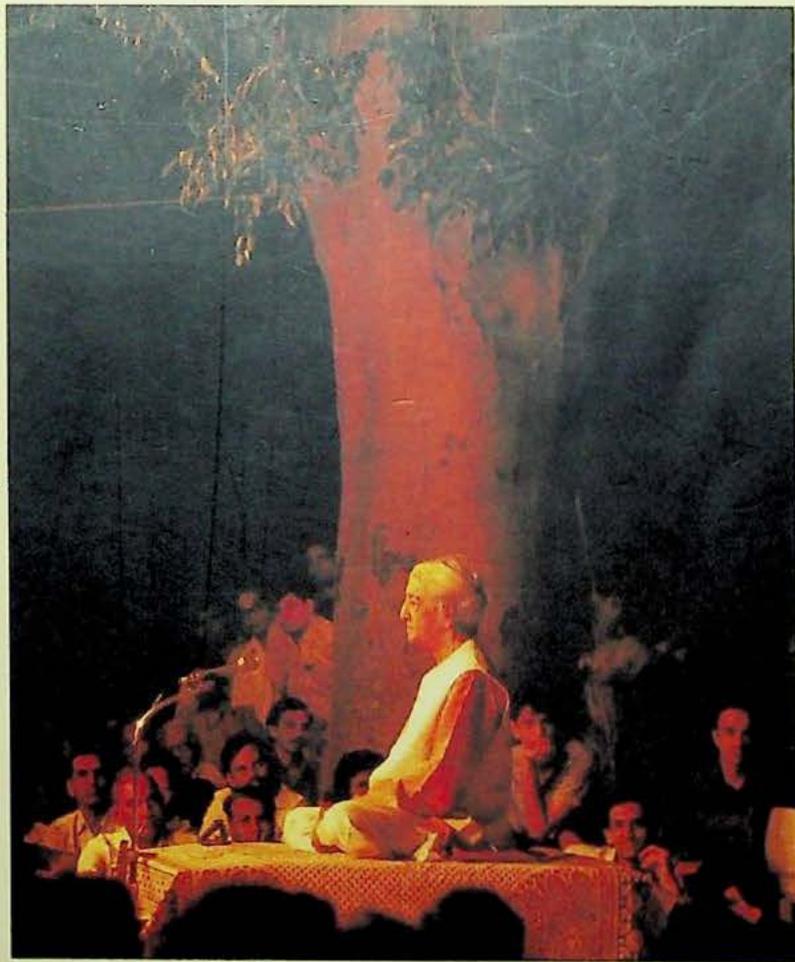
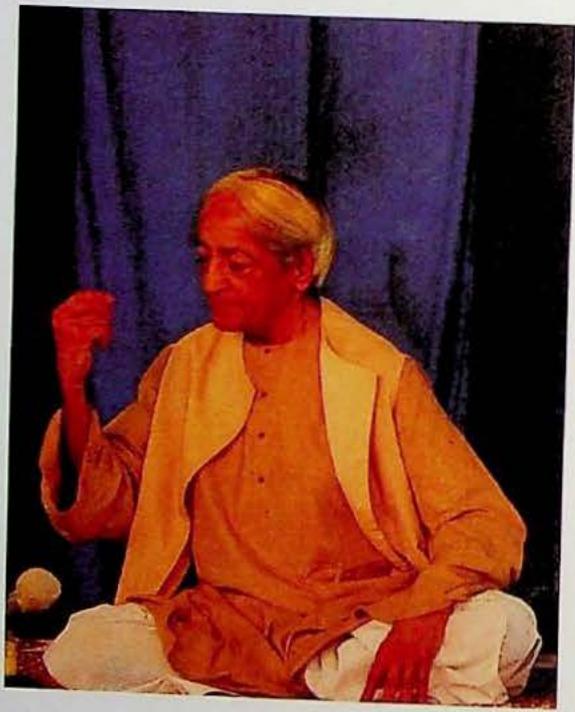


The Presence That Stays





The Presence That Stays

Personal Recollections of Jiddu Krishnamurti

Jiddu Krishnamurti Centre

3-6-361/20, Behind Lady Hyderi Club,

Himayatnagar, Hyderabad - 500 029.

(A.P.), INDIA

Acknowledgements

The Jiddu Krishnamurti Centre, Hyderabad gratefully acknowledges support from the Krishnamurti Foundation India in general and Smt Ahalya Chari in particular. We have received their advice and support from the time the idea for the cultural function originated to the last moments of panic, with the souvenir being finalised, donor passes distributed and accommodation arranged.

We are extremely grateful to Mr. Friedrich Grohe who has provided the material for the European content of this souvenir. We acknowledge the help given to us by Smt. Abburi Chaya Devi in editing the Telugu articles. We thank Sri P. Vamana Rao and Sri Kabir Ahmed for their continued support.

We remember on this occasion Sri K.V.Ramana, our first chairperson, who provided the initial impetus and drive in the formation of the Centre. We also remember Sri K.K.Swaminath, one of our founder members, who alas is no more with us.

The following members have helped us in the organisation of the cultural function: Sri V.R. Reddy, Sri I.V.S. Murty, Sri P. Sadasiva Rao, Prof. K. Tippa Reddy, Sri M.K. Govind. Our special thanks to them.

We owe a huge depth of gratitude to the following who have spent sleepless nights in the preparation of this souvenir: Harish Kumar, G. Ashwathama, Darbha Sanjay, Pradnya Keskar, Taduri Susheela, I. Annapurna. All the credit for mistakes goes to them.

Last but not least, we thank Dr. K. Anji Reddy who has sponsored the programmes and provided the financial support without which this programme and this souvenir would not have come into being.

From The Chairperson...

11th May, 1995 was the birth centenary of Jiddu Krishnamurti. The citizens of Hyderabad celebrated the occasion with a function at Ravindra Bharati attended by the Governor of Andhra Pradesh, Shri K. Krishna Kant, himself a keen student of JK's teachings. Members of the centenary celebrations committee felt that JK deserved a permanent presence in Hyderabad, especially in the capital of the state of his birth. And so was born the Jiddu Krishnamurti Centre under the guidance of Krishnamurti Foundation India.

With an executive committee in place, the first task was to find a place which would house the Centre, accommodate a library and have space for people to enquire into the fundamental questions of life in the light of his teachings. Moreover it had to be central and yet quiet. A residential house in the heart of the city, just behind Lady Hyderi Club in Basheerbagh was rented. About a hundred members joined the Centre. From the beginning regular week-end video shows, talks and dialogues have been arranged. All those who work for the Centre are volunteers except for one person who opens and closes the centre on working days, maintains the registers and stays at the Centre whilst it is open (all days except Monday & Tuesday). The Centre was formally inaugurated by the Governor of Andhra Pradesh in May, 1996 with Shri G. Gautama of the Krishnamurti Foundation India attending.

Amongst various special programmes that have been arranged by the Centre are a three day retreat conducted by Smt. Ahalya Chari, trustee, KFI on 'The Vision of a Study Centre', talks amongst others by Prof. P. Krishna of the Rajghat Centre, Varanasi and Dr. S. Shirali, Principal of Rishi Valley School, a joint programme with All India Radio and a programme for children on the environment and violence in our daily lives.

The Centre has an extremely active translation cell guided by the Krishnamurti Foundation India. Three booklets, in Telugu, are being released in this function and several of Krishnaji's books are in the process of translation. This is going to be a major focus of the Centre.

The Centre has lived fairly dangerously as far as its finances are concerned and gratefully acknowledges support from Mr. G.V.K. Prasad and Dr. Anji Reddy who have been extremely generous.

The cultural function on the 6th & 7th of December 1997 is the first major attempt of the Centre to gather some funds on its own. Considering the plans it has for the future - an expanding library, a permanent residence - this effort will be just a drop in the ocean.

Smarajit Ray

జిడ్డు కృష్ణమూర్తి కేంద్రం

ఈ భాగ్యనగర వాసులు జిడ్డు కృష్ణమూర్తి శతజయంతి ఉత్సవాన్ని 1995 మే 11న రవీంద్ర భారతిలో జరుపుకున్నారు. జె.కె బోధనలనధ్యయనం చేసిన అప్పటి రాష్ట్ర గవర్నర్ కృష్ణకాంత్ ఆ సభకు అధ్యక్షత వహించారు. ఆంధ్రప్రదేశ్ రాజధాని నగరమయిన హైదరాబాదులో శాశ్వత ప్రాతిపదికమీద జేకే కేంద్రం వుండాలి అన్న శతజయంతి సమితి సభ్యుల కోరికకు తొలి రూపమే జిడ్డు కృష్ణమూర్తి కేంద్రము ఆవిర్భావం.

ఆ తర్వాత ఒక కార్యనిర్వాహక సంఘం ఏర్పడింది. కేంద్రానికి, దాని గ్రంథాలయానికీ, సభ్యులు ధ్యానం చేసుకోవడానికి అనువయిన గృహాన్ని, నగరం మధ్యలో ప్రశాంతంగా, అందరికీ అందుబాటులో వుండే ఇంటికోసం అన్వేషణ మొదలయింది. బషీర్ బాగ్ లో, లేడీ హైదరీ క్లబ్ వెనుక ఒక ఇంటిని అద్దెకు తీసుకున్నారు. కేంద్రంలో సుమారు వంద మంది సభ్యులు చేరారు. అప్పటినుండి ప్రతివారమూ వీడియో ప్రదర్శనలు, ప్రసంగాలు, చర్చలు మొదలయ్యాయి. ఈ కేంద్రం (సోమ, మంగళ - మినహా) రోజూ మధ్యాహ్నం రెండు గంటల నుండి సాయంకాలం 7 గంటల దాక తెరిచి వుంటుంది. ఈ కేంద్రం తెరిచి, అక్కడ వుండి అన్నీ చూచుకోవడానికి ఒక చిరు ఉద్యోగి వున్నాడు. అతడు తప్ప మిగతా వారంతా స్వచ్ఛంద కార్య కర్తలే.

ఈ కేంద్రాన్ని అప్పటి రాష్ట్ర గవర్నర్ 1996 మే లో లాంఛన ప్రాయంగా ప్రారంభించారు. ఆ నాటి సభలో పాల్గొన్న డా॥ గౌతమ్ సభ్యులతో చర్చలు, సంభాషణలు జరిపారు.

ఆ తర్వాత జరిగిన అనేక కార్యక్రమాలలో చెప్పుకో దగినవి :

“జే. కే కేంద్రం ఎలా వుండాలి” అన్న అంశం మీద కృష్ణమూర్తి ఫౌండేషన్ ఇండియా - ధర్మకర్త శ్రీమతి అహల్యవారి నేతృత్వంలో జరిగిన మూడు రోజుల సంగోష్ఠి.

రాజ్ మూట్ కేంద్రానికి చెందిన ఆచార్య పి. కృష్ణగారి ప్రసంగం, రుషివాలీ పాఠశాల ప్రిన్సిపాల్, డా॥ ఎన్. షిరాలీ ఉపన్యాసం, జే.కే 102వ జయంతి సందర్భంగా ఆకాశవాణి, హైదరాబాద్ వారితోబాటు సంయుక్తంగా నిర్వహించిన చర్చా కార్యక్రమం - బాలల కోసం వర్షావరణం మీద, మన దైనందిన జీవితాలలో హింసమీద కార్యక్రమం.

ఆర్థిక పుష్టి అంతంతమాత్రంగా వున్న కేంద్రపు జవజీవాలకు సాయపడుతున్న శ్రీ జి. వి. కె. ప్రసాద్, డా॥ అంజిరెడ్డి గారలను ఈ సందర్భంగా కృతజ్ఞతతో స్మరించుకోవాలి. ఈ 97 డిసెంబర్ 6,7 తేదీలలో నిర్వహిస్తున్న సాంస్కృతిక కార్యక్రమాలు నిధుల సేకరణలో తొలి యత్నం.

సాధించ వలసింది సింధువంత. అందులో ఈ యత్నం బిందువంత!

స్మరణిత్ రే
(అధ్యక్షులు)

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 నండూరి రామమోహనరావు

*I have no name;
I am as the fresh breeze of the mountains.
I have no shelter;
I am as the wandering waters.
I am not bound by theories,
Nor corrupted by beliefs.
I am not held in the bondage of religions,
Nor in the pious agony of their priests.
I am not entrapped by philosophies,
Nor held in the power of their seats.
I am neither low nor high,
I am the worshipper and the worshipped.
I am free.
My song is the song of the river
Calling for the open seas,
Wandering, wandering.
I am life.*

J.Krishnamurti

Caught in the mindless stream of what we call life we are carried along, warts and all. With only occasional glimpses of some otherness, of beauty, tenderness or true joy. And we carry on, trying to accept, to adjust.

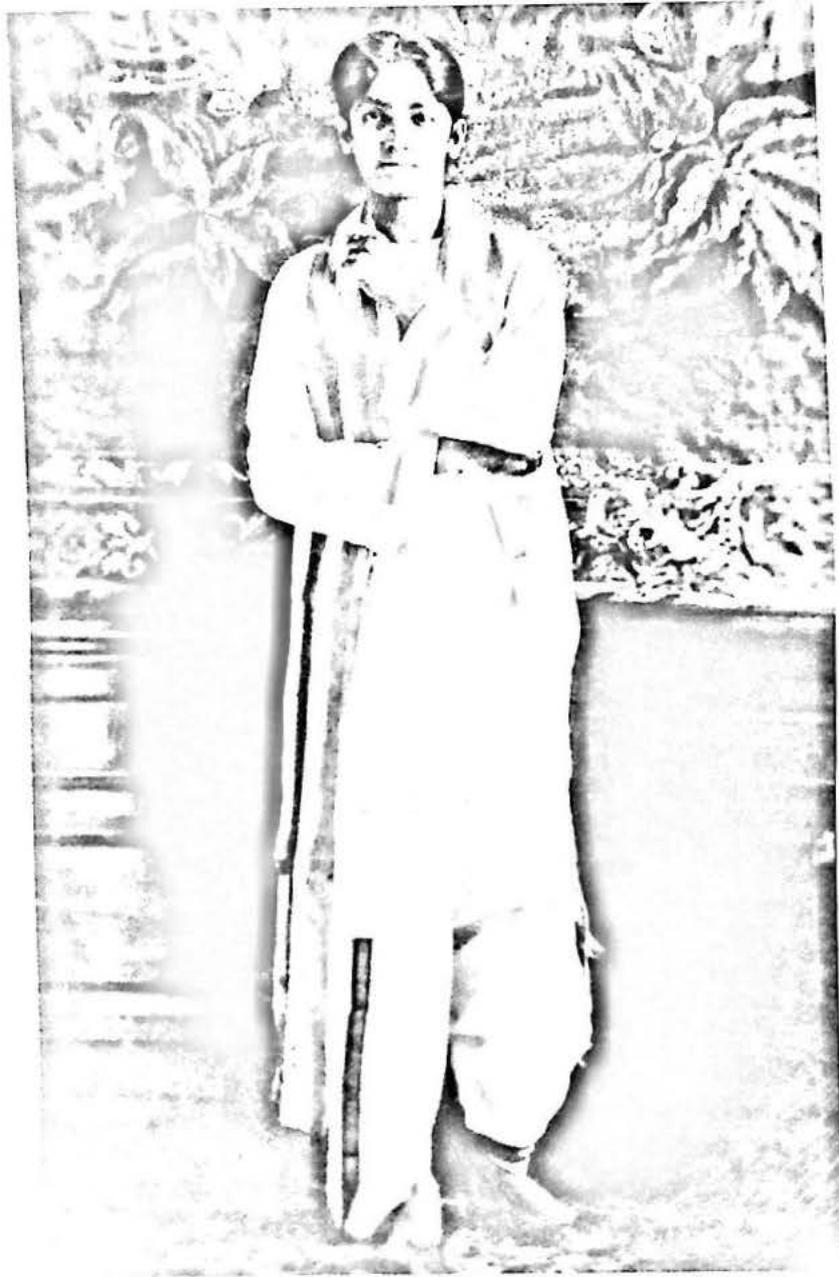
Then comes the question, one that has haunted mankind for centuries - "Is this all there is to life?" Then, if we are fortunate, we come across someone like J.Krishnamurti. Someone who acts as a mirror to our weaknesses and excuses. Someone who because of his compassion would have us look beyond the mediocrity and the corruption of the self-interest with which we live.

That voice, because it is true, because it is of intelligence, strikes a chord in us. And thus perchance begins a new journey.

Our words are not a measure of that, of the man. But our lives could be.

This collection is in acknowledgement of that journey we must undertake, of that adventure we must claim.

aparajita



“तत्ववेत्त - कृष्णमूर्ति”

(बिजुमल्ल पुर्णचन्द्रमूर्ति)

॥श्लो॥ जिडु वंशाब्धि शुभ्रांशुः कृष्णमूर्तिरभूत्पुरा।
यस्यालोचनज्योत्स्नासु ननंद भूचकोरकः॥

चिन्ताकुलितमानवहृदयान्धकार निरासवासकरः जिडुकृष्णमूर्तिः अस्यां शाताब्द्यां संजातो महान् तत्ववेत्ता इत्यत्र न कापि अतिशयोक्तिः। असौ महापुरुषः नित्यसत्यान्वेषी पंडितपामर जनानुरंजनपटुश्च। ऊननवतिवर्षः वृद्धः सन्नपि सः तरूण इव शीघ्रगामी कुशाग्रबुद्धिश्च आसीत्। उतुंगस्यास्य दृढपुरुषस्य धीवैभवं दृष्ट्वा महामनीषिणोऽपि आश्चर्यचकिताः “वार्धक्येऽपि का एषा असामान्या बुद्धिकुशलता इति। वृद्धाः मेधाविनः जिज्ञासवः युवानश्च सर्वे जगति तस्य प्रबोधान् श्रोतुं नितारां समुत्सुकाः आसन्।

आन्ध्रदेशे प्राक्तने चित्तूसूमण्डले मदनपल्ली इति प्रथिते ग्रामे 1895 तमे वर्षे “मे” मासि ११ तारिकायां ब्राह्मणकुटुम्बे कृष्णमूर्तिः अजायत। प्रभुत्वोद्योगिनः जिडुनारायणस्यासौ अष्टमः सन्तानः। बाल्ये एव तस्य मातृवियोगः समजनि। नारायणस्तु थियोसोफिकल सोसैटी (दिव्यज्ञानसमाजः) इति नाम्ना तदानींतने प्रसिध्दायां संस्थायामपि एकः कार्यकर्ता आसीत्।

प्रभुत्वोद्योगस्य परित्यागानन्तरं नारायणः मद्रासनगर्या अडयारस्थल्यां स्थितस्य दिव्यज्ञान समाजस्य केन्द्रकार्यालयस्य प्रांगणे एव एकस्मिन् गृहे निवसतिस्म।

अस्य समाजस्य विश्वासोऽभूत् यत् “मैत्रेय-बोधिसत्वः लोकसंरक्षणार्थं पुनः धात्रीं आगमिष्यति” इति। ते सर्वे समाजस्यकार्यकर्तारः तस्य जगद्गुरोः आगमनार्थं नित्यानुष्ठानरताः आसन्।

बालकृष्णमूर्तिः अतीव सुन्दराकृतिः विशालाक्षः गंभीरवदनश्च। पाठशालाविद्यायां सः नितरां निरासक्तः। परं च प्रकृतिसौंदर्यरसिकः सः जलभरितमेघमण्डलान्

कुसुमितान् पल्लवितान् तरुलताविटपान् सोत्साहं पश्यन् सदा प्रशान्त चित्त एव आसीत्। यन्त्रोपकरणेषु तु तस्य महती श्रद्धा अवर्तत। पिता नारायणस्तु तस्य मौनं, गंभीरां प्रकृतिपरिशीलनाशक्तिं च दृष्ट्वा असकृदाश्चर्यचीकतोऽभूत्।

एकदा अडयारसमीपे समुद्रतोरे क्रीडन्तं कृष्णमूर्तिं लेड्बीटरनामा महापुरुषः ससोदरं अपश्यत्। तेजस्वि नः कृष्णमूर्तेः दर्शनमात्रेण अलौकिकशाक्तिसंपन्नः सः आश्चर्यपरवशः समभवत्। तत्क्षणे एव सः उदघोषयत्- “जगद्गुरोः लक्षणानि बालकेऽस्मिन् प्रस्फुटानि। अयं अवश्यं महापुरुषो भवष्यति। अतः समाजस्य सर्वे गुरवः शिष्याश्च सावधानचित्ताः भवेयुः” इति।

तेजःपुंजवपुष्मन्तं कृष्णमूर्तिं ज्ञात्वा सर्वे दिव्यज्ञान समाजस्य कार्यकर्तारः प्रहर्षमन्वभवन्। ततः परं सोदरयोः कृष्णमूर्तिनित्यानन्दयोः व्ययं दिव्यज्ञान समाज एव वोढुं ऐच्छत्। अनतिकाले एव अनीबीसंट इति नाम्न्याः महोदयायाः वात्सल्येन पालितः कृष्णमूर्तिः इंग्लंडदेशे विद्यां संस्कृतिं चाधीत्य महामतिः अभवत्।

अनुजस्य नित्यानन्दस्य मरणं कृष्णमूर्तिं भृशं अबाधयत्। तदेव कृष्णमूर्तेः दुःखेन प्रथमः परिचयः। प्रत्युत अनीबीसंटमहोदयायाः वार्धक्यं समाजस्य कार्यकार्तृणां अनैतिकानि कार्याणि द्वेषभावाश्च तं अकंपयत्। व्यथितस्य तस्य हृदयाकाशे ज्ञानभास्कस्य उदयः समभवत्। समाजस्य अनुष्ठानान् स्वेच्छावरोधान् बन्धनानिव सः अचिन्तयत्।

