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Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

FROM THE EDITOR

Death is one of the great mysteries of life. At the cosmic level, our instinctive understanding that life and death are joined together by an unbreakable thread, that without death there would be no life, is endorsed by scientific thought. And yet death remains the ultimate opponent of individual life. Indian tradition contains stories of heroic figures like Nachiketas and Savitri, who questioned Death, won favours from the god, even deceived him. The fundamental goal of technology — the domination of nature, is similarly a way of negating death. Technological advances, promoted as being life enhancing (feeding the billions of people on earth; making men and women more beautiful), are now laying to waste the order of nature at a speed and in a manner that will ultimately decimate life as we know it.

Krishnamurti's sense that an ultimate aim of an individual life is to understand death thus becomes not merely a philosopher's fancy but a matter of life and death. Death, he asserts, is not unknowable. You cannot 'experience' it, because all experience is touched by memory of what is known. Since death is the great unknown, the mind that would comprehend it, must strip itself of memory. Krishnamurti, in the pages that follow, leads the reader by the hand through this journey into the unknown. It behoves us to listen to this great teacher, who in affirming death sought to save life and unravel its ultimate worth.

— R.H.

DEATH IS FINAL AND TRUE

Death is an unavoidable fact; do what you will, it is irrevocable, final and true.

— *Commentaries On Living II*, Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1994, pp.58-59.

THERE MUST BE DEATH EVERY DAY FOR THE UNKNOWN TO BE

Death is inevitable. Continuity can be ended, or it can be nourished and maintained. *That which has continuity can never renew itself, it can never be the new, it can never understand the unknown.* Continuity is duration, and that which is everlasting is not the timeless. Through time, duration, the timeless is not. There must be ending for the new to be. The new is not within the continuation of thought. Thought is continuous movement in time; this movement cannot enclose within itself a state of being which is not of time. Thought is founded on the past, its very being is of time. Time is not only chronological but it is thought as a movement of the past through the present to the future; it is the movement of memory, of the word, the picture, the symbol, the record, the repetition. Thought, memory, is continuous through word and repetition. The ending of thought is the beginning of the new; *the death of thought is life eternal.* There must be constant ending for the new to be. That which is new is not continuous; the new can never be within the field of time. *The new is only in death from moment to moment. There must be death every day for the unknown to be. The ending is the beginning, but fear prevents the ending...*

What do we mean by fear? What is fear? Fear is not an abstraction, it does not exist independently, in isolation. It comes into being only in relation to something. In the process of relationship, fear manifests itself; *there is no fear apart from relationship*. Now, what is it that you are afraid of? You say you are afraid of death. What do we mean by death? Though we have theories, speculations, and there are certain observable facts, death is still the unknown. Whatever we may know about it, *death itself cannot be brought into the field of the known*; we stretch out a hand to grasp it, but it is not. Association is the known, and the unknown cannot be made familiar; habit cannot capture it, so there is fear.

Can the known, the mind, ever comprehend or contain the unknown? The hand that stretches out can receive only the knowable, it cannot hold the unknowable. To desire experience is to give continuity to thought; to desire experience is to give strength to the past; to desire experience is to further the known. You want to experience death, do you not? Though living, you want to know what death is. But do you know what living is? You know life only as conflict, confusion, antagonism, passing joy and pain. But is that life? Are struggle and sorrow life? In this state which we call life we want to experience something that is not in our own field of consciousness. This pain, this struggle, the hate that is enfolded in joy, is what we call living; and we want to experience something which is the opposite of what we call living. The opposite is the continuation of what-is, perhaps modified. But death is not the opposite. It is the unknown. The knowable craves to experience death, the unknown; but, do what it will, it cannot experience death, therefore it is fearful. Is that it?

Because you cannot experience death, you are afraid of it.
Can the conscious experience that state which is not to be

brought into being through the conscious? That which can be experienced is the projection of the conscious, the known. The known can only experience the known; experience is always within the field of the known; the known cannot experience what is beyond its field. Experiencing is utterly different from experience. Experiencing is not within the field of the experiencer; but as experiencing fades, the experiencer and the experience come into being, and then experiencing is brought into the field of the known. The knower, the experiencer, craves for the state of experiencing the unknown; and as the experiencer, the knower, cannot enter into the state of experiencing, he is afraid. He is fear; he is not separate from it. The experiencer of fear is not an observer of it; he is fear itself, the very instrument of fear...

Are you an entity separate from your qualities? Are you not identical with your qualities? Are you not your thoughts, emotions, and so on? You are not separate from your qualities, thoughts. You are your thoughts. Thought creates the 'I', the 'you', the supposedly separate entity; *without thought, the thinker is not. Seeing the impermanence of itself, thought creates the thinker as the permanent, the enduring*; and the thinker then becomes the experiencer, the analyzer, the observer separate from the transient. We all crave some kind of permanency, and seeing impermanence about us, thought creates the thinker who is supposed to be permanent. The thinker then proceeds to build-up other and higher states of permanency: the soul, the *ātman*, the higher self, and so on. Thought is the foundation of this whole structure. But that is another matter. We are concerned with fear. What is fear? Let us see what it is.

You say you are afraid of death. Since you cannot experience it, you are afraid of it. Death is the unknown, and you are

afraid of the unknown. Is that it? Now, can you be afraid of that which you do not know? If something is unknown to you, how can you be afraid of it? *You are really afraid not of the unknown, of death, but of loss of the known, because that might cause pain, or take away your pleasure, your gratification. It is the known that causes fear, not the unknown.* How can the unknown cause fear?

It is not measurable in terms of pleasure and pain: it is unknown. Fear cannot exist by itself, it comes in relationship to something. You are actually afraid of the known in its relation to death, are you not? Because you cling to the known, to an experience, you are frightened of what the future might be. But the what-might-be, the future, is merely a reaction, a speculation, the opposite of what-is. This is so, is it not?...

Have you opened the cupboard of the known and looked into it? Are you not also frightened of what you might discover there? Have you ever inquired into the known, into what you possess?... *Are not most of us afraid to look at ourselves?* We might discover unpleasant things, so we would rather not look, we prefer to be ignorant of what-is. We are not only afraid of what-might-be in the future, but also of what-might-be in the present. We are afraid to know ourselves as we are, and this *avoidance of what-is is making us afraid of what-might-be.* We approach the so-called known with fear, and also the unknown, death. The avoidance of what-is is the desire for gratification. We are seeking security, constantly demanding that there shall be no disturbance; and it is this desire not to be disturbed that makes us avoid what-is and fear what-might-be. *Fear is the ignorance of what-is, and our life is spent in a constant state of fear.*

‘But how is one to get rid of this fear?’

To get rid of something you must understand it. Is there fear, or only the desire not to see? It is the desire not to see that brings on fear; and when you don't want to understand the full significance of what-is, fear acts as a preventive. You can lead a gratifying life by deliberately avoiding all inquiry into what-is, and many do this; but they are not happy, nor are those who amuse themselves with a superficial study of what-is. *Only those who are earnest in their inquiry can be aware of happiness; to them alone is there freedom from fear.*

'Then how is one to understand what is?'

