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# Bulletin

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

## FROM THE EDITOR

In the last issue of the Bulletin, Krishnamurti talked about the 'seed' of inquiry that has been part of human inheritance since time immemorial. Denied nourishment and rain, and covered over with sterile soil, the seed lies dormant. Krishnamurti's aim in that talk was: 'to find out whether it is possible for that seed to grow and flower, and multiply and cover the earth'.

The talk we publish in this issue of the Bulletin was given in Madras several years earlier. Krishnamurti's focus here — to retain the previous metaphor — is on the debris that covers the seed and prevents germination. Krishnamurti identifies this sterile soil with the stuff of our daily lives. 'Our life is very limited, very petty, circumscribed'. But that is as far as the metaphor from the last talk will carry us in the present talk; here Krishnamurti does not play the role of a gardener who will remove barren soil.

A different principle is at work in this talk, and different metaphors are required. The new principle is expressed in imperatives. A vital inquiry requires that 'you must start very near'. The same requirement is set forth in a more commanding tone: 'One has to begin with the very near thing, and discover from there the actual state of one's mind and one's being'. A close and continuous observation of mental processes lies at the base of the principle. So it might not be less accurate to replace the word 'principle' used above with the phrase 'psychological truth'.

**Unfortunately, what lies nearest goes unobserved. As we sit in the audience listening, the more suggestible imagining what Krishnamurti wants us to see, the rest embarked on a futile**

quest, self-deception colours what we perceive. Perhaps it is fear; perhaps it is vanity that blocks vision. Or, we may lack the courage to see what is in front of us because, as Krishnamurti explains, ‘... the inquiry which begins very near shows this desire for power, for dominance, and this urge to obey, which manifests itself in so many ways’. And we have our eyes turned towards more exalting experience.

At this point Krishnamurti takes his audience by the hand and, with the help of another metaphor, points to a way out: ‘So one must begin to find out the meaning and the significance of our outward activities, because that is the only test one has. You cannot deceive yourself there’. The outer includes our relationships with the family, to nature, to property, to poverty, and to structures of power. In relationship the outer world of persons, ideas and property are linked with the inner world of petty impulses. A dispassionate observer, looking outward to discover truth in relationships will naturally be turned inward: ‘.. to go within and to go very far within, you must look to the outside and find it. That is, as the tide goes out and the same waters come in, so must we: we must rise on the tide which goes out, which is our relationship to the world and, having understood that, ride on that water and move within’. The metaphor highlights how natural and effortless this process of riding the wave into the inner world is. The metaphor of riding the wave is in sharp contrast with the struggle of fighting it.

Towards the end, nature as the absolute other, weaves its way into the talk. To be able to observe nature with absolute clarity becomes, for Krishnamurti, a paradigm of non-deceptive perception. If observation is untouched by judgement, it is touched by beauty: ‘And there is tremendous

beauty in living. And that beauty is shown in nature — in watching a tree, in being in communion with a tree. ’

THE SECOND selection in this issue is reprinted from *Commentaries on Living, Second Series*. The book is a record of conversations between Krishnamurti and men and women who sought him out to find clarity and comfort, or to argue. The selection here describes an ordinary man whose life has been transformed by a transcendental experience. The memory of the experience becomes lodged in memory. It survives only to haunt him, which makes his daily life a misery. What is left unsaid is the transcendental experience that leaves a residue of silence. If that happens, then, as the first selection states, silence becomes the window through which both inner and outer worlds are observed, and the inner world of pettiness quenched: ‘So this observation out of silence is passion, is energy. Then you can observe your fears.’ Krishnamurti’s own life and his teaching attest the truth of his statement here.

THE THIRD selection is a reprint of a letter written to Nandini Mehta, whose obituary appears at the end of the Bulletin. The letter gives us a rare glimpse of Krishnamurti, the compassionate physician friend looking closely at an individual, pointing out pitfalls, analysing what has made her the way she is, and giving advice; the letter unfolds Krishnamurti’s teaching within the ambience of a friendship.

— R.H.

## THE RELIGIOUS MIND IS A MIND THAT HAS NO DECEPTION

I would like — if I may — to talk about a religious mind. What is a religious mind? I would like to go into it rather deeply, and to investigate, together, into this whole question of man's search for something beyond his own petty limitations, his attempt to try to find something beyond his own measure. And, to share, to go into it together, the word 'religion' must be clearly understood both by the speaker as well as by you who are listening.

From what anthropologists have discovered, man has always sought — through two million years and more perhaps — some deity, some divinity, something other than this transient world; and he has always created, out of his imagination, out of his search for something permanent, something which is not easily destructible. He has created images or symbols, which he has carved according to his own image, according to his own imagination, according to his poetry of life, according to his limitations, fears, hopes, and according to all the travail of life. And having established an image carved by the hand or by the mind, he began to worship it, to give it, day after day, flowers; to go to it regularly; to look to it as a protection against the weather, against death, against disease, against various calamities that man is heir to.

And out of this constant search for a Saviour, for a God that is not bred by the imagination, by thought, man has always sought — through rituals, through going to the temple day after day, through following certain modes, certain patterns, certain formulas — and he has got himself lost in some form of mysticism, some vision, some heightened sense of intelligence.

And one has really to find out, and not merely revive the dead past of a culture. Because what is revived is something that is already gone, dead, buried, withered; and to worship that and try to revive it in the modern world has very little meaning. And, yet, that is what we do. When we cannot find an answer to the agony of our life, we try to go back to something far away, and try to revive, to catch hold of it through memory, through deep remembrances, through every form of deceit and habit.

But it seems to me this revival of the past, this adherence to something that has been well-established for centuries, this resorting to the temples — their rituals, their organized beliefs, their dogmas, with their property, with their enormous wealth — is utterly fantastic; it has really no meaning at all. If you go into it deeply and observe it for yourself, there is no meaning in our life, our daily, active life of misery, despair, insufficiency, and fear.