“सत्यान्वेषणार्थं निरन्तरं मनोव्यापारचिन्तनं कर्तव्यम्। न काऽपि संस्था सत्यमार्गप्रदर्शने समार्था। एते हि समाजाः निरर्थकाः प्रगत्यवरोधजनकाश्च। यावत्कालं मनः चंचलं भवति तावत्कालपर्यन्तं ध्येयवस्तु दुर्लभमेव।” इति चिन्तितवान् कृष्णमूर्तिः।

अनीबीसंटमहाशयायाः मरणानन्तरं दिव्यज्ञानसमाजं तस्य महतीं संपत्तिं चापि विसृज्य एकाकी सर्वतन्त्रस्वतन्त्रः विशालाकाशे स्वेच्छया उड्डीयमानः विहंग इव सः जगत्सर्वं अचरत्।

प्राच्यपाश्चात्यभावसम्मेलनं तस्य जीवितम्। अनेकाद्भुतघटनाभिश्च परिपुष्टम्। सः द्वितीये प्रपंचयुद्धसमये कारगारेऽपि अवसत्। तदाऽपि तत्र सः

प्रसन्नचित्तः एव आसीत्। तस्य चिन्ता सर्वदा सत्यान्वेषणैव । अतः नित्यचैतन्यमूर्तिः
कृष्णमूर्तिः इत्यत्र न काऽपि विप्रतिपत्तिः।

महाद्रष्टुः कृष्णमूर्तेः भाषणं प्रेमामृतधाराप्रवाहमेव। तेन प्रभाविताः जनाः
अज्ञानजाड्यविमुक्ताः। तस्य प्रकृतिः अतीवकोमला आत्मपरिशीलना प्रेरिका च।
भवन्ति चात्र -

सत्यान्वेषण रूपा या विद्याऽविद्या विघातिनी।
साऽनुष्ठेया सदाऽस्माभिः इत्येतत् कृष्णवाङ्मयम्॥

फलाभिसंधिरहितं नित्यं कर्म करोति यः।
निर्ममो निरहंकारो सत्यकार्यः स उच्यते॥

आनंत्यमात्मविज्ञानं अतलस्पर्शमब्धिवत्।
भावातीतामनः शान्तिः तद्विना नैव लभ्यते॥

अस्मद्भिन्नमिदं विश्वं न चैवं चिन्तयेत्बुधः।
वसुधैक कुटुंबत्वं आत्मज्ञानैक संभवम्॥

पतन्ति वृक्षात् पत्राणि खेचरन्ति विहंगमाः।
न तेषां मृत्युभीतिः स्यात् किमर्त्यो तं विचिन्तयेत्॥

एतान्युक्तानि कृष्णेन रमता तत्त्वचिन्तने।
सुभाषितं सदा ग्राह्यं रत्नानीव महोदधेः॥

धृत्वाकण्ठे पुष्पमालां करुणावरुणालयां।
अचरत् सो जगत्सर्वं तत्त्व सौरभसंपदम्॥ इति

कृष्णमूर्तेः जीवनं नितरां श्लाध्यम्।

तस्य जीवनवृत्तं सर्वैः अस्माभिः पठनीयं अनुवर्तनीयंच। संसारधर्म
संतापितानां तदीयोपदेशाः राका पूर्णं चन्द्रस्येव रश्मयः अज्ञानतमोनिवर्तकाः
आप्यायकाश्च।

“ To be a light to oneself is not to follow the light of another however reasonable, logical, historical, and however convincing. You cannot be a light to yourself if you are in the dark shadows of authority, of dogma, of conclusion. ••



*“ You will spoil everything
if you base your understanding on individuals,
even on Krishnamurti. There is a much greater thing
than this form, which you call Krishnamurti,
which is life and of that life I speak and of that life
I urge you to become disciples, and with that life
I would urge you to be in love. ••*

Something Precious

Prof. M. Sivaramakrishna

"Poetry can communicate before it is understood", said T.S.Eliot, the sage-poet. More than communication happens when you see a sage. The poetry part (the words) hardly counts. What matters is the presence. And to reduce this to the rhetoric of words is, for me, an event marked by both helplessness and happiness.

I was probably in my tenth class in school. Hardly a stage receptive to Krishnaji's words. I was no precocious child either. The place where I saw him: Rajahmundry, an important cultural centre in Andhra Pradesh. It was nearly four decades ago, in the late 1940's.

I was my father's child and he invariably took me to such events and I had thus seen many sages. Thus, it was my saintly father who took me to the garden of, in retrospect, perennial delight in Krishnaji. But of course, I sat through blissfully ignorant of what he said, but alert I suppose to what I saw.

Then, if language is a mark of failure, I have nothing to regret, for it means no regress at all and herein is my happiness. For the vision appeared much before the words confirmed. Krishnaji's presence preceded exposure to listening. May I say '*darshanam*' initiated the related processes?

Two things stand out in my attempt to recall those moments. The first is the sheer grace and gaiety of his appearance. This is not, let me hasten to say, not just the physical grace of gesture, of the body itself. (This charisma Krishnaji always had). What I can now recall is the utter unself-consciousness of his physical presence, which lent a certain amount of strangeness. Strange because so many eyes were focused on him. Being terribly self-conscious myself, this might have struck me as remarkable.

This presence is difficult to articulate even now. But it could be, approximately described in one word : intimacy. He seemed to talk with an intimacy I could hardly recall in any of my teachers. In short, he dispelled resistance - that seems to me to sum up what probably I mean by intimacy. This accounts also for the memory that 'survives'.

The other thing that struck me: the silence of the audience. Used as I was to articulate-about - nothing teachers and noisy class fellows, this was unique to me. Also I recall, this was not the hushed silence of an expectant audience, for forced silence feeds restlessness. It was not that kind of silence. It can be described as a response to an inherent, intuitive grace that Krishnaji so radiantly emanates. I would phrase it further as the silence of surrender to the silence that Krishnaji transmitted.

Being used to garrulous crowds, this was a silence that baffled me (more baffling was that even his spoken word never dispelled this silence for me). It was not some kind of frozen rigidity : the usual stance evoked in the presence of the holier-than-thou gurus. Hardly anyone stirred, but there was I think, an alertness without any anxiety to understand. The teaching transcended words yet also chose words to describe transcendence. Could one call it an encompassing love? A language that needs no alphabet?

Even as we were walking back to catch our train I asked my father what Krishnaji had said. He smiled and continued the silence...

That probably is how Krishnaji came to me and stays.



There is in his presence the feeling of something immense, so entirely remote from everyday experience, that by comparison one feels oneself to be puny, totally insignificant, and that recognition brings with it something of an immediate transformation. And although it does not last, yet, on a deeper level, it is experienced as a lasting benediction. Here then, we are confronted with a human being who by his every gesture, and above all by his marvellous smile, betrays that long ago he left behind him our human level of limitation with its sorrow and conflict. Such a one has no need to perform miracles, spectacular healings and so on, for his very being is a miracle."

- Robert Powell

Being With A Non - Person

Ahalya Chari

Looking back it is as if Krishnaji had been part of one's consciousness for a very long time. During childhood there was that portrait of a handsome boy in the house. There were also beautifully bound books with pictures of the boy and one opened them secretly. Books smelt good in those days! Occasionally there were animated discussions about the 'World Teacher' among friends who were visiting. Petrified as we were then at the sight of our own little teachers I am certain, I must have wondered what this phenomenon of a 'World Teacher' looked like!

I was to find that out later when I was in my late twenties at a public talk Krishnaji gave in Benaras, as the city was known then. It was in the courtyard of the college where I was teaching. There was hushed expectancy in the air till a slim man slipped unobtrusively on to a platform under the Ashoka tree at one end. There was no fuss, no announcement, no garlands. Dressed in immaculate white, his presence was regal, inspiring a reverence that was immediate. He too drew the audience within him in a few minutes. There was magic in the air as we listened spell-bound. Not that one understood everything. But this person was so different from any other speaker one had heard speak on religious matters. He never mentioned God even once. Yet he sanctified life itself. He spoke of ordinary things, of daily life and of being related to people, to things, to ideas, to nature. There was something compelling about this encounter. There was in fact no turning back ever.

My generation had a lot of respect for nature in a vague sort of way. We would never harm a plant or a tree but they were taken for granted like the skies above and the waters of the sea. I do not think I was ever taught to look at them or feel that sense of wonder that nature reveals now. Even poetry was a remote experience. Listening to Krishnaji again and again opened up for me a new perception of nature. Talking to children he would ask them to go and make friends with trees to talk to them or sit alone under a tree listening to its sound, the sound of the leaves, of the bark, of the trunk and so on. That way one learnt to be aware of nature, to care for it.

Years later when I was in charge of the educational centre at Rajghat, Krishnaji desired that he should receive regular and detailed accounts of all that was happening on the campus. Once I remember writing to him about the tamarind tree near his house. It was worn down with disease that would have spread quickly to other trees nearby. I wrote to him that I was most loathe to cut it down even though the experts had wanted me to. Since he was coming fairly soon surely he would do something about it, wouldn't he? When he came a month later the first question he asked was about the tree - and he looked at it long. And then I do not know what he did or when, but by the time he left some six weeks later, the tamarind was healed; there was even a tiny little green leaf sprouting. And now it flourishes. I did not speak of it to him as I knew he did not like to speak of his powers of healing people, plants or

animals. There was a monkey that visited him daily in his room at an appointed hour and they would hold hands.

From being a member of his audience earlier I had graduated to being invited to have lunch or breakfast with him in Delhi at Shiva Rao's or Pupul Jayakar's. He knew I was working in education and would ask the most penetrating questions about the state of education in the country. I would go well prepared knowing that I would be grilled but nothing helped for I was disarmed in a few minutes. His questions were so searching, so full of care and concern, covering vast grounds. I would come back feeling I had had my first lesson in education and I was supposed to be training teachers myself at that time! There was once a Swiss watch-maker at lunch with us and he told me later with amazement that he found that Krishnaji knew much more about quartz watches than he did. Freed from the bondage of life, Krishnamurti seemed to exude a certain passion for life itself and its many happenings and that gave an intensity to his conversations.

A private person, I used to feel very shy, overwhelmed as it were and tongue-tied when at a group discussion. Alone in his room conversation flowed easily. At times he would let me slip in and just be quiet in his presence or potter around putting things in order. I once asked him about this shyness in me and where diffidence begins or weakness or fear for that matter. He listened intently as he always did and recalled an incident in his boyhood days, as if to put me at ease.

He was in London, he said, as a young boy with Dr. Besant. It was her birthday, and they had arranged a function for her in some hall. It was packed and on the dais were the celebrities including George Bernard Shaw. He tried to avoid going up, both he and his brother, but they were pushed up. 'World Teacher and all that, you know', he said with a chuckle! He sat there next to Dr. Besant, holding her hand. They all spoke glowingly of her, said big things when suddenly someone asked that he say a few words. He looked at Dr. Besant in sheer despair. But she too coaxed him to speak. He got up and all he could say was: 'Dr. Besant is a very great woman', and he sat down to much applause. Saying this he threw his head back and laughed happily. His laughter had a special quality to it. It rang true and gave much delight.

"You have come a long way from there haven't you Krishnaji", I said. After a pause he said, "You know I used to write down elaborate notes in the early days, put down every point... and then it all dropped."

He looked very shy and simple as he said all this. There was not a trace of any self-consciousness.

"What do you do now, sir, before a talk" I asked. "Have you any idea of what you are going to say?". He became quiet and suddenly aloof and serious. "I have a general idea", he said softly but would talk no more.

That was Krishnaji, always reluctant to say anything about himself. In fact moving around the house you often felt you were with a non-person, a consciousness that had not a particle of the 'me' or 'mine' in it.

A certain conversation that took place much later lingers in the mind. Breakfast was over and the friends who had gathered round the table that morning had left. I was helping clear up the table. Krishnaji was standing at the

door overlooking the river, when he suddenly turned around, came back to the table and beckoned to me to sit down in the chair opposite. There was a sense of urgency about the gesture. "Where did you say you would build the adult centre?" he asked. He was referring to what later came to be known as Study centre. "Some of us talked about this yesterday, Krishnaji" , I said, "perhaps the best place would be the neem grove across the Varuna, there is a quality of silence there as you know..."

"Good, that's right" he said and added "But what would you build there?." Answering his own question as it were, he shared what he had in mind.

"Have an open space in the middle and single rooms all round; also a common kitchen and dining space and a common library of books and tapes." He paused for a while and asked: "Will you see that the living rooms are well fitted with everything a person needs so that the mind is completely at ease? It should be austere and elegant. A place where...when they come in they are looking entirely inward. When they go out they have the whole earth". Austerity and elegance. It seemed to me that these were the two qualities exemplified in his being. "Not the austerity of the sack-cloth and ashes" as he was to say "but that unpremeditated indifference to the things of the world". And there was immense beauty within him which expressed itself in all that he touched or did.

At that point however, I asked how many persons he would have at a time at a retreat.

"Not more than thirty", he said.

"And for how long should a retreat be held"?

"Not more than three weeks", he replied "otherwise they'll begin to take roots in the place".

As he spoke the face grew younger and fuller and there was excitement in the communication.

"If you do this, a long line of pilgrims will come here", he added with a far away look as if he was scanning future time. That was Krishnaji when he was passionate about something.

Looking ahead one can only wish, for the world's sake, that a long line of pilgrims would come to all these study centres wherever they are located to drink of the perennial waters of the teachings.

Krishnamurti As I Knew Him

Prof. P. Krishna

My first encounter with Krishnamurti's teachings was in 1955 when I was seventeen. During a summer vacation, while going through my father's cupboards, I came across a small booklet, 'Talks to Students'. I had not heard about Krishnamurti nor did I know anything about him. Because it was titled 'Talks to Students' I started reading it. It addressed all those questions which arose in my adolescent mind, and which my teachers never discussed. It fascinated me greatly and I read more of his books. Then I went to my father asking about Krishnamurti, and he told me the story of how he grew up in the Theosophical Society, how he was 'discovered', and so on.

I was quite taken with 'The First and Last Freedom'. It created a certain picture in my mind about someone like a Buddhist saint, calm and imperturbable. So when I first met him, I was taken aback and a bit shocked, because he was not at all like the image I had in my mind.

In the winter of 1958, Krishnamurti was staying at Delhi with Mr. Shiva Rao, a family friend. I was studying for my master's degree in Physics at Delhi University and was keenly interested in meeting the author of the books I had read. So Mr. Shiva Rao invited me to lunch with him. Before lunch, when I was introduced to Krishnaji, he asked me, "What are you doing?", and I said, "I am learning at the University". And he said, "Why are you studying Physics?" I found it odd that he should ask that and I said, "Well, in order to get a job, make a living and settle down in life". And he called to Shiva Rao and said, "Look at this young boy, nineteen years of age, and he is already worried about settling down and getting married and making a living!" I felt small. I felt he was finding fault with me. So I said, "What is wrong with doing that, sir?" and he said, "Do anything you like: beg, borrow or steal, but don't worry about the future, about how you are going to make a living." I was appalled! I asked, "Steal?" and he answered, "No Sir, not steal. I mean do anything, but do it with passion, because you like to do it, not because you want to make a living". He added, "This is the trouble with our education. The whole purpose of it is to make a living and get a job. We have turned education into a small, horrid affair!" That was like him, not trying to please or impress people. He was spontaneous, with no pretence, and full of passion.

Lunch with him used to last long with conversation in between. Once I asked him, "Sir, I have read that you were in Theosophical Society, people sat in a closed room and had sessions in order to talk with dead spirits, and there were occult phenomena. Was that all hallucination?" He replied, "No, those things exist but it is another form of power. It has nothing to do with goodness. Therefore, I am not interested in it." Then he added, "Of course, the mind has infinite powers of hallucination." Later on I wondered what he meant? And I felt he was trying to convey that occult phenomena — telepathy, ESP and other powers exist, but if one is not interested in power — money, or muscle power or position or status — why cultivate occult power?

He said his memories of early childhood were completely wiped out. Whatever experiences he had since 1922 had obliterated those memories from his brain. He said he did not remember Adyar, although he had lived there. He said, "I cannot recall my brother Nitya's face. I can barely recall amma's face (meaning Mrs. Besant). Then he added, mysteriously for me. "Of course, I can if I want to". I am still not able to make a head or tail of that.

I used to put many questions to him at the end of his talks. Once after one of those question sessions I went to greet him (and he would hold my hands very affectionately) and he said: "Too many questions, my boy, too many questions". The love, the affection one felt in his presence is difficult to describe.

From 1959 onwards, after doing my master's degree, I was at Benaras Hindu University as a research scholar in Physics, and he came to Benaras and gave talks in Rajghat. I would go on my bicycle, about eight to ten miles from the city to attend his lectures whenever I could.

In the 1960s, after a talk when I went and stood near him, a gentleman from the audience came, full of praise, saying, "Lovely talk, Sir, lovely talk. What a marvellous talk". After he had gone Krishnamurti looked at me and said, "It is an insult". To me that meant: here he was at pains to expound the truth about life, and instead of exploring that, this person only says "What a beautiful talk". He would take as an insult what we would normally take as a great compliment.

Q. Suppose you hadn't met Krishnamurti, would your life have been very different?

A. In the sense I would have continued to be at the university and been teaching and doing research. So the major change that came about was that I gave up my research and took to running the Krishnamurti Education Centre at Rajghat, and involved myself full time with his teachings.

Q. And what was the effect of Krishnamurti's personality on you? Was it the teachings which attracted you or was it the personality?

A. It's both. I cannot divorce the one from the other. Even before I met him, his teachings had a very forceful impact on my mind. But when I saw him, the kind of person he was, it was an out of the world experience, an uncommon experience. There is a sense of something vast, something deep, something creative, something beautiful which is difficult to describe. One can give analogies because one gets that kind of feeling when one feels the enormity of what is in front and this sense of beauty you can feel in the presence of a person like Krishnamurti. You could also see that here was a man who was actually living that teaching, he was not just a professor who was explaining something which he has understood intellectually, but has actually lived it. And that's an experience you don't really get when you're only reading a book.

Q. Can you elaborate?

A. One could sense the tremendous love and compassion which emanated from him in his presence. One could also sense the enormous alertness and sensitivity of that mind. It's like listening to very beautiful music, you have to go through that experience. But if you have to describe it, it is difficult because some of the greatest things in life are those that cannot be verbalised but can be perceived. It was an experience like that.

Q. What was your response to it?

A. No conscious response..., but one is tremendously drawn by it, taken up by it and it got me even more involved in this whole enquiry of wanting to understand oneself and life for oneself.

Q. If you hadn't met Krishnaji?

A. If I had not met him and only read the books it may still have happened but the inspiration that one received in meeting him is quite different from what you get from only the book.

Q. Then why is it that he said that he as a person was not important? We've had very interesting responses to this effort to record personal recollections.

A. I think there is a truth there which he was trying to point out. That, however great he might be and however inspiring it might be for you to listen to him or to meet him, ultimately, the learning has to be done by oneself. He only points out the truth, perhaps also creates a question with great intensity and of great depth, but what you do with that question, how you hold it in your consciousness and how you work on it, it is that which determines whether one learns from it or not. Otherwise it can again become another beautiful experience of having met a great man. And then relishing that experience, becoming nostalgic about it or having a devotion towards that individual or remembering it as an ecstatic experience - all that is not learning at all. The source of the question is not important, the exploration of the question is more important. He was merely a source of creating that question in your mind.

Q. What would you say is his contribution to the world?

A. I think he has rekindled the essence of the religious quest in the mind of modern man, in this scientific age where people have become sceptical of all religious questions regarding them as orthodox, something that our world was caught in, something that has become history and he has brought that back to life. Now it is a living question, as living today as it was thousand years ago. And he has eliminated from that all superficialities, trivialities that had entered into the field of religion and brought back the basic questions which are essential and brought them back into the consciousness of man.

Q. That is interesting. Because the popular perception, in India atleast, is that he is anti-religion, anti-God.....

A. He redefined what true religion is not, by pointing out that true religion is not belief, it is not just rituals and worship. It isn't even trying to practise virtues - but it is the question for discovering for oneself what is true and what is false, thereby ending the illusions in one's mind which in turn brings a certain peace, understanding and harmony into one's consciousness. This was really the religious quest - the quest for putting our inner house in order. And that has nothing to do with whether one is a Hindu or a Muslim. Devoid of such denominations if we ask what is the religious mind - that is the question which Krishnamurti has tried to explore. He pointed out that there is the mind which is a religious mind and it cannot be denominated as Hindu, Muslim, etc., and it's not important what denomination you give to it. And it is important for a human being to come upon that mind.

Q. So would you say his message is fundamental and contemporary?

A. Well, more than fundamental and contemporary it is true and if it is true it is important because it exists and it is a fact. But he didn't want us to accept it as his message or on his authority. He said test it, investigate it, find out whether what I'm saying is true, don't accept it because I'm saying it. And it is in testing that learning takes place and in investigating. Because he pointed out that, it is in investigating these questions for oneself, that one's understanding grows, then one comes upon wisdom and then it is an actual inner transformation in your consciousness. And without that it only becomes another intellectual game or an entertainment or something you enjoy doing.

Q. Would you agree then with the view that he has made religious life rather difficult? Other teachers give you mantras, methods while Krishnamurti takes away all these things from you and gives nothing in return?

A. He said that there is no method for the ending of the ego. The ego is the source of all problems, the self is the source of all disorder in our consciousness. And there is no method by which you can end the self because the self is built up of illusions. Now those illusions end only if you directly perceive for yourself what is true. If you don't, then you can have any method which produces some results or the other, but that is not the ending of illusion, the ending of the self. And the self continues in another modified form and therefore, all that is not really religious. In the sense that if religion is concerned with the ending of the self, then there is no method by which you can end the self.

Q. That's what Krishnaji said?

A. That's what he said. But it is either true or not true. There is no meaning in accepting it or rejecting it. You have to find out whether it is true or not.

