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Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

FROM THE EDITOR

Krishnamurti belongs to that group of philosophers, unusual in the modern world, who considered truth, beauty and virtue to be inseparable. Unusual because, in modern thought, ethics, aesthetics and religion are parcelled out into independent spheres, and those who posit a unified view are dismissed as belonging to an older way of thinking. The position that a scientist, who is also an atheist, could act morally can be illustrated with many examples from history, as is the position that not all those who believe in God act in morally acceptable ways. I do not think that Krishnamurti would have had any quarrel with the above. His disagreement was of an entirely different kind, based on the belief that time is running out for our world. Given the present state of confusion and alienation in the world, a more vital, pervasive and sustaining kind of morality is necessary. And such sustaining virtue is within human reach.

In the first selection of this issue, Krishnamurti challenges a divided way of looking at morality and religion. In subsequent selections, he is concerned to demonstrate that truth, goodness and beauty are aspects of the unified wholeness of life, where virtue 'is a living thing'. Freedom and knowledge are crucial terms in this discourse. And here one should note the special connotation with which he endowed the word 'knowledge'. According to this vocabulary, knowledge is mechanical, fragmented and belongs in the dead past, in contrast to learning, which is spontaneous, whole and in the present. Freedom from the past, for Krishnamurti, is a necessary precondition of learning. But freedom is also a thing in itself: for Krishnamurti it is 'the beauty that men call virtue or order'. And it is both these aspects of freedom that Krishnamurti seeks to uncover for his interlocutors.

— R.H.

**KRISHNAMURTI IN DIALOGUE WITH
TEACHERS AND STUDENTS
FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL**

KNOWLEDGE AND SECURITY

You never can tell when you wake up how far away you have been. In the quiet still morning you feel you have been so far away and so alone that the room and trees and garden seem not to exist. The walls are there, the outlines of the tree and the small garden. There is a vast space about you but you are not of it. The outlines of the hill and the hoot of the owl, the quiet deep silence of the valley seem to be in a space which your mind has not made.

That morning when you woke your body was there; completely relaxed with closed eyes; there had been no dream at all and hardly a movement of the body, though it must have moved a little, and as you came back from that far distance you saw it lying there, curled up and still. The brain which had been so quiet for many hours was reluctant to wake up. It wasn't exactly lazy but it didn't want to be active. It would soon be aware of the sunrise, the light on the hills, the bullock carts rattling by, the breeze among the leaves and the children shouting and playing. But now it wanted to remain completely quiet without any thought and without any reaction. It was completely empty of memory, of the things it had to do. This emptiness had a strange quality of beauty. It wasn't the beauty of the hills or of pictures or of music or of any word. It wasn't a beauty that could be expressed, for expression has not the quality of this beauty of the mind that was strangely aware without any movement, without any centre.

It lay there for over an hour, awake but very still. The body

didn't move, and all movement of thought was absent. This *quality of emptiness had the peculiar resonance of love because* there was such vast space; and how long this would last seemed to be of no importance. The length of time would come only when the movement of thought broke in. But thought was as far away as those mountains of snow. It would have crossed many thousands of miles before it came near. In the short interval of the night the brain seemed to have renewed itself. There would be the daily speech and the ever-limited activity of thought. But somehow what was to come had no importance. The blue sky would be there, the ancient hills and beyond the tamarinds, the big banyan tree. It was to be a lovely morning, scented, fresh and clear but all that didn't exist. What was was the vast emptiness with its beauty and love. And that was enough for all life.

A teacher spoke. 'We are always imparting knowledge and information that is mostly mechanical. We have acquired so much knowledge, especially in the last hundred years, about every subject I can think of. We are adding to it with such astounding rapidity that it is almost impossible to keep up with it. As a teacher I prefer to teach in schools rather than the university and I have often wondered what the place of knowledge is and what its importance is. I am not sure this vast knowledge is not destroying us. I have taken my doctorate but what is the good of it? When I discourse on a subject with pretentious importance, keeping a wide space between myself and the student, I often question the worth of this knowledge. The other day I met a friend from a village who has no degree, no pretensions of higher education but he had a smile on his face. He welcomed me with such warmth that I was embarrassed. I was from the town and he was from the hills. He was human and I had become mechanical. Knowledge seems to make us more inhuman, distant, fragmentary and deeply without value. Yet I am imparting all my knowledge to my students, making them more mechanical, inhuman, more

than my fathers were. It all seems so infantile and yet I am caught in this trap. So could we all consider this?’

