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FROM THE EDITOR

In the next three issues of the *Bulletin* we examine Krishnamurti's use of water images; they have profound associations of meaning in his writing: water sustains life, purifies it; in the form of a stagnant pool it stifles life; water floods and drowns humanity; the windswept monsoon destroys landscapes; water quenches thirst. Krishnamurti held that language imprisons the communicator and, yet, his use of figurative language to communicate his teaching is masterly.

Direct description of nature, without resort to metaphor, creates a second non-metaphorical perspective in Krishnamurti's writing. Here nature is directly observed by a mind steeped in meditation. The perception is accurate and minute, without the intervening division between subject and object; the seer standing apart and examining what he sees is absent. The first entry in this issue begins with a short description of the Ganga and ends with instructions on listening. The second entry draws the audiences' attention to the stagnant pools by the side of the water, then draws an analogy between the life individuals create for themselves, away from the great body of water that lies besides them. Here metaphor and observation are drawn together in a complex unity.

We thus continue our examination of Krishnamurti's use of metaphorical language to express the role of nature in transforming human consciousness. His writings show how he directly connects the outer world as pure sensation with the unexplored inner world of pure observation, in non-divided, all-encompassing attention. And, often, he uses metaphorical language to convey this unified way of seeing, both the unknown territory that marks our inner worlds and the external world of nature. Unified attention, he believes, reconfigures human consciousness, animates it with the love of truth, and allows humanity to '*flower* in godness and beauty.'

– RH

WATCH THE WATER FLOW BY

Have you ever sat on the on the banks of a river and watched the water go by? You cannot do anything about the water. There is the clear water, and the dead leaves and the branches. You see a dead animal go by. And you are watching all that. You see the movement of the water, the clarity of the water, the swift current of the water and the fullness of the water. But you cannot do anything. You watch and you let the water flow by. So, in the same way, listen to what I want to talk about this morning.

– Krishnamurti *On Education*,
(Excerpted from 'On Freedom and Order')

THE STAGNANT POOL ALONG THE RIVER

I don't know if on your walks you have noticed a long, narrow pool beside the river. Some fishermen must have dug it, and it is not connected with the river. The river is flowing steadily, deep and wide, but this pool is heavy with scum because it is not connected with the life of the river, and there are no fish in it. It is a stagnant pool, and the deep river, full of life and vitality, flows swiftly along.

Now, don't you think human beings are like that? They dig a little pool for themselves away from the swift current of life, and in that little pool they stagnate, die; and this stagnation, this decay we call existence. That is, we all want a state of permanency; we want certain desires to last for ever, we want pleasures to have no end. We dig a little hole and barricade ourselves in it with our families, with our ambitions, our cultures, our fears, our gods, our various forms of worship, and there we die, letting life go by – that life which is

impermanent, constantly changing, which is so swift, which has such enormous depths, such extraordinary vitality and beauty.

Have you not noticed that if you sit quietly on the banks of the river you hear its song – the lapping of the water, the sound of the current going by? There is always a sense of movement, an extraordinary movement towards the wider and the deeper. But in the little pool there is no movement at all, its water is stagnant. And if you observe you will see that this is what most of us want: little stagnant pools of existence away from life. We say that our pool-existence is right, and we have invented a philosophy to justify it; we have developed social, political, economic and religious theories in support of it, and we don't want to be disturbed because, you see, what we are after is a sense of permanency.

Do you know what it means to seek permanency? It means wanting the pleasurable to continue indefinitely and wanting that which is not pleasurable to end as quickly as possible. We want the name that we bear to be known and to continue through family through property. We want a sense of permanency in our relationships, in our activities, which means that we are seeking a lasting, continuous life in the stagnant pool; we don't want any real changes there, so we have built a society which guarantees us the permanency of property, of name, of fame.

But you see, life is not like that at all; life is not permanent. Like the leaves that fall from a tree, all things are impermanent, nothing endures; there is always change and death. Have you ever noticed a tree standing naked against the sky, how beautiful it is? All its branches are outlined, and in its nakedness there is a poem, there is a song. Every leaf is gone and it is waiting for the spring. When the spring comes it again

fills the tree with the music of many leaves, which in due season fall and are blown away; and that is the way of life.

But we don't want anything of that kind. We cling to our children, to our traditions, to our society, to our names and our little virtues, because we want permanency; and that is why we are afraid to die. We are afraid to lose the things we know. But life is not what we would like it to be; life is not permanent at all. Birds die, snow melts away, trees are cut down or destroyed by storms, and so on. But we want everything that gives us satisfaction to be permanent; we want our position, the authority we have over people, to endure. We refuse to accept life as it is in fact.

The fact is that life is like the river: endlessly moving on, ever seeking, exploring, pushing, overflowing its banks, penetrating every crevice with its water. But, you see, the mind won't allow that to happen to itself. The mind sees that it is dangerous, risky to live in a state of impermanency, insecurity, so it builds a wall around itself: the wall of tradition, of organized religion, of political and social theories. Family, name, property, the little virtues that we have cultivated – these are all within the walls, away from life. Life is moving, impermanent, and it ceaselessly tries to penetrate, to break down these walls, behind which there is confusion and misery. The gods within the walls are all false gods, and their writings and philosophies have no meaning because life is beyond them.

Now, a mind that has no walls, that is not burdened with its own acquisitions, accumulations, with its own knowledge, a mind that lives timelessly, insecurely – to such a mind life is an extraordinary thing. Such a mind is life itself, because life has no resting place. But most of us want a resting place; we want

a little house, a name, a position, and we say these things are very important. We demand permanency and create a culture based on this demand, inventing gods which are not gods at all but merely a projection of our own desires.

A mind which is seeking permanency soon stagnates; like that pool along the river, it is soon full of corruption, decay. Only the mind which has no walls, no foothold, no barrier, no resting place, which is moving completely with life, timelessly pushing on, exploring, exploding, only such a mind can be happy, eternally new, because it is creative in itself.

Do you understand what I am talking about? You should, because all this is part of real education and, when you understand it, your whole life will be transformed, your relationship with the world, with your neighbour, with your wife or husband, will have a totally different meaning. Then you won't try to fulfil yourself through anything, seeing that the pursuit of fulfilment only invites sorrow and misery. That is why you should ask your teachers about all this and discuss it among yourselves. If you understand it, you will have begun to understand the extraordinary truth of what life is, and in that understanding there is great beauty and love, the flowering of goodness. But the efforts of a mind that is seeking a pool of security, of permanency, can only lead to darkness and corruption. Once established in the pool, such a mind is afraid to venture out, to seek, to explore; but truth, God, reality or what you will, lies beyond the pool.