Q. Would you say he is a Guru?

A. In my view he was a guru in the highest sense of the term who did not delude his disciples, who pointed out what had to be done. He didn't offer any cheap gimmicks for arriving at some sort of satisfaction or a sense of progress and so on. And was concerned only with helping people discover truth for themselves. He honestly stated that truth is not something which a guru can give to his disciple - the disciple has to come upon it himself and therefore if one accepted him as a guru thinking that he will give the truth to me, then it's a false relationship. But he didn't deny the true disciple, which is a person who is interested in coming upon the truth for himself, and therefore goes to the teacher, not in order to receive the truth but in order to explore with him and discover what the truth is, in that sense he agreed to be a guru.

In another sense you could also say that the question is the guru and if he created the question in your mind, then it is in exploring the question that you learn. And he said it is not I who brings about that learning. I only give you the question. So now it is up to you whether you regard someone who gives you questions as the guru or you consider only someone who gives you the answer to be a guru. He didn't offer any answers. And he said if you take his words as answers then they are as useless as those of anybody else, because in a deep sense you cannot

get answers from anybody else. You can get only verbal description but the truth is at the level of perception, therefore you have to come upon it. You can't get it from another person.

Q. Krishnaji is dead now, isn't he? But if he is a guru, they say that for the true gurus there is no death, that they are the exception — hat does Krishnaji say about it?

A. He is on record saying that the consciousness of the sage goes with him when he dies. It disappears, it's no longer here. But that universal consciousness is not that of any individual. It doesn't belong to him or to anybody else and therefore any other individual can also come in contact with that, provided he frees his mind from illusion and frees himself of his conditioning. Then it is entirely possible for a human being to get in touch with that consciousness and thereby know what Krishnamurti's consciousness was.

Q. What was he like?

A. You know one can give a description. What we describe is only the outer manifestation and the trivial parts of the human being. Normally we describe a person by lineage, family, accomplishments, education, and so on. But all these are irrelevant in describing Krishnamurti, who was a "Jivanmukta", a liberated soul.

A dialogue between Arjuna and Krishna in the Gita is apposite. Arjuna asks Krishna about the liberated man. How does such a person live, how does he act, how does he eat and sleep? Krishna's reply in sum is : Outwardly, he is the same as everybody else, he eats and sleeps and lives like them. And yet he is totally different, because he does not do any of these things for the same reason as the ordinary man. There is a dimensional difference in his consciousness.

Q. But it is still interesting.

A. Yes, it is still interesting. So one could see that here was the man who gave these talks and the kind of quality of silence in those talks, the way he could hold an audience of 5000 people spell bound and answer all their questions, exploring them on the spot and not answering from some knowledge and so on. He was a seer, he was a saint, you could see that in him - the perfection with which he lived his personal life, the intensity with which he lived, the way his love and compassion were expressed, whether to the servant or to the highest scientist of the land.

Q. What do you mean by perfection ?

A. It is something you sensed in his presence. It is very difficult to define that. There was a certain perfection in everything - in his way of dressing, in the way of talking, of relating with people, the adventure with which he lived, the sensitivity in him. Whatever he did, he did with great passion, irrespective of whether it was a small thing like polishing his shoes or a big thing like holding a dialogue with a sage or a scientist. He did it with the same passion. The shoes would be shining and when he dressed it would be absolutely great. It was like royalty, very aristocratic. And every action of his, he did with mindfulness, not in a habitual way, not in a repetitive way.

Also he treated people with great courtesy. For instance when we all had a discussion with him and we needed to

go to the dining hall, he would be the last person to enter the dining hall and once I deliberately stood by and insisted that he should go in first and when I did that he smiled and said, "You know sir, that I can't do so. Why don't you go in first?" It seems whenever he went by an aeroplane he would be the last passenger to enter.

Q. What were your dialogues with him like?

A. Every time one asked him a question he would look at it afresh, without bringing definitions or conclusions from previous enquiries. There was a quality of inquiry, never holding on to the past, because it is important to see the truth through cognition rather than as memory.

During a dialogue in Brockwood in 1977, with Professor David Bohm, Asit Chandmal, and others, I remember starting it with a question which he had already discussed among ourselves : "Sir, you say that one is not able to see "what is" clearly, in an undistorted way, because of the conditioning and the colouration of the mind produced by the self. But because we are not able to see the truth, 'what is', because of this colouration, this self continues. When will this vicious circle end?"

He went into my question and said : "I'm not sure if the self must be completely absent for insight to occur, or if insight can be so great that it wipes away the self. This is not a process in which you first get rid of the colouration and then you have the insight, or that insight comes first and then the ego is washed away. It is simultaneous". When I asked him, 'Sir, were you once part of the field and did you step out of it or were you always out of the field?', he said : "I question it, too."

Q. Describe some of our your last encounters with him.

A. The last time he visited India in 1985, I was having lunch with him in Rajghat and as it often happened he asked questions that nobody every asked : "Sir, has the brahmin disappeared from this country?" I said, "It depends on what you mean by a brahmin, sir. One fourth of the population here think of themselves as brahmins". And he said, 'No, not by birth - that is so childish. You know what a brahmin is?' I said, "What do you mean by a brahmin?" He replied with a story.

"When Alexander invaded India and fought with Porus, he won. When he entered the state, he saw excellent administration, the whole of the land was tidy, clean and well maintained, people were living happily. So he asked Porus, "Who was responsible for your administration?" Porus replied, "There was a brahmin Prime Minister, who was responsible for all this administration". Alexander said, "I would like to talk to him". Porus answered, "He resigned because we lost the war, and has gone to his village". Alexander responded, "Call him, nevertheless". So they sent a messenger who came back the next day with a response. "Tell the kind I am no longer in his service. A brahmin does not go to anyone, therefore I am sorry that I cannot come". As this was narrated, Alexander said, 'Alright, I will go to his village'.

Alexander was taken to the village, where the brahmin was seated under a tree teaching two children. When Alexander was announced, the man looked up and said, 'Is there something I can do for you?' Alexander asked "Are you the man who was the Prime Minister?", and the answer came "Yes". Alexander then said, "You ran an

excellent administration", and the man responded. 'Thank you'. So Alexander asked him 'Will you come with me? I will take you to Greece, give you a palace, make you the head of all our armies. Come with me!' The man considered this, looked up at Alexander, and replied, "Sorry I want to teach these children". Krishnaji then said, "That's a brahmin - somebody you can't buy, somebody who doesn't work for a reward. He did what was right for a brahmin to do; he ran as good an administration as he could. When he lost the war he took responsibility for the defeat and resigned, which is the right thing for brahmins to do. When he was in the village, he did what he wanted to do, not in subservience to the king or looking for some more rewarding job to do. That is the quality of the brahmin". After telling this story, Krishnaji asked me, "Now tell me, has the brahmin disappeared from this country?" I said, "I don't know, Sir, there may still be someone in the Himalayas, but I have not come across one."

On another occasion he asked me, "Is there anything unique in this country any more?", and I said, "Maybe the family way of living, the affection with which people regard each other. But I can't say it is unique, because it exists elsewhere too, although perhaps not in the same measure." He nodded and kept quiet. He would often leave one with a question like that. Next day when I met him he said, "Shall I tell you what is unique about this country? I have travelled all over the world and I have watched. This is the only country left where the poor man still smiles". That is the kind of thing he noticed - not palaces, achievements, bridges, railway trains. He was watching the people, how they were living, and he says that the poor man in America or Europe feels wretched, deprived, but in India his spirit has not been destroyed in spite of the poverty. Then he added, 'Although we are losing that quality in our country, it is still there'.

Achyut Patwardhan told me once that the World Teacher was born in answer to the tears of the world. Therefore he belongs to humanity. Mrs. Besant had told Achyutji, 'When you find that you disagree with something that Krishnamurti said, never discard it, or ignore it, keep it in your mind. He is a superior consciousness, and when that says something we must reflect on it, not reject it. And this is what Achyutji said, 'I never rejected anything that Krishnaji said, however wrong it may have seemed to me. I dwelt on it'.

It's a great privilege for the Theosophical Society and for the Krishnamurti Foundation, and for all of us who had the opportunity to interact with Krishnaji, to look after such a person, to publish his books, to make his teachings available to the world, or just to be with him, to know him. In this twentieth century it is very rare to find a man like that. Once when he was asked by someone "Where do you come from?". He replied, 'I come from the Valley of Rishis', and that is where he belongs, in the Valley of the Rishis.



"When he entered my room I said to myself, 'Surely the Lord of Love has come'."

- Kahlil Gibran

Many Facets Of Krishnaji

Jayalakshmi Ammal

Krishnamurti called her 'Ammaji' - mother. Born into an illustrious family in Srirangam, Smt. Jayalakshmi's heritage of south-Indian aristocracy found full expression in her contact with the sage. He talked with her, listened to her, laughed heartily at her stories, taught her English and stories from old texts among other things. And made requests that he would make of very few - "Ammaji, I want a long coat for this cold climate to keep me warm". Her recollections are rich and varied with all the bloom, colour and fragrance of a unique association.

One day I was driving my car. I saw a person, very striking to look at, crossing the bridge. I asked my friend "Who is he?". "Krishnaji" came the reply. Though I wasn't a theosophist I used to attend the conventions during Dr. Besant's days and had heard of him. And my friend offered to take me to the morning talk. They all knew him.

So we went the next morning, and this friend said for some reason, "She wants your autograph, sir". Krishnaji looked at me and said "She doesn't look like a person who would ask for an autograph." That struck me because I didn't want an autograph. That was my first encounter with Krishnaji. The moment he sees you, he knows all about you.

"After that I began attending the morning talks. On the second day as I was about to leave, Krishnaji got up and came straight to me and said "Will you take me for a drive.?" I drove him to the beach. He liked to look at the sea, particularly during a cyclone. "How furious the sea is", he would say.

Krishnaji wanted to go out into the open after his talks, so I used to take him for a drive. One day on the beach a beggar came up asking for alms and I gave him some small change. Krishnaji asked me, "Ammaji, will it buy him a meal?" It wouldn't buy him a quarter of a meal, the money I gave him. But that is what everybody gives. But after that question from him, I kept some money every day for the beggars.

(So Smt. Jayalakshmi drove Krishnaji to the beach every morning and evening after his talks. Struck by the new horizons opened out to her in the presence of this sage and delighted with the care and affection he accorded her, she spent time in Vasanta Vihar.

Vasanta Vihar was closed in 1968. Krishnaji asked her to take charge. The Krishnamurti Centre started by her with Sri Anantha Narayanan, the Chief Justice of the Madras High Court as the president, made arrangements for Krishnamurti's public talks in Madras till 1974. For the first time audio tapes of his talks could be heard at the weekly meetings at the centre, and Jayalakshmi Ammal invited people from all walks of life to meet, and lunch with him when he stayed as her guest every winter. Among the persons she introduced to Krishnamurti were Desikachar and his father, the

yoga teachers, and the redoubtable Palghat Mani Iyer. She took care of his health and comfort. She even appointed a Frenchman to travel with Krishnaji on his flights so that he would not be encumbered by the presence of strangers. A difficult man at the best of times, Palghat Mani Aiyer consented to stay at Rishi Valley as the resident musician. How was that possible? "When Krishnaji says do it, he also gives you the wherewithal to do it. That is the miracle")

There was a communist who used to come regularly to Krishnaji's talks. He would ask all kinds of questions. One night he jumped the gate and came in, started shouting that he wanted to see Krishnaji. Narayan and I tried to dissuade him as it was past 9 pm and Krishnaji was resting. "I walked ten miles and is he so important that he continues to rest?".

He questioned Narayan who tried to passify him "Who are you sir? Krishnamurti's keeper?" We didn't know what to do. Krishnaji came out. And asked him gently "What can I do for you, sir?" Then the student who was raving, became quiet when he saw Krishnaji. His anger left him. "This is not the time. I will come again". So saying, he went away. I did not see him after that.

Once in the earlier days Madhavachari asked me to keep an eye on the house and see that no one disturbed Krishnaji who was resting. After he left, a beggar came to the door and asked loudly for alms. Somehow Krishnaji happened to hear him and came out of his room. The beggar asked him for clothes. Krishnaji walked in and came out with a beautiful silk kurta and a matching jacket. When the beggar received this pair and saw this extraordinary person, he spread the word, for there were quite a few knocking at the door. What did Krishnaji do but go in and bring out all the clothes from the cupboard, all except one which was somewhat torn. Of course I was worried about what Madhavachari would say and sure enough Madhavachari was very upset. Especially since Krishnaji had no clothes left for the public talk the next day. Since there wasn't any time to get some stitched, they had some flown in from Bombay.

We used to have music concerts in the house when he was here. He liked Papa Venkatramayya's violin recital the best. Once, after a concert by M.S.Subbalakshmi, he said "Let's go for a drive." It was pouring. But we went. In those days that road was not a pucca road. There were rice fields on either side and the road was slippery. He said 'Go', so I drove on. But after a while it became very difficult to go on. Nor did I know how to turn. He saw my helplessness, then he touched the steering and deftly turned the car. He gave me back the keys at Vasanta Vihar gate. Anything he does he does perfectly.

I remember him learning Carnatic music everyday at two in the afternoon with G.Narayan. I recall his voice singing 'Juthamu raare.....', 'Khseera sagara sayana.....' and 'Shanatamu leka....', he loved these Tyagaraja Krithis. Music, yoga, polishing his shoes, anything he did, he did it perfectly, with care and attention.

He was interested in Ayurveda and Homeopathy. He would try all the mild tonics I brought for him - 'Ashwagandhi churnam', 'Chyavanprash' etc. Even when I visited him abroad I took him these tonics and oils and other herbal preparations. He was like a baby, willing to try anything; He would ask "So what is the new thing you've brought.?" Even from his Adayar days he had an oil massage in the traditional way every day before his bath, he preferred the 'Navarakali' method. Once in Switzerland I saw a group including Vanda Scaravelli with the oils I had taken for him applied to the hair.

He was careful about what he ate. He breakfasted and lunched well but dinner was a very light meal. And there was this card he used to bring from his doctor in California. So many restrictions in his diet - no milk, no sugar ... "No milk, amma. Remember that", he would say. But he had lost weight and could do with some fat. So I gave him idlis and chutney with ghee instead of bread. I laced soups with milk and gave him fruit juices too. "Remember Ammaji, milk shouldn't be taken. No sugar" I said, "Yes, Sir, your chart. Nothing is to be taken. What will you eat, sir?"

"Take it seriously Ammaji. Did you put milk?" "No, sir". But he was looking healthy and well. He needed it, you see and he could take it. That's why he forgave me.

After Indira Gandhi's death, he came here from Delhi. His body was sensitive. He rested here and regained his physical vigour.

Krishnaji used to listen to my stories a lot. I would tell him all that was happening, about the people. We didn't particularly talk philosophy or how I was to go to heaven. He liked to be one of us, he used to come for lunch at 1'O clock and get up at 2.30 or so. He wouldn't eat much but there would be lengthy conversations and much laughter at the table.

He used to tell me stories of his childhood, his encounters with various people all around the world. Once we were preparing notices and he came and read the words 'Music performance'. "Ammaji, performance is a word that should be used in a different context. You talk about a circus performance. For music, you use the word 'concert'."

Once I told him that I would have liked to have a grand view of a river from the house. He said "Ammaji go and see the river. Enjoy nature. But don't bring the 'I' into it."

"One year he was at Rishi Valley for Deepavali. I started early in the morning and reached the place by 7'O clock. Krishnaji came out eagerly asking me about the drive. "Sir, it is Deepavali today" I told him. "What do you do on Deepavali ?" he asked.

"Every one has an oil massage and bath. Then we wear new clothes. The rest is your wish, Sir".

"New clothes, where are they?" Krishnaji asked.

"I've brought them." I had taken a dhoti with a silk border.

"Give me the clothes." Krishnaji was like a child. He went and had his bath the traditional way and wore the dhoti.

Dr.Balasundaram served lunch on banana leaves for all of us. Krishnaji sat on the floor with us for lunch. It was great fun and very festive. Every day with him was rich for me like this.

The last time I saw him he was having his breakfast in his room in Vasanta Vihar. And his last words to me were, "See you again, Ammaji".

The Sage And A Musician

Pandit Jasraj

Pandit Jasraj was in Hyderabad for a short while to announce the annual cultural festival that he holds every year in the city in memory of his father. On the mention of Krishnamurti's name, his eyes lit up and he readily agreed to talk to us about his moments with Krishnaji.

It was the fourth of December, 1980. That was the day when I had my first 'darshan' of Krishnaji. I was invited to Rishi Valley by Usha, a disciple of mine who used to teach there. She had arranged my programme there. She said, "Krishnaji is arriving and I would like you to sing for him". I felt honoured to sing for the great philosopher, not just of India, but of the world. It would be my offering to him. I reached there early in the morning; I thought I would go and touch his feet, but Sri Pama Patwardhan and his wife had warned me that Krishnaji does not allow anybody to touch his body. I thought then that I'd prostrate from a distance. I went towards Krishnamurtiji and told him that I was going to sing. "I want to invite you, would you kindly come." He said, "Of course, I'm coming." I did a Namaskar. As I turned my back he said, "Panditji, I go for a walk at 5.00 pm." Someone said, "So please don't sing for too long. He might walkout half way through your concert". I said, "Thanks for the hint." At 4.00 p.m. in the evening I began my singing at the assembly hall. Krishnamurtiji had his own place opposite me. I was watching him occasionally. K was listening quietly. I ended my first phase at 4.50 p.m., well within one hour. Then Krishnaji insisted, "Please, go on." Then I continued for another half an hour. Again he said "Please." I concluded at 5.45 p.m.. He said he was a little bit late, so he wanted to go and he walked out. Everybody there sighed with relief and all had coffee and I started singing once again at 6'O clock.

After fifteen minutes I felt Appa Jalgaonkar, my harmonium accompanist (a great artiste), nudging me. Appa has a large personality and as the stage was somewhat small I felt he was feeling uncomfortable and I moved a bit. He said "No, no," and pointed with his eyes to the place where Krishnaji was standing, leaning against a pillar. I felt like asking him to join us again, but then I remembered the warnings I had been given. So I thought that it would not be wise to invite him. It's his wish, if he wants to he'll join us. Or he may have just stopped there for a while. I continued my singing till 6.40 p.m.. When I stopped I saw him sitting there. He sent me a note to sing in Sanskrit. So I began in Sanskrit. I thought that as the request has come from him he would not go away till I finish. So I sang. I sang 'Raag Darbari' (jai jai, shri durge....) and ended at 7.45 p.m.. I sang for an hour. When I ended he was still there on his seat. Then I sang "Maa Kali", and at the end of it, he was still there on his seat. It was around 8.15 pm when I stopped. Then I thought I should go and meet him personally. You won't believe it and I can't believe it myself, but this is what happened. I bent to touch his feet, instead he embraced me saying "No, no, your place is here." Mr. Narayan, Principal of RV, was there too. He told me that I could come anytime and sing. "You don't have to take an appointment, come straight." I narrated all this to my wife and told her how I had met this great man. He arrived in

Bombay. I went straight to Sterling house where he stayed at Peddar Road. I expressed a wish that my wife wanted to see him. I enquired whether I could see him and I was asked if I had an appointment and I said, "No." They told me to go up where I introduced myself to his staff and informed them that Krishnamurtiji had told me to come at anytime. I thought to myself, "If he remembers, I will have his darshan." I desperately wanted to see him because my wife was with me and believe me Krishnaji actually came out of his room and received me.

I recollect one more incident in the school at Brockwood, 60 miles from London. I was to sing there one evening so he said, "Why don't you join us for lunch?" I said "Certainly." He said, "I'm particular about the timing. When I say 11'O clock it means 11'O clock." I was to go from London and I rushed to make it on time but was still late by ten minutes. Even there people had warned me that he would not wait for anyone. But he waited for me after sending in everybody to eat. When I arrived he said, "My dear son, you are late by ten minutes. Please sit, I have been waiting for you." Then I ate with him.

To meet such a great person is an extraordinary thing. When I sang before him, he had said, "We should have met before." I too agreed. Then on the 6th of November, 1984, I had a programme at Benaras, but because of Indiraji's assassination my programme got cancelled after I had reached there. On my return, Krishnaji was taking the same flight and we met at the airport. This time I ran after him and prostrated before him. And he exclaimed, "Oh, you are also here?" I told him about the cancellation of my programme. We spent three hours together. That was my last darshan.



Krishnamurti's talk is amongst the most impressive things I have listened to - it was like listening to the discourse of the Buddha - such power, such intrinsic authority, such uncompromising refusal to allow the 'homme moyen sensuel' any escape or surrogates, any gurus, saviours, fuhrers, churches. " I show you sorrow and the ending of sorrow."

- Aldous Huxley

A Spiritual Aristocrat

Sidney Field

After a delicious vegetarian dinner that evening, we went into the kitchen to help wash and dry the dishes, a chore that Krishnaji had imposed on himself to help the aging cook. Then we moved into the wood-paneled living room, where Krishnaji built a fire in the fireplace. Both of us sat on a couch, watching the fire without making a single comment. There is something wonderfully relaxing about dancing flames and crackling wood in a fireplace. Tonight, however, the psychic atmosphere in that charming old California bungalow, given to him by a friend, was not conducive to relaxation. The feeling was more like that generated by a giant dynamo. There was a powerful force concentrated there; it was almost physically palpable. It didn't surprise me, though, for many times before I had felt it in Krishnaji's presence, although never with such intensity.

Krishnaji was one of those rare persons who could be perfectly relaxed in the company of another while completely silent, and I had visions of spending the whole evening with him just watching the fire wordlessly. I kept thinking about a remark he had once made to me, that he was like a deep well, out of which each person took as much of the quenching spiritual waters as he was capable of drinking. Unfortunately, the highly charged atmosphere tonight had a curious effect on me. Instead of sharpening my sensitivity, it dulled it. Perhaps I had eaten too much. Whatever the cause, my usually meager capacity to drink from the Well of Wisdom had diminished alarmingly. I simply wasn't able to frame any kind of question appropriate to the occasion.

