

Krishnamurti Foundation India Bulletin

Volume No 7, Issue 3, July - October, 2010

Rs25/-

FROM THE EDITOR

This issue of the *Bulletin* continues exploring Krishnamurti's use of water images as metaphors for the human condition. The opening passage is extracted from a talk Krishnamurti gave at Saanen. The talk contains a story from the *Puranas*, in which Vishnu and Narada are protagonists. The original story uses the relative nature of time, the brief reach of mortal life set against the long span of divine time, to illustrate the power of illusion. The manifest world and human experience in it are delusions; the mystery of life is resolved when the devotee surrenders to divinity. In Krishnamurti's hands the story takes on a completely different shade of meaning. For him, the search for truth is not a cumulative process, to be built gradually, glassful by glassful. This gradual approach is an illusion, drowned out in the flood of history: 'Time does not bring this inward order and peace.' Truth is to be realized instantly.

The next two passages are personal. Invoking the image of a flowing river, Krishnamurti dwells on the consciousness that animated his youthful self:

What they did to him, what they said to him never seemed to wound him, nor flattery to touch him. Somehow he was altogether untouched. He was not withdrawn, aloof, but like the waters of a river. He had so few thoughts; no thoughts at all when he was alone. His brain was active when talking or writing but otherwise it was quiet and active without movement. Movement is time and activity is not.

The quietly flowing river of his youth gives way in the early sixties to another more powerful river image in the second

selection. In a mysterious passage Krishnamurti describes his consciousness:

And inside the head a peculiar phenomenon was going on. A great wide river was flowing with the pressure of immense weight of water, flowing between high, polished granite rock. On each side of this great wide river was polished, sparkling granite, on which nothing grew, not even a blade of grass; there was nothing but sheer polished rock, soaring up beyond measurable eyesight. The river was making its way, silently, without a whisper, indifferent, majestic. It was actually taking place, it wasn't a dream, a vision nor a symbol to be interpreted.

We quote passages where the metaphors we encountered in the initial selections are reversed. The river does not represent the meditating mind; it represents the force of history, the forces which shape individual human beings, the forces that Krishnamurti claims to have stepped out of: 'He has left everything, the river and the bank. For the river is time and the banks are the thoughts of time: the river is the movement of time and thought is of it.'

– R.H.

‘PLEASE GIVE ME A GLASS OF WATER’

I am tempted to repeat a story about a great disciple going to God and demanding to be taught truth. And this poor God says, ‘My friend, it is such a hot day; please give me a glass of water’. So the disciple goes out, comes upon the first house and knocks on the door, and a beautiful young lady opens the door. The disciple falls in love with her, marries her, and has children – four or five of them. One day, it begins to rain, and it keeps on raining, raining, raining. The torrents have swollen the rivers, the streets and houses are being washed away. So the disciple takes his children and his wife, carries them on his shoulder, and as he is being washed away he says, ‘Lord, please save me!’ And the Lord says, ‘Where is that glass of water for which I asked?’

It is rather a good story, because most of us think in terms of time, we think that inward order can only come about through time, that tranquility is to be built little by little, adding every day. Time does not bring this inward order and peace. So one of the important things to understand is how to put a stop to time so as not to think in terms of gradualness – which is quite an immense task. **This actually means: There is no tomorrow for you to be peaceful. You have to be orderly on the instant, there is no other moment.**

– Talks and Dialogues in Saanen, 3rd Public Talk, 13th July, 1967

HE WAS LIKE THE WATERS OF A RIVER

Time isn’t a factor in meditation, nor the word which is the meditator. There’s no meditator in meditation. If there is, it is not meditation. The meditator is the word, thought and time, and so subject to change, to the coming and going. It’s not a flower that blooms and dies. Time is movement. You are sitting

on the bank of a river, watching the waters, the current and the things floating by. When you are in the water, there's no watcher. Beauty is not in the mere expression; it's in the abandonment of the word and expression, the canvas and the book.

He always had this strange lack of distance between himself and the trees, rivers and mountains. It wasn't cultivated: you can't cultivate a thing like that. There was never a wall between him and another. What they did to him, what they said to him never seemed to wound him, nor flattery to touch him. Somehow he was altogether untouched. He was not withdrawn, aloof, but like the waters of a river. He had so few thoughts; no thoughts at all when he was alone. His brain was active when talking or writing but otherwise it was quiet and active without movement. Movement is time and activity is not.

– *Krishnamurti's Journal, Brockwood Park, 16th September, 1973*

THE POLISHED GRANITE WALLS OF THE BRAIN

Woke up long before dawn when the air is very still and the earth waiting for the sun. Woke up with a clarity that was peculiar and an urgency that demanded full attention. The body was completely motionless, an immobility that was without strain, without tension. And inside the head a peculiar phenomenon was going on. A great wide river was flowing with the pressure of immense weight of water, flowing between high, polished granite rock. On each side of this great wide river was polished, sparkling granite, on which nothing grew, not even a blade of grass; there was nothing but sheer polished rock, soaring up beyond measurable eyesight. The river was making its way, silently, without a whisper, indifferent, majestic. It was actually taking place, it wasn't a dream, a vision nor a

symbol to be interpreted. It was there taking place, beyond any doubt; it was not a thing of imagination. No thought could possibly invent it; it was too immense and real for thought to formulate it.

The immobility of the body and this great flowing river between the polished granite walls of the brain, went on for an hour and a half by the watch. Through the open window the eyes could see the coming dawn. There was no mistaking the reality of what was taking place. For an hour and a half the whole being was attentive, without effort, without wandering off. And all of a sudden it stopped and the day began.

This morning, that benediction filled the room. It was raining hard but there would be blue sky later.

The process, with its pressure and ache, continues gently.

