

Krishnamurti Foundation India Bulletin

Volume No. 6, Issue 3, July - October 2009

Rs25/-

FROM THE EDITOR

The Pepper Tree in Ojai, the Banyan-tree on the grounds of the Theosophical Society at Adyar, the Banyan-trees at Rishi Valley, the Peepal-tree on the banks of the Ganga, in Rajghat mark significant events in Krishnamurti's life; they also figure extensively in his writing along with precise descriptions of closely observed trees from tropical and temperate regions of the world. In this issue of the *Bulletin* we bring together Krishnamurti's writings on trees while continuing to explore his concern with human beings' relationship to nature.

It is timely when even the great Amazon forests of south America are endangered that we assemble Krishnamurti's reflections on the subject of a species whose evolution has created the atmosphere hospitable to many life forms on Earth. Scientists had hoped that global warming could be confined to a two-degree rise in temperature. At the recently concluded conference in Copenhagen they have publicly announced that the opportunity is now lost. Global warming will continue to rise, and with it will come shortage of food, loss of biodiversity, melting glaciers, calamitous floods and desertification.

Krishnamurti believed that a radical change in the way human beings relate to the world of nature is a moral imperative; policy alone in the form of intergovernmental agreements, for instance, would not be sufficient to halt the self-exploitative relationship with nature. In place of a consumer ethic based on group identity that, ultimately, finds expression in the exploitation of nature, he talked about conduct based on compassion suffused with an awareness of Earth's beauty.

I am part of nature. Without understanding the beauty of the land, the rivers and every part of this extraordinary world we live in, this brutal world we live in, with all the cruelty, the terrorism, and so on, how can I ever have a clear perception of myself? What is my relationship to all that? Am I blind to it all? Am I silent to it all? Or do I have certain conclusions which dominate me? And conclusions are a product of thought; nature is not.

A distinction between what is man-made and what is not a product of human imagination runs through Krishnamurti's writing. Ancient Buddhist philosophers would have approved of his philosophical stance.

R. H.

A LAND WITHOUT TREES IS TERRIBLE

STUDENT (S): Sir, you asked us whether we — while we are here at school in Rishi Valley — play any musical instrument. You asked us whether we sing, paint, write poems, plant trees and create a lovely garden. I would like to ask you, sir: Why should we plant trees?

J. KRISHNAMURTI (K): Why do you make yourself beautiful? Why do you bathe, put on good clothes, and look at yourself in the mirror?..

You know, *a land without trees is terrible. It is like a land without running water: a river. Have you ever sat by the river, and watched the river go by with all the things that float on it? Have you seen the dirt, the flies, the butterflies, and all the other dead things carried on it? And have you seen beyond that: clear, pure, water?*

Have you ever noticed trees? Extraordinary things, aren't they? They give shade; they add beauty. Wherever there are a lot of trees, there is the probability of having more rains. Trees make the earth beautiful; birds come to them. When you plant a tree, watch it. When you nourish a tree, when you take trouble over it, it gives you the feeling — not just intellectually — that you are part of the earth.

S: Sir, please, may I say something? Trees give us the soap that we use.

K: Yes, all the utilitarian things. Trees give us wood. I

believe that in Sanskrit one of the words for a tree implies something out of which you can make things; something that is utilitarian, useful.

I do not know if you have noticed that during the daytime a tree looks inviting, open, shapely, and that in the evening somehow it withdraws, and closes up. Have you noticed all this? Probably, everyone cannot have a pet. I mean by a pet, a dog, a cat, a bird, a horse — something which you care for, that you take care of. You brush it, comb it, and see that it does not catch disease. You love it and it loves you and, so, you have that feeling of loving something other than just yourself and things about yourself: wanting *saris*, coats, and wondering how you look. Most people think about themselves all the time, and if you plant trees, make a garden, it helps to break down this concern about yourself.