*– This Matter of Culture
(Excerpted from Chapter 17)*

**WE TAKE OUT OF THAT FAST RUNNING CURRENT
A BUCKET OF WATER
AND THAT CONFINED WATER BECOMES OUR LIFE**

When you wander through the woods with heavy shadows and dappled light and suddenly come upon an open space, a green meadow surrounded by stately trees, or a sparkling stream, you wonder why man has lost his relationship to nature and the beauty of the earth, the fallen leaf and the broken branch. If you have lost touch with nature, then you will inevitably lose relationship with another. Nature is not just the flowers, the lovely green lawn or the flowing waters in your little garden, but the whole earth with all the things on it. We consider that nature exists for our use, for our convenience, and so lose communion with the earth. This sensitivity to the fallen leaf and to the tall tree on a hill is far more important than all the passing of examinations and having a bright career. Those are not the whole of life. Life is like a vast river with a great volume of water without a beginning or an ending. We take out of that fast running current a bucket of water and that confined water becomes our life. This is our conditioning and our everlasting sorrow.

– Letters to the Schools: Volume One (15th March, 1979)

LIFE GIVES YOU DIRTY WATER

S: Our brain is like a box, sir. When you are young the box is empty, so there are hardly any thoughts. When you grow up, the box starts getting full.

K: That's right. You are like an empty bottle, you are saying, and as you grow up that bottle gets filled. Filled with what?

S: With knowledge.

K: With dirty water? (*Laughter.*) Clean water?

S: Both.

K: Both; that's right. Filled with dirty water and clean water, right? But you can't mix clean water with dirty water; then the clean water becomes dirty. That's what you are doing.

S: How do we get pure water, sir?

K: You don't. Life does not give you pure water; it gives you dirty water. You have pain, you have sorrow, you have grief, you are ambitious; you want to be something or the other. That's all dirty water.

– December 11, 1985

The last talk with the students at Rishi Valley

CLEANING THE WATER IN A TANK

KRISHNAMURTI (K): Be concerned with radical change, with total revolution. The only revolution is between man and man, between human beings. That is our only concern. In this revolution there are no blueprints, no ideologies, no conceptual utopias. We must take the fact of the actual relationship between men and change that radically. **That is the real thing. And this revolution must be immediate, it must not take time. It is not achieved through evolution, which is time.**

QUESTIONER (Q): What do you mean? All historical changes have taken place in time; none of them has been immediate. You are proposing something quite inconceivable.

K: If you take time to change, do you suppose that life is in suspension during the time it takes to change? It isn't in suspension. Everything you are trying to change is being modified and perpetuated by the environment, by life itself. So there is no end

to it. It is like trying to clean the water in a tank which is constantly being refilled with dirty water. So time is out.

– *The Urgency of Change*
(Excerpted from 'The New Human Being')

IN FREEDOM THERE ARE NO BOULDERS AT ALL, ONLY THE MOVEMENT OF THE WATER

QUESTIONER (Q): So, what is freedom? You say that it is not the negation of dependence or the ending of dependence; you say it is not freedom from something, but just freedom. So what is it? Is it an abstraction or an actuality?

KRISHNAMURTI (K): It is not an abstraction. It is the state of mind in which there is no form of resistance whatsoever. It is not like a river accommodating itself to boulders here and there, going round or over them. In this freedom there are no boulders at all, only the movement of the water.

Q: But the boulder of attachment is there in this river of life. You can't just speak about another river in which there are no boulders.

K: We are not avoiding the boulder or saying that it doesn't exist. We must first understand freedom. It is not the same river as the one in which there are the boulders.

Q: I have still got my river with its boulders, and that's what I came to ask about, not about some other unknown river without boulders. That's no good to me.

K: Quite right. But you must understand what freedom is in order to understand your boulders. But don't let us flog this simile to death. We must consider both freedom and attachment.

Q: What has my attachment to do with freedom or freedom with my attachment?

K: In your attachment there is pain. You want to be rid of this pain, so you cultivate detachment which is another form of resistance. In the opposite there is no freedom. These two opposites are identical and mutually strengthen each other. What you are concerned with is how to have the pleasures of attachment without its miseries. You cannot. That is why it is important to understand that freedom does not lie in detachment. In the process of understanding attachment there is freedom, not in running away from attachment. So our question now is, why are human beings attached, dependent?

Being nothing, being a desert in oneself, one hopes through another to find water. Being empty, poor, wretched, insufficient, devoid of interest or importance, one hopes through another to be enriched. Through the love of another one hopes to forget oneself. Through the beauty of another one hopes to acquire beauty. Through the family, through the nation, through the lover, through some fantastic belief, one hopes to cover this desert with flowers. And God is the ultimate lover. So one puts hooks into all these things. In this there is pain and uncertainty, and the desert seems more arid than ever before. Of course it is neither more nor less arid; it is what it was, only one has avoided looking at it while escaping through some form of attachment with its pain, and then escaping from that pain into detachment. But one remains arid and empty as before. So instead of trying to escape, either through attachment or through detachment, can we not become aware of this fact, of this deep inward poverty and inadequacy, this dull, hollow isolation? That is the only thing that matters, not attachment or detachment. Can you look at it without any sense of condemnation or evaluation? When you

do, are you looking at it as an observer who looks at the observed, or without the observer?

Q: What do you mean, the observer?

K: Are you looking at it from a centre with all its conclusions of like and dislike, opinion, judgement, the desire to be free of this emptiness and so on – are you looking at this aridness with the eyes of conclusion – or are you looking with eyes that are completely free? When you look at it with completely free eyes there is no observer. If there is no observer, is there the thing observed as loneliness, emptiness, wretchedness?

Q: Do you mean to say that that tree doesn't exist if I look at it without conclusions, without a centre which is the observer?

K: Of course the tree exists.

Q: Why does loneliness disappear but not the tree when I look without the observer?

K: Because the tree is not created by the centre, by the mind of the 'me'. But the mind of the 'me', in all its self-centred activity has created this emptiness, this isolation. And when that mind, without the centre, looks, the self-centred activity ends. So the loneliness is not. Then the mind functions in freedom. Looking at the whole structure of attachment and detachment, and the movement of pain and pleasure, we see how the mind of the 'me' builds its own desert and its own escapes. When the mind of the 'me' is still, then there is no desert and there is no escape.

– The Urgency of Change (Excerpted from 'Dependence')

LOVE IS LIKE THE RUNNING WATERS OF A RICH RIVER

Probably love has totally disappeared from this world. Love implies generosity, care, not to hurt another, not to make another feel guilty, to be generous, courteous, and to behave in such a manner that your words and thoughts are born out of compassion. Of course you cannot be compassionate if you belong to organized religious institutions – large powerful, traditional, dogmatic – that insist on faith. There must be freedom to love. That love must be not pleasure, desire, a remembrance of things that have gone. Love is not the opposite of jealousy, hate and anger.

