

# **Krishnamurti Foundation India Bulletin**

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## FROM THE EDITOR

‘You are the world’, is a statement that forms the core of Krishnamurti’s vast teaching. The statement is cast in a new light when seen through the focus of two striking phrases, ‘the beauty of silence’ and ‘the beauty of emptiness’. The phrases describe a prism through which human individuals can see the world; ironically the world seen through the prism of emptiness is the very world that we inhabit and encounter in our daily lives.

To observe the world through self-interest ‘its prejudice, with its fear, with its like and dislike’, clouds eyesight and, so, he tells his audience, ‘your eyesight becomes twisted’. It is possible to see ‘the vast expanse of the world’ in all its beauty when eyes are cleansed of fear, prejudice and the likes and dislikes that govern our lives.

This issue of the *Bulletin* continues to bring to the readers’ attention, through four selections, Krishnamurti’s many-faceted reflections on beauty. His is a deeply held sense that beauty is not merely a property of objects but that it animates all of life, provided the self-enclosing walls in which we live are torn down.

Krishnamurti’s description of the world of nature, scattered throughout his writing, is testimony to his enchantment with the world.

– R.H.

## THE BEAUTY OF SILENCE

You are taught a great deal about mathematics, you give your days to studying history, geography, science, physics, biology, and so on; but do you and your teachers spend any time at all thinking about ...far more serious matters? Do you ever sit quietly, with your back very straight, without movement, and know the beauty of silence? Do you ever let your mind wander, not about petty things, but expansively, widely, deeply, and thereby explore, discover?

And do you know what is happening in the world? What is happening in the world is a projection of what is happening inside each one of us; what we are, the world is. Most of us are in turmoil, we are acquisitive, possessive, we are jealous and condemn people; and that is exactly what is happening in the world, only more dramatically, ruthlessly. But neither you nor your teachers spend any time thinking about all this; and it is only when you spend some time every day earnestly thinking about these matters that there is a possibility of bringing about a total revolution and creating a new world. And I assure you, a new world has to be created, a world which will not be a continuation of the same rotten society in a different form. But you cannot create a new world if your mind is not alert, watchful, expansively aware; and that is why it is so important, while you are young, to spend some time reflecting over these very serious matters and not just pass your days in the study of a few subjects, which leads nowhere except to a job and death. So do consider seriously all these things, for out of that consideration there comes an extraordinary feeling of joy, of happiness.

*This Matter of Culture, Chapter 8*

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## THE BEAUTY OF EMPTINESS

You leave the sea behind and go inland. This sea always seemed to be rough with huge waves. It is not blue but rather dark brown with strong currents. It looked like a dangerous sea. A river flowed into it in the rainy season, but after the monsoon the sea washed up so much sand that the little river was closed in. You left it and went inland passing many villages, bullock carts and three of the most sacred temples, and after a long while, crossing many hills you entered the valley and felt again its peculiar fascination.

The search for truth is such a false affair, as though by searching for it, asking others the way to it, reading about it in books, trying this or that system, you will be able to find it. To find it is if it were something there, fixed, motionless, and all you need do is recognise it, grasp it, and say you have found it.

It isn't far away: there is no path to it. It is not something you can capture, hold, treasure and verbally convey to another. Search implies a seeker and in that there is division, the everlasting fragmentation that man has made within himself and in all his activities. It is not that there must be an end to seeking but rather the beginning of learning. Learning is far more important than finding. To find one must have lost. Losing and recognising is the pattern of search. One cannot experience truth. It does not give the satisfaction of achievement. It does not give one anything at all. It cannot be understood if the 'you' is still active.

No one can teach you about it so you need not follow anybody. All that one can do is to understand by careful observation the intricate movement of thought: how thought divides itself, how it creates its own opposites and thereby brings contradiction and conflict. Thought is so restless and in its restlessness it will attach itself to

anything it thinks is essential, permanent, completely satisfying, and truth becomes its final attachment of satisfaction. You can never invite truth by any means. It is not an end; but it is there when the visual observation is very clear and when there is the perception of understanding. Understanding can take place only when there is complete freedom from all one's conditioning. It is this conditioning that is prejudice. So do not bother about truth but rather let the mind be aware of its own prison. Freedom is not in the prison. The beauty of emptiness is freedom.