I do not know if you have noticed another thing. Very few in India take the trouble to create a garden. Have you noticed it? Go down there to where Mr N and others are planting trees, bushes, taking out stones. I have done this in Europe and in America — in California — where the earth was nothing but rubble, rocks, thorns. I cleared all that and planted trees. When you think out what you are going to plant, when you think about putting a rock there, a bigger rock there and a plant there, you begin to appreciate something; you create something beautiful. Have you noticed that very few in India — even amongst the rich — do all that? Should you not do that? To make something out of the earth — is not that part of education? If you do not study, your mind would be dull. In the same way, see

the earth around you. It is like a child whom you are neglecting. I have seen some of the most beautiful gardens in Europe. They are two or three hundred years old: lovely lawns. The lawns have been mowed and watered for hundreds of years, and they are like a carpet — something that you are afraid to tread on. I think that all that — that kind of care of the earth, and care of children — is good education.

S: Sir, if we have a cat and we take care of it, it will play with us. However, if you plant a tree, it takes so many years to grow, to yield, and so on.

K: Somebody else will benefit by it. I have planted trees in Europe and in America which I will, probably, never see. But it is fun just to see a tree being planted; somebody will get the benefit out of it.

After all, if you planted trees here and took care of them, perhaps when you marry and have a child, he will come here and say, 'By Jove, what beauty!' And, also, you get to know lots about trees. You get to know what kind of soil you must have — acid, alkaline, with nitrogen; and you get to study it. You get to know that if you want to plant a rose, you have to dig a lot. (As the Americans say: You buy two dollars worth of rose plants, and dig ten dollars worth.) Then you nourish the plant, you manure it, so that your mind is not dead — thinking about your next job, the quarrels with your wife or husband; it begins to be awake.

Have you a telescope here? Have you ever looked at the stars? Do you know what astonishing things there

are in the sky? You see all these stars, the planets, the milky way. They are all moving away from each other at a terrific speed. I do not know how many millions of stars there are, but you can imagine what is happening: each thing pushing away. Think of the space ...

(Pointing) You know, there are rabbits there. There is a big hole in front. Have you noticed it?

S: Yes.

K: What are you going to do? If I was here, do you know what I would do? I am prone to sunstroke, therefore I do not walk much in the sun, but I would plant a tree in that hole; I would put first-class manure in it. You see, to me that hole is an indication of the mind. You are all so occupied with playing cricket, with studying, with quarrelling, with pulling each other's hair, that you are never concerned about the earth. And if you do not have concern about the earth, you will not be living Somebody is concerned about the earth: the farmer.

— *Rishi Valley, February 21, 1956.*

THE FRIEND OF EVERY TREE, BUSH AND FLOWER ON EARTH

There is a path that goes through the green, shining field, through a sunlit wood and beyond. Hardly anyone comes to these woods, full of light and shadows. It is very peaceful there, quiet and isolated. There are

squirrels and an occasional deer, shyly watchful and dashing away; the squirrels watch you from a branch and sometimes scold you. These woods have the perfume of summer and the smell of damp earth. There are enormous trees, old and moss-laden; they welcome you and you feel the warmth of their welcome. Each time you sit there and look up through the branches and leaves at the wonderful blue sky, that peace and welcome are waiting for you. You went with others through the woods but there was aloofness and silence; the people were chattering, indifferent and unaware of the dignity and grandeur of the trees; they had no relationship with them and so in all probability, no relationship with each other. The relationship between the trees and you was complete and immediate; they and you were friends and thus you were the friend of every tree, bush and flower on earth. You were not there to destroy and there was peace between them and you.

— *Krishnamurti's Journal*, Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1991, pp. 63-64.

THE TREE SEEMED TO HOLD THE SKY

The mountains looked down on the endless blue sea, stretching out for miles. The hills were almost barren, sunburned, with small bushes, and in their folds there were trees, sunburned and fire-burned, but they were still there, flourishing and very quiet. There was one tree especially, an enormous old oak, that seemed to dominate all the hills around it. And on the top of

another hill there was a dead tree, burnt by fire; there it stood naked, grey, without a single leaf. When you looked at those mountains, at their beauty and their lines against the blue sky, this tree alone was seen to hold the sky. It had many branches, all dead, and it would never feel the spring again. Yet it was intensely alive with grace and beauty; you felt you were part of it, alone with nothing to lean on, without time. It seemed it would be there for ever, like that big oak in the valley too. One was living and the other was dead, and both were the only things that mattered among these hills, sunburnt, scorched by the fire, waiting for the winter rains. You saw the whole of life, including your own life, in those two trees — one living, one dead. And love lay in between, sheltered, unseen, undemanding.