Therefore, one has to find out for oneself if there is such a thing as a religious mind — not a religion. To find that out one must put aside all the nonsense which the priests have invented, along with their saviours, with their rituals, with their everlasting repetition of words; we must put all those aside completely and start as though anew. And that is the only way to find out: as though organized belief, rituals, the so-called sacred books never existed, and as though you have never read them. Actually, they have no meaning in daily life. What has meaning is our daily life of struggle, of misery, of pain, of not being able to go beyond our own limited activities of the body, of the heart, or of the mind.

Our life is very limited, very petty, circumscribed by so many things, by circumstances, by fears. Is it possible for man to

go beyond that? That is really the fundamental issue — not whether there is God or no God, whether you believe or don't believe. It does not make any difference whether you believe or do not believe. Your belief is the result of your conditioning. If you are born a Muslim, a Christian, a Hindu, your society shapes your thinking, your belief, your thoughts, your feelings. And in the communist world, they do not believe in it at all; they think you are talking sheer nonsense.

So to really find out, one must put away from oneself, operate surgically on, all this nonsense. One must put away the absurdities of so-called religion with its rituals, with its mutterings, whether in Latin or in Sanskrit, so that one can face the reality of what-is.

So, we have to take this journey together — not abstractly, not in theory, not listen to a talk and follow the words and think, perchance, you have got something out of it; all that has no meaning at all. What has meaning is to explore and, in the very act of exploration, to bring about a radical change in daily living. For that is the basis, that is the foundation, on which one can build — daily living with its agony, with its boredom, with its loneliness, with its fear, with its unseeable future. It is daily living that we have to investigate, to explore.

And to explore, you need passion; you need tremendous vitality, energy. And very few have the energy, or rather the passion, to inquire, because we are so easily satisfied! We are, most of us in the modern world, discontented with almost everything — with the family, with the job, with the routine of life, with loneliness. If we are completely discontented, we try to find an action through an organization, through social reform, through political reform, or through religious reform — we are always re-forming. Or, not entering that

kind of activity, one goes within oneself, as the monks are supposed to do. But monks do not go within themselves at all; they just have the outward appearance of a simple life! But a simple life begins only when you have put away dogma, belief and authority; then you can go within. But the going within is very difficult; it requires energy. And, as we were saying, very few people have the energy of this kind.

There is energy created through friction, through resistance, through battle with oneself, through conflict — that engenders a certain form of energy, as one can see. When you want something, you go after it. You are miserable; you are unhappy; you cannot get on with your wife, your husband; you battle; and from that resistance, battle, comes a form of energy which is really hate, envy, greed. And discontent is so easily satisfied. You find some channel through which you can fulfil yourself, or your hopes, or your fears; and you are satisfied immediately. But to keep this discontent at its height, to keep it hot, burning, without finding any channel, to keep it terribly alive, one must inquire into oneself and discover that energy which has no motive.

And that is what we are going to do, if we may, this evening. We are going to discover for ourselves if there is a passion, an energy, a very simple way of looking at life, without battle, without conflict, without seeking an end. To do that one must go within oneself. And one cannot go within oneself, except by going through outward activity and then moving from there inwardly. Without understanding the world, society, without understanding your relationship as a human being to that world, to that society, without understanding your job, your wife, your family, your words, your gestures, outwardly, you cannot begin to go inwardly. And that is very difficult to do. Nothing is easy in life — nothing. But most of us want a

quick answer, a quick way of getting all this over and coming to some extraordinary mystical stage, which is all illusory.

So one must begin to find out the meaning and the significance of our outward activities, because that is the only test one has. You cannot deceive yourself there. Whether you hate, whether you are bored, whether you are deceiving others or deceiving yourself, whether you are frightened, whether you are happy, whether you are creating, in this world, something out of your own self-centred activity, if you have no criterion as a test from the outside, how can you go within yourself and discover the most extraordinary complex entity with all the deceptions, motives, anxieties?

So to go within and to go very far within, you must look to the outside and find it. That is, as the tide goes out and the same waters come in, so must we: we must rise on the tide which goes out, which is our relationship to the world and, having understood that, ride on that water and move within.

So, you have to look to your relationship to the world. Your relationship begins with the family, the wife, the husband, the children: that is the world you live in. You have to find your relationship, you have to find out what it is based on — not deceive yourself. What is it actually based on? Habit, a certain tradition, a narrow little circle — and we live in that. The family is composed of the husband, wife, and children; and there we dominate or are dominated, sexually, emotionally; there we are dependent.

Please, observe yourself. You are not merely listening to a lot of words. One can build on a lot of words, but that does not get you very far. But the words reveal the state of your own relationship, the actual relationship — not what you

would like your relationship to be, with your wife, with your children, but the actual fact. Then, from there, one can move.

The 'family' is against society; the 'family' is against human relationship as a whole. You know, it is like living in one part of a big house, in one little room, and making an extraordinary thing of that one little room, which is the family. The family has only importance in relation to the whole of the house. As that one room is in relation to the whole of the house, so is the family in relation to the whole of human existence. But we separate it, we cling to it. We make much about the family — 'my' relations and 'your' relations — and we battle with each other everlastingly. And the family is like the little room in relation to the whole house. When we forget the whole house, then the little room becomes terribly important; so also the family becomes very important when you forget the whole of human existence. The family has only importance in relation to the whole of human existence; otherwise, it becomes a dreadful thing, a monstrous thing.

So, one has to find out for oneself the fact of actual relationship, and discover through that relationship the relationship with your neighbour, with the world, with the extraordinary human beings who are cantankerous, who are mischievous, who are ugly, brutal, tyrannical. And to find that out, you must start very near.