On the same veranda, with the scent of the jasmine and the red flower of the tall tree, there was a group of boys and girls. They had shining faces and seemed extraordinarily cheerful. One of them asked, 'Sir, do you ever get hurt?'

You mean physically? 'Not quite, Sir. I don't know how to put it into words, but you feel inside that people can harm you, wound you, make you feel miserable. Someone says something and you shrink away. This is what I mean by hurt. We are all hurting each other in this way. Some do it deliberately, others without knowing it. Why do we get hurt? It is so unpleasant'.

Physical hurt is one thing and the other is much more complex. If you are physically hurt, you know what to do. You go to the doctor and he will do something about it. But if the memory of that hurt remains, then you are always nervous and apprehensive and this builds up a form of fear. There remains the memory of the past hurt which you don't want repeated. This is fairly understandable and can either become neurotic or be sanely dealt with without too much bother. But the other inward hurt needs very careful examination. One has to learn a great deal about it.

First of all, why do we get hurt at all? From childhood this seems to be a major factor in our lives: not to be hurt, not to be wounded by another, by a word, by a gesture, by a look, by any experience. Why do we get hurt? Is it because we are sensitive, or is it because we have an image of ourselves which must be protected, which we feel is important for our very existence, an image without which we feel lost, confused? There are these two things: the image and sensitivity. Do you understand what we mean by being sensitive, both physically and inwardly? If you are sensitive and rather shy, you withdraw into yourself, build a wall around yourself in order not to be hurt. You do this, don't you? Once you have been hurt by a word or by a criticism, and that has wounded you, you proceed to build a wall of resistance. You don't want to be hurt any more. You may have an image, an idea about yourself, that you are important, that you are clever, that your family is better than other families, that you play games better than somebody else. You have this image about yourself, don't you? And when the importance of that image is questioned or shaken or broken into fragments, you feel very hurt. There is self-pity, anxiety, fear. And the next time you build a stronger image, more affirmative, aggressive and so on. You see that nobody disturbs you, which again is building a wall against any encroachment. So the fact is that both the one who is sensitive and the image-maker bring about the walls of resistance. Do you know what happens when you build a wall around yourself? It is like building a very high wall around your house. You don't see your neighbours, you don't get enough sunlight, you live in a very small space with all the members of your family. And not having enough space, you begin to get on each other's nerves, you quarrel, become violent, wanting to get away and revolt. And if you have enough money and enough energy you build another house for yourself with another wall around it and so it goes on. Resistance implies lack of space and it

is one of the factors of violence. 'But', asked one of them, 'mustn't one protect oneself?'

Against what? Naturally you must protect yourself against disease, against the rains and the sun; but when you ask mustn't one protect oneself, are you not asking to build a wall against being hurt? It may be your brother or your mother against whom you build the wall, thinking to protect yourself, but ultimately this leads to your own destruction and the destruction of light and space. 'But', asked one of the girls with studious eyes and long plaited hair, 'what am I to do when I am hurt? I know I'm hurt. I get hurt so often. What am I to do? You say I mustn't build a wall of resistance but I can't live with so many wounds'.

Do you understand, if one may ask, why you are hurt? And also when you get hurt? Do look at that leaf or that flower. It is very delicate and the beauty of it is in its very delicacy. It is terribly vulnerable and yet it lives. And you who so often are wounded, have you asked when and why you get hurt? Why do you get hurt – when somebody says something you don't like, when somebody is aggressive, violent towards you? Why are you hurt? If you get hurt and build a wall around yourself, which is to withdraw, then you live in a very small space within yourself. In that small space there is no light or freedom and you will get more and more hurt. So the question is, can you live freely and happily without being hurt, without building walls of resistance. This is the important question, isn't it?, [and] not how to strengthen the walls or what to do when you have a wall round your little space. So there are two things involved in this: the memory of the hurt and the prevention of future hurts. If that memory continues and you add to it fresh memories of hurts, then your wall becomes stronger and higher, the space and the light become smaller and duller, and there is great misery, mounting self-pity and bitterness. If you see very

clearly the danger of it, the uselessness, the pity of it, then the past memories will wither away. But you must see it as you would see the danger of a cobra. Then you know it is a deadly danger and you go nowhere near it. In the same way do you see the danger of past memories with their hurts, with their walls of self-defence? Do you actually see it as you see that flower? If you do then it inevitably disappears.