— *The Only Revolution*, London: Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977, pp. 89-90.

WE LOOK AT TREES WITH AN UTILITARIAN PURPOSE

We never look at a tree, or if we do, it is with a view of using that tree — either to sit in its shade, or to cut it down for lumber. In other words, we look at trees with an utilitarian purpose; we never look at a tree without projecting ourselves and utilizing it for our own convenience. We treat the earth and its products in the same way. *There is no love of earth, there is only usage of earth. If one really loved the earth, there would be frugality in using the things of the earth.* That is, ... if we were to understand our relationship with the earth, we should be very careful in the use we

made of the things of the earth. The understanding of one's relationship with nature is as difficult as understanding one's relationship with one's neighbour, wife and children. But we have not given a thought to it, we have never sat down to look at the stars, the moon or the trees. We are too busy with social or political activities. Obviously, these activities are escapes from ourselves; and to worship nature is also an escape from ourselves. *We are always using nature, either as an escape, or for utilitarian ends* — we never actually stop and love the earth or the things of the earth. We never enjoy the rich fields, though we utilize them to feed and clothe ourselves. We never like to till the earth with our hands — we are ashamed to work with our hands. There is an extraordinary thing that takes place when you work the earth with your hands. But this work is done only by the lower castes; we upper classes are much too important apparently to use our own hands! So, we have lost our relationship with nature. If once we understood that relationship, its real significance, then we would not divide property into yours and mine; though one might own a piece of land and build a house on it, it would not be 'mine' or 'yours' in the exclusive sense — it would be more a means of taking shelter. Because we do not love the earth and the things of the earth but merely utilize them, we are insensitive to the beauty of a waterfall, we have lost the touch of life, we have never sat with our backs against the trunk of a tree; and since we do not love nature, we do not know how to love human beings and animals. Go down the street and watch how the bullocks are treated, their tails all out of shape. You

shake your head and say, 'Very sad'. But we have lost the sense of tenderness, that sensitivity, that response to things of beauty; and it is only in the renewal of that sensitivity that we can have an understanding of what is true relationship. That sensitivity does not come in the mere hanging of a few pictures, or in painting a tree, or putting a few flowers in your hair; *sensitivity comes only when this utilitarian outlook is put aside*. It does not mean that you cannot use the earth, but you must use the earth as it is to be used. *The earth is there to be loved, to be cared for, not to be divided as 'yours' and 'mine'*. It is foolish to plant a tree in a compound and call it 'mine'. *It is only when one is free of exclusiveness that there is a possibility of having sensitivity, not only to nature, but to human beings and to the ceaseless challenges of life.*

— Poona, October 17, 1948.

FORGET YOURSELF FOR AT LEAST A LITTLE WHILE

I was thinking how very few of you — even when you are young and, especially, when you grow older — love anything. You know what it is to love — don't you? When you have a cat to look after, and when you like to take care of it, that is a form of love. Have you ever planted a tree and looked after it? Have you looked after a tree, not when you are told to look after it but when you have voluntarily, easily, happily planted it? When you, with patience — not because you are told — take trouble, take time to water a tree and to see that it is growing properly: not allowing weeds and insects

to eat it up, that is also love. When you love your brother, your father, your husband, your neighbour, that is also love — is it not? But, you see, what happens when you grow older is that all the feeling of warmth goes away. The intense feeling for something, the love of learning, to know how to sing beautifully, to know how to take care of something — a picture, a bird, an animal, a tree, a child, a woman — all that is love, is it not? And, you see, what happens is that — if you have not known what it is to love when you are young — you shall, as you begin to grow older, lose the perfume of this extraordinary thing called love. If you, while you are young, do not know what it is to love, you will never know afterwards. You see, when you grow up love becomes merely a pleasure, a feeling that must be satisfied for otherwise you are disappointed; but that is not love. Therefore it is very important, when you are young, to love: your brother, your sister, your teacher. It is necessary to love — intensely and not just casually — a plant. That is why you should plant trees and take care of them. Will you do it? Will you, here in this place, take the trouble to water it everyday even if you are tired? It does not matter if you are tired; forget yourself and water it. Take care of an animal: a cow, a goat. If you cannot do that, if you really do not feel strongly about something, you will never find out what it is to love, and love will become merely a pleasurable sensation, a thing for gratification