At length, Krishnaji got up to stoke the fire. He turned and faced me, straight and austere, regal in appearance, a prince in faded Levi's and worn cotton shirt, his expressive black eyes alight with a great fire. All at once, the veil of unawareness that had obscured my perceptions vanished. I felt entirely vulnerable.

"What do you want out of life, Sidney?"

"I'm not sure, Krishnaji. I thought I knew in Eerde, when I walked under the tall trees with you. I felt sure then that I could face any situation in life with serenity, confidence. I felt I would never lose that inspiration. Today, after battling with lawyers, bill collectors, and sitting for weeks in the witness chair in Superior Court, I feel like a truck had run over me."

"Forget about Eerde, what you felt and thought and did there. When you divide life between the beautiful woods of Eerde and the ugly business world of Los Angeles, you create a hopeless conflict. You long for a memory and fight the reality of your life now."

"You're telling me to fully accept my present situation, without complaining."

"No, to accept is an attitude of the mind. To understand is to see, to perceive at the deepest level, and be free."

"I understand and perceive this, Krishnaji. That I am unhappy, in pain, frustrated. A life without conflict, such as you talk about, seems to me, at this point in my life, totally out of reach."

"It's really easy," he said casually. "But you complicate things. You don't let Life paint the picture. You insist on doing it your own way."

"You're a spiritual genius, Krishnaji. Most of us don't have any particular talent in that respect."

"No, no," he protested. "That's just an excuse for not facing yourself. The very fact that you are here with me now shows you have the potential."

"I thought I did a while back." I said, thinking of the great joyous laughter I had experienced. "It's gone now. That's the sad part of all this. You have moments when you think you've made a breakthrough, then the next day you're in the soup again. Men like Walt Whitman and Edward Carpenter spoke about moments of great illumination, but they lost it, all but the memory of it."

"They tried to hang on it," said Krishnaji, as if he were well acquainted with the lives of these great mystics. "They didn't let it come to them."

"Are you in constant touch with the reality you call Liberation?"

"There's no separation," he said. Then, after a moment: "I am an example. I have cleaned the slate. Life paints the picture."

There was a long silence. The fire crackled in the fireplace; the wind whistled in the orange grove. Then Krishnaji spoke about a subject we had often discussed before: The importance of being a spiritual aristocrat, which he obviously was to his fingertips, of totally rejecting the deadening mediocrity which engulfed the world, of abandoning oneself to that great spiritual adventure which is unique to every person.

"You have had great teachers," I said. "You have reportedly taken several initiations and have been especially trained and guided for your role as World Teacher. Is it reasonable to expect that we who have not had any of these advantages can attain what you have discovered?"

"I took the long road to find the simple Union. And because of that, because I have attained, you too can find the simple Union."

I had quickly scribbled some notes, which Krishnaji thought useless. We talked some more and then Krishnaji picked up his big Mexican hat and sauntered out, advising me to go to bed early, that I needed the rest.

Krishnaji was in Ojai when war broke out in Europe in September 1939. In the preceding months he had expressed his strongly anti-war views before large and sympathetic audiences at his Oak Grove talks. But with the end of the "phoney war," the invasion of Flanders and the fall of France, England, under siege, remained alone to fight Hitler. Although not yet formally at war, the United States was rapidly becoming, to all intents and purposes, a belligerent. Under the Lend-Lease program, a flotilla of Liberty ships plied the Atlantic Ocean under U.S. naval escort to keep England's imperiled lifeline intact. Criticism of the war and dissent were virtually stifled. Everyone was jittery. As a scion of a prominent expatriate family, I had an appointment as Costa Rican consul in Los Angeles at this time, and I knew that the FBI was on the hunt for "subversives" — that is, anyone who expressed views in opposition to the coming bloodbath.

It was under this cloud of war hysteria that Krishnaji opened his series of Oak Grove talks in Ojai late in May, 1941. I was concerned for him and wondered whether under the unusual circumstances he would soften his anti-war remarks. He did not. He expressed his views as clearly and bluntly as if the war did not exist, lashing out at "this mass murder called war," and proclaiming, "To kill another is the greatest evil." He disarmed hostile questioners with a quiet, even gentle, reminder that their problem was not with the person who disagreed with them but with their own innate hostility. "The war within you," he kept saying, "is the war you should be concerned about, not the war outside." Many people left in a huff, flinging harsh and sometimes insulting words at him as they walked out. Others in the audience retaliated in his favor, in equally strong terms. At one point I fully expected a brawl to break out. Krishnaji remained calm and collected through it all, waiting calmly until the disturbance subsided.

Standing under one of the leafy oaks, I could not help but admire his "cool" under these trying circumstances, and I wondered if he would be allowed by the officials keeping an eye on him to finish his talks. Men from the FBI, one of whom I knew, were in the audience. I was sure they were not happy about what they were hearing.

Without pulling his punches in any way, Krishnaji went through the scheduled series of talks in the Oak Grove without any untoward incidents until July 14, the occasion of the last public lecture he was to give in this country, or any other country, for the duration of the war.

From : "Krishnamurti - The Reluctant Messiah"

Tryst With Truth

Dr.T.R. Seshagiri Rao

It was my good fortune to seek solace for my tormented self from two well known sages of India after an unexpected turn of events after my medical graduation in early 1941. Second world war service was attractive to my spirit of adventure but little did I imagine the travails I was to be subjected to, soon after my commission in the Indian Army. I was posted to Egypt.

To witness the ghastly massacre in the Western desert with blood, gore and mutilation and shell- ripped abdomens with trailing intestines, to see the Jawans and soldiers rushing to me to save their lives was heart rending. A later campaign was more ghastly. Being a witness to horrific practices of skinning the captured alive, whipping them to the bone etc., destroyed my sanity and landed me at the feet of Sri Ramana to find out from him the meaning and purpose of life. My humble question elicited only one answer from his smiling lips "Know thyself". This seed was perhaps planted well but did not sprout due to lack of 'know how'. A second visit later elicited the same response. This interlude was way back in the early forties. However, the quest persisted.

The war was over and the restless seeker challenged another sage Sri J. Krishnamurti to show the way. This was in the late forties at Madras when the Master was in his prime to conduct the winter soiree' and I was a Post-Graduate student in Radiology from Madras Medical College.

Vasanta Vihar was not his venue then but No.10, Sterling Road. He was a guest of Sri Madhavachari. My very first encounter with J.K. was electrifying, his magnetic and mesmerizing eyes, radiant tranquility, poise and profound discourse kept me spellbound. Storms in my brain gave way to cool winds, clear skies and serenity in spite of the intellectual interferences from the mandarins of Mylapore seated in the front row set to rip the Master. J.K. always kept his cool. With a smile, he would gaze at the interluder, bore into his eyes and cleverly throw the ball back followed by the loud clap of the audience.

At these public talks after a few questions from the audience and answers, J.K. would pick up a topic relevant to the questions or something random for further probe. The growing audience from day to day and their piquant cross questions often quoted from the scriptures did not make the 'Messiah from the East' he did not lose his poise and poignancy. His purposeful stare at times towards prospective candidates selected to travel with him fell on me one day to my good fortune. Sri Madhavachari was deputed to induct me into the morning sessions meant for a fortunate few. These encounters led to serious introspection on my part and incisive inquiry by Krishnaji. Our minds were silenced to such an extent that one evening his serene and slow talk on "Time", was followed by one hour of pin-drop silence. The audience considered it as a miracle by the Messiah.

The morning sessions were marked for meditative excursions with audience participation. He used to pick up a problem or a casual question and pursue it with slow deliberation. Not only the questioner, but the others as well became silent, quietened by the deep and logical discourse. The result was that the particular problem or the thoughts connected with it were rooted out in toto. One hour of this type of meditation worked wonders, brought about subtler perceptions, reduced mental cacophony, perfected performance and eased memorisation in everyday life. The sensorial spectrum widened felicitating extra-sensory perception.

Krishnaji confirmed these findings that included thought reading, communication in silence, psycho-kinesis etc., But he issued a severe warning that one is not to give undue importance to these transitory changes which are casual and normal in meditation.

One morning I was the lone traveller on my motor-bike on Sterling road. While driving with a tranquil mind, with the expanse of the river on either side, my mind, body and bike dissolved into nothing! Tears of supreme joy flowed. The hard realities of the road alerted me but this elevation persisted till I reached Luz, when I chanced to see an Anglo Indian police sergeant administering a sharp slap on the cheek of a rickshaw puller. My right cheek received the intensity of burning pain and turned red with clear finger marks. Krishnaji was first surprised. After my narration of my two melodramatic experiences, he assured me that these events are part of the senses of pleasure and pain.

Every day after the meditation sessions, I had to rush to the Radiology department of the General Hospital for the morning x-ray film reading sessions in a semi-dark room with the tutor and twelve students. One fine morning, a child of two burst into this serious session loudly laughing with innocent joy. We all turned round. Sunlight streamed into the room illuminating the child from behind. Behold! "Jesus" rose out of him with a benign smile, and one hand raised in blessing. I was in a trance with tears flowing for a few moments. The boy's father rushed in rebuking the intruder, picked him up and left with apologies. I remained in silence for the duration of the class and asked one student whether he had perceived anything extraordinary after the child intruded. He replied that the stupid child should not have been allowed to disturb a serious class! I was aware of the state of my consciousness after the morning meditation, but why did the vision of Jesus appear to an ardent iconoclast?

I was fortunate enough to walk in silence with J.K. on some evenings. This silence was more refreshing than a talk with him drowned by the breaking waves. We shared the silence and the solemnity. He advised small group sessions to rehash the essence of his talks with the local seekers. But after a few trials, I found that such small group sessions were only on a verbal level, each giving his or her version of the essence of the Master's method of self-revelation. In-depth interrogation, elicitation and elimination of the thought process can only be brought about by self awareness and deep inner silence.

The morning sessions lasted for three months and there were no drop outs.

'Graduation' and leave taking was dramatic on one afternoon with just the two of us in a quiet room upstairs, squatting on the floor side by side. I was in a state of excitement but kept my coherence. He drew me out asking

questions and responding to my answers in a very friendly and intimate fashion. My exposition of my gradual transformation was elicited by the repeated question "Then what? Then what?"

Unable to describe the states which I have periodically experienced, I blurted "Then Nothing!"

"Nothing?"

I fell silent for a few moments, looked into his eyes and said "Sir, it is something but I cannot describe it." "THAT IS IT", he said and patted me affectionately. We parted once and for all.

"That was that", JK and me.

Real Compassion

K. Nataraja

It was around 1934 that I first heard Krishnaji. I was employed as a clerk in the Theosophical Society and so got to know of him. Krishnaji had moved to Vasanta Vihar, which had been built for him earlier.

From 1934, I attended his talks regularly every December. In 1947, after the war K didn't stay at Vasanta Vihar. He stayed in a bungalow on Sterling road and there were morning discussions there for about two weeks. Because I was employed in the T.S., I couldn't attend his talks (which were during our working hours), so I used to just take leave and go to the discussions. It was these morning sessions that really opened my mind and gave me a great interest in his teachings.

In the next year, when K came to Madras he stayed in the ground floor of Vasanta Vihar as some people had occupied the upstairs portion. I remember, one day, after he had finished his morning talk in the ground floor hall, the tenants upstairs came down, prostrated in front of K and vacated the premises.

It was in 1961 when I had moved out of the T.S. and was doing my own business in Adyar, that I approached Mr. Madhavachari to see if I could help with some work in Vasanta Vihar. He told me there was already someone there and my services were not required. My big moment came when the clerk at Vasanta Vihar, late Mr. Suryanarayana came home and wanted me to meet Mr. Madhavachari. They wanted me to work in VV. When K came that year I was introduced to him as a 'helper'. The next day I had the privilege of taking K for a haircut at the Connemera hotel. But after the visit to the saloon, I arranged for a hairdresser to come to VV regularly, instead of making Krishnaji go all the way. I derived great pleasure and satisfaction from taking care of K's personal needs, every time he was in Madras.

In 1967 when Vasanta Vihar was closed, Krishnaji stayed with Smt. Jayalakshmi. Mr. G. Narayan was helping her and I was with them. We managed to arrange his talks every year in a shamiana erected in a vacant plot next to her house and once in the IIT open air auditorium.

Once when I was supervising the platform (for his lectures) being built at VV, K came suddenly and said 'For whom is this, Natraj?' I told him meekly that it was for his lecture that evening. He laughed and said 'Natraj ! Such platforms are for the likes of Indira Gandhi, not for me!' I was so embarrassed. I had the platform pulled down and redone on more moderate scales.

For me every moment with K was a learning experience. I remember once we were assembled in Pupulji's house in Bombay. She had just lost her husband and was very depressed. She spoke to K of her sorrow. K asked her, "Last

night, did you hear that man groaning and crying out in pain on the road outside the window? He was in such agony." She said that she hadn't heard him. K told her, (and all of us) 'Until you can feel another's pain, you can never get over your own sorrow.' I have always remembered this.

Once when he came from Rishi Valley a gathering of important people, of society ladies and VIPs were at Vasanta Vihar to greet him. He got down from his car and spent just two minutes with them. As he climbed the stairs to his room(I was behind, carrying his suitcase) an old worker woman greeted him. He embraced her, asked her how she was and spent time listening to her. I had tears in my eyes. Here was real compassion.



He was the teachings, although I hesitate to use the word "teachings". It makes it finite and I think it was an ongoing quest, adventure and, in this, he personified....he was the teachings. He lived it by the care and attention that he gave to everything and the depth of his passion and his affection and love for mankind - yes, I think it did have an impact. You felt leavened by his presence. He carried a quality with him that was rare and strong and people drew themselves together and tried to receive the seriousness and passion that he brought to life and gave to life.

As Eienstein was to Newton, so Krishnaji was to us. He broke fresh ground. He said, "Your greed, your fears, your selfishness, your angers and aggression, all of these are stopping you from receiving all this incredible world. So take a journey inside and find out about yourself and grow up. Stop being juvenile."

- Dorothy Simmons

From : "Krishnamurti - A 100 Years" by Evelyne Blau

The Teacher Was The Teaching

Dr.S. Balasundaram

Krishnaji left India via Australia in 1939 and was in Ojai, California for the entire duration of the second world war. He was not permitted to talk for four years till the war ended as he was considered a pacifist and 'an undesirable alien' by the U.S. Government.

The teacher blossomed in 1944, with a dozen talks at Surabaya and a dozen more at Ojai, California in 1945. He was to complete a series of dozen more in 1946 and come to India later that year, but took ill midway and was in bed for some months. He finally made it to India in October 1947. There is a rare photograph of the time of K with a beard in the American archives.

My late wife Veena Visalakshi and I travelled to Madras and met and heard him there. He was particularly eager to meet young people. For almost two years at a stretch he travelled and talked at many places in India. Of that period, half a century ago, Pupul Jayakar and her sister Nandini Mehta, G.Narayan, Krishnaji's brother's son, Sunanda Patwardhan and the writer were the only ones who worked closely with the Indian Foundation in the years to come.

When we invited K to Bangalore in 1948, he came along with Maurice Frydman for six weeks. Frydman who was much older than us had met Krishnaji in Ommen in the twenties. We had arranged their stay in Vikram Sarabhai's former house in Malleswaram - now Cluny convent. Krishnaji had small group discussions in the house on alternate days and gave four public talks in the university hall, now part of the law college opposite the State Bank of Mysore on K.G.road.

To reminiscence about all the happenings of those six weeks, will take a whole chapter in writing, but something is indelibly etched in the consciousness. It is not an event. Towards the close of K's Bangalore stay, one morning at breakfast, Frydman said to him in my presence "You should tell this chap B to work with me; together we could do so much." I revolted instantly. "Sir, I said, "Frydman says one thing at one time and then another. He is most unreliable. I will never work with him," I concluded emphatically. K's response was astounding. He said quietly but seriously "Balasundaram, how can you say such a thing? Even if what you say of him is true, he might have changed the last minute". You bit the bullet or spat it out. That was Teaching and the Teacher.

Logically and factually no images. Something of the teacher always flashed through at the dining table even in the midst of trivia. The Teacher was the Teaching.

More than thirty five years had lapsed and the following end account is of that unnameable something that fell

in one's lap, a little over a year before K passed away.

On 3rd November 1984, we received a message from Pupul Jayakar that Krishnaji was being flown from Delhi to Madras. He would stay at Vasanta Vihar for a few days till things quietened down in Delhi after Indira Gandhi's assassination. Would we go and stay with him in his house? Achyut Patwardhan and I travelled immediately by the afternoon train to Madras and stayed with Krishnaji till he returned to Delhi four days later. There were only two or three others there and George(Dr.E.C.Sudershan) was one of them.

On the night of the 5th, George was present and dominated the dining table conversation with K. Much of it centered around Indira Gandhi's death. She had a couple of years earlier conferred the Padma Bhushan on him. George repeatedly said that her death had left him deeply sorrowful and he was not able to explain away the lingering grief. He did not so much mind the manner of going - it was better than a dragging death.

K, who listened carefully, as always, replied that he was horrified that a woman was riddled with bullets in cold blood. He added, "Indira Gandhi was always fastidious about her body, about what she ate, how she exercised, how she clothed, how it looked". After a pause he added, "Sir, it is a sacrilege to destroy any human body. That is why, war and all the sudden death that goes with it, is such a damnable thing."

K never directly answered the question "What is the purpose of life?" which was put to him many times. But he regarded the human body as a sacred vehicle - an instrument of enlightenment and its unnatural end, even more than its common sensuous indulgence as a waste of the rare privilege of a human birth.

George came back to the issue and asked if K had a premonition of Indira Gandhi's death. Krishnaji was to have lunched with the Dalai Lama and Pupul Jayakar at Indira Gandhi's house the next day and was to have shared a platform with him at the evening meeting. That was not to be.

K replied that he did not think of the people he kept meeting (by implication, they do not materialise to him in waking or dream state or in any other manner). However on the fateful morning on the 31st October 1984 around 4am K said, Indira Gandhi thought form appeared before him(his own expressions). K did not explain. Thereafter he got out of bed, finished his ablutions and asanas. Then while he was washing his face before the mirror, it suddenly occurred to him that he won't see Indira Gandhi again. He told Pupul this at 8.15 am at the breakfast table. The telephone rang soon after and Pupul left in a hurry. K saw Pupul only at ten in the night when she told him how it had all happened.

On the following day, the 6th of November Ahalya Chari brought along with her one Gopal Iyengar, an engineer by profession for lunch. She wanted K to meet him as he was being considered a possible principal of 'The School' ,KFI at Madras. The conversation was quiet and polite, bordering on the formal. Towards the end of the lunch K became serious. Suddenly he said to the visitor at the table, "Sir, you educate children to solve problems, in maths, physics and so on. You expect them to go out into life with the same attitude of problem solving and function there.

They take positions based on their knowledge. The very taking of the 'position' is the problem. This way they create more problems for themselves and the others. I ask you, "Can you educate them to live without problems?"

x
A decade later in the mid nineties, I was taken aback to read more or less the same thing in his address to an adult audience. At the beginning of a small group discussion (as reported in the KFI bulletin) Krishnaji said " You always want me to come into your world and discuss your problems. But, I have been saying all along come into my world where there are no problems. But you won't do that".

On Art And Intuition

*(An extract from an informal conversation between Krishnamurti and Leopold Stokowski
at the Castle Eerde, Holland, in the late Nineteen Twenties)*

S : It has always seemed to me that art-works should be anonymous. The question in my mind is: Is a poem, or drama or picture or symphony the expression of its creator, or is he the medium through which creative forces flow?

K : Sir, that is the point in which I am really interested.

S : Now, you are a poet and I am a musician. What I am interested in is to compare our sensations when we are creating in our respective mediums? Do you ever feel a total stranger to what you have written?

K : Oh, surely.

S : I do... and I wake up the next day and say, did I write that? That is not like me at all.

K : Now, I say that is inspiration. That is your intuition, the highest point of your intelligence acting suddenly. And that is my whole point. If you keep your mind, your emotions, your body in harmony, pure and strong, then that highest point of intelligence, out of which the intuition acts... .

S : ... will act constantly...

K : ... and consciously.

S : And one can live by that....

K : Of course. That is the only guide. Now take, for instance, poets, dramatists, musicians, all artists: they should be anonymous, detached from all that they create. I think that is the greatest truth. To be, to give and to be detached from what you give. You see what I mean? After all, the greatest artists of the world, the greatest teachers of the world say: "Look here, I have got something which, if you really understand it, would forever unfold your intelligence, would act as your intuition. But, don't worship me as an individual-I am not concerned, after all." But most artists want their names put under the picture, they want to be admired. They want their degrees and titles.

S : Here is an old old question: is the Truth relative or absolute? Is it the same for all of us, or different for each one?

K : It is neither, Sir.

S: Then what is it?

K: You cannot describe it. You cannot describe that which gives you inspiration to write music, can you? If you were asked: Is it absolute or is it relative, you would answer: "What are you asking me? It is neither." You see, you cannot say it is the absolute or the relative. It is far beyond matter, time and space. Take, for example, the water in that river out there. It is limited by its banks. Then you might say, looking at the water: "Water is always limited", because you see the narrow banks enclosing it. But if you are in the midst of the ocean where you see nothing but water, you could say: "Water is limitless."

S: That is a perfect answer... You do not need to say anymore-that is complete.

Is there a standard or criterion of beauty in art, or does each person find his own beauty to which he responds? The question is related to the question of taste. People are always saying, this is good taste, that is bad taste. By what authority do they say that?

K: I should say, by their own experience.

S: That is a personal response. Then can any authority say what is good or bad in art?

K: No, yet I hold that beauty exists in itself beyond all forms and all appreciations.

S: Ah, then that is an everlasting thing.

K: Like the eternal perfume of the rose. Sir, you hear music and I hear music; you hear a whole vast plane of vibrations, I only hear that much — but that fits in with all your vast plane.

S: Yes. It is a question of personal absorption, experience. So, the answer is like that to the other question. In itself it is both relative and absolute, but for us it is relative.