As the path that goes up the mountain can never contain all of the mountain, so this immensity is not the word. And yet walking up the side of the mountain, with the small stream running at the foot of the slope, this incredible, unnameable immensity was there; the mind and heart was filled with it and every drop of water on the leaf and on the grass was sparkling with it.

* * *

This morning, it was very early, the dawn wouldn't come for a couple of hours, on waking, with eyes that have lost their sleep, one was aware of an unfathomable cheerfulness; there was no cause to it, no sentimentality or that emotional extravagance, enthusiasm, behind it; it was clear, simple cheer, uncontaminated and rich, untouched and pure. There was no

thought or reason behind it and neither could one ever understand it for there was no cause to it. This cheerfulness was pouring out of one's whole being and the being was utterly empty. As a stream of water gushes out from the side of a mountain, naturally and under pressure, this cheer was pouring out in great abundance, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, but the heart and mind would never be the same again.

One was not aware of the quality of this cheer as it was bursting forth; it was taking place and its nature would show itself, probably, to time and time would have no measure for it. Time is petty and it cannot weigh abundance.

– Krishnamurti's Notebook, Part 3, July 13

MEDITATION WAS LIKE THAT RIVER

High up in the mountains, among the barren rocks with not a tree or bush, was a little stream, coming out of massive, unapproachable rock; it was hardly a stream, it was a trickle. As it came down it made a waterfall, just a murmur, and it came down, down to the valley, and it was already shouting of its strength, the long way it would go, through towns, valleys, woods and open spaces. It was going to be an irresistible river, sweeping over its banks, purifying itself as it went along, crashing over rocks, flowing into far places, endlessly flowing to the sea. It wasn't getting to the sea that mattered, but being a river, so wide, so deep, rich and splendid; it would enter the sea and disappear into the vast, bottomless waters but the sea was far away, many a thousand miles, but from now until then it was life, beauty and ceaseless merriment; none could stop that, not even the factories and dams. It was really a marvellous river, wide, deep, with so many cities on its banks, so carelessly free and never abandoning itself. All life was

there upon its banks, green fields, forests, solitary houses, death, love and destruction; there were long, wide bridges over it, graceful and well-used. Other streams and rivers joined it but she was the mother of all rivers, the little ones and the big ones. She was always full, ever purifying herself, and of an evening it was a blessing to watch her, with deepening colour in the clouds and her waters golden. But the little trickle so far away, amongst those gigantic rocks which seemed so concentrated in producing it, was the beginning of life and its ending was beyond its banks and the seas.

Meditation was like that river, only it had no beginning and no ending; it began and its ending was its beginning. There was no cause and its movement was its renewal. It was always new, it never gathered to become old; it never got sullied for it had no roots in time. It is good to meditate, not forcing it, not making any effort, beginning with a trickle and going beyond time and space, where thought and feeling cannot enter, where experience is not

The river is wide and splendid here; it is deep and as smooth as a lake, without a ripple. There are a few boats, mostly fishermen's and a large boat, with a torn sail, carrying sand to the town, beyond the bridge. What is really beautiful is the stretch of the water towards the east and the bank on the other side; the river looks like an enormous lake, full of untold beauty and space to match the sky; it is a flat country and the sky fills the earth and the horizon is beyond the trees, far, far away. The trees are on the other bank, beyond the recently sown wheat; there are the green spreading fields and beyond them are the trees, with villages among them. The river rises very high during the rains and brings with it rich silt and the winter wheat is sown as the river goes down; it is a marvellous green, so rich and plentiful, and the long, wide bank is a carpet

of enchanting green. From this side of the river the trees look like an impenetrable forest but there are villages tucked among them. But there is one tree, huge, its roots exposed, that is the glory of the bank; there is a little white temple under it but its gods are as the water that goes by and the tree remains; it has thick foliage with long-tailed leaves and birds come across the river for the night; it towers over the trees and you can see it as far as you care to walk on this side down the river. It has the presence of beauty, the dignity of that which is alone. But those villages are crowded, small, filthy, and human beings foul the earth around them. From this side, the white walls of the villages among the trees look fresh, gentle and of great beauty. Beauty is not man-made; the things of man arouse feelings, sentiment, but these have nothing to do with beauty. Beauty can never be put together, neither the thing built, nor in the museum. One must go beyond all this, all personal taste and choice, be cleansed of all emotion for love is beauty. The river curves majestically as it flows east, past villages, towns, and deep woods but here, just below the town and the bridge, the river and its opposite bank is the essence of all rivers and banks; every river has its own song, its own delight and mischief but here out of its very silence, it contains the earth and the heavens. It is a sacred river, as all rivers are, but again here, a part of the long, winding river, there is a gentleness of immense depth and destruction. Looking at it now, you would be enchanted by its mellow age and tranquillity. And you would lose all earth and heaven. In that quiet silence that strange otherness came and meditation lost its meaning. It was like a wave, coming from afar, gathering momentum as it came, crashing on the shore, sweeping everything before it. Only there was no time and distance; it was there with impenetrable strength, with destructive vitality and so the essence of beauty which is love. No imagination could possibly conjure up all this, no deep hidden impulse can ever

project this immensity. Every thought and every feeling, every desire and compulsion was totally absent. It was not an experience; experience implies recognition, an accumulating centre, memory and a continuity. It was not an experience; only the immature crave for experience and thereby are caught in illusion; it was simply an event, a happening, a fact, like a sunset, like death and the curving river. Memory could not catch it in its net and keep it and thereby destroy it. Time and memory could not hold it nor thought pursue it. It was a flash in which all time and eternity were consumed, without leaving any ashes, memory. Meditation is the complete and total emptying of the mind, not in order to receive, to gain, to arrive, but a denudation without motive; it is really emptying the mind of the known, conscious and unconscious, of every experience, thought and feeling. Negation is the very essence of freedom; assertion and positive pursuit is bondage