(K) Knowledge is one thing and learning is another. One leads to bondage, the other to freedom. Freedom is never mechanical for it is not put together by thought which is mechanical. Freedom is not from the known; it is not an accumulation of the known. To us this accumulating of knowledge, as a squirrel accumulates nuts, has become the business of our life. The more we have of it the more we feel secure, important. But without knowledge we cannot do anything. The action of knowledge is mechanical, repetitive and in this habitual repetition we feel secure, safe, protected. We feel we cannot be hurt. It is a shield against all doubts, fears and uncertainties and within the enclosing walls of knowledge our life and the activities of the brain seem secure. You can impart knowledge but not the act of learning. Learning is never accumulative, for learning implies an active movement in the present with its curiosity, with its intensity, with its eager pursuit. If the act of learning is tethered to the post of knowledge it can only learn within the radius of the thing to which it is tied. In this there is no freedom. It is like a prisoner whose freedom is within four walls. This prison is knowledge, and so he is never free.

‘But’, said another, ‘without knowledge there will be no action. As you know, sir, within the system in which I was brought up, knowledge is one of the paths of reality — as devotion, as action. There are three or four main paths. One person may belong to one path and someone else to another but knowledge is necessary, as action is necessary, as is this feeling, this passion, this longing for reality. You seem to be against knowledge and yet you talk about action. Perhaps you could go into this a little more.’

(K) Action without knowledge is inaction. All life is action. Life demands knowledge: there must be knowledge about the

universe around us, about the various activities of our life, knowledge of nature, of the past and so on. Without knowing where your home is you could not return there. Knowledge is absolutely necessary and action related to that knowledge must be mechanical. Caught up in this mechanical way of living we seek escapes which are not mechanical — like entertainment and religious performances or sexual pleasures. But all these too become mechanical and we see that action based on organized ideas — which is knowledge — can never be free and must inevitably collide with life with all its varieties of movements and must bring about not only division but conflict. Knowledge is static. It is always within the field of the past. Life is a movement, ever changing. A man caught in the past, living in the past with all his thinking based on the past, will inevitably lead a life of conflict.

So the question really is: Can this mind with its brain, which is the result of the past with all its knowledge and experience, be free to experience the new?

‘But I’m not at all sure I want to discover the new. I want security and in the new there may be no security at all. Knowledge gives me a great deal of security — in my job, my profession, with my family and in all the relationships I have. I want security, a feeling of complete certainty. Anything new, the unknown, leaves me uncertain, fearful.’

(K) To function properly, sanely, objectively and, therefore, efficiently, the brain must have complete security. Does this security lie in knowledge, which is the past, or in the total understanding of security? We need security but we destroy that security through division, through fragmentation, through different races, classes, nationalities — rich and poor and the rest of it. In this very division is insecurity. Though we start out wanting security we build a structure — social, economic and so on — which

brings about total insecurity; and thought which has sought security in various fragments, destroys what it is seeking. In non-fragmentation there is complete security. As teachers, as educators, one of our major problems is not only to impart knowledge, information, but also to point out the enormous danger of it. In becoming aware of the danger of it there is an action which is not mechanical.

One of the teachers said, 'As a grown man I see the subtlety of what you are saying and I also see the importance of it. But how can this be imparted to a student who is not interested, who really dislikes study, who is impatient, who won't listen? The arrogance of youth is colossal: you can't penetrate it. He wants instant understanding of life; he wants to go to the heart of things immediately and change the whole universe instantly — of course according to his particular pattern. How is a teacher to break through all this and help him to learn?'

(K) If the teacher is learning — and he really means it — then he can convey his honesty to the student, convey this sense of integrity. But if the teacher is using the word to learn to cover up his own obstinacy, his own lack of passion, then the student, who is alert to hypocrisy, will not listen at all.

This fragmentation — the professor and the student, the guru and the disciple — ceases when the teacher, the student, the guru and the disciple are learning: learning through discussion, through dialogue, through investigation. Truth does not lie in the dialectical process of opinion opposing opinion, prejudice against prejudice, but rather in trying to understand about the whole movement of life.

'But why does the mind become mechanical? Is there a way of living that doesn't soon become mechanical?'

(K) Seeing is acting. In the immediate action of seeing, division doesn't exist. We live on conclusions, on formulas of which we are totally unaware. Without becoming aware of these, perception, seeing, is not possible. Awareness without choice of our conditioning, the seeing of the danger of the conditioning, that very action is the ending of conditioning. When you see a physical danger, there is immediate action. But we don't see the danger of a mechanical way of living with its false security; and so we drift along with it, confused, fearful and in sorrow.

— *Brockwood Park*
September 15, 1970

VIRTUE

From the high mountains with their snow and glaciers, with their deep, dark blue valleys, with forests of pine, beech and elm, the little stream began. Passing many villages, it became the great river feeding the parched land. Passing many towns, polluted, made dirty, by human beings, it went making its way down to the sea. When the monsoon came with thundering rain the river would rise forty to sixty feet, sweeping everything before it, bringing fresh soil, a rich sediment in which the winter wheat was sown. You could see it across the river, fresh, green and sparkling.