The what-is is to be seen in the mirror of relationship, relationship with all things. The what-is cannot be understood in withdrawal, in isolation; it cannot be understood if there is the interpreter, the translator who denies or accepts. The what-is can be understood only when the mind is utterly passive, when it is not operating on what-is.

'Is it not extremely difficult to be passively aware?'

It is, as long as there is thought.

— *Commentaries On Living II*, Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1994, pp. 59-63.

**DEATH IS NOT ANSWERABLE BY THOUGHT, AND
ONE HAS TO DIE TO DEATH,
FOR ONLY THEN IS INNOCENCE BORN**

Amidst all this turmoil of war, dissension and utter selfishness, there is the main issue of death. Religions, the very ancient or the recent, have conditioned man to certain dogmas, hopes and beliefs which give a ready-made answer to this issue; but *death is not answerable by thought, by the intellect; it is a fact, and you cannot get round it. You have to die to find out what death is, and that, apparently, man cannot do, for he is frightened of dying to everything he knows, to his most intimate, deep-rooted hopes and visions.*

There is really no tomorrow, but many tomorrows are between the now of life and the future of death. In this dividing gap man lives, with fear and anxiety, but always keeping an eye on that which is inevitable. He doesn't want even to talk about it, and decorates the grave with all the things he knows.

To die to everything one knows — not to particular forms of knowledge but to all knowing — is death. *To invite the future — death — to cover the whole of today is the total dying; then there is no gap between life and death. Then death is living and living is death.*

This, apparently, no man is willing to do. Yet man is always seeking the new; always holding in one hand the old and groping with the other into the unknown for the new. So there is the inevitable conflict of duality — the 'me' and the 'not-me', the 'observer' and the 'observed', the 'fact' and the 'what-should-be'.

This turmoil completely ceases when there is the ending of the known. This ending is death. Death is not an idea, a symbol, but a dreadful reality, and you cannot possibly escape from it by clinging to the things of today, which are of yesterday, nor by worshipping the symbol of hope.

One has to die to death; only then is innocence born, only then does the timeless new come into being. Love is always new, and the remembrance of love is the death of love.

— *The Only Revolution*, London: Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977, pp. 156-157.

DEATH, MEDITATION AND SILENCE

I think we ought to talk over, together, the problem of death. Man has always been afraid of this unknown and very complex problem. We ought to consider why human beings, for millennia upon millennia, have considered death something terrifying. Volumes have been written about it. Religions have said, 'Prepare for death', but we human beings of the modern age would rather not talk about it; we would rather avoid the question altogether. But if we are serious, and concerned with the whole problem of living, of existence, and all the travails that are involved in daily life, we ought to consider, seriously, this question of death.

Most of us are concerned with what takes place when we die. But we never consider what happens before we die. Is that not far more important than what happens after death? Is not the life that we lead — confused, uncertain, insecure, full of aches and pains and travail — far more essential and necessary to comprehend than what happens after death? And

perhaps then, *when living becomes more important than dying, death and life will go together*. We shall inquire into death, and find out what happens after death. But should we not also consider the way of our lives, and how vulgar it has become? Should we not consider what our relationship is, not only with society but also with each other? Should we not consider why we live the way we do — with deceit, with dishonesty, with a lack of integrity, and so on? We should consider and transform that basically.

We ought to go into the question: What is an ending? — to end. We never end anything. We always want a continuation. Please, we are not talking theoretically or in abstraction, but actually. What does it mean actually to end? Say for instance, our attachment to a *guru*, or to some kind of belief — when we end it, what takes place? Have we ever ended anything without having a motive, without having some conflict? Because *without an ending, there can be no beginning*. That is so obvious. For example, if I do not end my attachment to a particular piece of property, or to a person, or to some belief, or concept, or ideal, there will be a constant continuity of what-has-been. Therefore, what-has-been will become mechanical. It is only when I end my attachment completely, inwardly, that there will be a 'new' beginning. There will be a 'new' beginning only in an ending, and not in a continuity. In continuity, time is involved. 'I have been', 'I will be', 'I am' — that is the process of time. In that process there is nothing new. I am merely continuing what I have been, which is modified in the present and which continues in the future. It is a cycle. In that cycle, there is nothing new that is taking place. There are variations; but it is not something totally new. Whereas if we end something — our beliefs, our conclusions, our theories — if we end everything that we have known, then there will be a 'new' beginning.

Is death a 'new' beginning, or is it the continuation of the old? Do you understand my question? Please, do pay a little attention. Do consider what the speaker is saying, because we are facing a great crisis in the world of which practically most of us are unaware. *We are facing destruction from the atomic bomb, the nuclear bomb; we are facing all kinds of horrors.* And, we have continued for all the known days in a certain pattern of existence. We have our peculiar culture, and we want to perpetuate that culture — which I question if we've ever had. We never want to end anything. We want a series of movements which is recognizable, which has a sense of continuity and, therefore, of security. Hence, we are afraid to end anything; we are afraid even to end a habit. Which means, we are afraid of something that we have not already recognized, calculated, known.

If this is clear, then what is death? — the dying. The organism, through misuse, through conflict, through disease, malnutrition, and so on, will naturally come to an end. Whether it does so very early or after a fifty or a hundred-and-fifty years, it must inevitably come to an end. We cannot help it. However much our little brains may want to continue our absurdities, we cannot say, 'Well, I will postpone it'. And death means that, organically, the brain cells themselves, because of a lack of oxygen, and so on, end. That is a fact. Now, 'who' is it that dies? Is it the organism, the physical body, or is it the psychological, inward, structure that we have built through forty or fifty or a hundred years that dies? Is it the physical body, the form, or the name and all the attachments to which we are accustomed that dies? We are attached to our families, to our beliefs, to our conclusions, to our gods, to our *gurus*, to our rituals. We are attached to all that. And death means the ending of all that. You see, thought has built the whole structure of the 'me', and consciously or unconsciously, we are afraid of that structure of the psyche coming to an end.

The ancient Greeks said, 'Know thyself'. What is 'yourself'? What is the self? Don't invent. Don't repeat what some psychologist or what even the so-called religious literature has said, but find out. What is the self, the 'you'? Is it that that is responsible for your clinging to the present and saying, 'I don't want to die'? It is important to investigate, and to understand, the nature of the self. It is as important to examine the self, as it is to critically examine something else under a microscope. Can we look at the self just as we look at that tree with its obvious design — its outline, its colour, its beauty, and its shadow? Find out whether the self, the 'you' — that is, one's form, one's name, the things that one has learnt, the languages that one knows, the accumulated experience of a thirty, forty, or fifty years — is not merely a structure, a series of words, of memories, a conditioning according to the various cultures, and social and economic conditions. Find out whether the self, the 'you', is just that, or whether it is something more than that. When we say, 'We are more than that', we should realize that the 'more' is also a product of thought. So the self, the 'me', the ego, the psyche, is essentially the product of experience and thought. However much we may dislike the idea that we are merely a process of thought, the actuality is that we are. We may invent the super, super consciousness, but it will still remain a process of thought. So *we are, as human beings — apart from our outer form — merely structures put together by thought.*