The village boys were flying kites on the bank along the river; they were yelling at the top of their voices, laughing, chasing each other and wading into the river to get the fallen kites; their excitement was contagious, for the old people, higher up the bank, were watching them, shouting to them, encouraging them. It seemed to be the evening entertainment of the whole village; even the starved, mangy dogs were barking; everyone was taking part in the excitement. They were all half-starved, there wasn't a fat one among them, even among the old; the older they were the thinner they were; even the children were all so thin but they seemed to have plenty of energy. All of them had torn, dirty rags on, patched with different cloths of many colours. And they were all cheerful, even the old and ailing ones; they seemed to be unaware of their own misery, of their physical weakness, for many of them carried heavy bundles; they had amazing patience and they had to have it for death was there, very close and so also the agony of life;

everything was there at the same time, death, birth, sex, poverty, starvation, excitement, tears. They had a place, under some trees higher up the bank, not far from a ruined old temple to bury their dead; there were plenty of little babies who would know hunger, the smell of unwashed bodies and the smell of death. But the river was there all the time, sometimes threatening the village but now quiet, placid with swallows flying so low, almost touching the water, which was the colour of gentle fire. The river was everything: they occasionally bathed in it, they washed their clothes in it and their thin bodies, and they worshipped it and put flowers, when they could get them, in it to show their respect; they fished in it and died beside it. The river was so indifferent to their joy and sorrow; it was so deep, there was such weight and power behind it; it was terribly alive and so dangerous. But now it was quiet, not a ripple on it and every swallow had a shadow on it; they didn't fly very far, they would fly low for about a hundred feet, go up a little, turn and come down again and fly for another hundred feet or so, until darkness came. There were small water birds, their tails bobbing up and down, swift in their flight; there were larger ones, almost the colour of the damp earth, greyish-brown, wading up and down the water's edge. But the marvel of it all was the sky, so vast, boundless, without horizon. The late afternoon light was soft, clear and very gentle; it left no shadow and every bush tree and bird was alone. The flashing river by day was now the light of the sky, enchanted, dreaming and lost in its beauty and love. In this light, all things cease to exist, the heart that was crying and the brain that was cunning; pleasure and pain went away leaving only light, transparent, gentle and caressing, It was light; thought and feeling had no part in it, they could never give light; they were not there, only this light when the sun is well behind the walls of the city and not a cloud in the sky. You cannot see this light unless you know the timeless

movement of meditation; the ending of thought is this movement. But love is not the way of thought or feeling.

It was very quiet, not a leaf was stirring and it was dark; all the stars that could fill the river were there and they spilled over into the sky. The brain was completely still but very alive and watching, watching without a watcher, without a centre from which it was watching; nor was there any sensation. The otherness was there, deep within at a depth that was lost; it was action, wiping away everything without leaving a mark of what has been or what is. There was no space in which to have a border nor time in which thought could shape itself

The village men walking behind along the narrow path beside the river, strung out one by one, somehow were part of the man walking in front; there were eight of them and the old man directly behind was coughing and spitting all the time and the others were more or less walking silently. The man that was in front was aware of them, their silence, their coughs, their weariness after a long day; they were not agitated but quiet and if anything cheerful. He was aware of them as he was aware of the glowing river, of the gentle fire of the sky and the birds coming back to their home; there was no centre from which he was seeing, feeling, observing; all these imply the word, thought. There was no thought but only these things. They were all walking fast and time had ceased to be; those villagers were going back home to their hovels and the man was going with them; they were part of him, not that he was aware of them as being a part. They were flowing with the river, flying with the birds and were as open and wide as the sky. It was a fact and not imagination; imagination is a shoddy thing and fact is a burning reality. All those nine were walking endlessly, going nowhere and coming from nowhere; it was an endless procession of life. Time and all identity had ceased,

strangely. When the man in front turned to walk back, all the villagers, especially the old man who was so close, just behind him, saluted as though they were age long friends. It was getting dark, the swallows had gone; there were lights on the long bridge and the trees were withdrawing into themselves. Far away a temple bell was ringing

The early morning sun was on the water, shimmering, almost blinding the eyes; a fisherman's boat was crossing that brilliant path and there was a slight fog among the trees, on the opposite bank. The river is never still, there is always a movement, a dance of countless steps and this morning it was very alive, making the trees, the bushes heavy and dull, except the birds which were calling, singing, and the parrots as they screeched by. These parrots lived in the tamarind tree beside the house and they would be coming and going all day, restless in their flight. Their light green bodies shone in the sun and their red curving beaks were brighter as they flashed by. Their flight was fast and sharp and you could see them among the green leaves if you looked carefully, and once there they became clumsy and not so noisy as on their flight. It was early but all the birds had been out long before the sun was on the water. Even at that hour the river was awake with the light of the heavens and meditation was a sharpening of the immensity of the mind; the mind is never asleep, never completely unaware; patches of it were, here and there sharpened by conflict and pain, made dull by habit and passing satisfaction, and every pleasure left a mark of longing. But all these darkened passages left no space for the totality of the mind. These became enormously important and always breeding more immediate significance and the immensity is put aside for the little, the immediate. The immediate is the time of thought and thought can never resolve any issue except the mechanical. But meditation is not the way of the machine; it can never be put

together to get somewhere; it is not the boat to cross to the other side. There is no shore, no arriving and, like love, it has no motive. It is endless movement whose action is in time but not of time. All action of the immediate, of time, is the ground of sorrow; nothing can grow on it except conflict and pain. But meditation is the awareness of this ground and choicelessly never letting a seed take root, however pleasant and however painful. Meditation is the passing away of experience. And then only is there clarity whose freedom is in seeing. Meditation is a strange delight not to be bought on the market; no guru or disciple can ever be of it; all following and leading have to cease as easily and naturally as a leaf drops to the ground