Occasionally a bull would be chased out of a field by a boy. It went from field to field eating its way, and each owner would chase it to the next field. So it kept going all day — fat, lazy, harmless. It was there that evening, chewing its cud: huge, without violence. It had a large hump and short sharp horns. You stroked it and it didn't seem to mind. On the contrary, it seemed to like it. A few days later you would see it in another field as you went

by. In the evening light it seemed huge, threatening and wild but it was really quite tame. The next day it would be at the little temple with the cows....

Why do we make meditation so difficult, so complicated and formal? Why should it have become something to be learned, a thing to be practised, pursued and sought? Why do we accept instructions about it from another — his system, method and reward? And is it meditation when at the end of sacrifice, control and suppression you gain what it offers? Is enlightenment a thing of thought, something put together by thought, cultivated and nourished?

A *sannyāsi* sat on the bank with eyes closed, rigid, motionless, trying to control his thoughts, punishing himself in his damp robes which he had just washed. He was trying to capture something they had told him, something he had read in a book or been taught by his guru. Is this meditation? There are thousands upon thousands like him in this land, in solitude among the snow-capped peaks, or sitting in a temple or a darkened room alone, battling with thoughts, shaping them by a series of other thoughts. A network of confusion. They will tell you that they are gaining insight, that they can control their thoughts completely, never realizing that the controller is part of the controlled. They are subtly proud of their achievement. Or they have gained some kind of power to be exercised, shown, and the object of great wonder. What has all this to do with meditation? You may be able to levitate, have the powers of extrasensory perception, tell people of their petty little future or heal so that they can carry on with their empty lives. All this is not meditation. The effort, the practice, the gaining of visions, having some powers and collecting a lot of followers — this outward exhibition has nothing whatsoever to do with meditation. In all this there is danger, there is hidden ugliness and the coil of secret conceit. Meditation

is the most simple, natural thing, like the flow of that water, continuous, persistent, whose depth is unknown. It is a living thing and cannot be put into the cage of thought with its schools of *yoga*, *mantra* and disciplines. If one would really meditate and know the beauty of it, then you must set aside all this as you would put away all poison. The denial of all this is not the action of will or decision, but the simple observation of it. Just observe all this without any resistance. That very observation is the movement of meditation. You do not have to go to different countries to learn what it is or inquire from another.

Meditation is the understanding of the heart and when the heart cleanses the mind of all its tricks and absurd devices, its conceits and stratagems, then meditation flows as clearly as the fresh waters of a river. Meditation is the movement of enlightenment, whether at the beginning or the end, for in meditation there is no beginning and no ending.

It was a very cool morning. There was a nip in the air and all the teachers in the room were warmly dressed. The man with the thoughtful eyes and clean-cut face said, 'Many students today are taking up psychology for they feel they can help people in this way. Often they wish also to study philosophy. These two seem to complement each other and considering this, what place has religion in our studies?'

Another one said sharply, 'Religion has no place in our modern life. One leaves all that to old women and grandmothers.' He was almost angry that the subject should have been raised. 'What is more important is an ethical way of life, a humanitarian outlook.' He went on, 'How can one teach the moral principles? Without these principles life becomes a chaos.'

The fat one with small hands, asked 'Why does our friend

object to religion? The truly religious man is moral, morality by itself has very little meaning. It is like the pot — what you cook in it is what matters. Not what kind of vessel it is. Why be so antagonistic to the word? The intellectuals throughout the world object to this word but one observes that as they get older and reach the brink of senility they become religious minded and ardently espouse this or that belief. Our friend misses the point, I fear.'

(K) Philosophy divorced from the religious way of life becomes merely theoretical, however cunning it may be. Institutionalized religion with its beliefs, dogmas, is utterly meaningless and superficial, however splendid its ritual. The inquiry into the religious mind is far more important than the subtleties of philosophy. Surely man has always sought something that is not put together by thought, sought something which is imperishable, sought truth which is not opinion, which is not conjured up by one's conditioned demands and hopes. One observes the transiency of life and tries to find something that is not of time. This has been man's quest but, unfortunately, he gets caught in his own projections or those of others.

Surely, sir, you do not object to the understanding of a way of life in which there is no fragmentation — as God and human — a total comprehension of existence in which morality is an undivided part. As our friend pointed out, morality by itself has no meaning. So can all of us here consider this question — not one against or for religion or for this or that belief — but rather can we study and learn together about this question of virtue? Can we consider a way of life in which fear and its opposite — pleasure — are understood and discover for ourselves if there is or is not a timeless dimension, which you may call by whatever name you wish?