K: Must be!

S: We see design in life, in the arts, in our body, in machines and everything, and the design of an automobile is made always with the idea of its function. What is the function of life, of all life?

K: To express itself.

S: How does order come from your doctrine of freedom?

K: Because, sir, freedom is the common goal for all — you admit that. If each man realizes that freedom is the common goal, each one then in shaping, in adapting himself to the common goal can only create order.

S: Do you mean that, in living up to the ideal of freedom, the ideal of beauty, we must all finally come to the same goal?

K: Of course; is that not so?

S : ... and so order will come?

K : At present there are you and I and half-a-dozen others who have all got different ideas as to what is the final goal. But if we all sat down and asked: "What is the ultimate aim for each of us?" — we should say freedom and happiness for one and all. Then, even if you work in one way and I in another we still work along our own lines towards the same goal. Then there must be order.

S : How should society, organized in freedom, treat the man who takes the life of another?

K : At the present time society, working without a goal puts him into prison or kills him; it is just a vengeance. But if you and I were the authorities who laid down laws for the society, we should keep in mind all the time that, for the murderer, as for ourselves, the goal is the same, which is freedom. It is no good killing him because he has killed someone else. We should rather say: "Look here, you have misused your experience, you have killed life which was trying to grow through experience towards freedom. You also want experience, but experience which injures another, which interferes with another, cannot lead to your ultimate happiness and freedom." We should create laws founded on wisdom, which is the culmination of experience, and not on the idea of vengeance. If you had a child, and that child did something wrong, you would not promptly put him into a corner. You would make him see the reason why he should not act in that manner.

S : But what would you do with a child before it could speak and before it could understand what you were saying?

K : I would protect him from things which are harmful to others or to himself. After all, a murderer is only a child ...

S : Yes, you would take the murderer and guard him from hurting others and himself, and educate him...

K : Yes, educate him...

S : What is the highest and ultimate ideal of education?

K : Teach the child from the very beginning that its goal is happiness and freedom, and that the manner of attainment is through the harmony of all the bodies - mind, emotion and the physical body.

S : When the child falls below that ideal and hurts itself, or somebody else, or destroys the beauty of some kind, how would you describe to the child what would be the ideal course of action, instead of the destructive course that he has followed?

K : Put him into conditions where he will see the ideal. That is, precept, example... Sir, if you are a musician, and I am learning from you, I would watch every movement that you make. After all, you are a master in music, and I want to learn. Don't you see, that is my whole point-the example is lacking.....

A Quietude Within

R. Vasudevan

I met Krishnaji in December 1963 on a cool morning in Madras. A *tantrik* friend introduced me to Krishnaji. He first asked me what I was doing and whether I was happy with my life.

I told him that as I was a bachelor, I was quite happy. I asked him a question: "You have been asking your listeners to watch their minds and thoughts. What happens to the energy imprisoned by such thoughts?" He asked me why I was interested in knowing what that energy was and where it went and why I was interested in knowing the movement of that energy. He simply asked me to watch my thoughts. He cited an analogy. There was a small wooden stick in the verandah. Ants were going from one side into the hollow of the stick and coming out of the other side. Krishnaji told me that I should watch my thoughts in the same manner, move with my thoughts, so that at some stage of that movement, one would realise that the self and the thought were one and that would be the end of thought. He also asked me how 'I' would know whether the energy had been conserved or not. And if that energy had been conserved and gained in intensity, 'you' would not be there.

That answer thrilled me. Later when I asked him whether one should marry or not, he asked me what I felt. I said that I had no interest in marriage, but to obviate any difficulties at a later stage of my life, a companion would be necessary. This was what my *tantrik* friend had told me. I suffered from a mild stomach disorder. Krishnaji said "Just because you have a stomach disorder, you want to marry? It is always fun to prepare your own food, and all other difficulties will be minor. Life always helps those who stand alone just like a tree. A tree does not need anybody. It does not lean or depend on anybody to survive. So, whoever your friend may be, however *tantrik* he might be, never sir, never, for God's sake, follow anyone's advice, especially in the matter of marriage."

Then I told him that that was my view also and that I was happy that I had been vindicated by no less a person than Krishnaji himself. When he said "Never follow anyone's advice" he bent towards me and pressed my body in such a way that I felt a spring, a river of something, moving from my legs upwards. Initially I was scared but then after a moment I became a new man. On another occasion I went to meet him he said "A light does not depend on another thing. Be a light unto yourself, and depend not on somebody's light."

Thereafter I never went for a personal discussion with Krishnaji. But I was a regular listener at his talks and discussions. To listen to him was thrilling and an adventure. Hitherto I had been doubtful about what to do in my life. After meeting Krishnaji my life took a smooth turn and suddenly everything had meaning. I made friends with trees. I have been living a quiet life and the impact created by Krishnaji lingers. The warmth lingering in me continues and it has not been allowed to diminish due to the vagaries of life and time.

Sound has had a different connotation thereafter. And there is the beginning of enquiry into the mill-pond of the mind and a quietude within.

Encounters With JK

Kanhaiya Joshi

I got to know of Krishnaji because of my elder brother. In 1940 my brother wanted to go and see K at Rajahmundry. He was eighteen or so and he told my parents that he wanted to listen to K. My father, being a businessman, put his foot down. "Nothing doing, you are not going for any such talks" he scolded my brother. "Pay attention to learning business, not to philosophy". So I went to our uncle who was a liberal man and said to him "I've been working since I was 12 years old and now I need money as I want to help my elder brother travel to Rajahmundry. I don't know who this JK is but I believe my brother, that he must be doing the right thing". So my uncle sanctioned Rs. 150, during those days it was a lot of money, and I gave it to my brother. He went to Rajahmundry, his dream came true. My parents were angry, but he had already gone. When he returned after twenty days he told me about how appreciative K was of him and how he went for long walks with K and the rest of the happenings. I told my brother "Look Chandu, I don't know what you're talking but I feel you are my "Guru, You have seen your guru, I want to touch your feet", so I touched my brother's feet. He touched me on my head and believe me, the next day, I started writing poetry. And today I continue writing poetry. I had been just a businessman but believe it or not my poetic life began thus on touching my brother's feet. My brother had the tendency of visiting saints everywhere, but after he met K, there was a total transformation in him and our house. He brought poetry, literature, music into the house for the first time, we were only rich jewellers till then.

I met K in 1944-45, when I was in Pune for my inter exams. My brother asked me to go to Bombay to see Krishnaji. I heard his talk for the first time in Bharatiya Vidya Bhavan.

After attending Krishnaji's first lecture at Bombay, I asked him for a personal interview and he asked me to come to Madras. So I went to Vasanta Vihar. I met him in the room where they have the KFI office now. After that I met him several times in Bombay and Madras. Once I had the privilege of going with him in a car, and then, one evening, for a walk. There was one Dr. White from UK. She was our guest in Solapur. She drove the car and it was Krishnaji, me, my brother and somebody else too in that car.

When I was introduced to him for the first time I was just seventeen or eighteen years old. It was at Vasanta Vihar. My appointment was for 9.30 a.m.. Prior to me there was another boy about my age waiting for an interview. I asked him who he was and from where he had come. He said he was a waiter in a hotel and had come to see K. He wanted K's blessings. It was a habit with Krishnaji that whenever anybody came to meet him, he himself would come to the door to receive him and after the meeting would see the person off at the door again. He did this to everyone, everytime. First that boy went in and came out. I asked him how it went and he replied in a very joyous tone "Oh! I got

it, he blessed me. He actually gave me *aashirwad*, and his face was glowing with joy and satisfaction. I felt why did I talk and intellectualize, why didn't I just go inside and ask for his blessings. Then my turn came. He received me. The previous day I had given my first poem to K. When I went inside K gave me that poem holding it in the palm of both his hands like one would hold something precious, "This is your poem, sir". I said, "Please don't call me, 'sir', I'm very young". After that I couldn't speak.

He said "Oh! don't be afraid, what do you want? What do you want to ask?" I replied "I love poetry". He said "Yes, then what?"

I replied "I am from a business family, my elders want me to be in that business, but I don't want it, I want to go abroad and to write poetry".

He said "Yes, you want to do that? Then why are you not doing it?" I was taken aback by his direct question. "When you want that, why are you not doing it?"

I said, "Here everything is so safe and settled. If I go abroad I am frightened that I might die." "THEN DIE". His response was shocking. To a young man of eighteen he says 'die'? I started perspiring. In retrospect I saw that, he wanted to show me the illusion of my thinking and my confusion. Then I realised that I wanted this security. After a while he patted me and said, "It's difficult to die, isn't it?" I said, "Yes, it is difficult." "When you want some thing very intensely you have to die", he said, "You can't get it without death". You know those words touched me. And he could understand the problem of a person, give practical suggestions. He said, "You are from a business family, you are in business, so one thing you remember, you can't run, you can't go, you have to be here. But business makes you very barren and this poetry that you're talking about, is the only source, don't let it die, keep it alive. Always have a touch of that!".

He said "I know you can't go there, but this is something in which is a spark. Keep it alive and that will make you a different person".

Later I participated in the dialogues held at Solapur, with Dr.Parchure, Nagarwala and others. There was this old landlord of ours, who became an ardent fan of K. He had devoted one whole room for K wherein he kept just one photograph of K and would insist that we all speak only of K's teachings and nothing else there. We were some seven or eight people regularly meeting there. He was about seventy years old and I was twenty five to twenty six years old. But we had such a great rapport, it was very intense. He gave me one photograph of K which I preserve even now. At Solapur we had a very nice group of about twenty people, in which we had Parsis, Muslims, an Australian and others.

Vitthalwadi at Pune included a big farm house of the Patwardhans and K was invited to stay there. That's how the Pune lectures started. But after four to five years they stopped and Bombay became the centre for meetings. My brother and I were quite close to Achyut Rao Patwardhan and as I was in Pune, I could attend K's meetings.

Just before the discussion Krishnamurti saw me and also recognised me. He also remembered the story of how I had got into contact with him. He said to me "Come, come, sit here, I'm happy you've got a job here."

When K is giving an interview or when he is on the dais he is an entirely different personality. During discussions he's like a sword, but when you meet him personally, he's so compassionate, so courteous.

During one discussion K was very candid as usual. There was one saffron clad sanyasi there. During the course of the discussion K said, "Burn the Gita". Hearing that, the sanyasi rose with fury and said, "What are you saying?" K interrupted and said, "I'm talking about the authority that is created out of the Gita, burn that. Not the book, the authority".

But the sanyasi was still furious and said, "I want to kill you".

There was pin-drop silence in the hall. None knew what to do. He was still disturbed by what K had said. "Then what are you waiting for?" This reply had a strange effect on the man - suddenly he became apologetic.

He said, "I don't mean to kill you. But how can you ask us to burn the holy book?"

K explained to him that he was talking about the authority created out of the book .

One day Krishnamurti saw police being posted at the venue of his speech. He wondered and asked why the police force had been called. Someone informed him that there was a threat to his life, hence the security. K immediately replied, "I've pinned down all the monsters, don't worry about it". And all the policemen were sent back.

One milkman used to come everyday to Vittalwadi. He knew there was some saint at this place and desired to have his darshan. One day the milkman asked Achyut Rao Patwardhan for K's darshan. Achyut Rao said it was not possible on that day as many people had come to meet him. Meanwhile K came out inquiring who was trying to see him. He asked the milkman what he wanted and the milkman just prostrated before him. K patted him affectionately saying, "Don't do that". Then inside the room K asked, "Achyut Rao, don't beat about the bush, tell me what was the problem?". Achyut Rao explained that as on that day there was a serious discussion, he thought that the milkman could see K on some other day. K replied, "Oh! Can't you understand his feelings? I would have gone out to meet him. This milkman comes everyday bringing milk for us, why didn't you allow him this small thing?".

Memories Of Krishnamurti

Friedrich Grohe

I attended the Talks at Saanen for the first time in 1983. Sitting on the steps which led into the giant tent where about 2,000 people had gathered, I would listen to K. Here, under the awning, I was protected from the heat and could still enjoy fresh breeze. As I usually walked all the way from Rougemont, which takes about one and a half hours, and would arrive just before the Talks started, I could use the side entrance and did not have to sit amidst the crowd. Right in front of the podium from where K spoke, people were squatting and pushing against each other; every square inch of sitting space was highly valued. At Saanen and Brockwood, people would queue all night long in front of the tent to be the first in when it was opened. In the United States and India, it was usually a bit more relaxed.

This first summer was so hot that on my hike back to Rougemont I bathed in the Fenilbach River which would normally have been too ice - cold to have done so. In the tent, it was possible to buy books by K translated into various languages, and I had been glad to fill my rucksack with them.

It was overpowering to listen to him. He emanated so much energy that I simply could not sit directly across from him. He spoke simply and clearly, with few gestures and no rhetoric. While listening to him, I would forget about food and drink and would not even take note of the heat. During one talk, I noticed an excited young man walking between the rows of people. He approached a lady who was wearing a necklace containing a portrait of the guru Rajneesh ("Bhagvan ") and disdainfully flicked it up. He then passed in front of K and proceeded to kick over a number of electric fans which stood along the edges of the tent. As he approached me, he gestured that I should move out of his way. Expecting a kick, I ducked, although nothing of the sort eventuated. Muttering curses, he walked up to K and snatched the microphone from in front of him and started to address K and the crowd in German : "The followers of Rajneesh should get out, they are not wanted here". Turning directly to Krishnamurti, he asked him : "Am I not right, Mr. Krishnamurti ? Don't you think so, too ?". The man appeared extremely agitated, even dangerous. Some of the people in the front row had jumped to their feet, and one huge man who resembled a wrestler seemed to be on the point of throwing himself on him. An atmosphere of extreme violence flared up in the tent and an uproar ensued. But at this very moment, K intervened, saying : "Don't touch him". Apparently the intruder liked that, and repeated several times : "Don't touch him, don't touch him". Krishnamurti nodded towards him, and the man finally calmed down and left the tent after mumbling a few more words. K went on talking as if nothing had happened.

K practised yoga throughout his life. He emphasised that yoga was good for the body but that it had nothing to do with spiritual enlightenment. In earlier times, he said, yoga had been quite different from now, being then only for the few. Sometimes when K showed me some yoga exercises I would wonder what his state of mind was while doing them. It seemed as if his whole personality was absent, but at the same time one could feel an enormous

presence. Later it occurred to me that he might have been in what he described as 'meditation', a state which he had pointed out could not be brought about by any deliberate action or exercise. When we did our yoga in the mornings, we went through various breathing, eye, neck and shoulder exercises and ended by jogging and jumping on the spot. K was still doing all of this at the age of eighty-nine. Later we wrote down the exercises so that I could do them on my own. The breathing exercises alone took about half an hour.

It was at Brockwood during our yoga exercises that K pulled up the blinds in his room one day, thereby opening up a magnificent view of the vast meadows and distant hills. Pointing at this beauty, he said to me in Latin : "*Benedictus est qui venit in nomine domini*". He asked me to translate this sentence, and I translated it as : "Blessed is he who comes in the name of God". When I pronounced the word "God", he dismissed it with a gesture. K often pointed out that God was an invention of the human mind.

In his company, the perception of the natural beauty around the Brockwood Park was more intense. On some occasions, I would accompany him on his regular afternoon walks. Usually some close friends would go with him on such walks, but he would talk very little on these outings. He had an intense relationship with the things of nature. He maintained that the roots of trees have a sound, but we don't hear it any more. Once, when walking across the Brockwood meadows behind the "Grove", I was about to pass between a group of five tall pine trees. He caught me by the arm and said : "No! Around them! We must not disturb them". When crossing meadows, he insisted that one not use shortcuts. "Don't cut corners!" he would say.

On one of the walks K used to take at Brockwood during the last years, one had to climb over a fence in order to continue. On this occasion I was already on the other side, waiting for K who had had some difficulties climbing the fence lately. Being a little impatient, I thought : "He really needs quite sometime to get over the fence". And as if he had read my thoughts he replied : "I hope that when you are my age you will climb over the fence as well I do now".

An event which took place in India showed his intimate relationship with living things. There was a plantation of big mango trees at Rajghat which did not yield any fruit. Therefore, it was planned to cut them down. K recounted how one day he walked among the trees and said to them : "Listen, if you do not bear any fruit, they are going to cut you down." They bore fruit the next year.

K liked working in the garden. Particularly during his earlier days at Ojai, he did a lot of gardening. When I showed him my garden at Buchillon, which I had set up myself, he remarked : "It's good to feel the earth between one's fingers".

Even with regard to small things, K was very observant. Once at Ojai when I dressed to go to lunch with K, I couldn't find the belt for my trousers and went without one. There were several other guests there, but when I returned two days later he asked me casually : "Did you find your belt ?".

Nothing seemed to escape his notice. At one stage I had been suffering from chest pains for some time. Although the pain was considerable, I did not pay much attention to it, nor did I see a doctor. After a meal, K lightly

tapped my chest with his fingers once or twice. Shortly after that the pain disappeared. It was only then I realized that he had responded to my chest pain. Later I heard similar stories from others.

While K was already on his deathbed, a student from the Oak Grove School wrote him a letter. K had someone read it to him and then expressed his thanks to the student. Despite being in great pain and feeling very weak physically, he did not forget the matter and later asked whether his thanks had been conveyed to the writer. Even in this condition his only concern was for others.

Until the final moment, his mind was clear. I saw him for the last time three days before his death. He said to me, : "Je suis en train de partir, vous comprenez ?" (I am on the point of leaving, you understand ?) These were his last words to me.

On the night of K's death, I felt an enveloping wave of peace flood gently through the valley with the brilliant moonlight. He once told me at Brockwood Park while we were coming back from a walk : "This place should always stay like this" and when he was asked what we ought to do after his death, he answered : "Care for the land and keep the Teachings pure".

From : "The Beauty of the Mountain"



Meditation is this attention in which there is an awareness, without choice, of the movement of all the things, the awareness of total consciousness. In this stillness there is an immeasurable, no comparable movement; a movement that has no being, that is the essence of bliss and death and life. A movement that cannot be followed for it leaves no path and because it is still, motionless; it is the essence of all motion. Meditation is wandering through the world of the knowledge and being free of it to enter into the unknown.

Krishnaji At Rishi Valley

Radhika Herzberger

Krishnaji had a great love for Rishi Valley and for Rishi Konda, the hill which stands at its western end. The land was bought for his use by Dr. Annie Besant. The earliest title deeds, going back to 1926, bear their joint names. Krishnaji remembered coming to the valley when the whole area was covered with bush and thorn and there were no roads. He remembered seeing the Banyan tree and deciding to build a school on the surrounding land.

He spoke vividly about the early days of the school, before the second world war, when Subba Rao was the principal. They slept on the ground because there were no buildings and had discussions late into the night with cheetahs and deer as distant companions.

After 1948 Krishnaji came to Rishi Valley more regularly. His annual visit, during November and December, became a part of the life of the school ; the season when the rains came, the scent of ripening field-beans spread the earth, and the green paddy with the mountains turning blue at twilight, filled his eyes. It was a time when the children danced under the banyan tree , Pandit Jasraj sang and Amjad Ali Khan played the sarod. It was also a time when Krishnaji asked difficult questions to an audience consisting of students, teachers and wandering bands of European and American youth: How will you teach the children to face the fact of fear, which is ancient as the hills - not any particular fear but the very root of fear? In some inexplicable way, his impossible questions heightened our awareness of ourselves and the beauty of the valley.

I came to Rishi Valley in the winter of 1982, towards the far end of Krishnaji's life, and was able to spend only three continuous seasons with him here. During this short time he shaped some of my basic attitudes to the school and its environs. "Don't think of yourselves as a community", he said. "There is something aggressive about a community, something sectarian and self enclosed." Instead he wanted us to be a compassionate and intelligent group of people who had their doors always open.

We used to talk about the poor whose villages lie at the outskirts of our campus, and the villagers who would walk to the edge of the road on which he walked and wait silently on the side for him to pass. Once, after he had lead an old peasant gently by the arm to the centre of the road saying, "The road belongs to you also, sir", he asked me if we could not build schools for the village children, or at least provide a bus so that they did not have to walk back and forth from school, a distance he had found to be more than 8 kms. He observed that in India the poor still had respect for what was sacred - that peasants he encountered fell silent in the midst of conversation when they saw him — and wondered if we at Rishi valley could link this feeling to ourselves. "Build a pavilion", he said "far away in a lonely place, say in a mango grove, where people can meditate and passing villagers identify them as religious people".

Last year, in a movement of impulse moved by some spirit of the place, I asked him : "You have been coming to Rishi valley regularly for close to sixty years. In the course of this long association you have built a deep spirit of silence and goodness."

"I have not built it", he said, "it is there and many before me are responsible for its presence".

"What I wish to say is something different. Do we who are responsible for this place have to do anything purposive? Are we not riding a wave?" In return he asked "Are you without anger, without jealousy without violence and ambition? Can you be free of these?"

I wanted an answer to my original question so I persisted : Suppose I want to get rid of all these qualities, would I have to do anything positive, would the wave carry me along?

Even though Krishnaji did not like to answer hypothetical questions, he answered this one. His reply, "If you are without ambition, anger and fear, then you are the wave", left me with the lasting conviction that a correctly lived life is the ground of goodness, and that to live correctly is our chief and perhaps only responsibility.

When Krishnaji came to Rishi valley in November, we knew that he was in failing health. Mr Narayan and I hoped that Rishi valley would revive him, as it had done so often in the past. But this did not happen. His daily walks became gradually shorter and he continued to lose weight at an alarming rate. But he was happy in that room, up in the old guest house, surrounded by Gopalu and Parameswaram, inviting people to lunch, and chatting with a Hoopie bird which he had befriended. Several times, standing outside the door to his room, I heard him speak to some one or something : "You and your children are certainly welcome to come in here. But I can assure you that you won't like it. In a few days I would be gone, the room will be locked , the windows shut, and you will not be able to get out." When I entered the room I would see the bird , framed by the pictured window, sitting on the branch of the Spathodia tree, its crest fanned out, listening to Krishnaji, who lay on his bed talking in measured tones. Krishnaji said that the bird liked the sound of his voice, and had been sitting, listening to him for sometime. Very often when small groups of us sat on the carpet in Krishnaji's room, the bird would swoop down against the window, peck at the glass pane and generally make a racket. Krishnaji would say : "Here comes my friend."