Across the river, smoke was going up in a straight column; it was a simple movement bursting into the sky. There wasn't a breath of air; there wasn't a ripple on the river and every leaf was still; the parrots were the only noisy movement as they flashed by. Even the little fisherman's boat did not disturb the water; everything seemed to have frozen in stillness, except the smoke. Even though it was going so straight up in the sky there was a certain gaiety in it and freedom of total action. And beyond the village and the smoke was the glowing sky of the evening. It had been a cool day and the sky had been open and there was the light of a thousand winters; it was short, penetrating and expansive; it went with you everywhere, it wouldn't leave you. Like perfume, it was in the most unexpected places; it seemed to have entered into the most secret corners of one's being. It was a light that left no shadow and every shadow lost its depth; because of it, all substance lost its density; it was as though you looked through everything, through the trees on the other side of the wall, through your own self. Your self was as opaque as the sky and as open. It was intense and to be with it was to be passionate,

not the passion of feeling or desire, but a passion that would never wither or die. It was a strange light, it exposed everything and made vulnerable, and what had no protection was love. You couldn't be what you were, you were burnt out, without leaving any ashes and unexpectedly there was not a thing but that light.

There was a little girl of ten or twelve leaning against a post in the garden; she was dirty, her hair had not been washed for many weeks, it was dusty and uncombed; her clothes were torn and unwashed too, like herself. She had a long rag around her neck and she was looking at some people who were having tea on the verandah; she looked with complete indifference, without any feeling, without any thought of what was going on; her eyes were on the group downstairs and every parrot that screeched by made no impression on her nor those soft earth-coloured doves that were so close to her. She was not hungry, she was probably a daughter of one of the servants for she seemed familiar with the place and fairly well-fed. She held herself as though she was a grown-up young lady, full of assurance and there was about her a strange aloofness. As you watched her against the river and the trees, you suddenly felt you were watching the tea party, without any emotion, without any thought, totally indifferent to everything and to whatever might happen. And when she walked away to that tree overlooking the river, it was you that was walking away, it was you that sat on the ground, dusty and rough; it was you who picked up the piece of stick and threw it over the bank, alone, unsmiling and never cared for. Presently you got up and wandered off around the house. And strangely, you were the doves, the squirrel that raced up the tree and that unwashed, dirty chauffeur and the river that went by, so quietly. Love is not sorrow nor is it made up of jealousy but it is dangerous for it destroys. It destroys everything that man

has built around himself except bricks. It cannot build temples nor reform the rotting society; it can do nothing, but without it nothing can be done, do what you will. Every computer and automation can alter the shape of things and give man leisure which will become another problem when there are already so many problems. Love has no problem and that is why it is so destructive and dangerous. Man lives by problems, those unresolved and continuous things; without them, he wouldn't know what to do; he would be lost and in the losing gain nothing. So problems multiply endlessly; in the resolving of the one there is another, but death, of course, is destruction; it is not love. Death is old age, disease and the problems which no computer can solve. It is not the destruction that love brings; it is not the death that love brings. It is the ashes of a fire that has been carefully built up and it is the noise of automatic machines that go on working without interruption. Love, death, creation are inseparable; you cannot have one and deny the others; you cannot buy it on the market or in any church; these are the last places where you would find it. But if you don't look and if you have no problems, not one, then perhaps it might come when you are looking the other way.

It is the unknown, and everything you know must burn itself away, without leaving ashes; the past, rich or sordid, must be left as casually, without any motive as that girl throwing a stick over the bank. The burning of the known is the action of the unknown. Far away a flute is playing not too well and the sun is setting, a great big red ball behind the walls of the town, and the river is the colour of gentle fire and every bird is coming in for the night

It was long before dawn, a clear starlit sky; there was a slight mist over the river and the bank on the other side was just visible; the train was chugging up the grade to cross the bridge;

it was a goods train and these trains always puff up the incline in a special way, long, slow strokes of heavy puffs, unlike the passengers [trains], who have quick short bursts and are on the bridge almost immediately. This goods train, in that vast silence, made a rattling roar, more noisy than ever before but nothing seemed to disturb that silence in which all movements were lost. It was an impenetrable silence, clear, strong, penetrating; there was an urgency which no time could gather. The pale star was clear and the trees were dark in their sleep. Meditation was the awareness of all these things and the going beyond all these and time. The movement in time is thought and thought cannot go beyond its own bondage to time and is never free. Dawn was coming over the trees and the river, a pale sign as yet but the stars were losing their brilliancy and already there was a call of the morning, a bird in a tree quite close by. But that immense silence still persisted and it would always be there, though the birds and the noise of man would continue.

— *Krishnamurti's Notebook, Part 8, Rajghat, Benares, December 1962*

THE STREAM

Yesterday, driving through the narrow valley, a mountain stream noisily making its way beside the wet road, there was this benediction. It was very strong and everything was bathed in it. The noise of the stream was part of it and the high waterfall which became the stream were in it. It was like the gentle rain that was coming down and one became utterly vulnerable; the body seemed to have become light as a leaf, exposed and trembling.

We were talking and a little bit of the stream between the trees was pointed out. It was an ordinary sight, an everyday

incident, but as one looked, several things took place, not any outward incidents but clear perception.

On waking, there was an outgoing, outpouring of this power and strength. It was as a stream rushing out of the rocks, out of the earth. There was a strange and unimaginable bliss in this, an ecstasy that had nothing to do with thought and feeling. There is an aspen tree and its leaves are trembling in the breeze and without that dance life is not. Towards the evening we went for a short walk. After a brilliant day, clouds were gathering and it would rain during the night. Clouds were closing in on the mountains and the stream was making a great deal of noise. The road was dusty with cars and across the stream was a narrow, wooden bridge. We crossed it and went up a grassy path and the green slope was full of flowers of so many colours.