Now, we have to go into something much deeper, namely, consciousness. You are your consciousness. Is your consciousness different from another's? You may say, 'It is my consciousness; it is the result of my thinking, my pain, my loneliness, and my particular existence', but is that consciousness different from another's? Please, go into this very carefully. As we said the other day, we are walking on a path together, in beauty, in friendship, with a sense of great

affection, and discussing this problem as two friends. This is not a lecture. It is neither my problem nor your problem, but the problem of mankind. We are asking: Is our consciousness — which is what we think, what we feel, our desires, ambitions, greed, all that — different from another? It is not. Because every human being throughout the world, under whatever skies, and whatever the beauty of the land, goes through what we go through — sorrow, pain, anxiety, loneliness, depression, arrogance, vanity and an utter sense of hopelessness. So, *consciousness is not yours; it is the consciousness of all mankind*. Please realize that this means that we are not individuals. Though we are trained and conditioned by our education and by our religions to think that we are separate entities, separate individuals trying to reach some other form of thought, some other form of existence, we are not individuals. Therefore, *there is no personal salvation; there is no personal enlightenment*. This is a very difficult thing to swallow. It is very difficult to really understand the full significance of this.

So, when you die, does the consciousness of all human beings continue? Have you understood this? Look, sir, I die. I am going to die in another five years or whatever. My consciousness is the result of what I think, of what I feel. It is the result of what I have learnt and unlearnt; it is the result of all the things that human beings have collected through millennia upon millennia. And my consciousness is similar to the consciousness of the American living far away. He goes through, more or less, what I have been through — pain, uncertainty, a lack of security, and the threat of war. He sheds tears like me, like you. And when I die, the consciousness of all humanity continues. Please listen carefully. But if there is a transformation in that consciousness, then there will be a totally different relationship between that consciousness

which has transformed radically, and the consciousness of the rest of mankind. That is, there will be a totally different relationship between that person who is out of that consciousness, and the consciousness of all mankind. Have you understood this? That is, when we die, unless there is a mutation in our consciousness, the consciousness of humanity continues. If we, who are part of that consciousness, are fearful, uncertain, seeking and not finding security — if our brains are not finished with all that — then we are merely contributing to the furtherance of that consciousness. This is not just romantic nonsense, something we would like to have, something that will give us hope. When we examine it logically — and most of us avoid, put aside our reason when we begin to think ‘religiously’ — we will discover that this is the common ground on which all humanity stands, because all humanity suffers. And unless there is a movement away from that consciousness, we will be merely contributing further to that consciousness. So, what does death mean? It means the ending of a physical substance. But, there will be thought as a material process, which will continue in consciousness.

We have been saying that the universe has no cause. If it had a cause, it would end. Anything that has a cause must either continue or end — ‘continue’ in the sense of ‘repetition’, cause-effect. That is, the effect becomes the cause and the cause becomes the effect. It is like a chain. But *the universe has not a cause and, therefore, it is infinite. Human beings, however, have causes.* We see that their actions are based on reward or punishment. That is a cause. ‘I do this because I am rewarded, and I don’t do that because I am punished.’ This is the common factor in all of us. Our existence has a cause and, because it has a cause, it can come to an end, which is death.

Now, what all of us do is to constantly seek security — both outwardly and inwardly. We, however, sacrifice inward security to outward security, because we are, by and large, more concerned with outward security. And, being so concerned, we want somebody — the government, the business world — to guarantee it. We want outward security, outward order, and feel that inner order will, naturally, come when the former is secured. In fact the Communists guarantee it. They say, 'First, we should have outer security, outer order. It is only then that the human character, the human mind, will change'. This means: Change the outer — the circumstances, the state, the society, the government — and man will, naturally, change and be good. And we have seen that this experiment in Russia, and in all the other parts of Eastern Europe, does not work. This 'experiment' does not work because man wants freedom. It can't be suppressed. There must be freedom — the freedom of order, the freedom of intelligence. However, in the Western World, in India and in some parts of Asia, 'freedom' is considered the ability to choose, which is, more correctly, to be allowed to choose. In these parts a man says, 'I am free, because I can choose'. He thinks that he is free, but he does not realize that his freedom is within the field of knowledge and that, in choosing, he is merely going from one corner to another.

In our search for security, for order, we do not see that we can never have order outside — in society, and so on — if we do not have order inside. *If we do not have order in our daily lives, that is inwardly, we can not have order outwardly.* That is very clear. Society is nothing but our relationship with others. So, if I am greedy, ambitious and corrupt, and you too are greedy, ambitious and corrupt, we will produce a society exactly like the society that we now have in this country.

Sir, most of us are interested in meditation. We practise some form of meditation. Meditation, for us, is to sit in a particular posture, to hold our breath, to repeat — endlessly — some word, and so on. But all this is nothing more than a state of constant repetition that, invariably, makes the mind, the brain, dull. Sir, *to repeat some word over and over again is to mesmerize oneself; repetition is not meditation.* Sir, is it meditation when you sit quietly for twenty minutes in the morning and again in the evening, and in between these two short periods to go out and be corrupt, dishonest and do all the mischief that you can? Or, is meditation nothing apart from daily life, daily living? Sir, *meditation is nothing other than the understanding and the transformation of the daily life of a human being. Meditation is to put my house in order, my house, not the room, but the house in which the mind lives.* If the mind is not clear, and does not have integrity, consideration and love, how can one possibly meditate? It would have no meaning. So, our first concern in meditation is whether we can put our houses in order. The question is whether meditation puts the house in order or whether, if the house is put in order, that very order is meditation. Sir, are we aware, in the first place, that we live in disorder? — ‘Aware’ in the sense that we know that we live in disorder. Are we aware that our rooms are in disorder? Are we aware that our relationships are in disorder, and that our very conflicts and struggles indicate disorder? Are you aware of all that, or are you merely listening to the speaker telling you all about this? When you are aware of the fact that you yourself are in disorder, you will be able to see the causes of disorder. And out of that ‘seeing’, out of that awareness, the disorder will cease. *If you see the ‘cause’ of something, it can end.*

You see, sir, the inward house can be put in order only when there is no conflict and no determination, that is, no effort.

The inward house can be put in order only by perception — the perception of what-is and not of what-should-be. And, *one should not only perceive what-is, but one should also remain with it.*

Look, sir, sorrow, which has come for various reasons, is part of your house. When you rationalize, or try to analyze it, then you are moving away from the fact of sorrow; you are moving away from what-is. If thought does not move away from what-is, then you will hold it, just like a vessel holds water. That sorrow is the water, and your mind is the vessel that holds it. When you so hold something, you will have given complete attention to that which you are holding. Are you following this, sir? When you give total attention, which is total perception, then that which you are holding has no meaning any more. Attention has no borders, because it has no centre. That which has a centre, has a diameter. But when there is no centre, there is no periphery. When you begin to realize the depth and the beauty of such a thing, the mind will be putting order in itself. You are not separate from the mind; you are that. So, when you hold sorrow — what-is — without any movement, the mind itself will be in order.