The lean one, still in the same corner, shook his head vigorously in approval. He said this would be most worthwhile, both for ourselves and as teachers responsible for students.

‘We are so disoriented with a heavy tradition on one hand and on the other a permissive society with its affluence, that the mind gets utterly confused. One may logically support this or that, dialectically sustain one opinion or prejudice, but when one has seen all this in both action and theory — as one can in Russia or China or in the west — if one is at all serious, it seems to me one must ask these most fundamental questions. The traditional way of living, which we know so well in this country, is going to pieces; and the system of the bureaucratic ways of life utterly denies freedom and maintains conformity at all cost, through it talks of revolution, imperialism and so on. Then there is the permissive society, the letting go of all values, all traditions and doing what one likes whenever one pleases. One has observed all this. It doesn’t demand great study and vast explanations. If we could apply our minds to the question which you have raised, sir, let us consider virtue and the understanding of a way of life in which a different dimension enters.’

Another one, sitting on a chair, who had not spoken as yet, said: ‘I thoroughly agree with this, though unfortunately the word ‘religion’, not the thing behind it, has become something to be avoided. I personally would like to go into this question very deeply for I feel this is the source of all beauty and action. It has been said we do not live by bread alone and when bread becomes all important, then all mischief is let loose.’

We sat quietly for a few minutes. There were many red flowers on the tree and one of them had fallen into the room. It had not faded: it was bright, clear, sharply designed. There was a faint

scent of the jasmine and a bullock cart went by.

(K) What does virtue mean? Is it a thing to be practised day after day, cultivating the moral excellence and uprightness of man which gives him a certain power, a certain authority? Is it, in the sense that we are using that word, the result of effort and determination, of resistance and compliance? Is virtue the result of overcoming that which is not virtuous, suppressing in order to conform, denying in order to achieve and attain? Is virtue born out of the conflict of duality? Or has virtue nothing to do with all this; neither with the conditioning of society, which is essentially immoral, nor dependant on environment, whether traditional or permissive? If one has a pattern of virtue and tries to carry it out in the friction, suppression and rivalry of daily life, it ceases to be moral excellence. A superficial order may be produced but inherent in the complicity of conformity is the disintegrating factor of disorder. The negation of what is considered moral — not as a reaction but through the observation of what actually is — is the beauty of virtue, which is order. A blueprint laid out by a cunning mind or gifted hand invariably denies order. Order is virtue. It is not according to any pattern, culture or system of society, but is the order that comes naturally and easily without the compulsion of conformity when one understands the whole field of disorder in which we live.

‘Are you saying, sir,’ asked the lean one in the corner, ‘that virtue can never be practised? You mean humility can never be practised, which is a fact. If you try to practice humility, vanity becomes more polished, more subtle, refined. Are you saying that through the observation of our disordered life with its contradictory disciplines one can never find moral excellence? And yet that is what we are trying to do. Through our confusion we are trying to be virtuous, to be moral, and therefore it is, as

you say, immoral. So you are suggesting — are you not, sir? — that we come face to face with our disorder, understand it, study it, and that out of this will flow the purity of excellence.'

(K) As we said, virtue is a living thing, fresh every minute, not to be put in the prison of thought, tortured and distorted. Freedom — not from anything — but just freedom, is the essence of moral excellence. This freedom is in itself the beauty which men call virtue or order. This freedom implies great austerity. Not the austerity of the harsh practice of the saints or of the monks with their vows and suppressions. This virtue is not the outcome of discipline. It has no discipline. The virtuous man is a free man and therefore has no discipline which is conformity. He lives in clarity without any confusion. The clarity of perception acts without will — which is resistance. Freedom is the clear perception of order which is essentially moral.

— *Brockwood Park*
September 23, 1970

MORALITY

A strong wind was blowing from the west, bending the trees. The sea is restless and that morning the wind had brought huge waves breaking on the shore. The hills behind the house were green after the heavy rains. It is a part of the country where it doesn't rain very much but this year it had come in torrents. There were landslides and in front of the house, facing the sea, the earth was slipping. Everywhere there had been damage from the storms but the lakes would be full and there would be plenty of water for the coming summer. It is a beautiful land, full of

promise, but there was pollution everywhere. Even the creatures of the sea were suffering for everything flowed to the sea.

The mind is as restless as the sea. It is always occupied with something or other — with the kitchen or with God, with sex or the pursuit of pleasure. It is never quiet and the fear of not being occupied becomes a problem.