The path went up gently past a cow shed but it was empty; the cattle had been taken to pastures much higher up. It was quiet up there, without people but with the noise of the rushing stream. Quietly it came, so gently that one was not aware of it, so close to the earth, among the flowers. It was spreading, covering the earth and one was in it, not as an observer but of it. There was no thought or feeling, the brain utterly quiet. A tall straight stem of a plant, with a crown of white flowers, touched by faint pink, stood as a watcher by the mountain stream. The stream was golden in the setting sun and the woods were deep in silence; even the passing cars didn't seem to disturb them. The snow-covered mountains were deep in dark, heavy clouds and the meadows knew innocence.

As a stream of water gushes out from the side of a mountain, naturally and under pressure, this cheer was pouring out in great abundance, coming from nowhere and going nowhere, but the heart and mind would never be the same again.

Crossing over a wooden bridge, the stream was full, swollen by all this rain; it was running fast, with an energy and force that only mountain streams have. Looking up and down the stream, held in by tightly packed banks of rocks and trees, one was aware of the movement of time, the past, the present and future; the bridge was the present and all life moved and lived through the present.

It was cool in the wood, with a shouting stream a few feet below; the pines shot up to the skies, without ever bending to look at the earth. It was splendid there with black squirrels eating tree mushrooms and chasing each other up and down the trees in narrow spirals; there was a robin that bobbed up and down, or what looked like a robin. It was cool and quiet there, except for the stream with its cold mountain waters. And there it was: love, creation and destruction, not as a symbol, not in thought and feeling but an actual reality. You couldn't see it, feel it, but it was there, shatteringly immense, strong as ten thousand and with the power of the most vulnerable. It was there and all things became still, the brain and the body; it was a benediction and the mind was of it.

Then the sun touched the mountain tops, a gentle soothing touch and the snow became bright with the early morning light; the leaves began to stir from the long night and smoke was going straight up from one of the cottages and the stream was chattering away, without any restraint.

Meditation is this attention in which there is an awareness, without choice, of the movement of all things, the cawing of the crows, the electric saw ripping through the wood, the trembling of leaves, the noisy stream, a boy calling, the feelings, the motives, the thoughts chasing each other and going deeper, the awareness of total consciousness.

We had been through that valley several times; the shape of the hills were fairly familiar; the meadows and the cottages were recognizable and the familiar noise of the stream was there.

The little stream, the one coming from a long distance, was more cheerful than ever and yet there was silence, not outside but deep, far within. It was total stillness within the totality of the mind, which had no frontiers.

The stars were very bright, brilliant so early in the morning. Dawn was far away; it was surprisingly quiet, even the boisterous stream was quiet and the hills were silent. A whole hour passed in that state when the brain was not asleep but awake, sensitive and only watching; during that state the totality of the mind can go beyond itself, without directions for there is no director. Meditation is a storm, destroying and cleansing. Then, far away, came dawn. In the east there was spreading light, so young and pale, so quiet and timid; it came past those distant hills and it touched the towering mountains and the peaks. In groups and singly, the trees stood still, the aspen began to wake up and the stream shouted with joy.

The snow was melting fast in the mountains for there have been many unclouded days and hot sun; the stream had become muddy and there was more water and it had become more noisy and impetuous. Crossing the little wooden bridge and looking up the stream, there was the mountain, surprisingly delicate, aloof, with inviting strength; its snow was glistening in the evening sun. It was beautiful, caught between the trees on either side of the stream and the fast-running waters. It was startlingly immense, soaring into the sky, suspended in the air. It wasn't only the mountain that was beautiful but the evening light, the hills, the meadows, the trees and the stream.

Suddenly the whole land with its shadows and peace became intense, so alive and absorbing. It pushed its way through the brain as a flame burning away the insensitivity of thought. The sky, the land and the watcher, all were caught up in this intensity and there was only the flame and nothing else. Meditation during that walk, beside the stream on a path which meandered gently through many green fields, was not there because of silence or because the beauty of the evening absorbed all thought; it went on in spite of some talk.

– Excerpted from *Krishnamurti's Notebook*

THE EBB AND FLOW OF THE TIDE IS LIKE HUMAN ACTION AND REACTION

The Pacific does not seem to have great tides, at least not on this side of the Pacific along the coast of California. It is a very small tide, it goes in and goes out, unlike those vast tides that go out several hundred yards and come rushing in. There is quite a different sound when the tide is going out, when the flow of water is withdrawing, from when it is coming in with a certain sense of fury, a quality of sound totally different from the sound of the wind among the leaves.

Everything seems to have a sound. That tree in the field, in its solitude, has that peculiar sound of being separate from all other trees. The great sequoias have their own deep lasting ancient sound. Silence has its own peculiar sound. And of course the endless daily chatter of human beings about their business, their politics and their technological advancements and so on, has its own sound. A really good book has its peculiar vibrations of sound. The vast emptiness also has its throbbing sound.

The ebb and flow of the tide is like human action and reaction. Our actions and reactions are so quick. There isn't a pause before the reaction takes place. A question is put and immediately, instantly, one tries to seek an answer, a solution to a problem. There is not a pause between the question and the answer. After all, we are the ebb and flow of life – the outward and the inward. We try to establish a relationship with the outward, thinking that the inward is something separate, something that is unconnected with the outer. But surely the movement of the outer is the flow of the inward. They are both the same, like the waters of the sea, this constant restless movement of the outer and the inner, the response to the challenge. This is our life. When we first put together from the inward, then the inner becomes the slave of the outer. The society we have created is the outer, then to that society the inner becomes the slave. And the revolt against the outer is the same as the revolt of the inner. This constant ebb and flow, restless, anxious, fearful: can this movement ever stop? Of course the ebb and flow of the waters of the sea are entirely free from this ebb and flow of the outer and the inner – the inner becoming the outer, then the outer trying to control the inner because the external has become all important; then the reaction to that importance from the inner. This has been the way of life, a life of constant pain and pleasure.