The mind that has put its house in order, has understood the nature of knowledge. Such a mind is completely silent. And that silence has no cause. You see, 'silence' can be illusory; it can be put together by a thought that is determined to be silent. You have the silence between the two whistles of a train, the silence between two notes, between two noises, between two sounds, between two thoughts — but that kind of silence is still within the realm of cognition. But *when the mind is completely silent, it is not even aware that it is silent.* If it were, it would merely be playing tricks. The mind that has put its house in order is silent. That silence has no

cause and, therefore, has no end. Only that which has a cause can end. That silence — which has no ending — is absolutely necessary, because it is only in that silence that there is no movement of thought. It is only in that silence that that which is sacred, that which is nameless, and that which is not measurable by thought, is. And that which is, is the most sacred. That is meditation.

— *Krishnamurti At Rajghat*, Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1993, pp105-109.

DEATH HAS AN EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY, AN EXTRAORDINARY VITALITY

J.KRISHNAMURTI (K): Mrs Jayakar and I are going to have a very serious discussion, a very serious dialogue — very serious. So if you don't understand or if you get bored, please go out quietly — all right?

PUPUL JAYAKAR (PJ): Krishnaji, one of the questions which I feel is at the very depth of the human mind is 'the coming to be' and 'the ceasing to be'. Life and death. The whole of man's life revolves around the wonder of birth and the fear of death. All his urges, his demands, his desires, his fears, his anxieties, rest between these two poles — birth and death.

At one level we understand birth and death, but I think that understanding is only at the superficial level. And unless we understand, at depth, the whole problem of existence which is held between the two — the whole problem that lies in the ending of anything — fear, anxiety and the darkness and shadows which surround that one word 'ending' will always be with us.

K: Why do you use the word ‘problem’? Why do you make that interval between birth and death a problem?

PJ: By themselves birth and death are facts, but the mind can never leave them alone. The mind clings to one and rejects the other.

K: Why do you use the word ‘problem’?

PJ: It is a ‘problem’ because of the shadows that surround that one word ‘ending’. There is the joy and splendour of what we see as life and the demand to hold on to it at any cost and to evade that which means an ending. This is a problem. Out of it arise fear, sorrow, all the demands

K: So what is the question?

PJ: How do we explore? How can we be free of the darkness that surrounds the word? How can our minds look at death with simplicity and observe it for what it is?

K: Are you really considering death or that great period between life and death? That is, are you including the whole process of living with all its complexity, misery, confusion — all that — in your consideration of the ending? Are you concerned to find out what death means and what this long process of struggle, conflict, misery, etc., to which we cling in our avoidance of the other, is? Are you concerned with the whole movement of it?

PJ: You see, there is a whole movement of existence in which life and death are. But if you make the scope so wide, I don’t think you can get to the anguish and the sorrow of ending. And I want to investigate into the sorrow of ending.

K: Are you inquiring into the sorrow of ending or are you inquiring into the whole process of living and of dying, which includes sorrow, fear, and all the rest of it?

PJ: In that one sentence what you say is correct — it is the whole movement of living and dying which is existence. You talk of the ending of sorrow; I talk of that fear, that anguish, which is the sorrow of ending.

K: Quite, quite.

PJ: The two are slightly different. There is the sorrow, the anguish, of 'something which is' ceasing to be There is something which is marvellous, something which is beautiful, which fills one's life, and there is always the knowledge that it must end which lurks behind it.

K: What is 'ending'?

PJ: Ending is that process in which something which exists, which sustains, ceases to be; it is no longer available to our senses.

K: I don't quite understand.

PJ: Sir, something is and in the very nature of that 'isness' there is the sense of the ending of that; there is the disappearance of that for eternity.

K: Why do you use that word 'eternity'?

PJ: Because there is an absoluteness in that ending. There is no tomorrow in it.

K: Now just a minute — ending what?

PJ: Ending that which sustains. There is the sorrow of something so marvellous ending.

K: Is it so marvellous?

PJ: Let me come to something which is more direct. You are. That you will not be causes great anguish. You are.

K: What do you mean, 'You are'?

PJ: K is. In that statement — K is — is the anguish of K ceasing to be.

K: Death is inevitable. This person — K — is going to end someday. To him it doesn't matter; there is no fear, no anguish. But you look at that person and say, 'Oh my God, he is going to die'. So if I may use that word as you used it, it is your anguish. Now, why?

PJ: It is ...

K: Why?

PJ: Why do you ask 'why'?

K: Someone dies. I've lived with that person; I've loved that person. He dies, and I'm lost. Why? Why am I in a terrible state — a state of despair, a state of loneliness? Why am I in tears, in anguish? Why am I in sorrow? We are not discussing this intellectually — we are talking much more seriously. I've lost that person. He's been dear to me; he's been my companion. He comes to an end. I think it is really important

to understand the ending, because *there is something totally new when there is an ending to everything.*

PJ: That is why I said you cannot ask the ‘why’ of it.

K: ‘Why’ is merely put as an inquiry.

PJ: My sorrow — is it not inevitable? He was the perfume of my existence.

K: Yes, I loved him. He was my companion sexually, and because of him I felt fulfilled; I felt rich. And he, that person, comes to an end.

PJ: Is not that sorrow?

K: It is. My son or my brother dies. It is a tremendous sorrow. I shed tears. I am filled with anxiety. So the mind then says: I must find comfort in the thought that I shall meet him in my next life. I’m asking: Why does man carry the burden of this sorrow? I know that *the death of someone is sorrow; I know it is devastating. It is as if the whole of my existence were uprooted. It is like a marvellous tree torn, cut down in an instant.*

I’m in sorrow because I’ve never really understood deeply what ending is. I’ve lived for forty, fifty, or eighty years and during that entire period I have never realized the meaning of ending — the putting an end to something which I hold dear. I have never totally ended belief, totally ended attachment — ended it, so that it does not continue in another direction.

PJ: What makes the mind incapable of ending?

K: It’s fear, of course. Let’s take a very ordinary example, an

example that is common to all of us — attachment. Can one end — without any motive or direction — attachment, with all its complexity, and all its implications? Can one have no attachment to anything — to one's experience, knowledge, memory? After all, the ending of knowledge — that's what is going to happen when death comes. Knowledge is what one is clinging to. The knowledge of a person whom I've cherished, whom I've looked after, and lived with. There is the memory of the beauty and the conflict that was involved in it. Now, to end totally, absolutely, the memory of all that, is death.

PJ: You have often said 'Living, enter the house of death'.

K: Yes. I have done it.

PJ: What exactly is meant by that?

K: 'To invite death while living' does not mean to commit suicide by taking a pill and, thus, ceasing to exist. I think *it is very important to invite death while living*. I have done it.

You see, the word 'ending' itself contains a depth of meaning. Let us say that there is something, a memory of an experience that I cherish, that I hold on to because it has given me great delight, a sense of depth and well-being. I cling to that memory. I go to the office, I work, but the memory is so extraordinarily enduring and vital that I hold on to it; therefore I never find out what it means to end. I think there is a great deal in ending, every day, everything that one has psychologically gathered.

PJ: You can end attachment.

K: That is death.

PJ: That is not death.

K: What would you call death? — The organism coming to an end? Or the image that I've built about you ending?