The day before, at the next table, two old men had been talking. They were telling each other about their political life, about the prominent people they knew, about their sons, and about their daughters who had married well. They seemed to know all the prominent government leaders, under whom they had served, and the owners of newspapers and their editors. They told anecdotes about all these people for over an hour and you couldn't help overhearing what they were saying. During that whole hour or more they had not a moment without a word. People at all the other tables were talking endlessly. They had to be occupied; otherwise they would be shy or uncomfortable. Through talk they tried to establish a relationship that would cover up everything. It appears that the mind has to be occupied with something or other, ever restless, always seeking some kind of expression. There is a fear of being alone, dissociated from everything. When you do walk alone, you carry the burden with you — your problems, your enjoyments, the things you have done and the things you will do. This endless chattering seems to satisfy the mind. An occupied mind is a petty little mind, going round and round within the walls of its own thoughts. This isolation is not aloneness. To be alone implies freedom: freedom from the known. Then only can something new happen.

There were many teachers there that morning from many parts of the world. One of them, who had already asked the question

and been pushed aside, again asked. 'If I may use the word religion — what place has it in the school and in our lives? And how can it be taught, apart from the moral issue?'

(K) Can the understanding of truth — which is religion — be divorced from moral excellence?

The fat one, who had come a long way by boat, train and bus, said, 'Is not the moral truth the only reality? We want to discuss religion without understanding morality and everyday living. As you have often said, conduct is the foundation upon which we can build and yet we spin on about God, theology and other things, without really bringing about in ourselves a way of living that is honest and true. We talk about God when we are really hypocrites, and we want to teach others this hypocrisy. All theologians have a certain credo and around that they spin endless theories. It seems to me' he went on, 'that as human beings and teachers it is our function to convey this moral excellence or virtue to those for whom we are responsible. How do we convey this? If we could start from there, then perhaps we could enter into that field which is called religion. So I would like to ask all those who are here: How do we convey to the student his moral responsibility, integrity and an abiding honesty?'

The lean one in his usual corner, replied, 'By our example, by our way of life, what we do, how we talk to our students.'

(K) Isn't there a danger in becoming an example? You become a hero. You encourage imitation, conformity and thereby destroy the other's integrity. History is full of examples: there are a thousand saints and the latest guru. Though it denies hero worship, the present generation has its own changing idols. In offering them example you deny them freedom. Surely, sirs, it is far more

important that they should understand their own patterns of behaviour, their own contradictions and confusions than that you offer them a particular pattern. The teacher and the student are both learning. Both are learning about themselves, their conduct and the way they live. It is not that the teacher is totally honest and therefore can tell another what honesty is; it is rather that he can convey to the student that both are learning what moral excellence is.

The man from overseas, with a heavy beard, said, 'This becomes impossible when there is a division between us and the student. We feel we know better than they do. We sit a little higher on a platform and this superiority is a great satisfaction. You are denying us this if all of us are learning. It is very difficult for most of us to come off our perch.'

(K) As we have said, there must be a firm foundation before we can build a house. The understanding of virtue, which is order and moral excellence, is at the same time the building of a house. Religion and morality are interrelated. They are not two separate things. Could we put the question this way: What is a religious mind which is learning the beauty of order? All religions are organized institutions based on propaganda. Each has a hero and his followers, its myths, superstitions, its idols or the bare wall of the mosque. From childhood we are educated to believe, we are conditioned by the culture we live in, and this divides mankind. All this has nothing whatsoever to do with the religious mind for if one really wants to find out what truth is, one must be free from every form of belief, imagination and authority. Belief in the sacred is the outcome of fear, through one may call it the love of truth. Fear of insecurity and the desire for salvation, enlightenment, or what you will, is the basis of all this. The brain needs to be secure; otherwise it cannot function sanely and healthily. As it lives in chaos, in confusion, it seeks security in a

belief, whether it is belief in the perfect state or the perfect God. It projects its own desire on the image it has created by its insistent demands for security. Can all this be brushed aside and the mind become free of its own designs of permanency, of a heaven which is not on earth?

(Q) 'Aren't you asking an impossible thing of us? Of course we are conditioned. I am a Hindu — by my culture, and you are a Communist or Christian — by those cultures. The Gods of our culture are much more permanent than the impermanency of truth. We are afraid to let go of what we know.'

(K) If you really understand the structure fear has created, and its dangers, then obviously you will let it go. We really don't see for ourselves the danger of division which institutionalized religions have brought about. When you hold to your Gods, and another to his Saviour, though each one says 'love your neighbour', this inevitable division breeds antagonism, wars, suspicion and fear. If you really see this, not intellectually but factually, with your heart, your mind, with your whole being, then the very perception of this danger is the action of freedom. But in the modern world none of this plays a very great part — either religion, science or the promised utopias. We want to enjoy ourselves, living from day to day, not worrying about the future or that immense thing called death. We are tired of all this and we want to live a superficial, comfortable life. Seriousness with all its significance becomes a bore. But yet one has to be tremendously serious to throw off all the things that man has imposed upon himself through fear and the entanglements of pleasure. Without understanding these two there is no morality. Nor is there the bliss that is beyond enjoyment.