We never seem to learn about this movement, that it is one movement. The outer and the inner are not two separate movements. The waters of the sea withdraw from the shore, then the same water comes in, lashing the shores, the cliffs. Because we have separated the external and the inner, contradiction begins, the contradiction that breeds conflict and pain. This division between the outer and the inner is so unreal, so illusory, but we keep the external totally separate from the

inner. Perhaps this may be one of the major causes of conflict, yet we never seem to learn – learn not memorize, learn, which is a form of movement all the time – learn to live without this contradiction. The outer and the inner are one, a unitary movement, not separate, but whole. One may perhaps intellectually comprehend it, accept it as a theoretical statement or intellectual concept, but when one lives with concepts one never learns. The concepts become static. You may change them but the very transformation of one concept to another is still static, is still fixed. But to feel, to have the sensitivity of seeing that life is not a movement of two separate activities, the external and the inward, to see that it is one, to realize that the interrelationship is this movement, is this ebb and flow of sorrow and pleasure, joy and depression, loneliness and the escape, to perceive non-verbally this life as a whole, not fragmented, not broken up, is to learn. Learning about it is not a matter of time, though, not a gradual process, for then time again becomes divisive. Time acts in the fragmentation of the whole. But to see the truth of it in an instant, then it is there, this action and reaction, endlessly – this light and dark, the beauty and ugliness.

That which is whole is free from the ebb and flow of life, of action and reaction. Beauty has no opposite. Hate is not the opposite of love.

– Krishnamurti to Himself, Ojai, California, March, 1984

THE ONE WHO DOESN'T UNDERSTAND IS LIKE AN ISLAND SURROUNDED BY WATER

QUESTIONER (Q): I have come a long way to see you. Although I am married and have children, I have been away from them – wandering, meditating, as a mendicant. I have

puzzled greatly over this very complicated problem of relationship. When I go into a village and they give me food, I am related to the giver, as I am related to my wife and children. In another village when somebody gives me clothes I am related to the whole factory that produced them. I am related to the earth on which I walk, to the tree under which I take shelter, to everything. And yet I am alone, isolated. When I am with my wife, I am separate even during sex – it is an act of separation. When I go into a temple it is still the worshipper being related to the thing he worships: separation again. So in all relationships, as I see it, there is this separation, this duality, and behind or through it, or around it, there is a peculiar sense of unity. When I see the beggar it hurts me, for I am like him and I feel as he feels: lonely, desperate, sick, hungry. I feel for him, and with him, for his meaningless existence. Some rich man comes along in his big motor car and gives me a lift, but I feel uncomfortable in his company, yet at the same time I feel for him and am related to him. So I have meditated upon this strange phenomenon of relationship. Can we on this lovely morning, overlooking this deep valley, talk over together this question?

KRISHNAMURTI (K): Is all relationship out of this isolation? Can there be relationship as long as there is any separateness, division? Can there be relationship if there is no contact, not only physical but at every level of our being, with another? One may hold the hand of another and yet be miles away, wrapped in one's own thoughts and problems. One may be in a group and yet be painfully alone. So one asks: Can there be any kind of relationship with the tree, the flower, the human being, or with the skies and the lovely sunset, when the mind in its activities is isolating itself? And can there be any contact ever, with anything at all, even when the mind is not isolating itself?

Q: Everything and everybody has its own existence. Everything and everybody is shrouded in its own existence. I can never penetrate this enclosure of another's being. However much I love someone, his existence is separate from mine. I can perhaps touch him from the outside, mentally or physically, but his existence is his own, and mine is forever on the outside of it. Similarly he cannot reach me. Must we always remain two separate entities, each in his own world, with his own limitations, within the prison of his own consciousness?

K: Each lives within his own tissue, you in yours, he in his. And is there any possibility, ever, of breaking through this tissue? Is this tissue – this shroud, this envelope – the word? Is it made up of your concern with yourself and his with himself, your desires opposed to his? Is this capsule the past? It is all of this, isn't it? It isn't one particular thing but a whole bundle which the mind carries about. You have your burden, another has his. Can these burdens ever be dropped so that the mind meets the mind, the heart meets the heart? That is really the question, isn't it?

Q: Even if all these burdens are dropped – if that were possible – even then he remains in his skin with his thoughts, and I in mine with my thoughts. Sometimes the gap is narrow, sometimes it is wide, but we are always two separate islands. The gap seems to be widest when we care most about it and try to bridge it.

K: You can identify yourself with that villager or with that flaming bougainvillea – which is a mental trick to pretend unity. Identification with something is one of the most hypocritical states – to identify oneself with a nation, with a belief and yet remain alone is a favourite trick to cheat

loneliness. Or you identify yourself so completely with your belief that you are that belief, and this is a neurotic state. Now let's put away this urge to be identified with a person or an idea or a thing. That way there is no harmony, unity or love. So our next question is: Can you tear through the envelope so that there is no more envelope? Then only would there be a possibility of total contact. How is one to tear through the envelope? The 'how' doesn't mean a method, but rather an enquiry which might open the door.

Q: Yes, no other contact can be called relationship at all, though we say it is.

K: Do we tear the envelope bit by bit or cut through it immediately? If we tear it bit by bit, which is what analysts sometimes claim to do, the job is never done. It is not through time that you can break down this separation.