All that may sound rather Utopian, idealistic, something that man can only aspire to. But if you believe that then you will go on killing. Love is as real, as strong, as death. It has nothing to do with imagination, or sentiment, or romanticism; and naturally it has nothing to do with power, position, prestige. It is as still as the waters of the sea and as powerful as the sea; it is like the running waters of a rich river flowing endlessly, without a beginning or an end.

*– Krishnamurti to Himself
Ojai, California; Tuesday, 26th April, 1983*

MEDITATION IS LIKE A RAINDROP THAT NOURISHES THE EARTH

The sun came up in a clear sky; you couldn't see it for there were many chimneys in the way but its radiance filled the sky; and the flowers on the little terrace seemed to come to life and their colour became more brilliant and intense. It was a beautiful morning full of light and the sky became a marvellous blue. Meditation included that blue and those flowers; they were part of it; they wound their way through it; they were not

a distraction. There's no distraction really, for meditation is not concentration, which is exclusion, a cutting off, a resistance and so a conflict. A meditative mind can concentrate which then is not an exclusion, a resistance, but a concentrated mind cannot meditate. It's curious how all-important meditation becomes; there's no end to it nor is there a beginning to it. It's like a raindrop; in that drop are all the streams, the great rivers, the seas and the waterfalls; that drop nourishes the earth and man; without it, the earth would be a desert. Without meditation the heart becomes a desert, a wasteland. Meditation has its own movement; you can't direct it, shape it or force it, if you do, it ceases to be meditation. This movement ceases if you are merely an observer, if you are the experiencer. Meditation is the movement that destroys the observer, the experiencer; it's a movement that is beyond all symbol, thought and feeling. Its rapidity is not measurable.

But the clouds were covering the sky and there was a battle going on between them and the wind, and the wind was conquering. There was a wide expanse of blue, so blue and the clouds were extravagant, full of light and darkness and those to the north seemed to have forgotten time, but space was theirs. In the park [the Champ de Mars] the ground was covered with autumn leaves and the pavement was full of them. It was a bright, fresh morning and the flowers were splendid in their summer colours. Beyond the huge, tall open tower [the Eiffel Tower], the main attraction, passed a funeral procession, the coffin and the hearse covered with flowers, followed by many cars. Even in death, we want to be important, to our vanity and pretence there is no end. Everyone wants to be somebody or be associated with someone who is somebody – power and success, little or great – and [be] recognized. Without recognition they have no

meaning, recognized by the many or by the one who is dominated. Power is always respected and so is made respectable. Power is always evil, wielded by the politician or by the saint or by the wife over the husband. However evil it is, everyone craves for it, and those who have it want more of it. And that hearse with those gay flowers in the sun seems so far away and even death does not end power, for it continues in another. It's the torch of evil that continues from generation to generation. Few can put it aside, widely and freely, without looking back; they have no reward. Reward is success, the halo of recognition. Not to be recognized, failure long forgotten, being nobody when all striving and conflict has ceased, there comes a blessing which is not of the church nor of the gods of man. Children were calling and playing as the hearse passed by, never even looking at it, absorbed in their game and laughter.

– *Notebook, (Part 4, Paris, 7th September, 1961)*

A STONE MAY DIRECT THE COURSE OF A RIVER

QUESTIONER (Q): Did you seriously mean what you said when you suggested last week that one should retire from the world when one is around forty-five or so?

KRISHNAMURTI (K): I suggested this seriously. Almost all of us, till death overtakes us, are so caught up in worldliness that we have no time to search out deeply, to discover the real. To retire from the world necessitates a complete change in educational and economic systems, does it not? If you did retire, you would be unprepared, you would be lost, you would be lonely, you would not know what to do with yourself. You would not know how to think. You would probably form new groups, new organizations with new beliefs, badges and labels, and once again be active outwardly,

doing reforms which will need further reform. But this is not what I mean. To retire from the world you must be prepared: by the right kind of occupation, by creating the right kind of environment, by setting up the right State, by right education, and so on. If you have been so prepared, then to withdraw from worldliness at any age is the natural and not an abnormal sequence; you withdraw to flow into deep and pure awareness, you withdraw not into isolation but to find the real; to help to transform the ever-congealing, conflicting society and State. All this would involve a wholly different kind of education, an upheaval in our social and economic order. Such a group of people would be completely disassociated from authority, from politics, from all those causes which produce war and antagonism between man and man. A stone may direct the course of a river; so a small number may direct the course of a culture. Surely any great thing is done in this manner.

You will probably say that most of us cannot retire however much we may want to. Naturally all cannot, but some of you can. To live alone or in a small group requires great intelligence. But if you really thought it worthwhile then you would set about it, not as a wonderful act of renunciation but as a natural and intelligent thing for a thoughtful man to do. How extraordinarily important it is that there should be at least some who do not belong to any particular group or race or to any specialized religion or society! They will create the true brotherhood of man for they will be seeking truth. To be free from outward riches there must be the awareness of inward poverty, which brings untold riches. The stream of culture may change its course through a few awakened people. These are not strangers but you and me.

– Ojai, June 11, 1944

ARE YOU COMPLETELY IMMERSED, OR IS YOUR HEAD ABOVE THE WATER?

QUESTIONER (Q): I want, if you are willing, to go further into this question of how I am to live in this world. I do now understand, with my heart and my mind, as you explained yesterday, the utter unimportance of ideals. I had quite a long struggle with it and have come to see the triviality of ideals. You are saying, aren't you, that when there are no ideals or escapes there is only the past, the thousand yesterdays which make up the 'me'? So when I ask, 'How am I to live in this world?' I have not only put a wrong question, but I have also made a contradictory statement, for I have placed the world and the 'me' in opposition to each other. And this contradiction is what I call living. So when I ask the question, 'How am I to live in this world?' I am really trying to improve this contradiction, to justify it, to modify it, because that's all I know; I don't know anything else.

KRISHNAMURTI (K): This then is the question we have now: Must living always be in the past, must all activity spring from the past, is all relationship the outcome of the past, is living the complex memory of the past? That is all we know – the past modifying the present. And the future is the outcome of this past acting through the present. So the past, the present and the future are all the past. And this past is what we call living. The mind is the past, the brain is the past, the feelings are the past, and action coming from these is the positive activity of the known. This whole process is your life and all the relationship and activity that you know. So when you ask how you are to live in this world, you are asking for a change of prisons.