PJ: When you reduce it to that, I'd say that it is the image which you have built about someone; but there is much more to it than that.

K: Of course. I've lived with you, cherished you, and the image of you is deeply rooted in me. You die and the image gathers greater strength. Naturally I put flowers at the shrine of that image; I give poetic words to it. But it is the image that is living. I'm talking of the ending of that image. *The mind cannot enter into a totally new dimension if there is a shadow of a memory of anything. Because that 'other' is timeless.* That other dimension is eternal and if the mind has to enter into that, it must not have any element of time in it. I think this is logical, rational.

PJ: But life is not logical; life is not rational.

K: Of course not. To understand — without time — that which is everlasting, the mind must be free of all that one has gathered psychologically, which is time. Therefore, there must be ending.

PJ: Therefore there is no exploration into ending?

K: Oh yes, there is.

PJ: What is the exploration into ending?

K: What is ending — ending to continuity? The continuity of a particular thought, a particular direction, a particular desire; it is these that give life a continuity. Birth and death — in that great interval there is a deep continuity, like a river. The volume of water makes the river marvellous — like the Ganga, the Rhine, the Amazon — and we cannot see the beauty of the river. You see, *we live on the surface of this vast river of life, and we cannot see the beauty of it because we are always on the surface. And the ending is the ending of the surface.*

PJ: The ending of it is the ending of the surface.

K: Yes, the ending of the surface.

PJ: What dies?

K: All that I've accumulated, both outwardly and inwardly. I have good taste, and I've built up a good business which brings me a lot of money — nice house, nice wife, nice children, nice garden. And my life has given a continuity to it all. To end that.

PJ: Sir, do you mind if I explore a little? You mean to tell me that with the death of the body of K, the consciousness of K will end? Please, I'm putting a lot of weight in this.

K: You have said two things: The consciousness of K and the ending of the body. The body will end through accident, disease. That is obvious. What is the consciousness of that person?

PJ: Enormous, unending, abounding compassion.

K: Yes. I would not call that consciousness.

PJ: I'm using the word 'consciousness' because it is associated with the body of K. I cannot think of another word. I could say 'the mind of K'.

K: Let's keep to the word 'consciousness', if you don't mind, and let's look at it. The consciousness of a human being is its content. The content is the whole movement of thought. Language, specialization, beliefs, dogmas, rituals, pain, loneliness, desperation, a sense of fear — all that is the movement of thought. If the movement of thought ends, consciousness as we know it is not.

PJ: But thought as a movement in consciousness — as we know it — does not exist in the mind of K. Yet there is a state of being which manifests itself when I'm in contact with him. It manifests itself even if you do not reduce it to thought.

K: No, no. One must be very careful in pointing out something: Consciousness as we know it is the movement of thought; it is a movement of time.

PJ: Yes.

K: See that very clearly. Consciousness as we know it is the movement of thought. Therefore, when thought, after investigating, comes to an end — not in the material world but in the psychological world — consciousness as we know it is not.

PJ: Sir, you can use any other word but there is a state of being which manifests itself as K.

K: Yes; you are perfectly right.

PJ: What word shall I use?

K: I am not asking you to change words but let us say, for example, that through meditation — real meditation and not all the foolish stuff that passes for it — you've come to a point that is absolute. And you say so.

PJ: Yes.

K: And I see this. I feel it. To me this is a most extraordinary state. Through you, through my contact with you, I feel this immensity. And my whole urge, striving, says that I must capture it. But you have it — of course, it is not you, Pupul, having it. It is there. It is not yours or mine; it is there.

PJ: But it is there because of you.

K: It is there not because of me. It is there.

PJ: Where?

K: It has no place.

PJ: I can only accept what you say up to a point.

K: All right ... First of all, it is not yours or mine.

PJ: I only know that it is manifest in the person of K. Therefore when you say that it has no place, I cannot accept it.

K: Naturally, because you have identified K with that.

PJ: But K is that.

K: Wait ... may be. But K says that it has nothing whatsoever to do with K or anybody else. It is there. *Beauty is not yours*

or mine. It is there. In a tree, in a flower — it's there.

PJ: But, sir, the healing and the compassion in K is not out there.

K: Of course not. It is not out there.

PJ: I'm talking about the healing and compassion of K.

K: But that is not K. That is not this. (*Pointing to the body*)

PJ: But it will cease to be manifest; that is what I'm saying, inquiring about.

K: I get it, I get it. Of course, I understand what you are trying to say. I question that.

PJ: What do you mean 'I question that'?

K: It may manifest through X. That which is manifested or which is manifesting does not belong to X. It has nothing to do with X. It has nothing to do with K.

PJ: I'm prepared to accept that also, namely, that it does not belong to K. But K and 'that' are inseparable.

K: All right, but when you identify 'that' with the person, we enter into a very delicate thing.

PJ: I want to go into it slowly. Take the Buddha. Whatever the Buddha-consciousness was, or whatever was manifesting through him, has ceased to be.

K: I question it. I doubt it. Let's be very careful. Let us talk

about the Buddha. You say that the consciousness of Buddha ceased when he passed away, right? It manifested through him and he was 'that' and when he died you say 'that' disappeared.

PJ: I have no knowledge of saying that it disappeared. I only say that it could no longer be contacted.

K: Naturally not.

PJ: Why do you say 'naturally not'?

K: Because he meditated, and all the rest of it. He was illumined, and he came to it. Therefore between him and 'that' there was no division. I, his disciple, say, 'My God, he is dead and with his death the whole thing is over'.

PJ: Yes, it is over.

K: I say it is not. *That which is good can never be over.* Just as evil (I am using the word 'evil', even though there is too much darkness involved with that word) continues in the world, right? Evil is totally different from that which is good. The good exists and has always existed, but not as the opposite of evil. The evil has in itself continued.

PJ: But we are moving away.

K: I'm not quite sure, but it doesn't matter; go ahead.

PJ: You say that it does not disappear.

K: Good can never disappear.

PJ: I'm talking of that great illumined compassion. Now I can contact it.

K: But you can contact it even if that person is not. That's the whole point. It has nothing to do with a particular person.

PJ: Is what you say about being a light to yourself connected with the contacting of 'that' without the person? When you say that 'it' can be contacted without the person

K: Not 'contacted'. It can be perceived, lived; it is there for you to reach out to and hold. For you to reach out and receive it, thought or consciousness as we know it has to come to an end, for thought is really the enemy of that. *Thought is the enemy of compassion*, obviously — right? And to have that flame, it requires, it demands, not a great sacrifice of this and that but an awakened intelligence, an intelligence which sees the movement of thought. *And the very awareness of the movement of thought ends it. That's what real meditation is.*

PJ: What significance then has death?

K: None. It has no meaning because you are living with death all the time. It has no significance because you are ending everything all the time. I don't think we see the importance and beauty of ending. We see the continuity with its waves of beauty and all its superficiality.

PJ: I drive away tomorrow. Do I cut myself completely from you?

K: No, not from me; you cut yourself from 'that'. You cut yourself from that eternity with all its compassion, and so on.