And there is this problem also of sex, which has become so astonishingly important for most people — such a complex thing. As we were saying the other day, we cannot find other ways of releasing ourselves, and so we turn to this one thing — sex — and make a monstrous issue of it. And when we say, 'We love our family', we do not really love our family;

we do not love our children — actually we do not. When you say that you love your children, you really mean that they have become a habit, toys — things of amusement for a while. But, if you love something, your children, then you would care.

Do you know what caring is? — if you care at all. When you plant a tree, you care for it; you cherish it; you nourish it; you find out the right soil, the right fertilizer; you care, you watch it infinitely. I do not know if you have ever planted a tree, a seedling, and watched it every day. You have to dig deep before you plant, then see that the soil is right, then plant, then protect it, then watch it every day, look after it as though it was a part of your whole being. But you do not love children that way. If you did, then you would have a different kind of education altogether. There would be no wars, there would be no poverty. The mind then would not be trained to be merely technical. There would be no competition, there would be no nationality. And because we do not love, all this has been allowed to grow.

Therefore, one has to begin with the very near thing, and discover from there the actual state of one's mind and one's being. And that is very difficult to do, because we find in ourselves so many ugly things, conscious as well as unconscious. And we cannot face them; we rather run away to a temple, or to a church, or to a cinema, or to some other organized amusement — and the temple or the church is also an organized amusement. And to face something actually demands energy. You have no energy if you are battling uselessly about nothing — and that is what most of us are doing!

So to bring about this passion, this energy, which one needs

to go into something very deeply, endlessly, **every day and** every minute, there are certain things one **has to do** — obviously. One has to eat the right food, not what one's **tongue** dictates. You can study and find out what the right food is; we do not have to go into it. Then, one has to understand the urge to obey. Most of us so easily obey. A man who obeys easily or with great difficulty, is seeking power. Please follow this. Why should you obey anybody? You obey your boss in the factory, in your office, because you may lose your job. If you show yourself a little more intelligent than the boss, you might lose your job — and there are so many people waiting to get that job. So there is this fear built up and, therefore, you obey. Your intelligence is downgraded, because every one of us is seeking power, position, prestige, status. Watch it, you are doing that in your life, every day.

You are not concerned with function alone, but you use the function to arrive at a status. And, therefore, the status becomes far more important than the function. And, hence, there is the battle for status — not for the efficiency of function, but for what you get out of that function: what position, what power, what prestige, what status. And hence there is competition for status, not for functioning efficiently. So, most of us obey, because we want power, position, status; and we will gradually climb to that status through obedience and therefore cultivate inefficiency, cultivate this obedience and the fear that goes with it.

To find out what the religious mind is, you must understand not only the relationship of yourself with the family, with society and beyond, but also this whole process of the search for power — which is to dominate, either in the family or in society, or to be the dominating authority in an organization, religious or otherwise.

So the mind must investigate this whole process of authority, in which is included law. You must obey law: you must keep to the left side of the road, here; you must buy a stamp. But every other form of authority, psychological authority, must be understood completely so that the mind never seeks authority of any kind.

So one begins to discover for oneself the nature of the religious mind. One may have a family, but that family is in relation to the whole and not separate. And because it is not separate, it has to be looked after, cared for. And therefore a totally different kind of education is called for. And the inquiry which begins very near shows this desire for power, for dominance, and this urge to obey, which manifests itself in so many ways — which is disrespect for many people and respect for a few. If you have no disrespect for anybody, you need not have respect for anybody.

So, then, one can begin to go within oneself, beginning outwardly, being aware of the outward things — of the trees, of the poverty, the reason for the poverty, the whole social and economic structure as it is — and understanding those outward things.

When we use that word ‘understand’, we mean not merely analytically, intellectually, verbally, but understanding it with your blood, with your heart, with your mind, with everything. And you have to understand your relationship with your family; you have to understand your relationship to power, position, authority, status.

Then you can go within. And to go within one must first understand the principal thing, which is to be terribly honest to oneself, so that there is no deception whatsoever. We

deceive ourselves so easily! We would not look. We would rather talk about something transcendental: God, theories, *ātman*, anything.

You know, when you enter a room, you are so concerned about discussing reality — if there is this, if there is that — and you never watch the furniture, the colour of the carpet, the flowers, the shape of the window; you watch nothing, you are so consumed by the other. One has to watch, one has to observe everything: watch the sunset, watch the tree against that sunset, the darkness, the casuarina with its delicate foliage, the light through it, the leaves, the trunk. And if you do not watch that, you cannot watch this. If you do not know how to look without, you cannot look within. And we have tried to look in by denying the outer, by denying the outward beauty of life. All the saints, all your literature, never talk about the beauty of life; they tell you how to escape from this misery.

And there is tremendous beauty in living. And that beauty is shown in nature — in watching a tree, in being in communion with a tree. And if you do not know how to look there, to look where you are walking, to observe what you are saying, outwardly, the gestures you make, the way you show respect and disrespect — if you do not watch that, how can you watch within? So you must begin again outwardly; then you can go within.

And to observe there must be no deception. What is the power that creates, breeds deception? Do you understand? Why do we deceive ourselves? Why do we put on masks? Do you know what a mask is? When a human being is capable and efficient in technology, that is a particular mask; he lives in that; he does not want to know what is behind that mask. He

may be a first-class engineer, a first-class bureaucrat — and that is a mask. That mask becomes respectability, which the world accepts as a marvellous human being. But remove the mask then, whether he is a scientist or an astronomer, he is just like everybody else.

So one has to find out for oneself what the power, what the energy is that creates deception. Do you know what I mean by 'deception'? It is to never actually — actually and not theoretically — see what we are. It is not to be able to see clearly, definitely, what we are because we are frightened, because we want to change what we are into something noble, or whatever it is; we want to make it supreme; we want to be everything.