Q: I don't mean that. What I mean is: I see very clearly that my process of thinking and doing is the past working through the present to the future. This is all I know, and that's a fact. And I realize that unless there is a change in this structure I am caught in it, I am of it. From this the question inevitably arises: How am I to change?

K: To live in this world sanely there must be a radical change of the mind and of the heart.

Q: Yes, but what do you mean by change? How am I to change if whatever I do is the movement of the past? I can only change myself, nobody else can change me. And I don't see what it means – to change.

K: So the question 'How am I to live in this world?' has now become 'How am I to change?' – bearing in mind that the 'how?' doesn't mean a method, but is an enquiry to understand. What is change? Is there any change at all? Or can you ask whether there is any change at all only after there has been a total change and revolution? Let's begin again to find out what this word means. Change implies a movement from what-is to something different. Is this something different merely an opposite, or does it belong to a different order altogether? If it is merely an opposite then it is not different at all, because all opposites are mutually dependent, like hot and cold, high and low. The opposite is contained within, and determined by, its opposite; it exists only in comparison, and things that are comparative have different measures of the same quality, and therefore they are similar. So change to an opposite is no change at all. Even if this going towards what seems different gives you the feeling that you are really doing something, it is an illusion.

Q: Let me absorb this for a moment.

K: So what are we concerned with now? Is it possible to bring about in ourselves the birth of a new order altogether that is not related to the past? The past is irrelevant to this enquiry, and trivial, because it is irrelevant to the new order.

Q: How can you say it is trivial and irrelevant? We've been saying all along that the past is the issue, and now you say it is irrelevant.

K: The past seems to be the only issue because it is the only thing that holds our minds and hearts. It alone is important to us. But why do we give importance to it? Why is this little space all-important? If you are totally immersed in it, utterly committed to it, then you will never listen to change. The man who is not wholly committed is the only one capable of listening, enquiring and asking. Only then will he be able to see the triviality of this little space. So, are you completely immersed, or is your head above the water? If your head is above the water then you can see that this little thing is trivial. Then you have room to look around. How deeply are you immersed? Nobody can answer this for you except yourself. In the very asking of this question there is already freedom and, therefore, one is not afraid. Then your vision is extensive. When this pattern of the past holds you completely by the throat, then you acquiesce, accept, obey, follow, believe. It is only when you are aware that this is not freedom that you are starting to climb out of it. So we are again asking: what is change, what is revolution? Change is not a movement from the known to the known, and all political revolutions are that. This kind of change is not what we are talking about. To progress from being a sinner to being a saint is to progress from one illusion to another. So now we are free of change as a movement from this to that.

– *The Urgency of Change, (Excerpted from 'How To Live In This World')*

WHEN YOU OBSERVE THE WATER WITH ALL YOUR SENSES THEN THERE IS NO CENTRE AS THE 'ME'

The question is: Can the brain which has been so conditioned by knowledge, which is partial, can that brain which has been so conditioned free itself and act as a whole, practically as well as theoretically? That is, not theoretical nor practical; it is total perception and not partial perception. Is this clear? Am I making the question clear? Can there be a total perception with all your senses active? Or is perception always with part of the brain active, which is partial and therefore limited, and therefore creating all the human problems.

It is possible for the whole of the brain [all the senses] to be active together. (Whole is when all the senses are active, not one sense more active than the other.) That is, sir, when you look at the waters of that river in the early morning where there is not a breath of air, not a ripple, and the sunlight is on that water, the early morning golden light making a path on that water, can you look at it with all your senses? Where there is such an observation, there is no centre; it is only when you observe partially that the centre is formed. That is, wherever there is a partial observation, there must be a limited area. Right? That limited area is the 'me'. Whereas if you observe that light on that water and the early morning with the glory of that clear light on that water with all your senses, then there is no centre because you are observing totally with all your attention. So there is a possibility, if one is attentive, when one is really serious, it is possible to have only memories that are absolutely necessary for daily living, and not have psychological memories accumulated day after day, day after day, which is the real factor of degeneration.

—Rajghat, November 28, 1981

ENQUIRY IS ITS OWN SOURCE WHICH IS NEVER EMPTIED IT IS LIKE A SPRING WELL

Discontent does not necessarily lead to intelligence. Most of us have some kind of dissatisfaction and are not satisfied with most things. We may have money, position and some kind of prestige in the world, but there is always this worm of discontent. The more you have the more you want. Satisfaction is never satisfied. Discontent is like a flame: however much you feed it, it absorbs more. It is curious how easily satisfaction finds its temporary fulfilment and one holds onto it, though it soon fades and the wanting more comes back again. It appears this is the constant swing from one object of satisfaction to another, physically as well as inwardly. The 'more' is the root of discontent. The flame of measurement leads either to satiety, indifference and neglect, or to a wider and deeper enquiry.

In enquiry satisfaction is not the goal. Enquiry is its own source which is never emptied. It is like the spring well, and it can never forget itself through any kind of satisfaction. This flame can never be smothered by any outward or inward activity of achievement. Most of us have this tiny flame which is generally smothered by some form of gain, but in order to allow this tiny flame to burn furiously, the measurement of 'the more' must totally end. Then only the flame burns away all sense of gratification.

— Letters to the Schools: Volume 2, January 1, 1983

THE SPRING OF THE INEXHAUSTIBLE

It was a long, wide canal, leading from the river into lands that had no water. The canal was higher than the river, and the water which entered it was controlled by a system of locks. It

was peaceful along that canal; heavy-laden barges moved up and down it, and their white triangular sails stood out against the blue sky and the dark palms. It was a lovely evening, calm and free, and the water was very still. The reflections of the palms and of the mango trees were so sharp and clear that it was confusing to distinguish the actual from the reflection. The setting sun made the water transparent, and the glow of evening was on its face. The evening star was beginning to show among the reflections. The water was without a movement, and the few passing villagers, who generally talked so loud and long, were silent. Even the whisper among the leaves had stopped. From the meadow came some animal; it drank, and disappeared as silently as it had come. Silence held the land, it seemed to cover everything.

Noise ends, but silence is penetrating and without end. One can shut oneself off from noise, but there is no enclosure against silence; no wall can shut it out, there is no resistance against it. Noise shuts all things out, it is excluding and isolating; silence includes all things within itself. Silence, like love, is indivisible; it has no division of noise and silence. The mind cannot follow it or be made still to receive it. The mind that is made still can only reflect its own images, and they are sharp and clear, noisy in their exclusion. A mind that is made still can only resist, and all resistance is agitation. The mind that is still and not made still is ever experiencing silence; the thought, the word, is then within the silence, and not outside of it. It is strange how, in this silence, the mind is tranquil, with a tranquillity that is not formed. As tranquillity is not marketable, has no value, and is not usable, it has a quality of the pure, of the alone. That which can be used is soon worn out. Tranquillity does not begin or end, and a mind thus tranquil is aware of a bliss that is not the reflection of its own desire.