So you know what to do with past hurts. Then how will you prevent future hurts? Not by building walls. That is clear, isn't it? If you do, you will get more and more hurt. Please listen to this question carefully. Knowing that you may be hurt, how will you prevent this hurt taking place? If somebody tells you that you are not clever or beautiful, you get hurt, or angry, which is another form of resistance. Now what can you do? You saw very clearly how the past hurts go away without any effort; you saw because you listened and gave your attention. Now when someone says something unpleasant to you, be attentive; listen very carefully. Attention will prevent the mark of hurt. Do you understand what we mean by attention? 'You mean, Sir, concentration, don't you?'

Not quite. Concentration is a form of resistance, is a form of exclusion, a shutting out, a retreat. But attention is something quite different. In concentration there is a centre from which the action of observation takes place. Where there is a centre, the radius of its observation is very limited. Where there is no centre, observation is vast, clear. This is attention. 'I'm afraid we don't understand this at all, Sir.'

Look out at those hills, see the light on them, see those trees, hear the bullock cart going by; see the yellow leaves, the dried river bed, and that crow sitting on the branch. Look at all of this. If you look from a centre, with its prejudice, with its fear, with its like and

dislike, then you don't see the vast expanse of this earth. Then your eyes are clouded, then you become myopic and your eyesight becomes twisted. Can you look at all this, the beauty of the valley, the sky, without a centre? Then that is attention. Then listen with attention and without the centre, to another's criticism, insult, anger, prejudice. Because there is no centre in that attention there is no possibility of being hurt. But where there is a centre there is inevitable hurt. Then life becomes one scream of fear.

*Beginnings of Learning*

## **ART, BEAUTY AND CREATION**

Most of us are constantly trying to escape from ourselves; and as art offers a respectable and easy mean of doing so, it plays a significant part in the lives of many people. In the desire for self-forgetfulness, some turn to art, others take to drink, while still others follow mysterious and fanciful religious doctrines.

When, consciously or unconsciously, we use something to escape from ourselves, we become addicted to it. To depend on a person, a poem, or what you will, as a means of release from our worries anxieties, though momentarily enriching, only creates further conflict and contradiction in our lives.

The state of creativeness cannot exist where there is conflict, and the right kind of education should therefore help the individual to face his problems and not glorify the ways of escape; it should help him to understand and eliminate conflict, for only then can this state of creativeness come into being.

Art divorced from life has no great significance. When art is separate from our daily living, when there is a gap between our instinctual life and our efforts on canvas, in marble or in words, then art becomes merely an expression of our superficial desire to escape from the reality of what-is. To bridge this gap is very arduous, especially for those who are gifted and technically proficient; but it is only when the gap is bridged that our life becomes integrated and art an integral expression of ourselves.

The mind has the power to create illusion; and without understanding its ways, to seek inspiration is to invite self-deception. Inspiration comes when we are open to it, not when we are courting it. To attempt to gain inspiration through any form of stimulation leads to all kinds of delusions.

Unless one is aware of the significance of existence, capacity or gift gives emphasis and importance to the self and its cravings. It tends to make the individual self-centred and separative; he feels himself to be an entity apart, a superior being, all of which breeds many evils and causes ceaseless strife and pain. The self is a bundle of many entities, each opposed to the others. It is a battlefield of conflicting desires, a centre of constant struggle between the 'mine' and the 'not-mine'; and as long as we give importance to the self, to the 'me' and the 'mine', there will be increasing conflict within ourselves and in the world.

A true artist is beyond the vanity of the self and its ambitions. To have the power of brilliant expression, and yet be caught in worldly ways, makes for a life of contradiction and strife. Praise and adulation, when taken to heart, inflate the ego and destroy receptivity, and the worship of success in any field is obviously detrimental to intelligence.

Any tendency or talent which makes for isolation, any form of self-identification, however stimulating, distorts the expression of sensitivity and brings about insensitivity. Sensitivity is dulled when gift becomes personal, when importance is given to the 'me' and the 'mine' – *I paint, I write, I invent*. It is only when we are aware of every movement of our own thought and feeling in our relationship with people, with things and with nature, that the mind is open, pliable, not tethered to self-protective demands and pursuits; and only then is there sensitivity to the ugly and the beautiful, unhindered by the self.