So the motive of deception begins when you want to change what-is, when you are discontented with what-is. We are going to go into that. But, first, we are showing how necessary it is to remove every deception and the means that create deception, so that your mind can look clearly.

Most of us live in deception: which is, living on the surface. Just amusing ourselves if we have money, or going to an office, day after day, just living on the superficial things and never inquiring — that also is a form of deception. We do not live by bread alone; we live at other levels, a deeper existence. But if we deny all that, we are also deceiving ourselves. So one must become aware of this power to deceive oneself. And that power to deceive oneself comes to an end, deception comes to an end, when there is no end, when there is no desire to reach any end, and when one moves from fact to fact.

And to look at oneself is possible only when there is no interference by deception. You have to look without the word,

without the desire to translate it according to your own past memory. And that is one of the most difficult and arduous things to do — to look: to look at a tree, at a woman, at a man, to look at the squalor; to merely observe.

If you can observe without any interpretation, without any translation, then from that observation you will find that you have tremendous energy. Because, now, that energy is being wasted through interpretation, through translating what you see into like or dislike, or trying to alter it according to your social, economic, religious, or moral pattern.

So this desire to change what-is is dissipation of energy. Whereas if you look at what-is actually — at your anger, at your jealousy, at your lust, at your violence — without any interpretation, then you have energy.

So the religious mind is a mind that has no deception whatsoever; it is a mind that does not seek any status; it has no desire or urge for power of any kind. And the religious mind understands its relationship with the family and with the whole of man. Then it can go deeply. We have only the intellectual instrument — at least, that is what is said. But there is the instrument of observation, which is to observe every movement of thought, to observe every movement of feeling, and so uncover the fears that are hidden, the secret desires that are never looked at, that are never explored. And to explore, as we said, needs tremendous energy. And this energy is released when you are moving with what you are discovering, when you are not translating or interpreting what you are seeing in terms of the past.

Have you ever wondered how the scientists have extraordinary energy? When you go into a laboratory, if you have ever gone into a first-class research laboratory, there

you will see the scientist full of energy, active. Because he is dealing with outward things, there is no resistance; he is moving from fact to fact; he does not indulge in theories, hypotheses, speculations; he is not a theoretician. He is a pure, clear-sighted technician, watching everything under the microscope. Therefore he has tremendous energy there, in the laboratory. But let him go outside and, then, he is just like everybody else: anxious, fighting for position, competing, nationalistic, caught in religious beliefs, or inventing his own particular belief, and so on. There is a waste of energy.

And to look, the mind must be completely silent. After all, if the scientist is looking through the microscope, or whatever he is doing, he is observing from silence, not from knowledge. What he sees he then translates in terms of knowledge and, therefore, there is action. But he sees from silence — it may be that that silence may last a split second or an hour; and that is the only way to observe.

The cultivation of a silent mind becomes stupid. You cannot practise and arrive at a silent mind. But, to look, to observe, you must have silence. Do look at that sunset. You cannot look at that sunset, you cannot see it, if your mind is chattering. You can see it completely only when the mind is extraordinarily quiet and intense. After all, that is beauty. That is, the perception of beauty or non-beauty is only possible when there is passion, when you look at that sunset with complete intensity. And you cannot be intense if you are not silent. So you begin to see how extraordinarily silent the mind becomes when you observe. When you are observing, you do not have to discipline the mind to be silent — then it is a dead mind. But the mind that is observing out of a silence, creates its own discipline; it does not need discipline, because it is observing.

So this observation out of silence is passion, is energy. Then you can observe your fears. Most people are frightened — frightened of death, frightened of this empty, useless life. And one has to meet that fear, and to observe it without any movement, without trying to go beyond it or to resist it, without trying to get rid of it. To go beyond it, to overcome it, to suppress it — all this is a waste of energy. Whereas if you observe the whole movement of fear, then that observation out of silence gives energy; then that problem of fear ceases.

Then the question of time enters into it, and the whole implication of time that we have already talked about.

So there has to be this observation of daily events. When we are using the word 'observation', we mean the observation which is not critical, which is not the outcome of discontent or conformity or suppression, but which is the observation out of silence, the observation of fact only, not the translation of that fact or the opinion about the fact. Then you will see, out of this observation, that there is no effort necessary to do, to resist, to overcome or to deny; effort altogether goes away. And one can live one's daily life — going to an office, cooking, doing everything — without effort.

The religious mind is the mind that understands the family and its position relative to the whole. The religious mind does not seek power, position; it is not caught in any ritual, any dogma, any belief, any organized church or temple; that mind has no power whatsoever to create illusion. The religious mind is the mind that looks at facts and, therefore, does not make any effort at all, whatever it does.

Then one goes still further. That is, by observing outward things, one has come to the inner. And the outer and the inner

are not two different states; they are the same state of observation out of silence.

This silence is space. We live in a very small space. We live in the space created by the mind with its own ideas. And the mind is the result of its own conditioning in a particular society and culture. It lives in a very small space; and all the battles, all the relationships, all the anxieties are within that little space. But the moment the mind, through observation, becomes naturally, easily, without effort, silent, that little space is broken. The moment the mind is completely quiet, you will see that there is no limitation to space. You will then see that the object does not create the space; there is space — endless space.

And when that takes place, the mind is the truly religious mind; and from that mind there is activity. You can be a super-citizen — you do not run away to a monastery, you do not become a *sannyāsi*, or a complete technician, or a mechanized human being. You see, from that effortless, silent observation, there is action; and that is the only action that does not breed hatred, enmity, competition. Through observation and silence you will see that because there is space, there is love.