She said she had always been agitated by something or other; if it was not the family, it was the neighbour or some social activity. Agitation had filled her life, and she had never been able to find the reason for these constant upheavals. She was not particularly happy; and how could one be with the world as it was? She had had her share of passing happiness, but all that was in the past and now she was hunting for something that would give a meaning to life. She had been through many things which at the time seemed worth while, but which afterwards faded into nothingness. She had been engaged in many social activities of the serious kind; she had ardently believed in the things of religion, had suffered because of death in her family, and had faced a major operation. Life had not been easy with her, she added, and there were millions of others in the world like herself. She wanted to go beyond all this business, whether foolish or necessary and find something that was really worth while.

The things that are worth while are not to be found. They cannot be bought, they must happen; and the happening cannot be cunningly planned. Is it not true that anything that has deep significance always happens, it is never brought about? The happening is important, not the finding. The finding is comparatively easy, but the happening is quite another matter. Not that it is difficult; but the urge to seek, to find, must wholly stop for the happening to take place. Finding implies losing; you must have in order to lose. To possess or be possessed is never to be free to understand.

But why has there always been this agitation, this restlessness? Have you seriously inquired into it before?

I have attempted it half-heartedly, but never purposely. I have always been distracted.

Not distracted, if one may point out; it is simply that this has never been a vital problem to you. When there is a vital problem, then there is no distraction. Distraction does not exist; distraction implies a central interest from which the mind wanders; but if there is a central interest, there is no distraction. The mind's wandering from one thing to another is not distraction; it is an avoidance of what-is. We like to wander far away because the problem is very close. The wandering gives us something to do, like worry and gossip; and though the wandering is often painful, we prefer it to what-is.

Do you seriously wish to go into all this, or are you merely playing around with it?

I really want to go through to the very end of it. That is why I have come.

You are unhappy because there is no spring that keeps the well full, is that it? You may once have heard the whisper of water on the pebbles, but now the riverbed is dry. You have known happiness, but it has always receded, it is always a thing of the past. Is that spring the thing you are groping after? And can you seek it, or must you come upon it unexpectedly? If you knew where it was, you would find means to get to it; but not knowing, there is no path to it. To know it is to prevent the happening of it. Is that one of the problems?

That definitely is. Life is so dull and uncreative, and if that thing could happen one wouldn't ask for anything more.

Is loneliness a problem?

I don't mind being lonely, I know how to deal with it. I

*either go out for a walk, or sit quietly with it till it goes.
Besides, I like being alone.*

We all know what it is to be lonely: an aching, fearsome emptiness that cannot be appeased. We also know how to run away from it, for we have all explored the many avenues of escape. Some are caught in one particular avenue, and others keep on exploring; but neither are in direct relationship with what-is. You say you know how to deal with loneliness. If one may point out, this very action upon loneliness is your way of avoiding it. You go out for a walk, or sit with loneliness till it goes. You are always operating upon it, you do not allow it to tell its story. You want to dominate it, to get over it, to run away from it; so your relationship with it is that of fear.

Is fulfilment also a problem? To fulfil oneself in something implies the avoidance of what one is, does it not? I am puny; but if I identify myself with the country, with the family, or with some belief, I feel fulfilled, complete. This search for completeness is the avoidance of what-is.

Yes, that is so; that is also my problem.

If we can understand what-is then, perhaps, all these problems will cease. Our approach to any problem is to avoid it; we want to do something about it. The 'doing' prevents our being in direct relationship with it, and this approach blocks the understanding of the problem. The mind is occupied with finding a way to deal with the problem, which is really an avoidance of it; and so the problem is never understood, it is still there. For the problem, the what-is, to unfold and tell its story fully, the mind must be sensitive, quick to follow. If we anaesthetize the mind through escapes, through knowing how to deal with the problem, or through seeking an explanation or

a cause for it, which is only a verbal conclusion, then the mind is made dull and cannot swiftly follow the story which the problem, the what-is, is unfolding. See the truth of this and the mind is sensitive; and only then can it receive. Any activity of the mind with regard to the problem only makes it dull and, so, incapable of following, of listening to the problem. When the mind is sensitive – not made sensitive, which is only another way of making it dull – then the what-is, the emptiness, has a wholly different significance.

Please be experiencing as we go along, do not remain on the verbal level. What is the relationship of the mind to what-is? So far, the what-is has been given a name, a term, a symbol of association, and this naming prevents direct relationship, which makes the mind dull, insensitive. The mind and what-is are not two separate processes, but naming separates them. When this naming ceases, there is a direct relationship: the mind and the what-is are one. The what-is is now the observer himself without a term, and only then is the what-is transformed; it is no longer the thing called emptiness with its associations of fear, and so on. Then the mind is only the state of experiencing, in which the experiencer and the experienced are not. Then there is immeasurable depth, for he who measures is gone. That which is deep is silent, tranquil, and in this tranquillity is the spring of the inexhaustible. The agitation of the mind is the usage of word. When the word is not, the measureless is.

– *Commentaries on Living: Series I,*
(*Excerpted from Chapter 82, 'Distraction'*)

**YOU COME TO A WELL AND YOU GET WATER
ACCORDING TO THE SIZE OF WHATEVER VESSEL YOU
CARRY**

RADHA BURNIER (RB): We come back again to your first question: What is it all about? Apart from the question of gurus, what is the fundamental answer to life?

J KRISHNAMURTI (K): I wonder if we could find out. Could you dig into it? Could you dig everything out of me? Do you understand what I mean? You come to a well and you get water according to the size of your bucket; whatever vessel you carry, that is the amount of water you get. You have read a great deal of the ancient literature, you have practised, you have read what we have talked about. You are well-equipped from the traditional point of view, and you know what is happening in the world. Now, you and I meet. Dig out of me as much as you can. Question me about everything, from the beginning to the end. Question deeply as the conformist and as the non-conformist, as a guru, as a non-guru, as a disciple and as a non-disciple. It is like going to a well with tremendous thirst, wanting to find out everything. Do it that way, sir. Then I think it will be profitable.

– Tradition and Revolution, (Excerpted from Dialogue 21)

**GO TO THE WELL WITHOUT A BUCKET
AND BE THE WELL**

A: *Sir, what is immobility of attention?*

K: The gentleman wants to know what I mean by ‘immobility of attention’. Need I explain it? You know what is ‘mobility’: changing, moving, reshaping, reforming; always in movement. Is attention of that quality? – That is, one day I am attentive,

the next day I am not; one day it is clear, pure, you see things most extraordinarily clearly, the next day you are confused, uncertain, depressed. Is that attention? Or is attention something that is absolutely quiet, without any movement and, therefore, without any border? Do you understand, sir? Anything that has a movement, has a border. Right? Mechanically, even. Right?

