE

Coinciding with the Tamil New Year Day, a function was organized at Vasanta Vihar on April 14 to formally release the Tamil translation of Krishnamurti's well-known book, *The Only Revolution*. As you are perhaps aware, a Translation Cell for South Indian languages has been functioning in Vasanta Vihar for more than six years, trying to get Krishnamurti's books translated into Telugu, Kannada, Tamil and Malayalam. The work has by no means been easy, in terms of either finding the right kind of translations or in ensuring a good market. The translation of *The Only Revolution* has been done by Smt. Prema Srinivasan, a Trustee of the Foundation. With her avid interest in Tamil literature and concern for rendering a faithful Tamil version, she worked hard to surmount many of the linguistic difficulties that a language like Tamil throws up.

In her introductory remarks, Smt. Ahalya Chari, a Trustee of KFI, said translating Krishnamurti is a demanding task. She pointed out that Krishnamurti used words with great care and precision, sometimes even going into their root meanings, striving at a pure and uncluttered expression and stripping words of vestiges of meaning with which tradition has invested them. So in many ways it is an uphill task for anyone who undertakes to translate Krishnamurti. Besides, translations into Tamil pose another difficulty as the words and idioms that have their root in Sanskrit are few in Tamil.

Formally releasing the book, Smt. Radha Burnier, International President of the Theosophical Society, pointed out that the style of a book like *The Only Revolution* presents peculiar challenges as the translator has to be sensitive to the nuances of some pithy statements that often sound contradictory. She presented the first copy of the book to the noted musician Smt. M. S. Subbulakshmi.

Earlier, Sri O. R. Rao, Secretary of KFI, welcomed the gathering and Sri S.P. Kandaswamy, Joint Secretary, outlined the origin and activities of the Translation Cell.

## OBITUARY

### ALBION PATTERSON (1905-1996)

Albion Patterson died in February, 1996, at the age of 91. As a young man in the early thirties he had an intimate personal friendship with K. He spent his professional life in South America where he was one of the most important agents of US policy, through the Agency for International Development. He controlled vast sums for investment in economic development, and influenced the national life of several countries. During those years he planned upon retiring to give himself completely to K's work. He became one of the first trustees of KFA and helped create the Oak Grove School. A man of great energy and generosity, bringing K to a wide audience was his chief concern. For more than a dozen years he funded and worked on the huge project of indexing K's published works, and creating the topically arranged Collection of thousands of his most significant passages. He initiated the anthologies of passages on such subjects as Death, What Is and Meditation. He foresaw and argued the need for putting the body of K's work on a single indexed computer disk. His brilliance, passion and knowledge of men and affairs made him a valued mentor to many within the Foundations, and to other friends of K.

## G. NARAYAN (1925-1996)

We are saddened to report that Sri G. Narayan, a nephew of J.Krishnamurti, died in Bangalore on October 4th, 1996. He was married to Shakuntala, who was a teacher at Rishi Valley School and later at Brockwood Park School. Their daughter Natasha is a journalist in England.

For the last two decades Narayan has been a Member of the Governing Body of Krishnamurti Foundation India. From 1977 to 1987 he was Principal of Rishi Valley School and Director of the Rishi Valley Education Centre. He was also active in the formation of the Valley School, Bangalore and was the first Director of its Education Centre. Narayan was educated in Madras at Loyola College, where he took his BA in mathematics; he then went on to study law. A meeting with Krishnamurti in 1953 was a turning point in Narayan's life. At this meeting, in Bombay, Krishnamurti suggested that the young man join Rishi Valley School. From 1953 to 1966 Narayan worked as mathematics Teacher, House Master and Vice-Principal of the school.

In 1966, Narayan went to Oxford and earned an MA in education. For a number of years he then taught mathematics at Michael Hall, a Rudolf Steiner School in England. Throughout this period he kept in close touch with Krishnamurti, joining gatherings at Brockwood Park and taking active part in discussions with Buddhist scholars. In 1978, Krishnamurti invited Narayan to return to India as Principal of the school where he had first taught. Narayan remained Principal and Director of Rishi Valley School until his retirement in 1987.

Narayan had a genuine compassion for those who were poor and disadvantaged. He was a gentle and soft-spoken person, with a philosophical turn of mind and a youthfulness that remained with him almost to the end. He had a fine command of language and was an articulate speaker, who gave several polished talks on Krishnamurti's educational philosophy. Nephew and uncle shared a love of tennis and

Sanskrit chants; Narayan would often lead chanting at morning assemblies in the school and during Krishnamurti's visits to the Rishi Valley campus.

After Krishnamurti's death, Narayan remembered him in the following words: "Krishnaji was a very great exponent of dialogue, through words and refinement of communication, but one had to know him personally to understand the nature of quietness, because if you went for a walk with him, it was very difficult for you to ask questions. You experienced a quality of silence, beauty and compassion, and it's difficult to isolate one from the other. Inquiry, silence and observation go together and you could see the embodiment of these qualities in Krishnamurti in the way he spoke and the way he lived." (from Evelyne Blau's *Krishnamurti: 100 Years*)



As this Bulletin was going to press we received news of the untimely death of Sri Mahesh Saxena, former Secretary of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, at Jaipur on December 2nd, 1996. His obituary will appear in the next issue of the Bulletin.

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

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