Love is dying every day. Love is not memory; love is not thought. Love is not a thing that continues as duration in time. And, through observation, one must die to the continuity of everything. Then there is love; and with love, there comes creation.

Creation is one of the most difficult things to understand. The man who writes a poem — a beautiful poem — thinks that he is a creative being. The man and the woman who breed children think that they are creative. The man or the

cook who makes bread thinks, perhaps, that he, also, is creative. But creation is something far more. That man who merely writes a book or fulfils himself in some petty little ambition is not creative. Creation is not a man-made structure. Man-made technological knowledge and the result of technological knowledge is merely invention. Creation is something that is timeless; it is something that has no tomorrow and yesterday; it is living timelessly. And, if you understand this whole problem of existence, you come to it very naturally.

So, a religious mind is all these things; it knows or, rather, it is in a state which is creative from moment to moment. It is always acting from that extraordinary sense of emptiness.

I do not know if you have ever noticed how a drum is always empty. When you strike on it, it gives the right tone; but it is empty. Our minds are never empty; they are always full. Therefore, our action is always from this dreadful noise of thought, of memory, of despair; and, therefore, action is always contradictory, leading to great misery.

A mind that is completely empty — empty in the sense that it observes, that it understands, wholly, death — is silence and, therefore, love; such a mind is creative. A creative mind is empty all the time. It acts from that emptiness; it speaks from that emptiness and, therefore, it will always be true; it will never bring about a deception within itself. And it is only such a mind that is religious; and it is only such a mind that can solve the problems of misery in this world.

— *Madras*  
*January 6, 1965*

## IT COMES UNINVITED

He was quite young, but he had a family and was a businessman of some repute. He looked very worried and miserable, and was eager to say something.

'Some time ago I had a most remarkable experience, and as I have never before talked about it to anyone, I wonder if I am capable of explaining it to you; I hope so, for I cannot go to anybody else. It was an experience which completely ravished my heart; but it has gone, and now I have only the empty memory of it. Perhaps you can help me to get it back. I will tell you, as fully as I can, what that blessing was. I have read of these things, but they were always empty words and appealed only to my senses; but what happened to me was beyond all thought, beyond imagination and desire, and now I have lost it. Please do help me to get it back.' He paused for a moment, and then continued.

'I woke up one morning very early; the city was still asleep, and its murmur had not yet begun. I felt I had to get out, so I dressed quickly and went down to the street. Even the milk truck was not yet on its rounds. It was early spring, and the sky was pale blue. I had a strong feeling that I should go to the park, a mile or so away. From the moment I came out of my front door I had a strange feeling of lightness, as though I were walking on air. The building opposite, a drab block of flats, had lost all its ugliness; the very bricks were alive and clear. Every little object which ordinarily I would never have noticed seemed to have an extraordinary quality of its own, and strangely, everything seemed to be a part of me. Nothing was separate from me; in fact, the "me" as the observer, the perceiver, was absent, if you know what I mean. There was no "me" separate from that tree, or from that paper in the gutter, or from the birds that were calling to each other. It was a state of consciousness that I had never known.

‘On the way to the park,’ he went on, ‘there is a flower-shop. I have passed it hundreds of times, and I used to glance at the flowers as I went by. But on this particular morning I stopped in front of it. The plate glass window was slightly frosted with the heat and damp from inside, but this did not prevent me from seeing the many varieties of flowers. As I stood looking at them, I found myself smiling and laughing with a joy I had never before experienced. Those flowers were speaking to me, and I was speaking to them; I was among them, and they were part of me. In saying this, I may give you the impression that I was hysterical, slightly off my head; but it was not so. I had dressed very carefully, and had been aware of putting on clean things, looking at my watch, seeing the names of the shops, including that of my tailor, and reading the titles of the books in a bookshop window. Everything was alive, and I loved everything. I was the scent of those flowers, but there was no “me” to smell the flowers, if you know what I mean. There was no separation between them and me. That flower-shop was fantastically alive with colours, and the beauty of it all must have been stunning, for time and its measurement had ceased. I must have stood there for over twenty minutes, but I assure you there was no sense of time. I could hardly tear myself away from those flowers. The world of struggle, pain and sorrow was there, and yet it was not. You see, in that state, words have no meaning. Words are descriptive, separative, comparative, but in that state there were no words; “I” was not experiencing, there was only that state, that experience. Time had stopped; there was no past, present or future. There was only — oh, I don’t know how to put it into words, but it doesn’t matter. There was a Presence — no, not that word. It was as though the earth, with everything in it and on it, were in a state of benediction, and I, walking towards the park, were part of it. As I drew near the park I was absolutely

spell-bound by the beauty of those familiar trees. From the pale yellow to the almost black-green, the leaves were dancing with life; every leaf stood out separate, and the whole richness of the earth was in a single leaf. I was conscious that my heart was beating fast; I have a very good heart, but I could hardly breathe as I entered the park and I thought I was going to faint. I sat down on a bench, and tears were rolling down my cheeks. There was a silence that was utterly unbearable, but that silence was cleansing all things of pain and sorrow. As I went deeper into the park, there was music in the air. I was surprised, as there was no house nearby, and no one would have a radio in the park at that hour of the morning. The music was part of the whole thing. All the goodness, all the compassion of the world was in that park, and God was there.

‘I am not a theologian, nor much of a religious person,’ he continued. ‘I have been a dozen times or so inside a church, but it has never meant anything to me. I cannot stomach all that nonsense that goes on in churches. But in that park there was a Being, if one may use such a word, in whom all things lived and had their being. My legs were shaking and I was forced to sit down again, with my back against a tree. The trunk was a living thing, as I was, and I was part of that tree, part of that Being, part of the world. I must have fainted. It had all been too much for me: the vivid, living colours, the leaves, the rocks, the flowers, the incredible beauty of everything. And over all was the benediction of ...