Despite his failing health, Krishnaji addressed our students and teachers several times. An international conference of teachers from Brockwood Park in England, Oak Grove school at Ojai in California and our five Indian schools had been organised in Rishi valley to coincide with this visit. It was the first conference of its kind and Krishnaji was keen that the schools remain together. "As far as I am concerned they are one," he said.

He addressed the conference on several occasions, even coming unannounced to listen to the speakers on the podium. His last talk (he called it 'my last show') was inspired by questions posed by David Moody. At the end of his life he was investigating its beginnings: What is the origin of life? What is creation? What is goodness? What is it to flower in goodness?

He left Rishi Valley on the 22nd of December at 6-00 a.m. even though I was to say goodbye to Krishnaji three more times, I found this parting the most painful . The thought that he would never set eyes on these ancient hills continues to be difficult to bear.

Six weeks later I saw him in the other part of the world, at Ojai in California, as he lay dying. One of his first questions to me was, "Has it rained in Rishi valley?" He was very happy when I told him that it had rained nearly three inches at the time he left Madras.

I asked him what I could do for him. "Give them all my love", he said. Those were his last words to me.

An Eventful Tenure

M.V. Krishna Sastry

I heard Krishnamurti for the first time at a public talk in 1945 at Nungambakam, Madras. On the same day K's sister passed away in a hospital. After the talk, he rushed to the place, probably to wish her a peaceful end.

From then on, I used to attend all his talks, the morning discussions on alternate days at Vasanta Vihar, Madras and took part in the question-answer sessions.

In the year 1960 I joined Rishi Valley as a teacher. This helped me observe Krishnaji at close quarters as he came to the valley regularly every year and stayed for about a month. He had a special liking for the valley. The land at the valley selected by him was close to his birthplace, Madanapalle.

When I was working in the Rishi valley school we had a spacious garden and I took care of it. In the months of October and November when Krishnaji would camp in the valley for about a month, I used to send special seedless sweet papaya and plenty of good fresh lemons from our garden to him. Krishnaji was keen on visiting my garden to see the papaya and lemon trees.

One day he came accompanied by a lady, Smt. Shakuntala Narayan. Seeing them coming in the hot sun at about 4:15 pm. I took an umbrella for him. He said "Give it to the lady, Sir." After seeing the papaya tree, he asked me "How long has it been giving fruit?" I told him, "For about five years." "Chop it off after the yield this year. You should not keep it for more than four years." Next year, it dried, gradually on its own.

I sought personal interviews with Krishnaji on three occasions. My first interview with him was for the purpose of clarifying certain doubts about miracles. As I watched some of these myself, I asked Krishnaji's opinion about these miracles. He said, "Sir, don't get carried away by these." Then I told him that this particular person was also doing immense service to humanity by producing things and establishing schools, hospitals etc. He said "All that is good, but why show miracles?" Finally he said if the person has a healing touch and helps the sick, needy and poor, he can be called a great person. My last interview with Krishnaji was at the time of my retirement from the school. I wanted to take leave of him. I met K in the morning, by appointment and explained the circumstances in which I was leaving the valley, much against my will. After listening to me, he said, "Sir, What is my role in all this?" I said, "Nothing. I am only seeking your blessings." Then he put his hands on my shoulders and said with concern "What are you going to do?" I replied, "I would do exactly the same work, on my own. After some time, I will start a small residential school on similar lines." Then he smiled, stood up and said, holding my hands "Sir, please do it. There is a great need for it.

People who have touched the flame (Teachings) must not flock together at the same place. Do carry them forward, spread out and you will do well."

That gave me immense strength to start a school at the outskirts of Hyderabad near Ghatkesar at a place called Kondapur.

Krishnaji went for a walk everyday at Rishi Valley. He usually invited any one whom he saw on the way and would ask "Are you joining me for a walk?". Usually the reply from many was in the negative with some excuse since many could not keep pace with him. Generally, during those walks, he would only observe and not speak.

On one occasion, when I walked with him, an old man bent down and greeted him, moving out of the road out of courtesy. K also moved out and said, "Sir, this road is yours as well as mine. Please don't move out", and asked me to translate it for the villager into Telugu.

On another occasion, I happened to go for a walk, the same way, half an hour after he had gone, alone. I did not notice him. After some time around 5:45 p.m. I was surprised to see someone white behind a small tree. When I moved forward I was stunned to see Krishnaji, almost squatting on the ground close to the tree and removing the white ants around the bark of the tree with a small twig. He was doing it with utmost care and concern. I approached him and offered to complete the work. He smiled and left continuing his walk and after completion of the work, I returned to the valley.

At one of the meetings with teachers, he remarked once that we should learn to sit erect, walk properly and offered to help, if any of us wanted to learn how to walk.

It so happened that on the same evening as I was returning to the valley after my walk, Krishnaji was going alone for a walk. When we came closer to each other, face to face, I greeted him and said "One word with you, sir." He said, "Yes" and stopped. I reminded him about the morning discussion and asked him, "Sir, will you please teach me how to walk?." He smiled and said "I am glad. Please turn round and watch my steps and the swinging of the hands. Now stand erect, take steps and swing your hands with balance." He watched my movements and said, "You have got it well. Keep up the pace," and continued his walk. That was a very good lesson and I practice my walks the same way, even now.

In one of the teachers meetings, before the meeting commenced, he asked us all to stand and pointed out to an electric bulb glowing at 10:00 am. behind one of the hostels. He said that all the teachers and the principal walked that way but no one noticed it or pointed it out to the concerned people. That is the kind of alertness needed for all and such things could be pointed out to the students. The concerned house-master felt bad and left the place to put off the light. Since the light was in the backyard and the switch inside the house, it had escaped his attention. More serious was the lapse on the part of all of us. After that incident, I have alerted many house owners and scooterists in Hyderabad when they go about with their light on even after 10:00 a.m.

A businessman was doing iron ore business at Bellary. He heard about Krishnaji's teachings. Later he read some of his books and attended the public talks at Madras. After that he started thinking seriously about the way he was living, making money by unscrupulous ways. He felt that education on the lines of K's teachings was the only way to lead a peaceful life. By then he had earned lakhs of rupees in his business. A kind of transformation dawned on him. He wound up the business and started a small school at his home town with his two children and his brother's two children. Not knowing how to go about it, he spent a lot of amount contacting educationists and reading books. He wanted K's blessings. K was in Bombay. I dissuaded him but he would not listen and asked me to accompany him to introduce him to K. We met Krishnaji at Pupul Jayakar's house for 10 minutes.

After listening to him K said "Sir, essentially you are a businessman and you know very little about education. If you enter into the educational field, you will only do business. Hand over the institution to a capable person and withdraw yourself. I am glad to learn that you wish to get out of business and lead a peaceful life. Remember that education is like fire. Don't go near it. As for blessings, any fool can give it in plenty."

Another incident at a teachers meeting in Rishi Valley. A teacher asked Krishnaji, "Sir, you talk so much about freedom. Please clarify. After lunch, I rest for a while and the bell rings for classes. I feel very disturbed. What should I do then? Is this the freedom I have?."

Krishnaji replied, "Sir, the principal, I suppose, frames the programme for the day very carefully, taking into consideration all these aspects. You discuss this with him and change the schedule if necessary as it is convenient to the staff and students. Once it is framed, you have no right to question. You have agreed to serve as per stipulation. If I were you, I would jump out of my bed, wash and feel fresh to undertake the job I have agreed to. If it is not to my satisfaction, I would walk out of the gates. I suppose there are no gates here." (laughter).

When people are lethargic, he would not mince words. This was done to make people realise the seriousness of their work and act promptly with concern. I shall give a few examples. In a teachers meeting at Rishi valley, he asked the teachers whether they would bring out necessary changes for the improvement of the school. A teacher said "We will try to do our best."

K said, "That is hypocrisy. It means you won't do anything. Either you do it or don't do it. Only an escapist will say, 'I will try my best'. Sir, have you ever experienced tooth pain? Don't you rush to a dentist for treatment or do you say, 'I shall try and see the doctor after a week?'. Then he looked at the principal and asked him, "Do you also say I will try my best?" He replied, "I will do it." "If you don't I will choke your throat next time I come." I remember a conversation between Krishnaji and a student.

The Boy : "Sir, do you believe in God?"

K : "Which God? God with three heads or one tail or ten heads? Which God do you believe in?"

The Boy : "Is there God?"

K : (pointing to a hill) "Have you ever climbed that hill? Go and climb and find out what is on the other side. Find out. Don't ask the speaker. Find it out."



*“ You are the content of your consciousness;
in knowing yourself you will know the universe.
This knowing is beyond the word for the word is not the
thing. The freedom from the known, every minute,
is the essence of intelligence. It's this intelligence that is
in operation in the universe if you leave it alone.
You are destroying this sacredness of order through the
ignorance of yourself... ”*

A Student Remembers

Dega Dev Kumar Reddy

It is difficult to remember much about K because the moment you heard him your mind/memory would cease to function.

He always looked radiant and full of energy. He used to go for long walks, walking very fast. During these walks he observed every single thing around him with great intensity. He was concerned about the poverty in the villages and felt deeply for the conditions in which they lived.

He was full of affection and had healing powers. I heard a first person account of how he cured a girl who was learning dance but was unwell. He just rubbed her palm and within minutes she was alright. I remember a lady with a skin disease who used to follow him to Rishi Valley but he refused to touch her, admitting to the people close to him that he would not be able to cure her. So he knew his limitations and was honest to admit them. He had no airs about his abilities.

He was generous with all his belongings and used to give away his clothes to people who worked for him in the guest house. He used to clean his own toilet and kept his room very neat.

He used to come and sit at "Asthachal"(a place where Rishi Valley students sit quietly in the evening watching the sun set) and we felt the intensity of the silence and quietness with him around.

He had a very appropriate dress sense and carried a colourful umbrella when it was hot. He moved around with dignity and beauty and it was a pleasure to watch him.

Through out my school life I somehow believed that K was difficult to understand. Towards the end of my school days somebody opened my mind to what he was saying. Then I realised what I had missed in my ten years in school. Ever since I discovered their value, his sayings have never left me.

It is we who have to discover the truth. Otherwise we will be playing with words and would be caught in an intellectual exercise. We will never be able to find the real truth.

What Krishnamurti Said To A Young Man

R.E. Mark Lee

As a young man just out of the college and twenty five years old, I worked at the Rishi Valley school in Andhra Pradesh as English teacher in the junior school, Principal of that section, and teaching swimming and folk dancing from 1965 to 1972. Krishnamurti had been associated with the school from the late 1920's when he and his brother came and stayed near the large banyan tree, sleeping in a tent and wandering in the valley and climbing the surrounding hills.

Krishnamurti came every year to the Rishi Valley school to spend three months there in peace and quiet. He also gave talks to the students, held dialogues with faculty, and spoke with many guests who came to meet him.

Each of the faculty, by turn, would be invited to lunch with him in his small dining room upstairs in the Old Guest House. I had several opportunities every year to attend the dialogues and meet him at meals. In addition, I had interviews with him that lasted anywhere between fifteen minutes to one hour.

We discussed issues that had to do with education, teaching Indian children, living in India and what it meant to lead a religious life. One year we had serious problems with Tibetan children in the school who were unhappy, full of violent thoughts and dreams that affected their work and mental stability. Krishnamurti suggested that I speak with the Dalai Lama in Dharmasala and ask him what he was doing about educating the youth that came with him from Tibet and the other children who followed. I did go up to his palace in Dharmasala in the foothills of the Himalayas at Krishnamurti's behest and learnt a great deal from the Dalai Lama about the many problems the Tibetan children were facing in India as a result of the violence in their homeland. I reported back to Krishnamurti that our work with the few Tibetan children in the school obviously was to offer a safe and secure environment where they could learn and "flower in goodness".

In those days of the Beetles, Hippies, and a U.S. President who was creating resentment in India towards Americans, I was leading a life quite out of sync with my native culture, with that of the expats wandering in India looking for the real meaning of life, and even mainstream Indian culture. Rishi Valley school was and is an oasis in a desert of tradition and conflict. I was deeply serious about Krishnamurti's teachings and threw myself completely into studying his writings and exploring with others the implication of his work to education.

I was in a religious paradise, and felt that there, in this cradle of a new civilization. I could also "flower in goodness". It was my whole world; my mind was consumed with that study. So much so that I thought of myself as the original sanyasi - there had never been and never would be anyone as quiet as serious as I was - with no possessions, no family, no commitments, no attachments to anyone or anything except the unfolding of truth.

I grew thin, I got sick even from a mosquito bite, my working days extended into the early morning, weekends and holidays, I meditated long hours until I was sleeping sitting up, I craved being alone in order to reflect and look at myself. I practiced yoga with prayanama and other siddhis.

Then one day, I met a sanyasi who visited Rishi Valley in his wanderings through South India. He appeared at my door asking for food. I gave him some but was amazed when he spoke good English. Squatting together in the garden of my bungalow we talked about his life what he had learned that was not prescribed by traditional Hinduism. I remember thinking he was enjoying being a sanyasi, and that I was not. He laughed and saw his own motivations. Yet I could not.

Could it be that seriousness was not a prerequisite for being religious? Could it be that I was so confining myself by imposing prescriptions for being religious and that the very essence of what was serious and religious was eluding me?

When he came to the valley that year, Krishnamurti and I talked at length about what it meant to be religious. Many issues came up including the culturally requisite austerities, asceticism, and subjugation of the senses and discipline.

I told Krishnamurti that I was not from that background, that I had no traditions, I knew nothing about denial and discipline. He smiled and said, "Quite right; you are an American." Then he said, "But your mind is traditional; you think in terms of what cultures have said is the way to lead a religious life." Of course, it was clear. I was simply fulfilling a cultural prescription that would lead me nowhere. What I realised was that I could find anywhere that most people were fulfilling cultural prescriptions and were similarly stuck in one place psychologically. What a revelation that was!

From there we discussed a way of life that admitted no traditions, that had no precedents. Yet what he described to me was not culture-bound and appeared to be normal in all other respects. One did not need special clothes, routines or even attitudes.

Then, quite out of character, Krishnamurti proceeded to give me a list of important points. He held up his fingers and pointed out each in turn, saying in effect, that to lead a religious life I had to (1) be rigorously honest with myself; (2) not think about myself but be aware of the thoughts and emotions that made me think about myself; (3) live with all senses alive, and; (4) lie in awareness all the time.

Then, in a talk in Madras that year, Krishnamurti talked about the religious life as, "Where one gathers all one's energy..." I saw that I spent all my energy on being austere, on being disciplined, and I had little energy left to live.

These were not ideas to be thought through. The living dimensions of Krishnamurti's admonitions were alive in me. The impact was profound and I began to really live. That young American sanyasi passed many happy years in Rishi Valley, but now with a beautiful wife, with two children and a full life.

Master Singer

S.V. Venkatachalam

Krishnaji used to visit India every year for two or three months and invariably Rishi Valley used to be one of the places of his stay for a month or more. There was the old guesthouse where he stayed in a small room, simply furnished and tastefully decorated. On one side of the room the door opened into a large hall held by pillars. Large bamboo mat rolls were fixed in the openings to cut out too much of glare. All discussions of the teachers of the Rishi Valley school (I was one of them for almost twenty years) used to take place there. Standing in this hall with the bamboo mats rolled up, Krishnaji would look at the rock - smudged hills around, the beautiful clusters of trees and people passing by. Close by was the Spathodia tree, with its lovely flowers. During the rainy season a little stream would flow in front of the guesthouse and one could hear the water flowing down the hillside.

Adjacent to Krishnaji's living room was yet another fairly large hall where he met people seeking interviews. No furniture was kept there and people sat on carpets. Since the guesthouse was far away from the school and the hostel area, there would be hardly any noise except for the chirping of the birds which had made Rishi Valley their home.

It was in this hall that Krishnaji, G. Narayan, another teacher of the school who was a good friend of mine and I used to meet in the evenings for about an hour for chanting and singing. Krishnaji wanted us to teach him some of the devotional songs *sthothras*. He also taught us a few devotional songs and *sthothras* he had learnt in Benaras at the Rajghat Besant school. We learnt from him a few portions of the Vedas he had learnt when he was young. One could see the expression of joy on his face when he sang and chanted. He enjoyed listening to the beautiful notes and words of Sanskrit chants and also bhajans in Telugu and Hindi.

Narayan and I had the great opportunity of singing with him and teaching him songs for about an hour every evening. After the singing session he would set out for his evening walk. Generally only the three of us would be there while we sang, and quite often, only Krishnaji and I. Occasionally, one or two friends of the Krishnamurti Foundation would sit and listen to our singing.

I found Krishnaji to be an unusually keen learner. He would watch the teacher intently, watch his lip movements and would want the lines to be repeated several times before he joined in. He was very particular that we sing the lines simultaneously. Whenever he came across some beautiful portions of the song, his face would glow, his eyes would nearly close and one could see a gentle smile and joy on his face. Besides, he made the person who was teaching enjoy the exercise. This is something which does not happen usually. Any teacher would be happy to teach a student who is eager to learn, pays complete attention and enjoys learning. This was a rare opportunity I had of teaching someone who enjoyed the beauty of the songs taught.

I chose to be a school teacher after graduation and have been teaching for the last fortytwo years. I have enjoyed teaching my students and my students everywhere have enjoyed learning from me on their part. But I did not come across a student who was as keen a learner as Krishnaji.

Krishnaji was quite choosy about the songs he spent time learning. He loved to listen to those simple tunes and those not sung too fast. Some of the portions he loved to chant were compositions of Adi Shankara like 'Nirvaana Shatkam', 'Nirvaana Dashakam' and 'Dakshinaamurty Ashtakam'. He also liked my selections from the first part of 'Sri Venkateshwara Suprabhatham'. Narayan taught us to sing some of the compositions of the Telugu poet Pothana and Thyagaraja. Among these, one, in the raaga Aarabhi 'Jootha mu Raare' was a particular favourite of his.

Whenever we sat down to sing, Krishnaji would ask me to sing the Marathi devotional song for him, 'Ghana Shyama Sundara' and a Punjabi folk song which had lovely rhythm. He enjoyed listening to these thoroughly. I had learnt a small portion of Quran from a Muslim friend of mine. Krishnaji was quite surprised when he first heard me chanting this. Later on, whenever we gathered for singing he would always wait for me to sing these. He learnt a few *Tukaram bhajans* from late Sri Achyut Patwardhan also. During his visits to India, Krishnaji used to visit Benaras also where there is a residential school run by the Krishnamurti Foundation, The Rajghat Besant School near the Kashi railway station. Sri Samanthji, the teacher of Sanskrit and music in that school taught Krishnaji many songs. He made a beautiful little pocket book specially for Krishnaji's reference. This book contained words of Sanskrit chants and songs written in a beautiful hand in Indian ink. He took meticulous care to cover the book with red silk. Krishnaji used to carry the book with him in his travel kit.

Krishnaji was a good singer. He had a good base voice and sang well. He preferred to sit down with crossed legs while singing and would keep his back straight. He rarely sang alone but would always ask others to sing and loved to join them in singing. When he did the Vedic chanting he would expect us to take a sufficiently high pitch. If he found the pitch somewhat low and uncomfortable, he would wait for a suitable pause in the song and suddenly lead the group, singing in a higher and more comfortable pitch. There were times when he recollected a whole set of lines from a Vedic hymn and would start chanting. We would all remain silent and let him complete the chanting. We would look at him with wonder. That he could remember the lines he had learnt several years ago and chant them exquisitely well was really surprising.

Krishnaji took a keen interest in listening to good Carnatic classical music. Often, stalwart musicians and instrumentalists would be brought to sing and play for him at Vasanta Vihar in Chennai. He also appreciated good Bharathanatyam by children under the banyan tree in Rishi valley. He would sit among the children to watch the dance shows. At the end of the show he would make it a point to meet the children who took part in the show and encourage them with words of appreciation.

It is quite possible that this aspect of Krishnaji is not known to many of his admirers. Since I had the privilege of being with him during our singing sessions, I felt I should share my experiences with others. I cannot help recollecting with happiness those great moments. Narayan and I spent with Krishnaji singing, learning, teaching and enjoying good music. Krishnaji is no more but the sound of our singing and particularly Krishnaji's voice and his face lit with joy will remain in my mind's eye for a long time to come.

Krishnamurti And Rajghat: Down Memory lane

Jyoti Verma

I guess anyone who has met Krishnaji personally has felt his impact on his or her being. It was almost impossible not to be swept, in some way, by his presence literally and psychologically. Once, Krishnaji was coming out of his residence at Rajghat for his daily evening walk. I, along with one of my friends happened to be at the gate of his residence by sheer chance. As soon as he saw us he stopped and after we greeted him, caught hold of my hands between his palms and said a few words asking me about my well being. I had a very strong feeling of being touched by a saint, whatever that means. His total presence could be felt in his affectionate gesture and he was standing in front of us as a human being who was intense in qualities of warmth, compassion and concern for even someone he did not know. Krishnamurti was all real, any person in close contact with Krishnaji was likely to be washed by a very strong tide of his power, this power of love. He was unbelievably genuine, overflowing with compassion and pure, like gold. I do not know how to say this without sounding mystical but his touch was the touch which heals and makes one happy. I really do not know how to put my experience in words.