Sensitivity to beauty and to ugliness does not come about through attachment; it comes with love, when there are no self-created conflicts. When we are inwardly poor, we indulge in every form of outward show, in wealth, power and possessions. When our hearts are empty, we collect things. If we can afford it, we surround ourselves with objects that we consider beautiful, and because we attach enormous importance to them, we are responsible for much misery and destruction.

The acquisitive spirit is not the love of beauty; it arises from the desire for security, and to be secure is to be insensitive. The desire to be secure creates fear; it sets going a process of isolation which builds walls of resistance around us, and these walls prevent all sensitivity. However beautiful an object may be, it soon loses its appeal for us; we get used to it, and that which was a joy becomes empty and dull. Beauty is still there, but we are no longer open to it, and it has been absorbed into our monotonous daily existence.

Since our hearts are withered and we have forgotten how to be kindly, how to look at the stars, at the trees, at the reflections on the water, we require the stimulation of pictures and jewels, of books and endless amusements. We are constantly seeking new

excitements, new thrills, we crave an ever-increasing variety of sensations. It is this craving and its satisfaction that make the mind and heart weary and dull. As long as we are seeking sensation, the things that we call beautiful and ugly have but a very superficial significance. There is lasting joy only when we are capable of approaching all things afresh – which is not possible as long as we are bound up in our desires. The craving for sensation and gratification prevents the experiencing of that which is always new. Sensations can be bought, but not the love of beauty.

When we are aware of the emptiness of our own minds and hearts without running away from it into any kind of stimulation or sensation, when we are completely open, highly sensitive, only then can there be creation, only then shall we find creative joy. To cultivate the outer without understanding the inner must inevitably build up those values which lead men to destruction and sorrow.

Learning a technique may provide us with a job, but it will not make us creative; whereas, if there is joy, if there is the creative fire, it will find a way to express itself, one need not study a method of expression. When one really wants to write a poem, one writes it, and if one has the technique, so much the better; but why stress what is but a means of communication if one has nothing to say? When there is love in our hearts, we do not search for a way of putting words together.

Great artists and great writers may be creators, but we are not, we are mere spectators. We read vast numbers of books, listen to magnificent music, look at works of art, but we never directly experience the sublime; our experience is always through a poem, through a picture, through the personality of a saint. To sing we must have a song in our hearts; but having lost the song, we pursue

the singer. Without an intermediary we feel lost; but we *must* be lost before we can discover anything. Discovery is the beginning of creativeness; and without creativeness, do what we may, there can be no peace or happiness for man.

We think that we shall be able to live happily, creatively, if we learn a method, a technique, a style; but creative happiness comes only when there is inward richness, it can never be attained through any system. Self-improvement, which is another way of assuring the security of the 'me' and the 'mine', is not creative, nor is it love of beauty. Creativeness comes into being when there is constant awareness of the ways of the mind, and of the hindrances it has built for itself.

The freedom to create comes with self-knowledge; but self-knowledge is not a gift. One can be creative without having any particular talent. Creativeness is a state of being in which the conflicts and sorrows of the self are absent, a state in which the mind is not caught up in the demands and pursuits of desire.

To be creative is not merely to produce poems, or statues, or children; it is to be in that state in which truth can come into being. Truth comes into being when there is a complete cessation of thought; and thought ceases only when the self is absent, when the mind has ceased to create, that is, when it is no longer caught in its own pursuits. When the mind is utterly still without being forced or trained into quiescence, when it is silent because the self is inactive, then there is creation.

The love of beauty may express itself in a song, in a smile, or in silence; but most of us have no inclination to be silent. We have not the time to observe the birds, the passing clouds, because we are too busy with our pursuits and pleasures. When there is no

beauty in our hearts, how can we help the children to be alert and sensitive? We try to be sensitive to beauty while avoiding the ugly; but avoidance of the ugly makes for insensitivity. If we would develop sensitivity in the young, we ourselves must be sensitive to beauty and to ugliness, and must take every opportunity to awaken in them the joy there is in seeing, not only the beauty that man has created, but also the beauty of nature.