Again the lean one in his corner said. 'We are not deeply serious. We are tired; life has been too much with us. We convey the

dreariness of our own life to our students or we are merely concerned with information and knowledge. The student is already worn out when he leaves the university and those who drop out seem to have more energy. But they waste this energy in useless activities, pleasurable or violent. You are really asking us — are you not? — to become innocent and see life as if for the first time, simply, clearly and with great passion. I lost all my passion long ago; not that I am an old man, but all this struggle, economically as well as inwardly, has drained me of my energy.'

(K) Innocency means — doesn't it? — a mind that is incapable of being hurt. Whatever happens around it or the things it has been through can never touch it, can never harm it. This is innocence. Because it has not been injured, the brain, the mind, the heart, which are all one, has abundance of energy. The more you ask of it, the more there is. It is only the undistorted mind that can see truth.

(Q) 'But being wounded, distorted, what is one to do? The student too has been distorted. Both teacher and student have been hurt and they know only resistance. How are we to break this down? Our tragedy isn't our not seeing the new, but it is in what we are. I don't want my son to be like me but I know it is inevitable. There may be minor changes but the structure will be the same. How can we transform ourselves and the students too?'

(K) There is no 'how' but only the actual seeing of what-is and going beyond it. Love is the perception of what-is; it is not the sorrow of what-is. Sorrow is mischievous and dangerous; it breeds self-pity and hatred. Love is its own light and you need no other.

— Brockwood Park
September 25, 1970

BELIEF

There is a path that winds among the potato fields and the winter wheat, and further along there is a wide patch of green peas with white flowers. One passes tamarind trees and a mango grove; there were green parrots and vultures sat on the tallest tree. You went past ancient villages with temples so old they seemed to have no age. In the wheat fields there was a huge bull with an enormous hump. It seemed so harmless. You walked past and a few boys came and chased it to another field where it was again chased; but it never turned on them. You would see it often lying in the shade of a tree, dozing, chewing its cud meditatively.

There were many *sannyāsis*: old monks with their begging bowls and worn-out sandals, on the dusty path. The villages here were filthy and old men sat in the sun among the goats, dogs and cattle. Along this path thousands upon thousands of pilgrims passed to the river. Leading away from it, on the road, every day the villagers went to the big city, carrying their few products. They would sell them for coins and return with a little oil, a piece of cloth or a new pump for their bicycle. They would chatter going to the city but on the way home they walked silently back to their villages, crossing the rickety bridge, going up the little slope and beyond. What a beautiful country it is and how filthy and degrading are the towns. The river passes through them all, silently, sullied by them but cleaning itself as it goes along. It seemed never to be hurt, polluted. And that morning it was there with its peace in the golden light of the sun.

We were sitting in a room that overlooks the river and the blue sky where the vultures circled higher and higher. The room had become quite useful. On its verandah two pigeons were

building their nest. It wasn't too cold that morning and one felt a great sense of peace. There were about thirty boys and girls sitting on the floor, all rather shy but wanting to ask a great many questions. One of them at last took courage and spoke. 'Why should I believe in God? All our parents and the people around us believe and we are told we must believe. Why should one?'

A girl, cleanly washed, fresh, with open face said. 'I am really not interested in God. I don't know why he wants to talk about it. I am concerned with my life, how to live rightly. Talking about God seems so irrelevant. It may be necessary for the older generation but it doesn't affect my life. It seems so utterly useless to talk about it.'

(K) Aren't you interested in why human beings — millions and millions of them — are interested in God?

The girl replied. 'Probably I will be interested when I grow older but not now. I want to understand life and how to live and what has God to do with that?'

(K) You know, human beings suffer a great deal; their life is a great misery. They are always in conflict. Things come and go, there is so much uncertainty and human beings throughout the ages have wanted to know if there is something permanent. They say life is impermanent, a thing that passes away, and they want to find or to believe in something that is permanent, that doesn't perish, that isn't made corrupt by the human hand. Not knowing if there is or is not, they believe, hoping with their hearts that something of that kind exists. For thousands of years human beings have believed and killed each other for their belief. Except for one or two religions, they have fought religious wars.