I said, sir: Attention is steady, completely without this movement which is brought about by thought. Now have you, sitting there listening, have you this attention? If you haven't got it – why? Who is preventing you: your neighbour, your social position, your poverty, or you are really not serious, you really are not listening? Sir, you can go to the well with a small bucket, or you can go to the well without a bucket and be the well. But most of us go to the well with a pitcher that breaks, and we blame others or our own carelessness. I am asking you: You have spent an hour and a quarter discussing, talking over together, the most important things of life, because when you understand that – the highest and the greatest thing in life – then you will know how to act in this world. But without that, whatever you do in this world will be a confusion, more misery, more conflict. Therefore, have you listened, paid attention, cared to find out? Or, you just come with a little curiosity and are influenced by somebody sitting on a platform; and therefore you go away secondhand, never having drunk at the fountain?

– New Delhi, November 18, 1972

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THE FOUNTAIN

I want to find out if there is a source, a fountain, waters that once drunk will bring about such intelligence that will reply, answer, solve, all the problems.

– Saanen, *Sixth Public Discussion, August 1972*

If that fountain is not flowing, you can't work together; you can't build together.

– Rishi Valley, *December 9, 1985 (Discussion with Teachers)*

Unless we human beings come upon that fountain – which does not belong to any group, to any sect, to any guru, to any book – unless we come upon that beauty, that reality, that fountain that brings a new life, unless we discover it for ourselves and not through another, we shall be facing problems that are becoming more and more insoluble.

– Bombay, *First Public Talk, 1974*

Without making an effort, without discipline, controlling, compelling the outer, without imitation and all that, you suddenly come upon the well of life, the original spring of all existence. And once the mind has drunk at that fountain, it has lived and it lives there forever.

– Saanen, *Sixth Public Talk, 1964*

THE FOUNTAIN SEEMS TO ELUDE US

It seems to me, that, if we could find for ourselves an ever-refreshing and refilling source of happiness or bliss, most of our problems would be solved. We are everlastingly searching after that source in all our relationships, in the things that we pursue with motive and sometimes without motive. The things that we accumulate as knowledge and the things of the heart and the mind are all surely an indication – are they not? – that

we want to find some inexhaustible source of bliss from which we can always live and be happy and create. But that fountain seems to elude us. We are always pursuing a phantom, and we never have the substance itself. I think, perhaps if we could consider what we have been discussing the last few times we met here, (namely, the problem of religious revolution, and if we know how to bring about that revolution) it may give us that source, and bliss may come into being in our lives.

Is total revolution a matter of process? Is it a matter of how to get there? Total revolution is not a revolution through a process, through gradual adjustments, denials, resistance and discipline. Total revolution is in the moment. Every other form of revolution or change, it seems to me, is a process of adjustment to a particular pattern, to an ideal, to an Utopia, or what you will; it is a gradual process. And, it seems to me, such a process, such a gradual approach, the so-called evolutionary method, is not religious; it may be scientific, but it is radically not a religious approach at all. It seems to me very important to understand this religious state and to be there but not come to it. And that is not possible, it seems to me, if we think in terms of time – as getting there, arriving, practising a certain method, having a certain approach which will gradually reveal that astonishing, creative release of the Timeless. It is a matter of dying each day to all the things that we know, all that we have experienced, all that we have learnt. The important thing is the dying, not the how-to-die-each-day.

Before we proceed further, it is very important to find out how we listen. If you are an intellectual, if you have read a great many books, if you have acquired great knowledge, and if your brain and your mind is full, can you listen? Does not that very knowledge interfere with what is being said, with your

discovery of truth? Your brain may be very sharp, intellectual, capable of progressive rational examination; but will such a mind, the so-called intellectual mind, come to that state? That state surely can only be when the activity of the mind has ceased. So, is it not important for this so-called intellectual mind, to put aside, if it can, all the things that it has learnt, studied, read? I am sure that other wise the intellectual mind will never find that which is real. The intellectual mind is capable of great deception – because, in the process of analysis, it discards, it puts away and there is always the fear of uncertainty; therefore it clings to some form of belief, as most intellectuals do.

Is it not important for those of us who are not too brainy to know how to listen? The average person who is struggling, who is miserable, feels lost; he does not know where to find comfort, where to find understanding, on whom to rely. Because all the political and so-called religious leaders have led him nowhere, there is greater confusion, greater contradiction in his life. Being the average, so-called mediocre mind, he is everlastingly struggling to be something. Is it not very important for him to find out how to listen? The mediocre man, the average man, like any other mind, really wants to find a method of immediate action; he wants to know what to do, because he is caught in circumstances, in life that has become a routine, a boredom, a self-revealing frustration. Is it not important for a mind which is always striving for an end, for a result, for something to get at, for something by which it will be guided, to know how to listen because what we hear is translated in terms of action? – not that action is not important. It seems to me that the happy man knows to live, and living is his action; but the unhappy man is everlastingly seeking a pattern of action.

As most of us are unhappy, struggling, trying to find some light or happiness, we are more concerned to listen in order to find a pattern of action; and so we are caught in this vain search for a pattern for action and we lose the art of listening – listening not only to what is being said here, but to everything about us: to the roar of the sea, to the song of birds, to children’s voices, to the books that we read. We do not listen because our minds are too occupied, and our occupations are petty. Even the mind that is occupied or concerned with the search for God is petty because it is occupied. It is only the mind that is free, quiet and unoccupied, that has bliss, that has infinite space; to such a mind comes that which is eternal. A mind that is occupied with worries, with the salvation of mankind, with social reforms, with knowledge – such a mind can never listen, because there is no space, no emptiness, in which a new thing, a new seed, can come into being. I think it is very important to have such a space in your mind: unoccupied, quiet, without striving – because only in those dark moments the light is seen dimly. But you cannot see this when the mind is constantly occupied, pursuing, asking begging.

There are those minds which listen, which are immature – the students. They also listen – do they not? – in order to learn, in order to gather information according to which they are going to live. They want examples, similes; they want to be shown the way, they want to be shown what to do, how to listen. Surely all such minds – the student, the average, and the so-called intellectual person – are occupied; they have no space, no emptiness in which something real or something false can be discovered. Surely a mind must have space in which a new seed can be born – the seed that comes, not through striving, not through a process, not through the deliberate evolution of the imitator, not through any practice in order to arrive. The mind must have that small space in the mind, however else the

mind is occupied, and that little space must be undisturbed, uncontaminated; in that space, the eternal fountain of bliss can come into being. But, to create that space is not an act of volition; you cannot say, 'How am I going to create it?' The moment you put the 'how?', then your mind is occupied.