Now, as each one of you cannot have a pet dog, what you should do is to plant trees. Will you? To take care, you understand, is to take trouble; it is to walk half a

mile to water it — the tree; it is to spend your time over it. (Tending the kitchen garden is nothing.) Can you say, ‘This is my tree, I have planted it; I have — even when I was tired — walked to water it; I have cared for it; I have seen that people don’t destroy it’? Do you know what it does to you? Will you do it?
S: Well ...

K: Why are you hesitant about it?

S: Because, sir, we don’t like it.

K: Why don’t you like it? See, the older people — the teachers — don’t do it; they do not care. They are interested in ideas, in mathematics, in reading; they do not care to plant a tree, to manure it, to cherish it. When you love a tree — do you know what it does to you? If all of us cared for one tree — a tree over which we shed tears, cried our hearts.... You see, the teachers do not care and you do not care either. The teachers are concerned with teaching some ugly facts — mathematics; they care nothing about all the extraordinary things of life. But you see, after all, intelligence is not merely to have the capacity to quote Shakespeare, Bertrand Russell or the *Gita*; that is only a very little part. Intelligence is the capacity to love and to forget — in that love — oneself. You do not know all that now, when you are young, but you should know what it is to love something: a tree, a child, a bird which you have tamed, talked to.

— *Rishi Valley,*
November 18, 1954.

I AM PART OF NATURE

PUPUL JAYAKAR (PJ): If you remember, Krishnaji, three days ago we started discussing the ground of a mind from which a new mind emerges. While discussing it, you said that from a ground which is conflict, fear, anger, the new can never emerge; you said that something entirely new is necessary. You also spoke about the senses operating at their highest, simultaneously. I want to start with a question: I'm a newcomer to your talks; I hear this. Where do I begin?

K: Probably at first you won't make head or tail of it. You won't know what K is talking about. So we will have to establish the linguistic, the semantic, meaning, and also be aware of our relationship to nature. Yes, I would begin with that.

I would question why there are no wild animals here at all. I would go into that because if we lost touch with nature of which we are a part, we would lose touch with humanity, with our fellow beings. I would begin there — with my relationship to nature, with my relationship to the beauty of all that.

Pupul, how do you look at nature? How do you look at those hills which are supposed to be amongst the most ancient hills in the world? How do you look at those rocks, those boulders, those trees, those dry rivers and streams? How do you look at those poor village children who walk twelve miles a day to a school? How do you look at those poor people who have not enough food to eat?

PJ: So you are saying, sir, that the starting point of inquiry is in the outer.

K: Absolutely. You see, Pupul, if I don't have the obvious common sense criteria, then how can I ever have a clear perception of myself? Do you understand?

PJ: Yes, I understand.

K: Because the outer is a manifestation of myself. *I am part of nature.* Without understanding the beauty of the land, the rivers and every part of this extraordinary world we live in, this brutal world we live in, with all the cruelty, the terrorism, and so on, how can I ever have a clear perception of myself? What is my relationship to all that? Am I blind to it all? Am I silent to it all? Or do I have certain conclusions which dominate me? And *conclusions are a product of thought, nature is not.*

PJ: Sir, we all think that we look at nature. We think that we look at the trees, that we look at the flowers, and at the rocks. We feel that we look. We feel that as we have eyes, we look. But there is something in the looking and in the relationship that you are talking about, which obviously is not the looking which we are used to.

K: How do you look at nature? Do you look at it only with your eyes? Is the perception of the long evening shadows and the very small shadow of the midday sun merely a visual perception? That is, do you look at

those marvellous shadows only with your eyes? Or do you look at them with your whole being, with all your senses? How do you look at all this? How do you perceive all this? Do you perceive it as though it was something outside you or as something of which you are a part?