It's simple. I meet the Buddha. I listen to him very carefully. He makes a tremendous impression on me and, then, he goes away. But the truth of what he has said is abiding. He has told me, very carefully, 'Be a light to yourself so that the truth is in you'. It is that seed that is flowering in me. He goes away, but the seed is flowering. And I might say, 'I miss him; I'm sorry I've lost a friend or somebody whom I really loved', but what is important is that the seed of truth will flower. That seed which has been planted by my awareness, alertness, and intense listening, that seed will flower. Otherwise what is the point of somebody having it? If X has this extraordinary illumination — I'm using that word as a sense of immense compassion, love, and all that — if only that person has it, and he dies — what then?

PJ: May I ask a question, please? What, then, is the reason for his being?

K: What is the reason for his being, for his existence? To manifest 'that'; to be the embodiment of 'that'. But why should there be any reason? *A flower has no reason. Beauty has no reason; it exists.* And if I try to find a reason, the flower is not. I am not trying to mystify all this, or to put it into a fog. As I said, it is there for anyone to reach and to hold.

So *death, Pupul, like birth is an extraordinary event.* But birth and death are so far apart. The travail of continuity is the misery of man. And *if continuity can end each day, you will be living with death. That is total renewal;* that is the renewal of something which has no continuity. And that is why it is important to understand the meaning of ending — totally — experience or that which has been experienced and remains in the mind as memory. (*Pause*)

Could we go, if we have time, into the question of whether a human being can live, apart from physical knowledge, without time and knowledge?

PJ: Isn't what we said so far, that is living with ending, the very nature of this question? That is, when the mind is capable of living with ending, it is capable of living with the ending of time and knowledge.

K: Yes. But all this may be just a lot of words.

PJ: No, sir. You see, one of the things is that you can do nothing about it, but you can listen and observe — nothing else.

Sir, I am getting to something which is rather different.

K: Please go ahead.

PJ: Do you think that there can be a learning in the mind to face the ultimate death?

K: What is there to learn Pupul? There is nothing to learn.

PJ: The mind must receive without agitation.

K: Yes.

PJ: The mind must receive a statement like that without agitation. Then, perhaps, when death ultimately comes there will be no agitation.

K: Yes, that is right. And that is why *death has an extraordinary beauty, an extraordinary vitality.*

— *Fire In The Mind: Pupul Jayakar Dialogues With J Krishnamurti*: New Delhi: Penguin Books India (P) Ltd, 1995, pp 85-97.

LOVE AND DEATH ARE INSEPARABLE

You can't avoid death; you may forget it, you may rationalize it or believe that you will be reborn or resurrected. Do what you will — go to any temple or book, it is always there: in festival and in health. You must live with it to know it; you can't know it if you are frightened of it; fear only darkens it. To know it you must love it. To live with it you must love it. The knowledge of it isn't the ending of it. It's the end of knowledge, but not of death. To love it is not to be familiar with it; you can't be familiar with destruction. You can't love something you don't know — but you don't know anything, not even your wife or your boss, let alone a total stranger. But yet you must love it, the stranger, the unknown. You only love that of which you are certain, that which gives comfort, security. You do not love the uncertain, the unknown. You may love danger, give your life for another or kill another for your country, but this is not love; these have their own reward and profit; gain and success; you love though there's pain in them. There's no profit in knowing death, but strangely *death and love always go together; they are never separate*. You can't love without death; you can't embrace without death being there. Where love is, there is also death; they are inseparable.

But do we know what love is? You know sensation, emotion, desire, feeling and the mechanism of thought, but none of these is love. You love your husband, your children; you hate war but you practice war. Your love knows hate, envy, ambition, fear; the smoke of these is not love. Power and prestige you love, but *power and prestige are evil, corrupting*. Do we know what love is? Never knowing it is the wonder of it, the beauty of it. *Never knowing, which does not mean remaining in doubt, nor does it mean despair; it's the death*

of yesterday and, so, the complete uncertainty of tomorrow. Love has no continuity, nor has death. Only memory and the picture in the frame have continuity, but these are mechanical and even machines wear out, yielding place to new pictures, new memories. *What has continuity is ever decaying, and what decays isn't death.* Love and death are inseparable and where they are, there's always destruction.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, 'Part 3' Gstaad, Switzerland, August 31st, 1961, Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1994, pp 83-84.

WHEN YOU LEARN ABOUT DEATH, THERE IS NO FEAR OF DEATH

I do not know if you noticed, if you looked, the other evening when it was drizzling — it was really a sharp shower — at the clouds. There were dark, heavy, rain-laden clouds, and there were the clouds that were full of light: white, with rose-coloured light inside them. And there were clouds that were almost like feathers that were going by. It was a marvellous sight, and there was great beauty. I wonder if you noticed it.

You see, you don't listen. You saw two people talking over there, and all of you looked there. And, so, you did not listen. Not that you *must* listen; not that you *must* pay attention, but to feel anything, to have great sensitivity, to have laughter in your heart, you must pay attention. If you don't pay attention, you miss a great deal in life.

We were saying that there is great beauty in these hills and the clouds; there is great stillness of an evening. If you don't feel all those things, especially when you are young — when

you are still curious, when you are still undecided, when you are still looking, searching, asking — then, as you grow older, life encloses you, life becomes much harder, and you will lose that finer sensitivity, those finer feelings. When you are older, you hardly look at the clouds; you hardly look at the hills; you never look at a beautiful face or a smile and, so, you lose this feeling.

Do you know what I mean by the word ‘feeling’? I mean by feeling: feeling kind, feeling tender, and being good and, therefore, feeling affectionate. Without feeling, without all that, life becomes very dreary, ugly, brutal. As you grow older, you fill your lives with politics, with concern over your jobs, and your families. You are so afraid and, gradually, lose that extraordinary quality of looking at sunsets, at clouds, and at the stars of an evening. As you grow older, the mind with its intellect begins to create havoc in your lives. This does not mean that you must not have the intellect — clear reasoning — but the predominance of the intellect makes you dull, makes you lose the finer things of life. And so, *you must feel very strongly about not just one or two things but about everything. And the more you feel very strongly, the less you will have your lives crowded.* You will be able to put away the lesser things. I don’t know if you have understood what I wanted to convey. Probably I didn’t make myself clear. If you feel very strongly, you cannot have your life filled with little things. The ‘little things’ are politics; the ‘little things’ are jobs, careers and so on. The more strongly you feel, the more vitally, vigourously you feel, and the fewer qualities that you have, the more you will live with a sense of deep silence. *When you live in a state of deep silence, your mind becomes very clear, simple, strong.*

You know, most of us, as we grow older, lose this quality of feeling. We lose sympathy, tenderness for others and, having

lost it, we begin to invent and try out various things to awaken this spontaneity of feeling. We drink, take drugs, and go to temples. So, religion becomes something that has been invented, put together by man. All these temples, churches, dogmas, beliefs are invented by man — man who is afraid because he is lost. Man has not this deep sense of beauty, this deep sense of affection, and when one loses that, superficial ceremonies — going to temples, repeating some *mantras* — become so very important. In reality they have no importance at all. *Religion has become something superstitious, ugly, because it is born out of fear.* So, one has to understand this fear.