‘When I came to, the sun was up. It generally takes me about twenty minutes to walk to the park, but it was nearly two hours since I had left my house. Physically I seemed to have no strength to walk back; so I sat there, gathering strength and not daring to think. As I slowly walked back home, the whole of that experience was with me; it lasted two days, and faded away as suddenly as it had come.

Then my torture began. I didn't go near my office for a week. I wanted that strange living experience back again, I wanted to live once again and forever in that beatific world. All this happened two years ago. I have seriously thought of giving up everything and going away into some lonely corner of the world, but I know in my heart that I cannot get it back that way. No monastery can offer me that experience, nor can any candle-lit church, which only deals with death and darkness. I considered making my way to India, but that too I put aside. Then I tried a certain drug; it made things more vivid, and so on, but an opiate is not what I want. That is a cheap way of experiencing; it is a trick but not the real thing.

'So here I am,' he concluded. 'I would give everything, my life and all my possessions, to live again in that world. What am I to do?'

It came to you, sir, uninvited. You never sought it. As long as you are seeking it, you will never have it. The very desire to live again in that ecstatic state is preventing the new, the fresh experience of bliss. You see what has happened: you have had that experience, and now you are living with the dead memory of yesterday. What-has-been is preventing the new.

'Do you mean to say that I must put away and forget all that has been, and carry on with my petty life, inwardly starving from day to day?'

If you do not look back and ask for more, which is quite a task, then perhaps that very thing over which you have no control may act as it will. Greed, even for the sublime, breeds sorrow; the urge for the more opens the door to time. That bliss cannot be bought through any sacrifice, through any virtue, through any drug. It is not a reward, a result. It comes when it will; do not seek it.

'But was that experience real, was it of the highest?'

We want another to confirm, to make us certain of

what has been, and so we find shelter in it. To be made certain or secure in that which has been, even if it were the real, is to strengthen the unreal and breed illusion. To bring over to the present what is past, pleasurable or painful is to prevent the real. Reality has no continuity. It is from moment to moment, timeless and measureless.

— From *Commentaries On Living, Second Series*, London: Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1976, pp. 152-155.

# HAPPY IS THE MAN WHO IS NOTHING

## LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND

How strangely one is susceptible to an atmosphere; one needs a friendly tension, a sense of warm attention in which one can freely and naturally blossom. So few have this atmosphere; and so most are stunted, physically as well as psychologically. I am very surprised that you have survived without being perverted in that peculiar atmosphere. One can see why you were not utterly destroyed, spotted and twisted; outwardly you adjusted as rapidly as possible, inwardly you put yourself to sleep. It is this inward insensitivity that saved you. If you had allowed yourself to be sensitive, inwardly awake, you couldn't have stood it and, so, there would have been conflict and you would have broken down, been marked. Now that you are inwardly awake and are clear, you have no conflict with the atmosphere. It is this conflict that makes for perversion. You will always remain unscarred if you are inwardly very alert and awake and warmly adjust to things externally.

Substitutes soon wither away. One may be worldly even though one has a few things. The desire for power in any form; the power of the ascetic, the power of a big financier or the politician or the pope is worldly. The craving for power breeds ruthlessness and re-emphasises the importance of oneself, the self-expansive aggressiveness is in essence worldliness. Humility is simplicity, but the cultivated humility is another form of worldliness.

Very few are aware of their inward changes, setbacks, conflicts and distortions. Even if they are aware they try to push them aside or run away from them. Don't you do it. I don't think you will, but there is a danger of living with your thoughts and feelings too closely. One has to be aware of one's thoughts and feelings, without anxiety, without pressure.

The real revolution has taken place in your life, you should be very much aware of your thoughts and feelings — let them come out, don't check them, don't hold them back. Let them pour out, the gentle as well as the violent ones, but be aware of them.

Occupied with your desires, if you have any. The world is a good place, we do everything to get away from it through worship, prayer, our loves and fears. We don't know whether we are rich or poor, we have never gone deep down into ourselves and discovered 'what is'. We exist on the surface, satisfied with so little and made happy and unhappy by such small things. Our petty minds have petty problems and petty answers, and so we spend our days. We don't love, and when we do it is always with fear and frustration, with sorrow and longing.

I was thinking how important it is to be innocent, to have an innocent mind. Experiences are inevitable, perhaps necessary; life is a series of experiences, but the mind need not be burdened with its own accumulative demands. It can wipe off each experience and keep itself innocent — unburdened. This is important, otherwise the mind can never be fresh, alert and pliable. The 'how' to keep the mind pliable is not the problem; the 'how' is the search for a method, and method can never make the mind innocent; it can make it methodical, but never innocent, creative.

It began to rain yesterday afternoon and how it poured last night. I have never heard anything like it. It is as if the heavens opened. There was an extraordinary silence with it, the silence of weight, a great weight pouring itself on the earth.

It is always difficult to keep simple and clear. The world worships success, the bigger the better; the greater the audience the greater the speaker; the colossal super buildings, cars, aeroplanes and people. Simplicity is lost. The successful

people are not the <sup>YA</sup> ones who are building a new world. To be a real revolutionary requires a complete change of heart and mind, and how few want to free themselves. One cuts the surface roots; but to cut the deep feeding roots of mediocrity, success needs something more than words, methods, compulsions. There seem to be few, but they are the real builders — the rest labor in vain.

One is everlastingly comparing oneself with another, with what one is, with what one should be, with someone who is more fortunate. This comparison really kills. Comparison is degrading; it perverts one's outlook. And on comparison one is brought up. All our education is based on it and so is our culture. So there is everlasting struggle to be something other than what one is. The understanding of what one is uncovers creativeness, but comparison breeds competitiveness, ruthlessness, ambition, which we think brings about progress. Progress has only led so far to more ruthless wars and misery than the world has ever known. To bring up children without comparison is true education.