*Education and the Significance of Life, Chapter 8*

### **BEAUTY IS TOTAL SELF-ABANDONMENT**

**PUPUL JAYAKAR (P):** Where is the resting place of beauty? Where does beauty reside? Obviously, the outer manifestations of beauty are observable in the right relationship between space, form and colour, and between human beings. But what is the essence of beauty? In Sanskrit texts three factors are equated – the True, the Good and the Beautiful as *satyam, sivam, sundaram*.

**JKRISHNAMURTI (K):** What are you trying to find out? Do you want to find the nature of beauty? What do the professionals say?

**P:** Traditionalists would say: *satyam, sivam, sundaram*. The artist today would not differentiate between the seemingly ugly and the seemingly beautiful, but would regard the creative act as the expression of a moment, of a perception that gets transformed within the individual and which finds expression in the action of the artist.

**K:** You are asking: What is beauty, what is the expression of beauty, and how does the individual fulfil himself through beauty?

What is beauty? If you started as though you knew nothing about it, what would your reaction be? This is a universal problem: it was a problem for the Greeks, for the Romans, and it is still a problem for people today. So what is beauty? Does beauty lie in the sunset, in a lovely morning, in human relationships – between mother and child, husband and wife, man and woman? Does beauty lie in the extraordinarily subtle movement of thought and in clear perception? Is that what you call beauty?

**P:** Can there be beauty also in the terrible, the ugly?

**K:** In murder, in butchery, in throwing bombs, in violence, in mutilation, torture, anger, in the brutal, violent, aggressive pursuit of an idea, in wanting to be greater than somebody – is there beauty in that? Where is beauty if a man hits another?

**P:** In all these acts there is no beauty, but isn't there beauty in the creative act of the artist who interprets the terrible, like Picasso's *Guernica*?

**K:** So we have to ask: What is expression, what is creativity? You ask: What is beauty? Does it lie in a sunset, in the clear light of the morning, the light on the water, in relationship? And does beauty lie in any form of violence, including competitive achievement? Is there beauty *per se*, or does it lie in how the artist expresses himself? A child tortured can be expressed by an artist, but is that beauty?

**P:** Beauty is a relative thing.

**K:** The 'I' which sees, which is conditioned and which demands self-fulfilment is relative.

Now, is beauty good taste? Or, does beauty have nothing in common with it, but lies in the artist's expression and, therefore, in his fulfillment? The artist says: I must fulfill myself through expression. The artist would be lost without expression, which is part of his sense of beauty and his self-fulfillment. We ourselves try to find beauty in other people's expression, in architecture and in beautiful bridges – like the Golden Gate Bridge, or the bridges over the Seine – in modern buildings of glass and steel and in the gentleness of a fountain. We seek beauty in museums, and in a symphony.

What is amiss in the man who is seeking beauty? So, can we ask what is the inwardness, the feeling, the subtlety in the word 'beauty', so that beauty is truth and truth is beauty?

**P:** The expressions of other people are the only sources of beauty that are available to us.

**K:** What does that mean?

**P:** In seeing the bridge a certain quality arises within me which I call beauty. It is only in the perception of something beautiful that the quality of beauty arises in many individuals.

**K:** I understand that. I am asking: Does beauty lie in self-expression?

**P:** One has to start with what exists.

**K:** Which is other people's expression. Not having the perceptive eye, the strange inward feeling of beauty, I say: How beautiful that picture is, how beautiful that poem is, that symphony. Remove all that, and the individual knows no beauty. Therefore he relies, for

his appreciation of beauty, on expression, on objects – on a bridge or a good chair. Does beauty demand expression, especially self-expression?

**P:** Can it exist independent of expression?

**K:** Perception of beauty is its expression; the two are not separate. Perceiving is expressing; there is no time interval at all. Seeing is doing, acting; there is no gap between seeing and doing.

I want to observe the mind that sees, where seeing is acting; I want to observe the nature of the mind that has this quality of seeing and doing. What is this mind? It is essentially not concerned with expression. Expression may come, but it is not concerned. Expression takes time – to build a bridge, to write a poem. But to the mind which sees, the mind to which perceiving is doing, there is no time at all. Such a mind is a sensitive mind; such a mind is the most intelligent mind. And without that intelligence, is there beauty?