PJ: I think one can actually say that there is a looking in which the seer does not exist. But I don't want to start there. That's why I'm coming to you as a beginner, a beginner who says, 'I look with my eyes'. I want to start from there.

K: I would reply to that: Do you only look? Or do you also hear — hear the sound of the whisper among the deep shadows of the trees, the sound of the breeze and of running water? My question is: Do you listen, see and feel?

PJ: Sir, if you are seeing, listening, feeling, then it is a state where everything exists. But I don't know anything about that. So, I would like to approach it from the point of view of a beginner rather than of any other.

K: Would you agree that human beings have lost touch with nature?

PJ: Yes, completely; because when they see, their eyes move over. They never look directly. They never look — period. They consider it too trivial.

K: That's just it. They consider viewing nature as something trivial. They consider nature as something that can be exploited.

PJ: You see, sir, the mind has divided itself. It considers looking at a leaf or a leaf's movement as something unimportant; what is important is something vast.

K: So, let's begin. What is important? For the average man, for the ordinary person, what is important? Food, clothes, shelter — that's all that he is concerned with.

PJ: No, sir. Beyond that there is the sacred, the divine, God.

K: Of course, but I'll come to that later. I'm just beginning with needs — food, clothes, shelter. When he has that, then he begins to think about God as something extraordinary

PJ: And he wants to think of it in a vast

K: He sees the evening sky and the sun rising and sees the immensity of this marvellous world, and he says, 'Who created all this?' Right?

PJ: The capacity to see that the small and the vast are at the same level of importance

K: Yes, there's no vast and small.

— *Fire In The Mind: Pupul Jayakar Dialogues With J Krishnamurti*, New Delhi: Penguin Books India (P) Ltd, 1995, pp. 233- 236.

**LIFE IS MEANT TO BE LIVED
LIKE A TREE GROWING BEAUTIFULLY**

PARTICIPANT (P): Creating or receiving problems and trying to solve them has become a rule of life for us, and this way of doing things nurtures my being.

K: Therefore, your being is a problem. But you are missing my point. Your being is identity: with the country, with the literature, with the language, with the gods. You are identified and, therefore, you have taken root in a place. Therefore, that becomes your being. There is no separate being apart from that.

There is no spiritual being, no god-being — I do not believe in all that; I am entirely sceptical. So I say to myself: Why have I — or you — made *life*, which is *meant to be lived like a tree growing beautifully*, into this? I can not live that way. I will not live that way. Whether god exists, etc. — I am totally indifferent to all that; I totally discard all that, and I say to myself, ‘I won’t live the way you are living; I won’t’. I will go away to the mountains rather than live that way. You have destroyed living, *you have destroyed living by knowledge, by science, by computers*. You have destroyed my living. I can retire into the mountains — but that makes no meaning.

— *The Last Talks*, Madras: Krishnamurti Foundation India, 1989, pp. 20-21.

THE TREE IN ITS VERY EXISTENCE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING

To be nothing is to have no image of yourself. And we have a great many images of ourselves. To have no image of any kind, no illusion, is to be absolutely nothing. The tree is nothing to itself. It exists. And in its very existence it is the most beautiful thing, like those hills: they exist. They don't become something, because they can't. Like a seed of an oak, of an apple tree; it is apple; it doesn't try to become the pear, or another fruit — it is. So when there is nothing, there is. Do you understand? This is meditation. This is the ending of the search; and then truth is.

— Ojai, May 22, 1983.

IN BEING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING, THERE IS VAST BEAUTY

So, I hope that after listening for an hour and a half — or whatever time — you walk out leaving all your images behind, and look at the tree as though you were looking at it for the first time. Then you will have tears in your eyes because of the beauty of the tree. Then you will see the mountains and the hills and the shadows as you have never seen them before. Then you will see your wife, your friend, your husband for the first time; you will see the beauty of all that for first time. And then you will see yourself without any image, and you will realize that you are nothing — and *in*

being absolutely nothing there is vast beauty. Then you will know what truth is.