You know, you are afraid: afraid of your parents, afraid of your teachers, afraid of not passing examinations, afraid of dogs, afraid of snakes, and so on. You have so many fears. You have to understand that fear and be free of that fear. Then, when you are free of that fear, you are strong, you are full, you are good, you think very clearly, you look at the stars, at the clouds, you look at faces with a smile. When there is no fear, you can go much further: you can find out for yourself what true religion is. You can find out for yourself that for which man has searched for generations upon generations. You know, there are caves in the South of France and in northern Africa. In those caves there are paintings done many thousands of years ago. There are marvellous paintings of animals fighting men, paintings which show the movement of deer, the movement of cattle. They are extraordinary paintings. They indicate man's search, his battle with life. It indicates his search for that extraordinary thing — sometimes called God, sometimes called by other names — but which he never finds in that. You see, *you can only come up on it, darkly, unknowingly, when there is no fear of any kind.* And the moment there is no fear, you have very

strong feelings. And, the stronger your feelings are, the less concerned you are about smaller things. This does not mean that you don't do the smaller things properly; it means that there is less preoccupation, less concern, about them.

I do not know if you have watched your parents and other people — how concerned they are over politics; terribly concerned. They are terribly concerned about their little jobs; terribly concerned about what people say, what people have. They are concerned whether they have more money or less money than they have. They are driven by ambition, and so on, and so on. All their life becomes a struggle, a misery, a confusion, because — inwardly — they are frightened. And it is *fear that drives away all feeling, all sense of beauty, and the quality of great silence*. Therefore, just as you study Mathematics, you have to study fear. You must know it, and not escape from it. You should look at fear. If, while on a walk, you were to suddenly come upon a snake, if you were very quiet, very still — unafraid — then you could look very closely at the snake (keeping a safe distance, naturally). Then you could look at the black tongue that comes in and out, the tongue through which it feels. You could look at the eyes that have no eyelids. You can look at the scales, the pattern on the skin. So, *if you saw, watched, that snake very closely, if you appreciated it then, perhaps, you will have great affection for that animal* — for that snake. But you cannot, if you are afraid, if you run away. So, in the same way, you have to look at this enormous thing called life — life where there is sorrow, misery, confusion, conflict, wars, hatred, greed, ambition, anxiety, guilt. And you can only look at it and love it, if there is no fear.

Now, sirs, you can ask questions.

STUDENT (S): Sir, how can you study fear?

J.KRISHNAMURTI (K): How can you study fear? That is a good question. How do you study anything? Now, studying is learning. Isn't it? *To study is to learn, and to learn there must be silence, there must be attention.* Silence and attention: these two things are absolutely necessary in order to learn. Only when there are silence and attention can you begin to examine. Your body, your nerves, your brain, and that thing called the mind — all that must be completely quiet. Then you can give, pay, attention. Is that clear? In attention, you can examine; you can look.

Now, if you pass a snake and you are afraid, you run away. But if you are unafraid, very quiet, very still, silent, then you can pay attention, then you can look, then you can examine. Now, in the same way, one should look at fear. I am afraid. What am I afraid of? I am afraid of my wife. You all laugh, but you are going to be married and have either a husband or a wife. So, probably you will have that sensation too — of being afraid of your husband or wife. So, as I was saying, I am afraid, and I want to know why I am afraid — not that I want to get rid of fear, not that I want to run away from fear, not that I want to resist my wife, but I want to understand what this fear is. So, as I said, first, I must be very quiet and pay attention for, then, I will learn, I can study what fear is. I am afraid of my wife because she nags me, she bullies me while I want to dominate her, and so on, and so on. By watching, by examining, by studying, I learn the whole nature of fear. And, when I understand fear, I am no longer afraid of it. Have you understood that? As long as I study fear, I can understand fear. And when I understand it, fear completely goes. Do it and you will see.

If you are afraid of somebody, look at that fear. Don't run away; look at that feeling which we call fear. Don't try to build, develop, courage. Don't do that. That is another false movement. Just look at it, so that by looking at it, you begin to study it; by studying it, you begin to understand. And as you understand, you are free of fear. But to study either Mathematics or fear or to look at the clouds, there must first be silence, quietness. Then there must be attention. Then you begin to learn. *Silence, attention, learning is one single movement.* Do you understand? It is one movement, and not three different movements. It is one movement like a bird flying in the air — beating its wings and flying. Similarly, silence, attention, learning is one movement, not three separate activities.

S: Sir, I am terribly afraid of death. What am I to do?

K: Are you really?

S: Yes, sir.

K: First of all, be quite sure you are afraid of death. Don't invent it. When you say that you are afraid of death, are you repeating what you have heard? Are you saying that you are afraid of death because your parents are afraid of death? Is it you who is really afraid?

S: Yes, sir.

K: You are? Right. I am surprised for, generally, young people are not frightened of death. Do you know what death is? There is the leaf falling from that tree with marvellous colouring; it drops to the earth. That is one kind of death. Then there are birds that have been shot by human beings, and they, too,

drop to the earth. That is another kind of death. Man killing and a natural death. Right?

S: Yes, sir.

K: Then there is the death of oneself.

S: Yes, sir.

K: Now, what is it you are frightened of? Not of the leaf dropping, not of the animal dying, being killed, but of your own death, right? We are frightened of our own death. Aren't we? What does that mean — dying? We are going to study it now; we are going to understand it. That means that we have to look at it quietly, attentively, and learn.

Now, what does death mean? Either you die suddenly through an accident. Like in that aeroplane crashing over Mount Blanc — hundreds were killed. That is an accidental death. Right? And there is that death through disease. I get typhoid, cholera and I am gone tomorrow; I die. Then there is death through old age. Right? You are young, then you will reach middle age, and then old age. Either through disease or the organs becoming weak, you die. So, there is death: sudden, or through disease, or through old age. And we know all this. Man has known this since he was born. Man has known this for thousands of years. He has known this and, so, there have been certain civilizations, certain cultures, that worship death. To them, living was only a temporary affair; death was much more important. In ancient Egypt, living was just a passage to death. There are others who say that when you die, you live another kind of life. That is, you come back to earth and live again. And this is called reincarnation. The whole of Asia practically believes in that. Then there is the western

world that believes in resurrection or immortality — the body being resuscitated to live in Heaven or Hell. We will not go into all that.

Man has never understood death. Man has always been afraid, because man says, 'I do not know death. I do know what living is: the misery, the struggle, the confusion, the sorrow, the disease, the competition, the ugliness, the brutality, the killing. I know what that is, but I don't know what death is. So, I am afraid.' That is, I am afraid of something I do not know. So, I cling to what I know. That is, I know my life, I know my family, my house, my quarrels, my ugliness, my competition, my brutality. I know that and I hold on to that. I do not know what death is, and I am afraid of something that I do not know. Right?