As students we admired his punctuality, the immaculate dress, his extraordinary eyes and the way he sat and walked. It was amusing but we admired how straight he sat, how well he dressed in clean and well - ironed clothes and his eyes which looked into you but also had an expression out of this world, something which you find in some paintings. Though Krishnaji never wanted to be considered extraordinary, his presence was not that of a common person. I personally feel very grateful that I was at the Rajghat school during the time when Krishnaji visited Rajghat almost every year and most of the teachers were into his teaching and were very dedicated. Krishnaji's presence always made a difference and every one was recharged for another year of dedicated service to the school. It was one of the best times of Rajghat (1957-1966).

Since I am trying to recall events that were especially memorable, let me mention the festivals we celebrated together with the teachers. We played lovely 'holi'. Big iron containers were filled with coloured water in each hostel. A bell rang and we were out in the open playing 'holi' with friends. We had a great time sprinkling colours and laughing our hearts out in merriment. On 'Janmashtami' we were served 'Phalahar' from the morning till the dinner and we decorated lovely 'jhankis' of 'Krishna jhula'; similarly, 'Saraswati puja' was tastefully celebrated and so was 'rakshabandhan.' All the boys in their pyjama kurtas sat in line and were tied rakhi by the girls. All of us were served sweets later on.

We loved celebrating 1st of October, Annie Besant's birthday. We assembled in the Rajghat school hall where a beautiful photograph of "Amma" (Annie Besant) stood decorated with flowers. Evening prayers every day were great

healers after the day's work and study, and now those evenings are the ones that I miss most. The book 'Geet Malika' had the choicest bhajans which were set to tune by our music teacher.

As a resident student of the Rajghat School, I recall another incident that suggests how some things can have a lasting impact on one's life. Walking towards the assembly hall to begin his talk, Krishnaji once picked up a fresh flower from the ground which had been plucked and thrown away by some one. That morning he began his talk by saying, "If we cannot teach our children to love flowers our education does not have much meaning."

Our love for nature developed quite naturally as on moonlit nights we were encouraged to take a walk to 'sangam' after dinner and look at the beauty of the silver moonlight, silver mirrored in the confluence of the Ganges and the Varuna, silently. We also enjoyed boating sprees to look at the splendour of the moonlit nights on the Ganges on a Benaras 'bajra'.

Buses filled with us, students were taken to the annual music conferences held in the city town hall to witness top artists at their best in the singing, classical dancing and instrumental recitals. We enjoyed every moment of the pious atmosphere of the performing arts and kept sitting in the winter nights, spellbound by the double effect of the performing art and an overwhelming impact of Banaras culture that gets into one's head as the evening gradually evolves into late night.

In sum, we were given the opportunity to develop a taste for the finer things in life and experience them in their fullness. Similarly, we were taken to the city cinema halls to see some selected regional language and English films so that we could have an exposure to sensitive themes, good direction and acting. All our evenings were thus very meaningfully utilised.

I would like to dwell upon the kind of relationship that existed between the teachers and students. Being in the teaching profession myself I miss that relationship or anything near to that kind of relationship.

Our teachers were always available to give us a patient hearing and attend to our problems. Creativity in students was encouraged and affection knew no bounds. The guruji's often called us 'beta' and hugged us lovingly. The relationship between the teachers and the students was that of concern for each other. They would always try to discover our potentials that needed grooming and encouragement. I am sure very few people have heard about a relationship of this kind between the teacher and the taught, specially in the present times.

I think it is because of my upbringing in a K school that I find myself capable of appreciating many things without making comparisons, enjoying beautiful things and being unperturbed by many issues that usually upset people (i.e., religion, caste, class, nationality, etc.). And I believe it is almost impossible for me to succumb to temptations that lead to certain benefits at the cost of others.

In my interpersonal transactions I usually feel a natural warmth towards people and a willingness to relate with them with an open heart. In no way am I trying to say that I am free of all the problems of personal and interpersonal nature. However, what I would like to emphasize is that I do find myself better equipped in certain ways.

In a world where success is the goal of life and ambitions are the motivational forces to win the world by engaging in various competitive practices, I do not find it difficult to understand that ambition leads to problems and competition with others is not necessarily the best policy to prove one's worth.

As a psychologist I have taken a job. I have travelled quite a bit around the world and in my own modest capacity have tried to present Krishnamurti's teachings. Perhaps few psychologists know the "inner world" of mankind and their psyche as he did. I feel happy to have known him through his teachings and being a student of his school. I am glad I spent my formative years in beautiful Rajghat, close to the Ganga and close to someone who really cared for us as students.



That love, beauty, truth is the highest form of intelligence. When there is that intelligence, there is action, clarity, a tremendous sense of dignity. It is something unimaginable. And that which is not to be imagined, or the unlimited, cannot be put into words. It can be described. So to come upon this great sense, there must be the absence of the 'me', the ego, egocentric activity, the becoming. There must be a great silence in one. Silence means emptiness of everything. In what there is vast space. Where is vast space there is immense energy, not self-interested energy - unlimited energy.

The Teacher And The Teachings

Evelyne Blau

A cloud of recollections and impressions flood the mind when recalling the person of Krishnamurti. It is almost impossible for me to separate the man from the Teachings, they are so closely intertwined as to be inseparable. The Teachings came from and flowed through the man and the man was a perfect exemplar of the Teachings. They were one.

There is an example that, in my mind, seems to illustrate this linkage.

It is well known that over the years of his long life Krishnamurti had friendships and relationships with a wide variety of people. Some of them lasted for many years. However, there was one in particular, someone who had known Krishnamurti since they were both young men and who had been intimately connected with the early work. Difficulties and misunderstandings arose between them which eventually resulted in a series of protracted lawsuits brought against Krishnamurti, the last of which was not settled until after his death. This, of course, was the last thing Krishnamurti wanted.

There are numerous accounts of instances in which reconciliations were attempted, always to be turned away and deflected.

I clearly remember a time in 1984 during which the lawsuit was at its most heated. It was a spring day in Ojai and the scent of orange blossoms hung in the air as some of us left his home and walked to have lunch together at a nearby Arya Vihara. This was Krishnamurti's old home during his early days in Ojai, it now houses the Library and Study Centre.

Our discussions during the morning had centered on the lawsuit, and I was deeply puzzled. How could it be that such a supremely perceptive and intelligent man could have been duped by someone who purported to be a friend, someone who had such a close contact with the Teachings over so many years? I questioned Krishnamurti as we walked through the orange grove. "How could you not know that this man was not your friend? Did you not see that he was resentful of you for all of those years?" Krishnamurti paused, and then said, "I tend to take people at face value."

At first I was even more puzzled. Would not a discerning person have cut off such a relationship years ago? Why would he try over and over again to give a second, third or more chances to someone who is clearly antagonistic? Krishnamurti was neither naive, nor gullible. Yet, I asked myself, why did he not see the man for what he was?

"I tend to take people at face value." For several days what he had said ran through my mind. Did he not read motives into peoples actions, especially in the face of abundant evidence that there might be hidden motives?

Or was this the action of a compassionate man, one who turned the other cheek, who personified what we think of as forgiveness? And then, clarity seemed to come. If one met life from moment to moment and each relationship, no matter how long-standing anew, would not right action flow naturally and inevitably from such a course? I had heard Krishnamurti speak many times along these lines. This was part of the Teachings and I heard it come simply and naturally from the lips of the Teacher. "Face value" did not involve any pre-conceptions or lingering memories of the past. It meant only seeing and acting. The Teacher and the Teachings were indeed one.

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The urge to find out what truth is, what god is, is the only real urge and all other urges are subsidiary. When you throw a stone into still water, it makes expanding circles. The expanding circles are the subsidiary movements, the social reactions, but the real movement is at the centre, which is the movement to find happiness, god, truth; and you cannot find it as long as you are caught in fear, held by a threat...

The men who seek out what is truth, what is god - only such men can create a new civilization, a new culture, not the people who conform, who merely revolt within the prison of old conditioning.

Hans

The Decisive Moment

Geta Angheluto

My childhood and youth were immersed in and haunted (in the poetic sense of the term) by the presence of K. I grew up surrounded by the books my father read, amid the stormy discussions he set up with friends about philosophical problems, my father arguing for K's teachings, and among photos of K, which could be seen on book covers.

I was still very young when my parents, who were very poor, my father a painter and art teacher at a Bucharest High School, and my mother jobless, though a sculptress, had the opportunity to travel to Ommen. It was my father's dearest dream. My mother, who was an ardent Catholic, did not engage in K's Teachings, but she did not prevent her husband in any way from following the promptings of his heart. After the first talk my father asked her what she thought of K. Looking about her, she replied: "He's the only human being around."

In 1973, after receiving an invitation to go to Italy from some friends in Turin, I applied for a tourist visa for Switzerland; it was exactly the time of the Saanen gathering. Here I was in Saanen, then, received by nene Silvin (nene = uncle in Rumanian). I was completely unaware of what awaited me. It was my first trip abroad, and I was alone, pervaded by an intense fear, which went to the very roots of my hair. There was one thing on my side: I knew French and I had a working knowledge of English, but I have to confess that this did not lessen my fear.

The day after my arrival was the first talk of Krishnaji that I attended. He spoke about... fear!

I was devoured by curiosity - I wanted to see him from as close as possible, the man who had haunted my whole life until then and whose teaching my father had followed step by step, at Ommen and at Saanen. I would like to have sat right next to the stage, two feet from him, among the people pushing and shoving to get two square inches at his feet. He spoke about fear, beginning with a "So,...". It was more than I could even have imagined. He had the profile and distinction of a young man and, with it, the power of a mighty storm. He was quick and full of humour and, when he laughed, he laughed like a child, with his whole being. He was not a sage... The image that I had of him had almost nothing in common with the living being I found in front of me. Everything evaporated in a second. I did not feel the time going by. At a certain moment there occurred in his discourse (it isn't the right word, but I can't find another for now) a difficult step, over which he paused, closing his eyes in total peace. Someone from the audience wanted to help him, but Krishnaji signaled him swiftly not to do so and to let him find it for himself. A few seconds later he carried on, giving the answer to his own question and laughing heartily: "You see, I've got it!" He leapt up like a two-year-old, picked up his watch and his sweater in one go, and exited nimbly, as if his feet never touched the floor.

Suddenly, as if the great cushion which had been pressing in on me for an hour and half had been removed, I felt the breath go out of me, this time for good, and I began to sob, with floods of tears, letting rip from my throat, lungs and from my whole being a kind of howling, which I couldn't keep back. I was ashamed of making such an unseemly spectacle of myself, so to speak, but it was stronger than I was. The civilized people who were leaving the tent asked Sorana what was happening to me. She gave some answer which I've forgotten, an indescribable expression on her face. It was as if she were witnessing a surgical operation which had to be carried out without delay. Little by little I calmed down. At last my breath came back to me, the tent was empty, it was very hot... Sorana continued to keep silent beside me...

I spent the days which followed as if nothing had happened. In fact, on that day, a part of my life had ended and, at the same moment, another had begun. I would realize this some weeks later, when I came back to Switzerland. In Italy - my Swiss visa had expired - all the splendors of Florence, Verona, Padua and flaming Venice seemed vain and superficial, although I was seeing them for the first time. I was wearied by so much external beauty. All I wanted to do was get back to Krishnaji, change myself into a little carpet at his feet, and never leave him for the rest of my life, not asking him questions, not bothering him with my presence - just be there, always, where he was... But the mother of us all, Life, great Life, did not allow it. Later, I got a job as a teacher at the Thieche Institute in Bucharest, where I began to teach drama (the art of acting) in a somewhat strange manner; I used the job as a pretext for getting the students interested in knowing themselves... I taught them what I had learned from K and Sorana Topa, who had been one of the greatest actresses in our country and who had quit the theatre when she met K (but that's another story). She had taught me the art of drama in the same way.

It was the next-to-the last day of my stay at Saanen in 1973. A meeting for the representatives of various countries had been announced at the Saanen talks. Nunca Silva took me to Gstaad on the little train, and we walked up to K's chalet. We were led into the room and Nunca S. made me sit down next to him. The invitation was for 11 o'clock in the morning. Then Krishnaji came in. This time he did not look at the audience but kept his head lowered, applying himself tenaciously to cleaning off with his fingernail a spot of something-or-other (which couldn't be seen) from his jeans. He had crossed his feet under his chair. Next to Mary Zimbalist, on the bench-seat, sat Dorothy Simmons. Finishing the cleaning of his jeans, he placed his hands one on top of the other on his knees and continued listening like a well-behaved child. His hands struck me as two independent beings of extraordinary beauty and force of expression... I was spellbound by them! At one point M.Z. asked his approval of what she was saying. He indicated to her to carry on, as if he weren't really there. I was dumbstruck - completely awake to everything that concerned him, but totally blind to the rest of the assembly. All I retain as a memory of these moments is the moving image, without words, or rather with intermittent sound. The session lasted for almost two hours; representatives of different countries took their turn to speak; I was terrified that I too, would have to speak... but it didn't happen. I thanked God that no-one had noticed me! At the end, K also took his turn and spoke a little. The only thing I remember is he said that if K dies, the Teachings should not be interpreted and little groups should not be formed. K got up definitively and walked into the crowd to shake hands with people. He was conversing with his guests, naturally and easily. Nunca Silva took me firmly by the hand and dragged me after him towards K who, still shaking hands, had moved over to the middle of the room. We had to queue up to get our chance to meet K. At last I was near him! Menea Silvin told him that I was

the daughter of Octavian Angheluto, the painter from Rumania with the beard. K remembered my father and gave a big smile, then he looked at me, pressing my right hand in his two hands (which I would never have thought that I could touch) and asked me if I understood English; I answered in French in the affirmative... But at that moment I existed no more - nothing around me existed any more - there was nothing but him, with his eyes looking at me from all eternity, and he was there right next to me and at the same time, far away, on the highest Himalayan peaks; there was nothing but these two hands pressing mine in a grip, at the same time firm and gentle, a grip of absolute firmness.

I saw, I understood, but I no longer was - for a few seconds Geta was no longer of this world, she no longer was at all. After a while he held my hand a little harder and smiled, but not in the way one smiles at guests. Words are desperately inadequate. They do not have the capacity to capture meanings which are finer, less material... perhaps the incapacity is mine.... I hope that what I wanted to say is fairly clear, for I have no other means of expressing myself. For yours truly the decisive moment was that.

Bring Time Into Crisis

Donald Ingram Smith

One illuminating incident occurred in 1966 at Vasanta Vihar, Madras. I had come for an interview with Krishnaji. I wanted to open up the realm of pain and instinctive reaction to get rid of it, to escape. Is there any action? If so, what is it?

We were sitting on the floor, on the mat. When I put my questions to him, Krishnaji leaned over and touched me on the knee, "Why do you feel you have to do something? Why do you want to escape? You live easily with pleasure, don't you? Why don't you live with pain with the same interest and attention?" It was obvious that by attempting to avoid distress I was denying, neglecting half my life. It was clear that when what was happening was pleasurable I did not resist but remained open, vulnerable, indeed I invited more; and that when I was experiencing pain in my mind, my attention was distracted away from the pain and thinking began; thoughts about what could be done to stop it. The 'I' reemerged as it always does whenever I want to change what is happening. And that only occurs when I dislike it. I saw that in projecting what I would have to do to be free of the hurt, I was fabricating TIME, creating and imagining a future in which I would be acting as a separate entity.

We had been sitting quietly for sometime when Krishnaji said apparently out of the blue, "Can you bring time into crisis? When there is pain, suffering, the mind is awake, sharp, alert, clear and timeless. It is focused. There is no entity that says, "I must go beyond pain. I must do something. There is no separation. When the observer does not separate from the observed, the whole thing changes. Consciousness transforms. At that moment there is no movement, no wish, no need to look outside for an answer, a solution out there away in Space and Time."



Seeing the truth as the truth, the false as the false and the truth in the false is the act of denial. It's an act and not an idea. The total denial of thought, the idea and the world brings freedom from the known; with the total denial of feeling, emotion and sentiment there's love. Love is beyond and above thought and feeling.

A World Teacher

G. Narayan

I met Krishnaji in 1947 in Madras when I was studying at the University. He had just returned from a walk in the evening. I could not take my eyes off from the radiant personality dressed in white Indian clothes. The conversation was on the Buddha and the Sangha. When I asked K if there were over sixty enlightened disciples around the Buddha, he answered in the negative - probably two or three men, he said. In the years to come I went for long walks with him, one had to walk very fast to keep pace with him. And surely that was one way of keeping thoughts away.

I met a young man Dwarak in 1949 and at that time he was working on the Rishi Valley estate. He was robust and active and I was greatly surprised when he told me that Krishnaji had healed him of a congenital heart condition, prior to which he could barely walk across the room without pain. Some senior friends also talked about a few other instances, so I asked Krishnaji while going on a walk near Adyar beach what he thought of miracles. He narrated in a humorous way, the sudden healing that took place in front of his room of a woman who was carried on a stretcher unable to walk with severe pain and a rotting condition of the knee, which had to be amputated. The woman got up and walked away and next day the daughter presented him a garland for saving her mother and expressed gratitude for the miracle! When I asked if it was faith cure, he said, "No. Energy passes". When I further asked him how it happens, he said: "Somewhere, something clicks". Krishnaji would not accept responsibility for these miracles, nor was it his function. He did not want his friends to talk about them, and his main concern was to heal the mind of sorrow and suffering, of bondage and illusion. Yet, out of his compassion he would not say 'no' to those who came to him with many ailments ranging from brain damage and partial paralysis to arthritis to defective eyesight... He would gently admit, when asked, that the healing quality was in his hands.

Krishnaji travelled incessantly from India to England from Europe to U.S.A, giving talks and holding discussions. Many came to see him, students and teachers, scientists and psychologists, laymen and women, specialists and eminent people seeking interviews and participating in seminars. With all of them Krishnaji held discussions opening new vistas and insight. When a senior friend asked him how he was able to do this he replied that his consciousness had merged with that of Lord Maitreya. When a school boy asked Krishnaji if he could read the thoughts of others he replied humorously that he did not like to do that as it was like reading someone else's letters! Deep and penetrating wisdom was always coupled with humour and good taste.

There was always a sense of mystery and newness in Krishnamurti's personality, though you might have known him for forty or sixty years. It is not possible to explain this. One of the things that intrigued many of his friends is the process which K describes in his 'Note Book'. This is the pain at the back of his head and neck, sometimes mild often times intense, which he went through during daytime or in the night during sleep. In a dialogue with David Bohm in my

presence K said that the process is the movement of the unknown, purifying his brain cells and added in a undertone that he had also done some healing. It is revealing that he was born anew and, that he probably took on the pain of so many who went to him.

Krishnamurti's contribution to education and his religious philosophy go together. As a sage and philosopher, he is incomparable and refreshingly original. He asked his listeners to take the journey with him in a spirit of togetherness; he was only a mirror which could be put aside if they looked into themselves. Without self-knowledge, there is no basis for right thinking. The ending of sorrow is the beginning of wisdom.

"Total negation is the essence of the positive. When there is negation of all those things that are not love - desire, pleasure - then love is, with its compassion and intelligence". Out of this intelligence there is right action.

The passing away of J.Krishnamurti in California on 17 February 1986 brings a great epoch in religious history to an end, but his teachings will remain as a torch for those who care and want to learn.

From : New Swatantra Times, 1986



In my experience, there is no way of describing Krishnamurti in words. You can say he was a world teacher or you can say he was a great psychologist, philosopher and a great religious teacher and that wouldn't convey anything to the other person. There is no way, in my limited vocabulary, of describing Krishnamurti other than by reading his teachings.

- Benjamin Weinniger

From : "Krishnamurti - A 100 Years" by Evelyne Blau

A Few Moments With Krishnaji

A.M. Vatcha

My first introduction to J.K. was at one of his talks in Madras, when I was in my late teens. Although I could not understand much of his teaching then, not having read about him or heard him before, I was deeply impressed by the rapt attention given to him by the audience as a whole and by the simplicity and the crispness of his language.

After a gap of ten years or so, I again had an opportunity of listening to him whenever he gave talks at Vasant Vihar in Madras, when I used to go to Adyar to attend the annual conventions of the Theosophical Society. Strongly and imperceptibly, his words started to become, not merely pure poetry, but a vital philosophy of life for me. Life became a serious matter, something to be taken in hand and not allowed to drift with the passing currents of time and circumstances. One's aims and attitudes began to be questioned and pondered over. As I read, studied and heard J.K. the mind became more and more free of traditional constraints and conventional modes of thought, leading to feelings of lightness and peace.

I had the opportunity of listening to his last talk in Madras, and I somehow had the feeling that I may not hear him again. I was to see him for the last time on the beach in Adyar. I was walking down from the broken bridge over the Adyar river towards the estate of Theosophical Society, in the twilight of the evening, when I saw J.K. coming up with his usual brisk steps. I made a reverential greeting to him with folded hands, and he immediately did the same to me (whom he had never met before) followed by a very benign smile. It was a benediction. I was deeply touched by the courtesy accorded, and could not help but see the deep sadness behind the smile, as though he carried the pain and suffering of the humanity on his shoulders. This made me think of the Buddha, who must have felt the same to bring forth his great compassion for mankind. We can keep his teaching alive by understanding it as best as one can, by oneself and by living it.

A Dialogue On Dependence

Pascal Ruga

We had four discussions with Krishnamurti between June 27 and 30, 1956. We met every morning from 10:00 a.m. to 12:00 noon. There were about 35 of us, and the spacious living-room of Robert Linssen's villa, into which light streamed through large bay-windows, provided ample room for all.

As he did in his Brussels talks, Krishnamurti came among us without a sign of greeting. Sitting down in an arm-chair, he asked us to move closer to him. He wanted to be able to see all of us. He remained silent for some minutes, shooting piercing glances at us, playing with his fingers. Krishnamurti put a question to his audience with almost no accent as if we had all understood the question he had just put:

'Why have you come here?' The majority answered that it was because they wanted to free themselves and, above all, free themselves of suffering. I was the only one who said that I had come to find real human communion. I must say that at this gathering, in this chosen group', I scarcely felt the nuance of a desire for a communion; we were each of us, rather, hooked on our problems, without attempting to put the question as to whether one is not colluding in a world whose natural law seems to be greed...