— Saanen August 6, 1972.

WE HUMAN BEINGS ARE SUPPOSED TO BE MORE INTELLIGENT

We human beings have inherited all the animal instinct as well as intelligence. Animals are jealous; animals are aggressive; animals are acquisitive: they store up, like a squirrel during the summer for the winter time. I have seen them — squirrels. They have come to me, and I have fed them. And they take all the nuts back, and put them into a hole in a tree; they store up all the nuts for the winter. So, animals have this instinct and the intelligence to store up for the winter. Animals have this instinct to be acquisitive, to be possessive, to be angry, to be aggressive, to be violent. You can observe all this if you are watching animals. And we have acquired this aggression, competition, this anger, this jealousy, and so on, from the animals.

Now, we human beings are supposed to be more intelligent. But we have the animal responses still in us. Now, unless we change the animal responses in each human being, we are still at the level of the animal. The more we get educated, the more the animal instincts must be refined and put away. That is the essence of education — at least for me. For me, education is not merely passing examinations, and having the gift of the gab. Very clever people can do all that. But clever people are not necessarily intelligent people. Nor

necessarily — though they may have passed examinations — educated people. I mean by ‘educated’ not being ambitious, greedy, envious, angry, violent, aggressive. One of the functions of education is to tame, to modify, to get rid of the responses which have been inherited from the animal. Is it possible to free the mind from the way of all these animal responses without compulsion?

— *Rishi Valley, February 7, 1967.*

KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA GATHERING, 2009

Krishnamurti Foundation India is happy to announce that the next Public Gathering will be held at the Rajghat Education Centre, KFI, from the 11th of November to the 14th of November, 2009.

Participants are expected to arrive on November 10th, and leave after lunch on November 14th, 2009.

In addition to viewing Krishnamurti's videoed talks, and listening to lectures, there will be group discussions, chanting, moments of silence, evening walks and cultural programmes.

For details please contact, with your full postal address:

Co-ordinator

KFI Gathering 2009

The Krishnamurti Study Centre

Rajghat Fort

Varanasi — 221 001

Uttara Pradesh

Telephones: (0542) 2440336/2440682/ 2441536

Fax: (0542) 2430218

E.mail: kfirajghat@gmail.com/kfivns@satyam.net.in

kcentrevns@satyam.net.in

ADDRESSES OF J KRISHNAMURTI SCHOOLS

- RAJGHAT EDUCATIONAL CENTRE
Rajghat Fort, Varanasi - 221 001
Uttar Pradesh
E.mail: kfirajghat@gmail.com
kfivns@satyam.net.in
kcentrevns@satyam.net.in
Fax: (0542) 2430 218
Telephones: (0542) 2440336/2440682/ 2441536
- Boarding School
Ages 7 to 19
- VASANTA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
Rajghat Fort
Varanasi — 221 001
Uttar Pradesh
Telephone: (0542) 2430 587
- B.A. & B.ED.
(Humanities only)
- RISHI VALLEY SCHOOL
Rishi Valley — 517 352
Chittoor District
Andhra Pradesh
E.mail: office@rishivalley.org
Fax: (08571) 280261
Telephones: (08571) 280622/ 280582/280044
- Boarding School
Ages 8 to 17
- THE SCHOOL
'Damodar Gardens'
Besant Avenue
Madras — 600 020
E.mail: theschool.kfi.chennai@gmail.com
Telephone: (044) 24915845
- Day-Boarding School
Ages 3½ to 17
- The Valley School
'Haridvanam', Thatguni Post
Off Kanakapura Road
Bangalore — 560 062
E.mail: thevalleyschool@vsnl.net
thevalleyschool@sify.com
Telephones: (080) 28435240/28435241/28435242
- Day-Boarding School
Ages 6 to 17

BAL-ANAND
'Akash Deep'
28, Dongersi Road
Bombay — 400 006
Telephone: (022) 2362 7817

An After-School Centre
for young children

SAHYADRI SCHOOL
Tiwai Hills, Rajgurunagar Taluk
Pune District — 410 513
E.mail: sahyadrischool@vsnl.net
Fax: (02135) 284269
Telephone: (02135) 284270/71/72