It seems strange to be writing, what seems so unnecessary. The thing that matters is here and that you are there. The real things are always alike, so unnecessary to write about or talk about; and in the very act of writing or talking something happens to pervert it, spoil it. There are so many things that are said apart from the real thing. This urge to fulfill, which burns so many people, in small ways and big ways. This urge can be satisfied in some way or the other, and with satisfaction the deeper things fade away. That is what happens in most cases, does it not? Fulfillment of desire is such a small affair, however pleasant; but with its fulfillment, as it keeps on satisfying itself, routine, boredom sets in and the real thing fades away. It is the real thing that has to remain and the wonder of it is, it does — if there is no thought of fulfillment but just seeing things as they are.

We are so very seldom alone; always with people, with thoughts that crowd in, hopes that have not been fulfilled, or are going to be — recollections. To be alone is essential for man to be uninfluenced, for something uncontaminated to take place. For this aloneness there seems to be no time, there are too many things to do, too many responsibilities and so on. To learn to be quiet, shutting oneself in one's room, to give the mind a rest, becomes a necessity. Love is part of this aloneness. To be simple, clear, and inwardly quiet, is to have that flame.

Things may not be easy but the more one asks of life, the more fearful and painful it becomes. To live simply, uninfluenced, though everything and everyone is trying to influence, to be without varying moods and demands is not easy, but without a deep quiet life, all things are futile.

How clear the blue sky is, vast, timeless and without space. Distance and space is a thing of the mind; there and here are facts, but they become psychological factors with the urge of desire. The mind is a strange phenomenon. So complex and yet so essentially simple. It is made complex by the many psychological compulsions. It is this that causes conflict and pain, the resistance and the acquisitions. To be aware of them, and let them pass by and not be entangled in them, is arduous. Life is as a vast flowing river. The mind holds in its net the things of this river, discarding and holding. There should be no net. The net is of time and space, it is the net that creates here and there; happiness and unhappiness.

Pride is a strange thing, pride in small things and big things: in our possessions, in our achievements, in our virtues, pride of race, name and family; in capacity, in looks, in knowledge. We make all this feed this pride, or we run to humility. The opposite of pride is not humility — it is still pride, only it is called humility; the consciousness of being humble is a form of pride. The mind has to be something. It

struggles to be this or that, it can never be in a state of nothingness. If nothingness is a new experience, it must have that experience, the very attempt to be still is another acquisition. The mind must go beyond all effort only then ...

Our days are so empty, filled with activities of every kind, business, speculation, meditation, sorrow, and joy. But in spite of all these, our lives are empty. Strip a man of position, power, or of money, what is he? He had all that show, outwardly, but he is empty, shallow, inwardly. One can't have both, the inner and other riches. The inner fullness far outweighs the outer. One can be robbed of the outer, outer events can shatter what has been carefully built up; but the inner riches are incorruptible, nothing can touch them, for they have not been put together by the mind.

The desire to fulfil is very strong in people and they pursue it at any cost. This fulfillment, in every way and in any direction sustains people; if fulfillment fails in one direction, then they try in another. But is there such a thing as fulfillment? Fulfillment may bring a certain satisfaction, but it soon fades away and again we are on the hunt. In the understanding of desire the whole problem of fulfillment ceases. Desire is effort to be, to become, and with an ending to becoming the struggle to fulfill vanishes.

— From Pupul Jayakar's *Krishnamurti: A Biography*, San Francisco: Harper & Row, Publishers Inc., 1986, pp. 254–257.

## OBITUARY

Nandini Mehta (1917-2002)

Nandini Mehta — who met Krishnamurti when she was thirty and lived the rest of her long life under the impact of his teaching — died on July 7th, 2002, in Bombay, surrounded by her family. One moment she was eating her favourite sweet, the next she slipped away, her head on her grandson's shoulders.

Nandini never had a sense of entitlement, even though, as daughter of a high-ranking ICS officer, with a successful industrialist as her husband and with a member of the Governor's Council as her father-in-law, a life of privilege was hers for the asking.

After meeting Krishnamurti, Nandini began a simple but independent life of her own. In the midst of losing the custody of her three children and shadowed by cancer, she returned to her mother's house and quietly invited a few children to sit with her for painting lessons under a mango tree in the compound. These sessions became the nucleus of a school for poor children of the neighbourhood that she established there, not long after Krishnamurti in a public talk observed: 'You can start a little school round the corner of your street. If you and I are aware of ... why we live, why we suffer, then we will start a school without funds, without beating drums ... If you have real clarity of thought and feeling behind it, then you will create a school.'

Later, Nandini moved her little school, Bal-Anand, into a ramshackle garage, where it grew and flourished. There was one large tree near the school. One day, Krishnaji told Nandini, 'To me that green tree has been all the forests of the world,

and that single yellow flower all the flowers in the world'. In this spirit, Nandini taught the children to find beauty in small things and to express themselves through painting and in other ways. Some of their artwork found its way into public exhibitions and private homes in India and abroad.

Through her work with several generations of local children, Nandini became well known in her neighbourhood on Dongersi Road. She was known to mothers who swabbed floors and washed utensils in the high-rise buildings all around. She was known to fathers who were electricians, plumbers, and shop assistants. And many of her former students stayed on to live and work in the area. They greeted her when she went out, and they helped the school in any way they could. Many of them returned in July to mourn her passing and to commemorate her life. They recalled how Nandini had guided their hands when they wrote their first letters. One old student compared her to a Banyan tree, under whose shade all of them had found shelter.