Q: Can I enter into the envelope of another? And isn't his envelope his very existence, his heartbeats and his blood, his feelings and his memories?

K: Are you not the very envelope itself?

Q: Yes.

K: The very movement to tear through the other envelope, or extend outside of your own, is the very affirmation and the action of your own envelope: you are the envelope. So you are the observer of the envelope, and you are also the envelope itself. In this case you are the observer and the observed; so is he, and that's how we remain. And you try to reach him and he tries to reach you. Is this possible? You are the island surrounded by seas, and he is also the island

surrounded by seas. You see that you are both the island and the sea; there is no division between them; you are the entire earth with the sea. Therefore there is no division as the island and the sea. The other person doesn't see this. He is the island surrounded by sea; he tries to reach you, or, if you are foolish enough, you may try to reach him. Is that possible? How can there be a contact between a man who is free and another who is bound? Since you are the observer and the observed, you are the whole movement of the earth and the sea. But the other, who doesn't understand this, is still the island surrounded by water. He tries to reach you and is everlastingly failing because he maintains his insularity. It is only when he leaves it and is, like you, open to the movement of the skies, the earth, and the sea, that there can be contact. The one who sees that the barrier is himself can no longer have a barrier. Therefore he, in himself, is not separate at all. The other has not seen that the barrier is himself and so maintains the belief in his separateness. How can this man reach the other? It is not possible.

– Excerpted from *The Urgency of Change*, 'Relationship'

VAST SPACE IS NARROWED DOWN INTO A SMALL HOUSE OF MANY WALLS

In a small boat on the quiet slow current of the river all the horizon from north to south, east to west was visible; there wasn't a tree or house that broke the horizon; there was not a cloud floating by. The banks were flat, stretching on both sides far into the land and they held the wide river. There were other small fishing boats, the fishermen huddled at one end with their nets out; these men were immensely patient. The sky and the earth met and there was vast space. In this measureless space the earth and all things had their existence, even this small boat

carried along by the strong current. Around the bend of the river the horizons extended as far as the eye could see, measureless and infinite. Space became inexhaustible. There must be this space for beauty and compassion. Everything must have space, the living and the dead, the rock on the hill and the bird on the wing. When there is no space there is death. The fishermen were singing and the sound of their song came down the river. Sound needs space. The sound of a word needs space; the word makes its own space, rightly pronounced. The river and the faraway tree can only survive when they have space; without space all things wither. The river disappeared into the horizon and the fishermen were going ashore. The deep darkness of the night was coming, the earth was resting from a weary day and the stars were on the waters. The vast space was narrowed down into a small house of many walls. Even the large, palatial houses have walls shutting out that immense space, making it their own.

– *Krishnamurti's Journal, Rome, 22nd October, 1973*

**UNLESS YOU LEAVE ALL THE THINGS IN THE RIVER
AND SWIM ASHORE, DEATH WILL ALWAYS BE AT
YOUR DOOR, WAITING AND WATCHING**

Death is everywhere and we never seem to live with it. It is a dark, frightening thing to be avoided, never to be talked of. Keep it away from the closed door. But it is always there. The beauty of love is death and one knows neither. Death is pain and love is pleasure and the two can never meet; they must be kept apart and the division is the pain and agony. This has been from the beginning of time, the division and the endless conflict. There will always be death for those who do not see that the observer is the observed, the experiencer is the experienced. It is like a vast river in which man is caught, with

all his worldly goods, his vanities, pains and knowledge. Unless he leaves all the things he has accumulated in the river and swims ashore, death will be always at his door, waiting and watching. When he leaves the river there is no shore, the bank is the word, the observer. He has left everything, the river and the bank. For the river is time and the banks are the thoughts of time: the river is the movement of time and thought is of it. When the observer leaves everything which he is, then the observer is not. This is not death. It is the timeless. You cannot know it, for what is known is of time; you cannot experience it: recognition is made up of time. Freedom from the known is freedom from time. Immortality is not the word, the book, the image, you have put together. The soul, the 'me', the *atman* is the child of thought which is time. When time is not then death is not. Love is.

– *Krishnamurti's Journal, Brockwood Park, 19th September, 1973*

THE SPRING THAT KEEPS THE WELL FULL

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 purposively. 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?

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.

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'*

* * * * *

ADDRESSES OF J KRISHNAMURTI SCHOOLS

- RAJGHAT EDUCATIONAL CENTRE
Rajghat Fort
Varanasi — 221 001
Uttar Pradesh
E.mail: kfivns@satyam.net.in/
kcentrevns@satyam.net.in/
Fax: (0542) 2430 218
Telephone: (0542) 2430 717
Boarding School
Ages 7 to 19
- VASANTA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
(Admitted to the Privileges of
Banaras Hindu University
Assessed & Accredited by NAAC)
Rajghat Fort
Varanasi — 221 001
Uttar Pradesh
Telephone: (0542) 2441187
E.mail: vasantakfi@rediffmail.com
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
Telephone: (08571) 280622/280582/280044
Boarding School
Ages 8 to 17
- THE SCHOOL
'Damodar Gardens'
Besant Avenue
Madras — 600 020
E.mail: alcyone@satyam.net.in
Telephone: (044) 2491 5845
Day-Boarding School
Ages 3½ to 17

THE VALLEY SCHOOL
'Haridvanam'
17th K.M. Kanakapura Road
Thatguni Post
Bangalore — 560 062
E.mail: thevalleyschool@vsnl.net
kfibr@blr.vsnl.net.in
Fax: (080) 2843 5242
Telephone: (080) 2843 5240/2843 5241

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 _____

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 Prajñā 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 _____

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. The charges are Rs.1,500/- per person for Indians and US \$100/- per person for foreigners.