**P:** What is the place of the heart in this?

**K:** Do you mean the feeling of love?

**P:** The word 'love' is a loaded term. If you are still, there is a strange feeling, a movement which takes place from this region of the heart. What is this? Is this necessary or is it a hindrance?

**K:** This is the most essential part of it. There is no perception without that; mere intellectual perception is no perception. The action of intellectual perception is fragmentary, whereas intelligence implies affection, the heart. Otherwise you are not

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sensitive; you cannot possibly perceive. Perceiving is acting. Perceiving, acting without time is beauty.

**P:** Do the eyes and the heart operate at the same time in the act of perception?

**K:** Perception implies complete attention. The nerves, the ears, the brain, the heart – everything is at the highest quality. Otherwise there is no perceiving.

**P:** Is the fragmentary quality of sensory action due to the fact that the whole organism does not operate at the same time?

**K:** The brain, the heart, nerves, eyes, ears are never completely in attention and, as they are not, you cannot perceive.

So what is beauty? Does it lie in expression, in fragmentary action? I may be an artist, an engineer, a poet; poets, engineers, artists and scientists are fragmentary human beings. One fragment becomes extraordinarily perceptive, sensitive and its action may express something marvellous, but it is still a fragmentary action.

**P:** What is that state when the organism perceives violence, terror or ugliness?

**K:** Let us take violence in its multifarious forms .... But why are you asking that question?

**P:** It is necessary to investigate this.

**K:** Is violence part of beauty? Is that what you are asking?

**P:** I will not put it that way.

**K:** You see violence. What is the response of a perceptive mind, in the sense in which we are using the word 'perceptive', to various forms of destruction, which is part of violence? (*pause*)I've got it. Is violence a fragmentary act or is it an act of a totally harmonious perception?

**P:** No.

**K:** So you are saying that it is a fragmentary action. Fragmentary action must deny beauty.

**P:** You have inverted the situation.

**K:** What is the response of a perceptive mind when it sees violence? It looks at it, investigates it and sees it as a fragmentary action; and therefore it is not an act of beauty. What happens to a perceptive mind when it sees a violent act? It sees what-is.

**P:** To you the nature of the mind does not change as such?

**K:** Why should it change? It sees what-is. Go a step further.

**P:** Does the perceiving mind, observing violence which is fragmentary, and seeing what-is, act on violence? And, in the very act of seeing, does it change its nature?

**K:** Wait a minute. You are asking: What is the effect of the perceiving mind when it observes violence?

**P:** You said: It sees what-is. Does it alter what-is? Does the perceiving mind, in the very observing of violence and seeing what-is, act on violence and change its nature?

**K:** Are you asking whether the perceiving mind, in seeing what-is, that is, the act of violence, asks: What shall I do? Is that it?

**P:** Such a mind does not do that, but there must be some action from the perceiving mind which changes the violence in the other.

**K:** The perceiving mind sees a violent act. Such an act is fragmentary. What action can there be on the part of the perceiving mind?

**P:** The perceiving mind sees violence on the part of x; seeing is acting.

**K:** But what can it do?

**P:** If the perceiving mind acts, it must change the violence in X.

**K:** Let us get this clear. The perceiving mind sees another acting violently. To the perceiving mind, the very seeing is the doing. That is a fact; perception is action. The perceiving mind sees X in violence. What is the action involved in that seeing? – the stopping of violence?

**P:** All those are peripheral actions. I am saying that when a perceiving mind is confronted with an act of violence, the very act of perceiving will alter the action of violence.

**K:** Several things are involved here. The perceiving mind sees an act of violence; the man who is acting violently may respond non violently, because the perceiving mind is near him, close to him – and suddenly this happens.

**P:** One comes to you with a problem, say of jealousy. What happens in an interview with you when a confused person comes to you? In the very act of perceiving, the confusion is not.

**K:** Obviously that happens because of contact. You have taken the trouble to discuss violence, and something happens because of a direct sharing of the problem – there is communication. That is simple. You see a man far away acting with violence. What is the action of the perceiving mind there?

**P:** There must be tremendous energy from a perceiving mind, that must have some action.

**K:** It may act. You cannot be as certain of that as you can be in close proximity. The other may wake up in the middle of the night; he may become aware of the strange response later, depending upon his sensitivity. This may or may not be due to the perceiving mind and its impact; whereas this close communication is different. It does bring about change.