So, first, we have to understand the death of the body. Right? The body, through disease, through old age or through accident comes to an end. The organs come to an end. So, man says, 'I am not only this body; there is something more in me'. That 'more' he gives a name: the soul, the *ātman*. He gives it so many different names, and he clings to that. 'Though the body dies,' he says, 'there is something in me that will go on. That gives me a great hope.' And, so, man clings to that in the hope that though he dies, though the body dies, there will be another possibility of existence, a next life. Now, that is what we generally believe throughout the world, in different ways. So, the point is not that I am afraid of death, but that I want to know what death is. Do you understand? I want to find out. Then if I know what it is, I shall not be afraid. I shall not have superstitions, beliefs, dogmas, all kinds of things. I know then what death is. Therefore, I can live much more fully.

Have you understood? Or are you getting tired? Is it too long? It needs attention to follow this.

So what happens? I know, the body dies. I am very young; I am full of life, fresh, with vigour. I am not old. I have no disease. But, yet, I want to understand death. How am I to find out about something which I know nothing about? Have you understood my question? I know nothing about death. I have seen bodies being carried to the grave, to the burning *ghat*. I have seen death go by, but I have never know what it is. I know what clouds are, as I know the beauty of a hill, but I do not know the beauty, the ugliness, the immensity of this thing called death. And I must know it. Now, how am I to find out? Do you understand my question? I must find out by understanding what dying means — not physically. I can't die physically, because I am very well. I have no disease. I am full of vigour. But I must find out if there is another form of death of which I am really afraid: that is, dying to my family, dying to the things I have loved, dying to the things that I have taken pleasure in, dying to my memories, dying to my hurts, dying to my body, dying to my vanity. Do you understand? I must die to the things that I know and to the things in which I have taken great pleasure, because that is what is going to happen when I die. So, I begin to understand what death is, which is, to die to the things I know, to the things that have given me no great pleasure: the memories of hurts, insults, and so on, so that, *the mind, by dying becomes young, fresh, alive*. So, that is the way, I learn. That is the way one learns about death. And, then, there is no fear of death at all.

— *Rishi Valley*
January 29, 1966

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA GATHERING 2002

The Krishnamurti Foundation India is happy to announce that its Annual Public Gathering is being organized by the Sahyadri School, Pune.

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.

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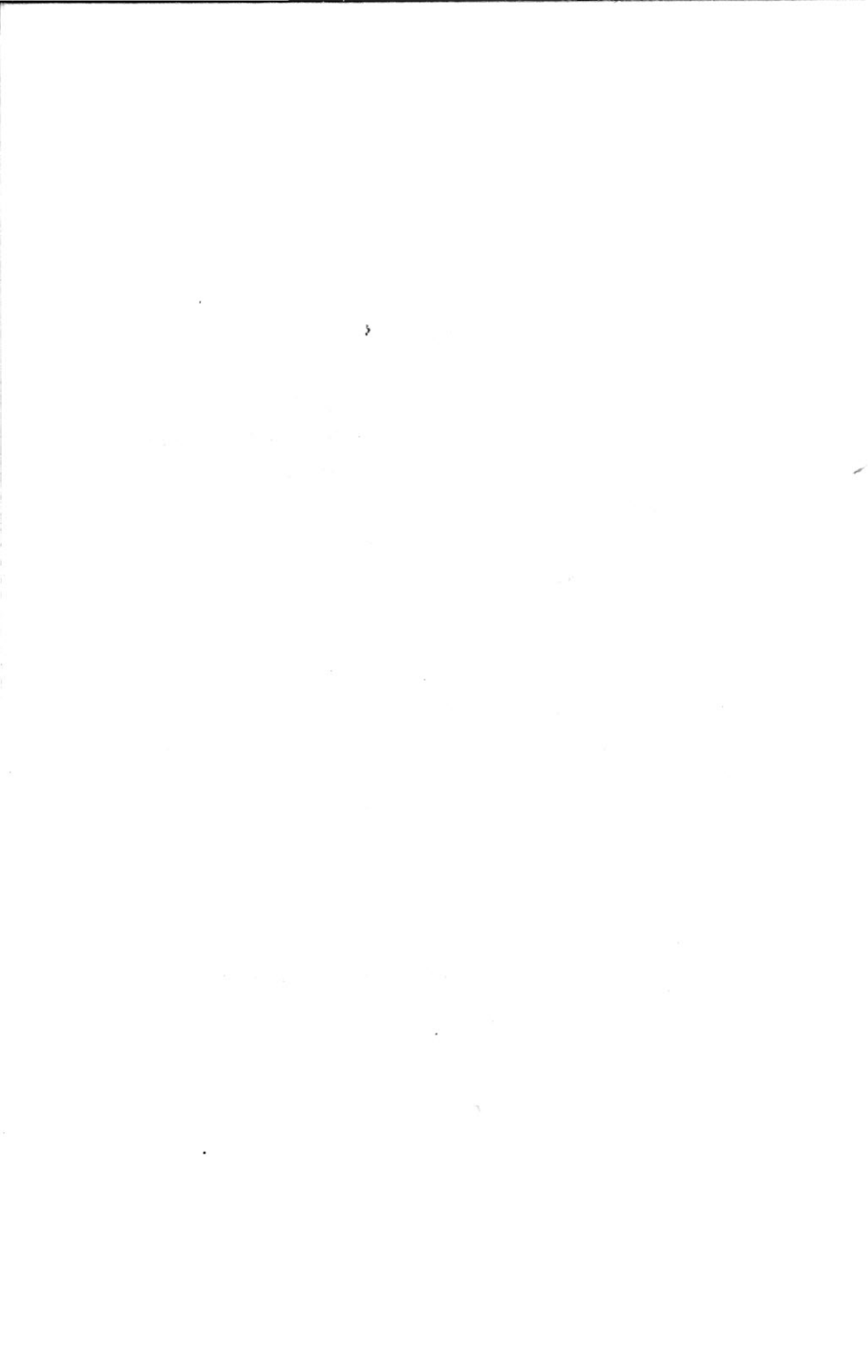
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KFI WEBSITE

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 also has 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.



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Uttar Pradesh | Elementary School
for local students |
| RISHI VALLEY SCHOOL (KFI)
Rishi Valley — 517 352
Chittoor District
Andhra Pradesh | Boarding School
Ages 8 to 17 |
| RAJGHAT BESANT SCHOOL (KFI)
Rajghat Fort
Varanasi — 221 001
Uttar Pradesh | Boarding School
Ages 7 to 19 |
| VASANTA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Rajghat Fort
Varanasi — 221 001
Uttar Pradesh | B.A. & B.ED.
(Humanities only) |
| SAHYADRI SCHOOL
Tiwai Hills, Rajgurunagar Taluk
Pune District
410 513 | Boarding School
Ages 10 to 15 |
| THE SCHOOL (KFI)
'Damodar Gardens'
Besant Avenue
Madras — 600 020 | Day-Boarding School
Ages 3½ to 17 |
| THE VALLEY SCHOOL (KFI)
'Haridvanam'
17th K.M. Kanakapura Road
Thatguni Post
Bangalore — 560 062 | Day-Boarding School
Ages 6 to 17 |
| BAL-ANAND
'Akash Deep'
28, Dongersi Road
Bombay — 400 006 | An After-School Centre
for young children |
| BROCKWOOD PARK
Bramdean, Hampshire
SO 24 0LQ, 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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