Nandini radiated empathy. To many who never met her, she may be best remembered as the recipient of Krishnamurti's 'Letters to a Young Friend' that were published in Pupul Jayakar's biography of Krishnamurti. As a woman who had known youthful sorrows, Nandini heeded these letters and developed the capacity to absorb the distress and disappointments of others around her, calmly and with compassion.

Nandini Mehta was one of the most beautiful women of her generation — with a famously beautiful face, a gentle heart, and a keen sense of beauty that infused her life and everything she did.

\* \* \*

# **KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA**

## **TELUGU GATHERING 2002**

There will be a Gathering, held for persons interested in J. Krishnamurti's Teachings who belong to the Telugu-speaking world. This 'Telugu Gathering' will be held at Rishi Valley School in Andhra Pradesh, on the 22nd, 23rd and 24th of November, 2002.

The last date of receiving the filled-form is: October 31, 2002. Registration is on a first come first served basis, as accommodation is available only for 100 people.

For details please contact:

The Secretary

Rishi Valley School

Rishi Valley — 517 352

Chittoor District

Andhra Pradesh

Phone: (08571) 80622, 80582, 80044

\* \* \*

# KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

## PUBLIC GATHERING 2002

The Krishnamurti Foundation India is happy to announce that its Annual Public Gathering is being organized by the Sahyadri School, Pune, from the 17th of November to the 19th of November 2002.

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:

Co-ordinator, The Study Centre

Sahyadri School

Post: Tiwai Hill

Tal: Rajgurunagar

Dist: Pune — 410 513

Phone: (02135) 84278/84346

Fax: (02135) 84348

E.mail: [kscskfi@pn2.vsnl.net.in](mailto:kscskfi@pn2.vsnl.net.in)

Website: <http://www.kcentre-sahyadri.org>

\* \* \*

**Krishnamurti Foundation India**  
**Rajghat Besant School, Varanasi 221 001**

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Parents wishing to admit their children in classes II to IX (boys or girls) or in class XI (girls only) in this residential school affiliated to CBSE, New Delhi, can obtain the application form, prospectus and fee structure (approx. Rs 55,000/- p.a.) by sending a bank draft of Rs 220/- in favour of 'KFI Rajghat Besant School', drawn on any bank in Varanasi. Last date for receipt of completed applications: January 31st, 2003. Scholarships are available for deserving candidates.

For details see our web-page: [www.jkrishnamurti.org](http://www.jkrishnamurti.org).

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## Sahyadri School

The Sahyadri School established by Krishnamurti Foundation India, is fully residential and co-educational; it runs classes from the 4th to the 10th standards under the ICSE. The school is situated 70 kms from Pune amidst great natural beauty. The school is intended to be not only a centre of academic excellence, but also a place where children and adults explore fundamental questions of life together.

**Teachers:** The school needs teachers in subjects like English, Biology, Hindi, Arts, Dance & Library Science. Those who can also teach, in addition, other prescribed subjects like Science, Social Studies, Music, Crafts, etc. would be preferred.

Interested person may apply to:

Administrative Officer

Sahyadri School

Post: Tiwai Hill

Tal: Rajgurunagar

Dist: Pune — 410 513

E.mail: sahyadrischool@vsnl.net

\* \* \*

## INTERNATIONAL WEBSITE ON THE TEACHINGS

A new website, 'Teachings of J. Krishnamurti — International Website', was launched on 15 May, 2002. A joint venture of the five Krishnamurti Foundations worldwide — in India, UK, USA, Spain, and Canada — the website aims at making Krishnamurti's teachings available to a newer and wider readership. It marks a big leap in our dissemination work.

Implicit in the structure and content of the website is the message that Krishnamurti's teachings are more important than the organizations built around it. Thus the web offers no information about the Foundations and their activities; nor does it offer for sale books and tapes. Its sole aim is to provide readers with the depth and the width of the teachings. This will be done by adding, every month, a rich variety of texts — talks, writings, dialogues, excerpts, and so on — and also audio and video clippings.

The website has the following features:

**Home Page:** The Home Page presents a brief profile of Krishnamurti's life and work, for the benefit of the newcomers. Its chief feature, however, is a module 'Daily Meditations' which presents each day a quotation from Krishnamurti's books. These quotes — one-liners or short paragraphs — will, over the weeks and months, cover the major aspects of the teachings.

**Public Talks:** Three public talks drawn from the seventeen-volume *Collected Works Of J Krishnamurti*, will be uploaded every month. The selections begin from the year 1933.

**Problems of Living:** In this menu, three chapters from the three-volume *Commentaries on Living* will be presented each month.

**For the young:** Krishnamurti's statements on education and the problems of young adults form the content of this menu. To begin with, there are excerpts from the new compilation, *What are You Doing with Your Life?*

**Audio-video clippings:** Brief, ten-minute excerpts from Krishnamurti's talks and discussions will be presented here — these will be available shortly.

**Additional Materials:** Besides these materials, which will be rotated every month, there are permanent features such as the two major statements Krishnamurti made: 'Truth is a pathless land', and 'The core of the teachings'

**Archives:** All materials, including the short quotations and audio-video clippings, will be stored in the Archives.

**A search facility** enables you to scan the texts for particular words and a feedback menu are the other features of the website.

Do visit us at [www.jkrishnamurti.org](http://www.jkrishnamurti.org)

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RAJGHAT BESANT SCHOOL (KFI) Rajghat Fort Varanasi — 221 001 Uttar Pradesh	Boarding School Ages 7 to 19
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RISHI VALLEY SCHOOL (KFI) Rishi Valley — 517 352 Chittoor District Andhra Pradesh	Boarding School Ages 8 to 17
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
SAHYADRI SCHOOL Tiwai Hills, Rajgurunagar Taluk Pune District 410 513	Boarding School Ages 10 to 15
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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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**KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA**

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