Let us come back. You were asking what beauty is. I think we can say that the mind which is not fragmentary in itself, which is not broken up, has this beauty.

**P:** Has it any relationship to sensory perception? If you close your eyes, your ears ...

**K:** Even when you close your ears and eyes, because there is no fragmentation, the mind has this quality of beauty, of sensitivity. It is not dependent on external beauty. Put the instrument of such a mind in the middle of the noisiest city, what takes place? Physically it gets affected, but the quality of the mind that is not

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fragmented, is not affected. It is independent of the surroundings, therefore it does not concern itself with expression.

**P:** That is the aloneness of it.

**K:** Therefore beauty is aloneness. Why is there this craving for self-expression? Is that craving part of beauty – whether it is the craving of a woman for a baby, of a husband for sex in the moment of tenderness, or of the artist craving for expression? Does the perceptive mind demand any form of expression? It does not, because perceiving is expressing, is doing. The artist, the painter, the builder finds self-expression. It is fragmentary; and therefore its expression is not beauty.

A mind that is conditioned, that is fragmentary, expresses the feeling of beauty, but it is conditioned. Is that beauty? Therefore, the self which is the conditioned mind can never see beauty, and whatever it expresses must be of its quality.

**P:** You have still not answered one aspect of the question. There is such a thing as creative talent, the ability to put together things in a manner which gives joy.

**K:** The housewife baking bread, but not ‘in order to’ – not because of something else. The moment you do that you are lost. The speaker does not sit on the platform and speak because it gives him joy. The source of water is never empty; it is always bubbling. Whether there is pollution or the worship of water, it is bubbling; it is there.

Most people who are concerned with self-expression have self-interest. The artist, famous or otherwise, belongs to that category. It is the self which makes for fragmentation. In the absence of the

self, there is perception. Perception is doing, and *that* is beauty. I am sure that the sculptor who carved the *Maheśamūrti* at Elephanta created it out of his meditation. Before you put your hand to a stone or a poem, there must be a state of meditation; the inspiration must not be from the self.

**P:** The tradition of the Indian sculptor was that.

**K:** Beauty is total self-abandonment; and with the total absence of the self there is *that*. We are trying to catch that without the absence of the self; creation then becomes a tawdry affair.

*New Delhi, 29 December, 1970, Tradition and Revolution*

## **KFI ANNUAL PUBLIC GATHERING, 2018**

This year's KFI Public Gathering will take place at Rajghat, Varanasi, from 31<sup>st</sup> October to 3<sup>rd</sup> November, 2018. The overall theme is: *Crisis in Society and Individual Responsibility*.

The arrival day for participants is on 30<sup>th</sup> October. The Gathering will commence on 31<sup>st</sup> October morning and conclude on 3<sup>rd</sup> November by lunch time.

For further details and registration, please contact:

The Krishnamurti Centre  
Krishnamurti Foundation India  
Rajghat Fort, Varanasi 221 001 INDIA

Phone Numbers:

Study Centre Office: 0542-2441289, Guest House: 2440326

[studycentre@rajghatbesantschool.org](mailto:studycentre@rajghatbesantschool.org)

Website: [www.rajghatbesantschool.org](http://www.rajghatbesantschool.org)

Facebook: [www.facebook.com/krishnamurticentre.rajghat](http://www.facebook.com/krishnamurticentre.rajghat)

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#### **Krishnamurti Foundation Trust**

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S024 OLQ, UK  
+44 (0) 1962 771 525  
info@kfoundation.org  
www.kfoundation.org

### INDIA

#### **Krishnamurti Foundation India**

Vasanta Vihar, 64/5 Greenways Road  
Chennai 600 028, India  
+91 44 2493 7596  
+91 44 2493 7803  
info@kfionline.org  
www.kfionline.org

### LATIN AMERICA

#### **Fundacion Krishnamurti Latinoamericana**

Calle San Isidre 3, Jávea  
Alicante 03730, Spain  
+34 96 646 0530  
fkl@fkla.org  
www.fkla.org

### USA

#### **Krishnamurti Foundation of America**

PO Box 1560, Ojai CA  
93024-1560 USA  
+1 805 646 2726  
kfa@kfa.org  
www.kfa.org

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