If you see the importance, the sheer beauty and the necessity of quietness, then that space is there. That space is the dying to everything that one has known: to all the memories, to all the experiences, to all the accumulations of knowledge, of information. We do die: the body is undergoing a change obviously, and there is an ending to the noble, the ignoble. But the mind refuses to die to the things of yesterday. We carry over from day to day, and this carrying over is memory by which we give continuity to that. We hope that, in this continuity of learning, acquiring modifying, changing here and there, there will be a revolution, a radical transformation. That which can continue is never a religious transformation. It is only when thought comes to an end and has no continuity that there is a dying to the mind and, in that, a radical transformation can take place.

Just listen to this. Don't say, 'How am I to get those things of which you say?' I am not saying anything, I am just describing the state of the mind, a machinery, an organism that is perpetually making a noise, that can never hear silence. Our thoughts are in constant motion, in constant movement; and thought is the continuity of yesterday – which is the process of time. And, in the process of time, there can never be a radical transformation; there can be only a change, an escape, a modification, but not that real religious revolution in which there is no process but there is 'being'. For instance, a man who is acquisitive, however much he may practise, control, discipline – which is the process of time – will never find a

state in which that non-acquisitive state is. Freedom from acquisitiveness is not a process, it is a state which must happen. And the happening can only take place when there is dying, because it is only when you come to an end that there is something new.

The mind refuses to come to an end because mind is the result of time, of centuries of compulsion, of conformity, of imitation; the mind only knows struggle, judgment, values based on that struggle; and it is trying to change by struggling, by saying, 'I must change; there must be an action by me which will produce happiness'. So we have economic, scientific, or social revolutions, but not the real, religious revolution which is the only revolution. Religion is not the worshipping of idols, the performance of ritual, or the pursuit of the ideals of the mind. Surely religion is something entirely different from the repetition of what the ancient teachers have said in the *Vedas* or in the *Upanishads* – all that must go; it must all end in the fire of silence.

The difficulty is we never want to be uncertain, we are afraid of losing everything. So the mind, being uncertain, pursues certainty and, thereby, it creates fear. Out of fear comes imitation, the establishment of authority – political, religious, or of one's own volition – because the mind demands a state of continuity in which it is certain. And a mind that is seeking certainty has never space in which the real can come into being. So it seems to me that those of you who are listening should be concerned not with 'how?' but rather with 'being', with 'to be' – to have some space in the mind in which there is no movement of thought (thought being the continuity of yesterday). Thought can never produce a new world. The intellect can never produce a new state. It is only when thought comes to an end, when I am dead to all the yesterdays, that

there is a possibility of that religious revolution which is so necessary to create a new world. Every God must go, for the real God to come. We have too many Gods now in our mind, so the real God can never come into being. Just see the truth or falseness of it, just listen to the fact whether it is true or not. Just to know the fact, in itself is liberation. To know that, there must be an ending of yesterday. One must die to the memories, to the enrichment of one's experiences, to the knowledge that one pursues in order to be certain; all that must come to an end, for they are all things made by the mind.

The mind is the result of time. You, as the self, as the 'me', as the ego, are a product of the mind. The character, the tendency, the various disciplines, the various controls and persuasions are all the result of time. They are the product of time. The mind is what nature, what the environment, has made it through culture, through fear, through imitation, through comparison, through so-called education, and such a mind – do what it will: progress, struggle – can never bring about an action which is the outcome of bliss, which is the outcome of the revolt to find reality. Really one has to see the simplicity of it – not the simplicity of the external, but the simplicity of being in that state: of not to arrive, not to struggle to be something, but to be like a flower. It is in itself perfume, it is in itself beauty; there is no effort, no struggle.

The mind that struggles to have the timeless beauty of that perfume is incapable of knowing it. The mind that struggles can never know it; all its rituals, all its experiences, all its sacrifices, are in vain, because the self is always there and the self is the centre of all thinking. One must die to that thinking every day. The rebirth in tomorrow is the religious revolution.

– *Bombay, February 21, 1954*

VERY, VERY FEW HAVE THE FOUNTAIN

KRISHNAMURTI (K): What is the art of listening? What does it mean 'to listen with one's heart'? If you do not listen with the heart, there is no meaning to it. If you listen with a sense of care, attention, affection, a deep sense of communion with each other, it means that you listen with all your senses – does it not? ·

PUPUL JAYAKAR (PJ): With fullness.

K: Will you listen that way? Can we listen to somebody whom we don't like, who we think is stupid? Can you listen with your heart to that man or to that woman? I think that when you have that feeling words don't matter any more. Let us proceed. Then what? Suppose I listen (and I have done it often in my life). I listen very carefully; I have no prejudices; I have no pictures; I have no conclusions. I am not a politician,, I am a human being listening to somebody. I just listen, because he wants to tell me something about himself. Because he has got an image, a picture of me, he generally comes to see me with a mask. If he wants to talk seriously with me, I say, 'Remove the mask; let us look at it together'. I don't want to look behind the mask unless he invites me. If he says, 'All right, sir, let us talk about it', I listen. And in listening he tells me something which is so utterly, completely common to all human beings. He may put it wrongly, he may put it foolishly, but it is something which every man or woman suffers. He is telling me about it and I listen. He tells me something which every man or woman suffers; therefore he is telling me the history of mankind. So I am listening not only to the words, the superficial feeling of his, but also to the profound depth of what he is saying. If it is superficial, then we discuss superficially and push it till he feels this thing

profoundly. Do you follow? It may be that he is expressing a feeling which is very superficial, and if it is superficial, I say, 'Let us go a little deeper'. In going deeper and deeper, he is expressing something which is totally common to all of us. He is expressing something which so completely belongs to all human beings. Do you understand? So there is no division between him and me.

PJ: What is the source of that listening?

K: Compassion. So, what is compassion? As Fritz says, it is unknown to us. So how am I to have that extraordinary intelligence which is compassion? I would like to have that flower in my heart. Now what is one to do?

FRITZ WILHELM (FW): Compassion is not in the field of thought. Therefore I can never have the feeling that I have it.

K: No, you won't find it. It is like a drill, like a screwdriver – you have to push, push.

PJ: There must be a perfume to it.

K: Of course. You cannot talk about compassion without perfume, without honey.

P: It is either there or not there. Why is it then, sir, that when we are in communication with you we have this feeling? Why is it that you have this tremendous impact which knocks away all prejudices, all obstacles and this immediately makes the mind silent?