When you say you are not interested in it, why aren't you? It is part of human existence. You may not believe in God, but you may believe in a principle, in the perfect state, in a heaven or in paradise. It is all the same thing. Surely you must be interested in all the human endeavour. You may not be interested in mathematics but it is part of your education. In the same way you must be tremendously interested in everything that touches the human mind — its sorrow, its confusions, its absurdities, its belief in God or its disbelief in God. You must also be concerned with living, with love and death, because all this is part of existence. So please do pay attention to what that boy asked. He asked why one should believe in God. It is a natural question because everyone around him and you believes in God. It is part of your tradition, your upbringing; as it is also part of the upbringing in those countries where they are instructed not to believe in God. So let us find out why human beings want to believe in something which they project out of their own suffering, uncertainty and confusion. Don't you want some kind of security? Something to cling to, something that might protect you?

They looked at each other seriously and with uncertainty. They didn't know what to reply.

(K) Not only the few, but all human beings on earth must have security, food, clothes and shelter. Without physical security there is the fear of tomorrow and when there is fear our minds don't work properly, sanely. But as things are now, with one country against another, there is really great physical insecurity; and so, wanting security, physical safety, we hold on to our little houses, to our patch of land, to our family, to our jobs. And also we want deep inward security; to feel safe, undisturbed, though we know that there is death, there is pain, and that life is constant struggle and great loneliness.

So we say to ourselves, not deliberately, that there must be something which is imperishable, absolute; and we believe in that. It is generally opposite to that which we are. So we say, God is love, everlasting beauty, peace, and this we transmit from generation to generation. We say we are Jews, Hindus, Muslims or Christians. This division, with its supposed security, divides people and so brings about insecurity, wars and hatred. This is clear, isn't it? You see this don't you? You see this all around you: one group of people against another group of people, one person against another. Your belief separates you from those who don't believe as you do. You may talk about loving your neighbour but beneath those words you are separating yourself by your belief, by your tradition and that peculiar arrogance that comes with the certainty of your own particular belief.

So you see why we want to believe; and for that belief we are willing to destroy each other. All religions talk about love and being kind to one another, but belief itself destroys goodness, love and deep kindness.

'I see what you say, sir. I am rather hesitant to say that I understand. But why is there this desire for one's own safety, which takes the form of belief?'

(K) As we said earlier, physically we can't function sanely if we haven't security — which is really order — about us. That is the primary demand in all animals and in us too. It is absolutely necessary that all of us, not just the well-to-do few, have the basic physical necessities of life. This is not possible if you divide yourselves into Hindus, Muslims or some other category. You see that, don't you? That means you cease to call yourself Hindu, Muslim or anything else. Don't give yourselves labels. We are human beings not labels. Will you stop calling

yourselves this or that? Otherwise you are going to create greater misery for man. This is part of your education. Education is not just studying subjects.

One of the boys said. 'I may stop calling myself a Muslim, but what about the people around me? My parents will be horrified and very angry with me.'

(K) Then will you yield to them, go back to the fold that calls itself the Muslim, the Hindu and the Christian? As you have to learn mathematics, so you have to learn to deal with your parents when they get angry at your not believing as they do. You have to learn about relationship, not just be told how to behave. Is all this too difficult? If it is, take a little out of it, learn something out of it and go on learning. Don't just say my parents will get angry and, therefore, I must give in to them. Learn to live with them without having to believe as they do. It is no good just revolting against them, creating for yourself a little island, thinking that you can live either by yourself or by joining others who revolt. For they again will create their island in opposition to other islands. This again brings separation, antagonism, war. This has been the history of man.

Now, we must live at peace with each other and, therefore, we must understand how this belief which divides comes about. Deep down, inwardly, we are frightened, and not being able to really resolve it, we project an image of what we call God. We have created it. We create God in our image and to that we cling desperately because we suffer, because we are at war with each other and in ourselves, and because life is so uncertain and ultimately there is always death. So we cling to the image we have made, the symbol, the thing made by the hand or by the mind. So what is important is not what you believe in but why you believe. And if you go into it deeply, you are bound

to find that we all want a great sense of inward security. We all want inward peace and a feeling of deep, quiet, imperishable clarity. And so thought invents various formulas, images, speculative hopes. Thought divides itself as the permanent and the impermanent. Being in itself impermanent, it invents a permanence. Thought divides the world into nationalities, into groups, into individuals opposed to the community, and so on endlessly. This division goes on both outwardly and inwardly. It is a kind of game played with ourselves and this game leads to great horrors, brutality and violence.

So you see how thought breeds hatred and arrogance. And you see how thought creates the image of what it calls God and love. These opposites are the product of thought and in this human beings are caught endlessly. All this has nothing to do with love, has it? You know what we mean by that word 'love': to be kind, to be gentle. Love has no fear, love is not jealous. So love is not a thing of thought. A thing of thought has in it a duality, one opposing another. As love is not put together by thought, it has no opposite. This is a great thing to understand. Spend some time, as you do with geography, observing all this. Learn about it as you would learn cricket. Then you will see for yourself that any form of belief becomes totally unnecessary and that you can live without any formula.