Boarding School
Ages 10 to 15

THE OAK GROVE SCHOOL
220 West Lomita Avenue
Ojai, CA 93023, U.S. of A.
E.mail: office@oakgroveschool.com
Fax: (001-805) 646 6509
Telephone: (001-805) 646 8236

Day/Boarding School
Ages 3½ to 17

BROCKWOOD PARK SCHOOL
Bramdean,
Hampshire SO24 OLQ
England
E.mail: admin@brockwood.org.uk
Fax: (0044-1962) 771 875
Telephone: (0044-1962) 771 744

Education Centre and
Boarding School
14 years upwards

* * * *

BULLETIN
KRISHNAMURTI FOUNDATION INDIA

Please note that the editorial matter in this Bulletin does not reflect any official position of Krishnamurti Foundation India. The Editor is responsible for selecting materials to be printed in the Bulletin and for any editorial comments on these selections.

Copyright Notice: Passages from Krishnamurti are protected under International Copyright Laws and may not be reproduced in any form without prior written permission from the copyright holders. For materials prior to 1968: Copyright © Krishnamurti Foundation of America, Box 1560, Ojai, CA 93024, USA. All rights reserved. For materials from 1968 onwards: Copyright © Krishnamurti Foundation Trust Ltd, Brockwood Park, Bramdean, Hampshire SO24 OLQ, UK. All rights reserved.

Krishnamurti Foundation India
124, 126 (Old 64-65) Greenways Road, Chennai 600 028, India

Published by G. Rajeev on behalf of the Krishnamurti Foundation India, 124, 126 (old 64-65) Greenways Road, Chennai – 600 028.
Editor: Dr Radhika Herzberger. Printed by N. Subramanian at M/s Sudarsan Graphics, 27, Neelakanta Mehta Street, T. Nagar, Chennai – 600 017.

**KFI BULLETIN, ENGLISH
SUBSCRIPTION FORM**

Annual Subscription (India)	Rs 75.00
Annual Subscription (Foreign)	US \$ 5.00
Five-year Subscription (India)	Rs 375.00

(DD or MO, in favour of KFI Publications payable at Chennai, to the address below)

KFI Publications
Krishnamurti Foundation India
'Vasanta Vihar'
124, 126, Greenways Road
CHENNAI 600 028.

Dear Sir,

Please enrol me as a subscriber/renew my subscription to the 'KFI Bulletin' for the present year/five years.

Name (in block letters) _____

Address: _____

PAYMENT ENCLOSED (Rs 75/Rs 375/US\$5)

BY D.D. No _____

DATED _____ ISSUED BY _____

**KFI BULLETIN, HINDI
SUBSCRIPTION FORM**

Annual Subscription (India)	Rs 100.00
Annual Subscription (Foreign)	US \$ 5.00
Five-year Subscription (India)	Rs 250.00
Five-year Subscription (Foreign)	US \$ 25.00
Life Subscription (India)	Rs 1000.00
Life Subscription (Foreign)	US \$ 75.00

Please send DD or MO in favour of KFI Study Centre payable at Varanasi, to the address below:

J. Krishnamurti Prajna Parisad
Krishnamurti Foundation India
Rajghat Fort
VARANASI 221 001

Dear Sir,

Please enrol me as an annual subscriber/five-yearly subscriber/
life subscriber for the *Parisamvad*.

Name (in block letters) _____

Address: _____

PAYMENT ENCLOSED (Rs 100/Rs 250/Rs 1000/US \$ 5/US \$ 25/US \$ 75)

BY D.D. No _____

DATED _____ ISSUED BY _____

Registered with The Registrar of Newspapers for India
Under No:TNENG/2003/12845

Published by G. Rajeev on behalf of the Krishnamurti
Foundation India, 124, 126 (old 64-65) Greenways Road,
Chennai – 600 028. Printed by N. Subramanian at
M/s Sudarsan Graphics, 27, Neelakanta Mehta Street,
T. Nagar, Chennai – 600 017.
Editor: Dr Radhika Herzberger.