K: It is like going to the well with a small bucket or with an enormous bucket which one can hardly carry. Most of us go

with a small bucket and pull out of the well insufficient water. It is like having a fountain in your yard, flowing, flowing. I would like to watch it, see it out there and inside. So what am I to do?

FW: I will find out what prevents me from having that.

K: That is analysis. I won't analyze, because it is a waste of time. I have understood that, not because K has said it and you have accepted it, but I see the reason, the logic, the significance and, therefore, the truth of it. Therefore analysis is out.

SUNANDA PATWARDHAN (SP): Not only that, sir; I also see that sitting in meditation regularly, being in silence, I see that none of these things have any relationship to that. Duality and every kind of experience that one has gone through, has nothing to do with it.

K: Listen S, R and P have got this thing in their backyard. They don't talk about it because it is there, flowering, flowing, murmuring – all kinds of things happen. And I say, 'Why is it not in my backyard?' I want to find out. Not that I want to imitate. But it must happen. I won't analyze what prevents me, what blocks me; I won't ask, 'Should I be silent? Should I not be silent?' That is the analytical process. I don't know if you understand this.

SP: That is clear, sir.

K: Do you really understand what it means?

SP: What does it mean, 'To really understand'?

K: Look, they have got it, and I haven't got it. I would like to have it. I would like to look at it like at a precious jewel. How is it to happen to me? That is my enquiry. He suggested that I look at what is blocking me. He said that is an analytical process and analysis is a waste of time. I don't know if you see that actually. Analysis and the analyzer are both the same. Don't take time over it, don't meditate about it, sit cross-legged and all that. You have no time. Now, can you stop analysis – totally? Can you do it? You do it when there is a tremendous crisis. You have no time then to analyze; you are in it. Are you in this? Do you understand my question? That is, she has got that extraordinary perfume which is so natural to her. She doesn't say, 'How did I get it? What am I to do with it?' She has got it somehow, and I would like to have it. I am a human being and without it nothing matters. So it must be there. And I see the truth about analysis, therefore I will never analyze. I am in the middle of this question; I am soaked, burning with the question. The house is on fire and I am caught in that fire.

RADHA BURNIER (RB): Sir, the moment the beauty of the thing exists somewhere, the question (How am I to have it?) does not arise.

K: I want it, how am I to have it? I do not care ... I am hungry. You do not analyze hunger.

RB: I am not saying that.

K: Sorry, what were you saying?

RB: I am saying that when at a certain moment one is filled with this, the I-want-it does not arise. I do not know to what extent one is filled with the perfume, but this feeling, 'I want it' does not exist there.

K: You may be filled by my words, by my intensity, and then say that you have got it.

RB: I do not say 'I have got it', but...

K: Be simple, Radha. You have something in your backyard: a fountain which very few people have – very, very few. They may talk about the water, they may talk about the beauty of the fountain, the song and the water, but that is not it. But you have got it. And as a human being, I see how marvellous that is and I go towards it – not that I want it. I go towards it, I don't have it. What am I do to?

FW: Is there anything I can do?

K: May be or may be not. May be the demand is so great that I put everything aside. The demand itself puts everything aside. Do you understand? The house is burning. There is no argument, there is no weighing which bucket to use, which pump to use.

PJ: Is it not very closely linked up with the volume of energy?

K: All right. She says that it is linked up with the flame of energy. No, Pupul, when you want something you burn like hell. Doesn't one? When you want that girl or that man, you are at it.

FW: That makes the difference.

K: I want to create a crisis. Then there is action. Do you understand what I am saying? Either you avoid the crisis or you act. Pupul, is the crisis taking place? It is a very important question. I come to you and talk about all this. You listen as far

as you can listen, as far as you can go, but nothing happens. You hear it year after year; you take a little step each time, and by the end you are dead. What he wants to do is to bring about an action which is born out of tremendous crisis. He wants to break it up because then there is no argument, there is no analysis. He has created a crisis. Is that crisis the result of his influence, his words, his feeling, his urgency? Or is it a crisis which you have got to break through? That is his intention. He says that is the only thing that matters.

ACHYUT PATWARDHAN (AP): The crisis is an external challenge to which I am unable to find an adequate internal response, and because I cannot find an adequate internal response, there is this crisis. The other crisis which I understood you to speak of is not at all triggered by any external fact but it is a projection from within.

K: His intention is to create a crisis that is not superficial, not external but inside.

AP: Are not these two channels distinct? When the mind is seeking an external crisis and seeking an adequate response from within, that is one type of crisis; and the other type of crisis is that within you there is the deep sense of inadequacy which says that this cannot be put away because it is a heavy responsibility.

K: He has created that crisis in you; he is talking of truth. Is there a crisis when you talk to him? His demand is that there should be a crisis in you – not a superficial crisis. I think *that* is listening with the heart. He has turned you inwards so deeply, or he has taken away all anchorage. I think that is listening with the heart. The monsoon says to you, ‘Please collect all the

water you can; next year there will be no monsoon'. Do you understand? That makes you build every kind of hold to collect water.

So where are we at the end of it?

PJ: In a strange way it also implies lifting your hands off everything.

K: It may not. It may mean that an action which you have not premeditated may take place. If there is crisis, then it will happen.

– *Exploration Into Insight*
(Excerpted from 'Listening With the Heart')

**UNLESS YOU HAVE TRAVELED DEEPLY INWARDLY
THIS [LISTENING TO THE SPEAKER] HAS VERY LITTLE
MEANING**

The word is not the thing. What we have done is to describe, but the description is not the described. So, if you are taking a journey with the speaker, you are taking the journey actually, not theoretically, not as an idea, but as something that you yourself are actually observing and, therefore, experiencing

May I go on into all this? I don't know how you stand all this (*Laughter*) because, you see, this is the life of the speaker! He can go on endlessly because there is the everlasting fountain. But you, the other, unless you have also traveled deeply inwardly, it will have very little meaning.

– *San Diego State College, California, April 9, 1970*

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KFI Gathering, 2010

The annual KFI Gathering will be held this year at the Rishi Valley Education Centre, from the morning of the 23rd of November to the afternoon of the 26th of November, 2010.

Those interested in attending should please address their enquiries to:

The Office (The KFI Gathering Committee)

Rishi Valley Education Centre

Rishi Valley – 517 352

Chittoor District

Andhra Pradesh

telephones: 08571 280062

08571 280582

e.mail: office@rishivalley.org

If you are using the e.mail, please write:

Attention KFI Gathering, 2010 as the subject of your mail. Thank you.

ADDRESSES OF J KRISHNAMURTI SCHOOLS

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