— *Brockwood Park*
October 3, 1970

OBITUARY

K. NATARAJA (1916-2001)

Vasanta Vihar lost a familiar figure and the Krishnamurti Foundation a long-standing friend when K. Natataja died at his home on February 2, 2001, surrounded by family and with a book of J. Krishnamurti's in his hand. Nataraja was first drawn to Krishnamurti in 1934, when he, together with a group of friends, crossed the Adayar Bridge from the Theosophical Society to hear Krishnamurti talk at Vasant Vihar. In a memoir he finished just before the end, Nataraja recalled Krishnamurti telling his audience on that day: 'Meditation is not only for five minutes, but throughout the day.' Nataraja confessed that he did not quite know what to make of Krishnamurti's teachings until 1947. The turning point came when he heard Krishnamurti describe how self-interest drives human nature.

Nataraja's understanding of Krishnamurti was suffused with a selfless devotion to the Teacher that encompassed anything and everything associated with his person and his Teachings. In 1962, Nataraja, as a person of independent means, offered his services at Vasant Vihar. There was plenty of work to be done during the winter months that Krishnamurti spent in Adayar: meals and accommodation had to be organized for large numbers of guests, provisions bought, chairs, loudspeakers and microphones arranged for public talks. The place had all the hustle and bustle of a home where a daughter was being married. The following incident from this period will give a flavour of the meticulous care that Nataraja lavished on his tasks. In 1962, Madhavachari asked Nataraja to arrange a haircut for Krishnamurti. So Nataraja drove him down Mount Road to the Connemara Hotel. The saloon happened to be crowded and, fearing that there might be a long wait, he went up to the head barber with the following plea: 'Here is J. Krishnamurti, a great philosopher and the greatest

man on earth. So be very clean and do a tidy job.' The account continues: 'There were ten people before us having their hair cut, but I arranged very quickly to have the place cleaned, and asked them to give the barber a newly washed coat to put on before he cut Krishnaji's hair. I told them to do a very good job because they were privileged. I gave them large tips, so that they would do the job happily.' When Krishnamurti handed him the seven rupees that Madhavachari had given him for the haircut, Nataraja did not admit to him that the outing had cost much more.

In 1969, Nataraja persuaded a mathematician friend, Professor Nigam, who also happened to be head of the Indian Institute of Technology, to invite Krishnamurti to talk with the students and faculty in their open-air auditorium of that prestigious institution. Ever attentive to detail, he had arranged the podium for the occasion so that, 'Instead of a table and chair, I had arranged a *chowki* with a cushion on it as a seat.' Thereafter, on several occasions his son-in-law, the naturalist Siddhartha Buch, drove Krishnamurti to the wooded hundred-acre IIT campus for evening walks; daughter Uma was brought in as the family doctor; and daughter Ambika created beautiful ballets for Krishnamurti's educational institutions. Everywhere in South India, Nataraja's hidden presence helped smooth the way for Krishnamurti's visits — to Bangalore, Rishi Valley, Sri Lanka.

After Krishnamurti's death in 1986, Nataraja continued to lavish his generosity on those associated with Vasant Vihar. The last time I saw him was at Woodlands, where he had taken an entire contingent from Rishi Valley for a meal. His smiling figure, dressed as always in immaculate white, will remain stamped on my memory.

— R. H.

KFI WEBSITE

Towards the end of March this year, KFI launched its website <http://www.kfionline.org>. It has the following features: A life-sketch of Krishnamurti, and an article on the relevance of his teachings; the vision and activities of the Foundation; the aim of our schools and information on the special features of each school and how to get there; the purpose of the Krishnamurti Study Centres and information on study and accommodation facilities; catalogues of our books in English and translations in Indian languages; catalogues of audio and video tapes and CDs; list of our periodicals; announcements regarding programmes organized by us from time to time; and a Guest Book where you can write your comments. The texts are accompanied by appropriate photographs. The website has also links to the Krishnamurti Foundations abroad. You can now order books, tapes and periodicals through our website, or contact us for any other information that you require.

**KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA
GATHERING 2001**

The Krishnamurti Foundation India is happy to announce that the next Public Gathering will be held at Rishi Valley School in Andhra Pradesh, from the 22nd of November to the 25th of November 2001.

The intention of the Gathering is to enable interested persons to come together as friends to share, discuss and investigate fundamental questions of life in the light of Krishnamurti's Teachings.

For details please contact:

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BROCKWOOD PARK Bramdean, Hampshire SO 24 OLQ, UK	Education Centre and Boarding School 14 years upwards
THE OAK GROVE SCHOOL P.O. Box 1560 Ojai, California 93023, USA	Day/Boarding School Ages 3½ to 17

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