Those interested in attending, should please fill out and post the Registration Form that is available in this *Bulletin* to the address below:

The Office (The KFI Gathering Committee)
Rishi Valley Education Centre,
Rishi Valley – 517 352,
Chittoor District,
Andhra Pradesh.

Telephones: 08571 280622

08571 280582

Fax: 08571 280261

e.mail: office@rishivalley.org

As accommodation is limited, resgistration will be done on a first-come-first-serve basis.

Due to the isolation of the location, it will not be possible for the Rishi Valley Education Centre to make return travel arrangements or reservations for participants. However, return-transport from Rishi Valley to Madanapalle will be provided by the Centre.

HOW TO REACH RISHI VALLEY

FROM BANGALORE (133 kms) Direct buses to Madanapalle: Private buses every hour during the day from Kalasapalayam bus stand (near Bangalore City Market), and also hourly KSRTC and APSRTC buses from Majestic bus stand (near Bangalore City Railway Station).

Buses to various destinations via Madanapalle: Andhra Pradesh (APSRTC) and Karnataka Road Transport Corporation (KSRTC) buses to Cuddapah, Proddatur and Tirupati via Madanapalle, starting from the KSRTC (Majestic) bus stand (near Bangalore City Railway Station). Inquire at the counter in the KSRTC bus stand for the timings of the buses.

FROM HYDERABAD (524 kms)

Buses: Direct overnight buses to Madanapalle. Also buses to Chittoor and Piler via Madanapalle (both direct buses and buses to other destinations via Madanapalle start from the Imliban bus stand). There are other private buses, viz., Deepna Travels and Salamat Travels.

Trains: Hyderabad to Tirupati by train and Tirupati to Madanapalle by bus. Catch the Kacheguda-Bangalore Express to reach Dharmavaram. A passenger train from Dharmavaram to Pakala (starting at 6.00 am) halts at Madanapalle Road Station, 20 kms from Madanapalle town.

FROM CHENNAI (260 Kms)

Buses: Direct APSRTC Express buses to Madanapalle leave daily at 5.30 am, 10.30 am and 3.00 pm (reaching Madanapalle at 12.30 pm, 6.00 pm and 10.00 pm respectively) from the Koyambedu bus stand. Overnight buses from the Koyambedu bus stand to Anantapur, Puttaparthi, via Madanapalle, leave at 9 pm and reach Madanapalle at 4 am. A night bus to Madanapalle leaves from the Koyambedu bus stand at 10.00 pm, and reaches Madanapalle at 5 am.

(Not direct) Trains and buses: Chennai to Chittoor, Tirupati or Vellore by bus; from there you change buses for Madanapalle. Chennai to Katpadi and Tirupati by train, and from there to Madanapalle by bus.

FROM MUMBAI

Travel via Bangalore, or catch a Chennai-bound train and alight at Cuddapah. From Cuddapah there are buses every hour during the day to Madanapalle.

FROM DELHI

Travel via Bangalore and alight at Dharmavaram or Anantapur and catch a taxi or bus to reach Madanapalle, or catch a Chennai-bound train (and to reach Madanapalle see under From Chennai).

FROM TIRUPATI (123 Kms) AND CUDDAPAH (125 Kms)

There are buses every hour during the day to Madanapalle.

FROM MADANAPALLE TO RISHI VALLEY (16 Kms)

Autorickshaws and taxis are easily available and all the drivers know how to reach Rishi Valley School. Charges will be around Rs 150/- to 200/- for autorickshaws and Rs 300/- to Rs 350/- for taxis.

An hourly bus shuttle service operates between the APSRTC bus stand in Madanapalle and the village of Thettu; the buses stop at the school gate on the way. Services start from Madanapalle at 6.00 am.

KFI GATHERING, 2010

November 23 - 26, 2010

REGISTRATION FORM

(Please photocopy this form if you need more copies)

Name (in block letters): _____

Address: _____

Telephone: _____

E.mail: _____

Age: _____ Sex: _____

Nationality: _____ Occupation: _____

I/We wish to participate in the KFI Gathering at Rishi Valley.

Please reserve accommodation for _____ persons

at INR 1,500/- per person. I am enclosing a bank draft/

sending a money order for Rs _____.

I/We will be arriving from _____ by

(Place)

_____ at Madanapalle around _____.

(Mode of transport)

(Time)

Signature

Details of Participants

S.Nr	Name	Sex	Age

Please indicate with a tick (✓) whether you are attending the Gathering as

- (a) a couple (husband and wife/parent and child)
- (b) a group

This will help us to allot accommodation.

IMPORTANT GATHERING INFORMATION

DETAILS REGARDING PAYMENT:

The charges for The Gathering are Rs.1,500/- per person for Indians and US \$100/- per person for foreigners. A draft/ M.O. is to be drawn **in favour of Rishi Valley School (KFI), payable at Madanapalle.**

ACCOMMODATION AND FACILITIES AVAILABLE:

Participants will be accommodated in Hostels/Dormitories that are located on campus. This means that participants will have to share bedroom-space with others. It will not be possible to provide rooms for individual or double occupancy.

Bedding, which includes a pillow, a sheet and a blanket, will be provided to each participant.

Hot water will be available at specific times of the day for a bath. Given the shortness of the stay and the wet climate (that normally prevails during November), laundry facilities may not be effective. So participants are requested to bring sufficient clothing.

The climate is quite cool with occasional wet spells during November. Minimum temperature may vary from 10 to 20 degrees Celsius. Participants are requested to bring umbrellas, sweaters and torches.

Please note that it is unfortunately not possible this time for participants to either come a few days before or leave a few days after The Gathering. A visit to and stay at the Study Centre is possible (at some other time) depending on the availability of accommodation.

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.