Krishnamurti has an astonishing presence, always centred in the act of the moment. He astounds us by the quickness of his thought and gestures, rare and unusual in a man. I never saw him play the sage, even allowing himself the luxury of 'Seeming' to get impatient at our difficulty in understanding.

His hands and his extremely beautiful face express as much as do his words. We feel a presence which is intense, supple, fluid, an inner life making itself manifest to us like a free force of nature. Not once did I sense in him the power of a thought; on the contrary, indefatigably, he brought us back to our own problems. It may seem paradoxical to say that what was important wasn't so much what he was saying but what we were feeling, according to our different personalities. There was no question of his supplying a recipe for the discovery of the Real; We were the only people in charge of the test, the only surgeons of our souls. Krishnamurti's help consisted solely in our stating the problems relevant to us as accurately as possible.

From the outset Krishnamurti suggested that we leave aside our preconceived ideas, that we not refer to any teaching, be it religious or philosophical, and above all not to Krishnamurti. Are we gramophones? No, we are a group of friends, meeting with the intention of helping one another.

The first question which arises is that of knowing what we want. The conversation takes a general turn, generalities dominate, all-purpose terms come up. Some are after liberation, others happiness or God; but all complain of the state of dependence in which they find themselves, which is preventing them from successfully pursuing their quest for truth. I ask myself the question: How can one pursue a state which we do not know?'. Is it not better to pursue nothing, to simply see what is going on inside us, as if we were not concerned, by separating our drives from our observations? Wouldn't it be right to stop our pursuit? These are the thoughts which prompted me to intervene for the third time during the first discussion. There is nothing to attain, I said; any new departure can only corrupt the object of the search. Hardly had I pronounced this sentence than Krishnamurti held out his hands towards me, telling me with his eyes, his voice, with all his body, with clear conviction, like the moving bow of a violin sketching out the principal theme of a sonata: "Careful... You're going too quickly... You're going too quickly..". These words were said in French, and he went on in English. But it doesn't matter much what came next, this single sentence in my own language was amply sufficient to bring crashing down the edifice my intellect had put together.

'What is going on?' Krishnamurti said, over and over, indefatigably and we had to recognize that we were before a door which didn't want to open, or, if we did attempt to open it, all we did was close another for ourselves. It was a deceptive game, with something that didn't want to die in us. Whenever we tried to go off at a tangent with the help of words appropriate to our desire, Krishnamurti brought us back to our point of departure, and if one of us found some very simple terms to express non-grandiloquently the right resonance of his being, with its network of conditionings, Krishnamurti would throw his arms out, with the look of an adult who would like to prevent a child from falling down a hole, and exclaim: "That's it, that's it..don't go further, see that."

It was at this moment that I saw the possibility, for Krishnamurti, of being accessible to simple, uncultured people; I mean human beings who are truly simple, human beings we should not confuse with ever more zombie-like nonentities which today's society lavishes on us with a disturbing generosity, a sure sign of a definite desensitizing process. This is not a form of simplicity, it is the mark of an inner degeneration! We broke up at the end of this first discussion, fairly stirred up. We all turned somersaults over words; we felt that words were not the means which could get us out of this impasse.

Next, we spoke of the fact as knowledge of dependence. What could happen, then, in terms of awareness? Was awareness sudden or gradual? Again we were in a cul-de-sac... Krishnamurti was careful not to take a position, he let us splash around at will, aware that truth cannot be given as a reward.

That day we didn't take one step forwards, but we already seemed better adapted to the terms of this exploration of reality. We were calmer. Sometimes great silences hovered over us, like a healing balm over our inner contradictions; Often discussions would arise among the participants, in which Krishnamurti acted as a kind of referee, intervening with an intensity of being which turned his presence into a living demonstration of flexibility and vigour of mind, such as I had never encountered on my path before these meetings. Although hay fever had considerably handicapped Krishnamurti, one felt that it hadn't diminished his presence. Usually, I don't like using the word 'supranormal', but in the case of Krishnamurti I dare give it utterance. This man was supremely awakened; as for us, we were sleeping with

our eyes open, tied up in our sentences, stuck in our judgments and our temperaments. We were separated from one another by the interest we accorded to our own problems, without taking into consideration those of our fellows, except perhaps to judge them. Never, during these days, did I hear Krishnamurti pass judgment on any of us, except when he pointed out to some that they hadn't understood, but that was not a judgment.

In the third discussion we reached the high point of our enquiry. We felt that something had to happen during the course of this third meeting; and it happened in the form of a question, which had all the intensity of a Zen Koan. This is the question that Krishnamurti put as a stepping-stone: 'Can one go beyond the state of dependance, without a motive?'

The silence that followed the enunciation of this question was one of the longest and most moving we had... Who would have been incautious enough to reply to this question, which so undermined our omnipotent reason? For some, it might appear completely crazy...for others, again, it was the dragon they had to slay. We had come to an enigmatic door, and we didn't know its 'Open, sesame!'...All words seemed superfluous to us. Of course, we could have set forth on our great steeds, saddled up a theory, a more or less 'Supreme Doctrine', inspired by Zen Buddhism, Taoism, or even by the Christian mystics; but had we not promised, agreed among ourselves, that we would make use of no outside reference? This question was not put in parallel with a religion or a philosophy; it was put to each one of us, honestly, and it was we who had to answer it, no-one else, be it the Buddha or the Christ. It is from life itself that the answer is demanded... and we know that life isn't made up just of words. Krishnamurti gave us food for our journey with this question; through it alone he was cleansing us of our false enquiry, which was nothing but the building-up of ego under the cover of acquiring culture. A nudity was given back to us. Personally, I received this question in the way one receives a natural element: wind, rain, fire... it had the simplicity of it, the mystery of this simplicity. I repeat Krishnamurti's question: 'Can we go beyond the state of dependance, without a motive?'

In reality, we cannot answer this question, just as I said during the discussion: we are not in a position to say yes or no. Saying yes implies that we have gone beyond all our motives, which is not the case; saying no means prejudging the Real according to the limits of our personhood. And this is not possible if we accept that a door can open, if we have the intuition and the foretaste of it. To tell the truth, I have often imagined a free man as being made up of open doors.

The fourth and last discussion was shorter than the others and went ahead unceremoniously. We knew that everything had been said the day before. 'When does learning take place?' Krishnamurti asked us, as if we could really give an answer... We were able then to witness some wonderful 'dialogues for the deaf', to such an extent is our conception of learning still traditional, rationalistic and positive, to such an extent still Western, tied to the meeting of two objects, from which proof and truth arise... Krishnamurti did not assume a position, but he constantly broke down whatever was said in the name of learning that had a tendency to grow and harden into set ideas, dogmas, or the crystallizations of memory. The majority of us were not very clear about what we should be calling 'learning'. And yet the proper nature of its reality was implied in the content of the previous discussions... But one needs to make the point again and again...

That day Krishnamurti got up and left, as usual, without saying a word, but, in contrast to the previous days, when he set off alone with long supple strides along the road which leads to the forest of the Soigne, he waited for us on the drive of Robert Linssen's Villa, and he made a point of saying good-bye to each one of us personally. I was one of the last to go by. I held out my hand to him, saying simply: 'Au revoir', and Krishnamurti, with a marvellous smile, said in French: 'See you soon.' That was the only personal conversation I had alone with this man, of whom I can now say that I love him: KRISHNAMURTI.

From : "On the Essential: The Diary of Pascal Ruga"

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His language is naked, revelatory and inspiring. It pierces the clouds of philosophy which confound our thought and restores the springs of action. It levels the tottering superstructures of the verbal gymnasts and cleans the ground of rubbish. Instead of an obstacle race of a rat trap it makes of daily life a joyous pursuit....

He initiated no new faith or dogma, questioned everything, cultivated doubt (especially in moments of exaltation), and, by dint of heroic struggle and perseverance, freed himself of illusion and enchantment of pride, vanity, and every subtle form of dominion over others. He went to the very source of life for sustenance and inspiration. He liberated his soul, so to say, from the underworld and overworld, thus opening to it "the paradise of heroes".... I know of no living man whose thought is more inspiring.

- Henry Miller

Something Other Than This Tawdry Worldliness

M.K. Govind

I was then nineteen years old. And going through a difficult period, lost and confused. Not knowing what is right, what is true morality, I was running from pillar to lamp-post in search of clarity. Then came the turning point in my life. I came across the book *Beyond Violence* - a collection of talks by Krishnaji. The book left me spell-bound. What struck me most was the sound of truth in it.

The very same year I went to Madras to listen directly to this phenomenon. At 12:00 noon people already had started reserving their places as close to the podium (where Krishnaji was supposed to sit and talk) as possible. I too secured a place for myself. The talk was to begin at 5:30 pm. As the time drew nearer we were getting restless - looking back to see whether he was coming out of the building. I was wondering how it could be possible for Krishnaji to speak to this gathering mostly of violent, thoughtless, corrupt people. To talk to them about love and truth is impossible, I felt. I felt a protective feeling for him. I thought he would breakdown.

Suddenly somebody said, "Here he comes!". I turned back and looked. That was the greatest moment in my life - I saw him for the first time. It was a rather reddish face, ethereal. The look was astonishingly innocent. He came and sat on the podium cross-legged and looked around at his audience. Then he started talking.

After the talk I felt that it was not a lecture that I had listened to. It was an exercise in which we participated. It was a fascinating experience. After finishing his talk, as he started walking back to the building, I along with the crowd followed him. At the entrance of the building he sat for a while on the steps with us. As we all watched him he asked, "Do you know the story of the monkey? The monkey knows nobody but everybody knows the monkey".

That was in 1980. From then on I never missed any of his talks at Madras until his death. The Teachings are an inseparable part of my life. My mind has been unburdened of many unnecessary, unimportant things.

X It has put me on a strange but thrilling journey of self-enquiry. The teachings have given me a hint of something other than this tawdry worldliness.



“ *Seeing the truth as the truth, the false as the false and the truth in the false is the act of denial. It's an act and not an idea. The total denial of thought, the idea and the word brings freedom from the known; with the total denial of feeling, emotion and sentiment there's love.*

Love is beyond and above thought and feeling.

The total denial of the known is the essence of freedom. ”

Look At How He Lived

Vikram Parchure

VP : I was in Rishi valley for all my years of schooling and I would see every winter, the school being prepared for something, some big event. Road repairs, pruning of the bushes, white washing of the buildings, all that would happen. Someone important was coming and it was Krishnaji. For a long time I did not know who he was and what he was all about. Later, I got to learn that he had a hand in starting the school. Of course what struck us was a very beautiful human being, very attractive to look at, very charismatic in his presence and with certain crispness in his mannerisms, the way he walked into the hall for the talk, or the way he adjusted the pleats of the kurtas and pyjamas as he sat cross-legged. And then there was something quite gripping about the way he scanned his audience; watching us all intently, and when something or someone interesting caught his eye he would look very deeply in that direction, he would give a very beautiful smile. But he would ask us very strange questions, he would ask us things like, "Why are we all sitting here"? Well, we were school kids and we were instructed to come and behave. And then, of course, he would speak for a long time and I would not understand much of what was happening except when he asked us questions that concerned us, children, like, "Do your parents love you?". And that's the time we would stop our day dreaming and come to Krishnaji. The same ritual would happen year after year when he used to come to the valley. I think it was only as I grew up and went into the senior school that I started seeing the implications of many things he was describing. What struck many of us was the sense of urgency in his talks. "Have you ever seen, responded to the world around you? How do you respond to it?" "You have heard about wars, about people coming back mutilated, you have seen how people treat each other, in an inconsiderate manner, and this is what is happening all over. Are you, as you grow up and go into the world, are you going to become like one of those people? Is that what you would like to do?" And the picture he built about the world really made one feel - no! I do not want to participate in that kind of a world. But then what is it that I wanted to do?

By the time I left school, I knew that my immediate family and my grand parents and so on had been deeply affected by this man. My father had made this precipitous move, in the middle of a very successful career, of suddenly dumping everything and coming to Rishi valley. I often wondered why he did that. My father used to tell me that there was something that rang true in what Krishnaji said and he felt that may be the places Krishnaji built had that quality. I asked myself in admiration of my father's clarity in his sense of purpose can I grow up with questions Krishnaji has been asking us and have the guts to dump the things, the values I know are wrong? Can I do this, can I drop?

Q: How many children would you say were affected by this, by Krishnaji?

VP : This to me, is the mystery about Krishnaji and the way he addressed his students. He seemed to be more concerned about just being with the children, sharing with them, talking and discussing issues with them. Whether they have understood or not through their rational conscious mind was not the issue. I feel that Krishnaji was speaking to a deeper self, he was addressing a large unseen mind which 'knows' this, has known it for god knows how many lives or whatever. He was addressing those dark recesses of the mind and I have found that these students at different times in life, wake up to this. And each has his own time. Sometimes, it may not happen at all. So we probably cannot, there is no way to fathom, measure what kind of impact Krishnaji has had. And yet I feel everybody does. In a strange way everyone takes some quality of that away with them because Krishnaji has dealt with the large unconscious, not with their conscious.

Q: Your first eye to eye encounter?

VP : I was fifteen or sixteen and I was sitting at his table at the moon light dinner, a ritual at Rishi valley for the batch finishing school. And we had been told that we could ask Krishnaji questions. Some teachers felt that Vikram can ask some sensible deep questions and I had been tutored a bit. But I was very shy by nature, very withdrawn. I was not the kind who would dare ask questions to anybody. The dinner was coming to an end and I still hadn't thrown in my bit. I think the tutoring worked like pressure on me, I finally gathered the guts to ask him what I thought was a profound enough question. "Sir", and this is what I lifted from his own talk that day, I asked him "knowing the way the world is going how long do you think it will last?"

Krishnaji continued eating into his dinner. And then suddenly looked up at me, and in a rather bored fashion said, "Till day after tomorrow". You must remember I was a teenager. The bored and the rather 'smart Alecky' response from Krishnaji was a snub. I felt a gush of heat in my ears, in my whole body and I was awfully embarrassed. "This man was not easy to make small talk with....." that was my first encounter with Krishnaji.

Later when I was in college Krishnaji used to visit Bombay, and I used to attend his talks. My dad was by then his personal physician. And I was once surprised by my dad. He asked, "Would you like to meet K?". I said, "I have nothing to say to him". Krishnaji was recovering from flu. I knew my dad was working overtime because Krishnaji was keen on getting back on his feet for the next round of public talks. I entered Krishnaji's room. And what awaited me was a shock. I had never seen K in casuals. The only image I had of him was in a crisp pyjama, kurtas and jacket, so well groomed. And now, he looked so homely, like a grandpa - in a mulmul banian which we Indians wear at home, an ordinary stitched one which was appropriate for the Bombay weather and those pyjamas. And he was looking very run down. He wasn't his casual radiant self.

The sight shattered something inside me. But it shattered it for the good. He was then my hero really, you must remember I was in my adolescence still. " Oh! So that too is K!" Something happened to me when I saw him like that. He came down two rungs of the ladder but he shot up another ten rungs after that simply because of his

ordinariness. I read it somewhere, and it rings true today, that if one man has done it before, it is possible for all mankind. I said, "Look, that's the whole point, he's shown you his ordinariness too." He had been so extraordinary, too extraordinary. And I suddenly realised that he too is in a simple corporeal body just like everybody else. So he is like us yet he made it, that's why he is speaking to us. That deep conviction came into me that it is possible for me.

My encounter with K had brought a strange 'equanimity' in my life. During my NID years I came across a book "I-Ching". In the practice of I - Ching they say that if you have a clearly visualised question in your mind and you randomly open a page of that book, that page will give you the answer. I had this strange feeling that Krishnaji's books had that power. So, whenever I was in need to, battered by experiences of adolescent love, suffering, conflicts, I would randomly open any of Krishnaji's books that I had with me and it would give me such an extraordinary insight of what my predicament was. That quality of Krishnaji's to be pertinent to whatever condition you were in, gripped me. A strange pertinence. Obviously it was so universal that in whatever state you were in, you always found something that was right for the moment.

And yet even in those shattered moments, Krishnaji's words never brought what one calls 'solace'. Rather it provided me with a strange overview of the situation, which made the crisis seem so paltry, so petty, so small and local.

Q: *Subsequent encounters.*

VP : Later, when I had graduated, I had started a leather industry in Bangalore. It was close to Rishi Valley and once when I was in RV, Krishnaji sent for me. I had come and stood in front of him, squirming from that feeling of being read. I had nothing to say nor did he - the prospect of meeting him used to make me very nervous.

And it was the same this time. He noticed me, didn't return the *Namaste*, he just gently smiled and nodded.

Suddenly he shot a question at me. " So Vikram, what are you doing?" I told him.

"Leather Industry?", "Do you know something about leather?". I said I didn't but I was learning as I went along.

"You didn't know anything about leather and you started a leather industry? You also make footwear?"

I said, "Yes, we've just begun, it is an experiment." But I was very scared that he might ask me for a pair of sandals or something. You know there is a caption nowadays that says "My tastes are very simple. I like only the best." And it suited K so aptly. I didn't know whether what I brought him would be to his level of perfection. So I wanted to change the topic fast but he kept on at it .

Then suddenly he said, "What is the quality of your stuff?"

I said, "Sir, quality can always improve, we are learning but I think we make pretty good stuff because the market seems to be very responsive."

"Do you make it as well as Gucci?"

So I said, "Sir, I beg your pardon?",

"You know Gucci?" I replied in the affirmative. "Do you make things as well crafted as Gucci?" So I don't know why, I think something made me rebel inside and I said "Yes, Sir".

He said, "Oh, really". I said "Yes, Sir".

He was startled at my uppity response. He looked at me and said 'hmm'. Then he looked at my father and then at me. After a while I came away. I think I was sweating by the time I came down. Those early encounters with K were never relaxed.

Later when I came to RV as a staff member I got to know him much better, as someone I could relate to. When I had a paralytic strike and opportunity brought me close to K for some time, he treated me very caringly, very gently. I felt quite relaxed in his presence. What actually transpired in my meetings with him I cannot say because I'm sworn to secrecy.

Q. Were there any esoteric experiences?

VP :Yes, perhaps.

Q. Why wouldn't you want to talk about it?

VP: People say he is a "Jeevanmukta" , Indians particularly. I refuse to even use an English equivalent, although I am attracted to this. I've a strong feeling that the very "mukti" that this person may have found is "mukti" from all recognisable features recognisable by the ordinary mind. The "Jeevanmukta" is also exhibiting many aspects of the ambience he was born in , he has chosen to live in. And Krishnaji was very particular, that because of his life's trajectory he took much trouble not to be branded and I wouldn't do anything to pin K down in terms of those characteristics. But I only wish to say that there are many who have known many, many dimensions of that man. And that perhaps is the nature of the fullest human potential.

So a "Jeevanmukta" may be measured by familiar norms but will never be comprehensible to this ordinary mind. This mind could call him a radical, an educationist, a thinker, a seer. He may be all that and much much more. And that much much more is not to be talked about, it is meant to be realised, to be lived. Because at the verbal level, it has spice value and spice value also distracts us from central and core issues. And it is important to know

that K was also human. You could see in him the various emotions, familiar to us. And his extraordinary patience, his capacity for gentleness. You could tell him anything, he could take it. He would take you seriously and look. He was interested and he would change, then and there. You could almost see the body shake, he had that instant capacity for leaping out of it. That openness, how rare it is in human beings? If that much can be got across, his willingness to see it for what it is... I think it is enough to know his ordinariness.

This man walked in quietly, untouched and the milling crowd subsided and settled down, and he commanded respect without even asking for it. And I've not seen another human being in my few years of living do what he did - no self importance at all. I've seen many important people and could almost always sense a feeling of self importance lurking somewhere. I could see a complete absence of that in this man. I have and I will always have a deep respect for that man - what he says is of eternal value, of deep significance and he felt no importance about it - for himself. It had affected me so deeply from a young age, some how it has affected my work life. I've seen that the power to one's work comes from remaining away from the centre of the work and yet going about it with all one's talent, capacities and might. But never attributing it to oneself.

There is a whole life saying, "Don't look at me, look there, how beautiful?" This I would say is one of the deepest things that has affected me in relation to K. That's why I would emphatically say look at *what the man did, how he lived*, it is so beautiful.

Q : *How did your personal encounters with him affect you?*

VP : What was strange about these encounters was that the deeper import of some of these apparently, casually said sentences started bursting with meaning over the next few years, the whole meaning of that and it wasn't analysis. It was an instantaneous grasp of the import of something. It continued to happen for years, even today. How strange life is, at different moments it shows itself. It is really that way, you know.

But look at the way he lived, the way he spoke, he dressed; that precision and attention to every act. When you see that in him there was an abandon and there was a precision, a peculiar combination of both. I think it is these things that should inspire us. Of course, the realms he lived in are beyond comprehension. But in this life, is it possible for us to bring in even an iota of that quality in our life? If we can do that, wonderful. That man, the man - we should be careful not to say too much because it is very fragile and people are looking for parameters of understanding a person like that. How trivial we are today - we say oh, he chanted did he?, or why did he chose those colours for his kurtas? Or measure him by the number of disciples he has - those are trivial. Look at the beauty, at what he has made this plane of his existence which he shares with us. Look at how beautiful he has made that.

A Dialogue With Krishnamurti

Prof. G. Vedaparayana

I came into touch with Krishnamurti's teachings by sheer luck. In 1975 I adventitiously happened to read his book 'The First and Last Freedom'. It left an irrevocable impression on me. J.P. Sartre's atheistic existentialism and its freedom of Protean choice which had gripped my mind lost their hold. After that I regularly attended Krishnaji's talks and dialogues at Madras and Rishi Valley. And I worked on his writings for my Ph.D.. But my wish for a private conversation with K was yet to be fulfilled. I requested Mr. G. Narayan, the then principal of Rishi Valley School, to provide me with such an opportunity. He was kind enough to help. On one fine day the message came from the principal through my friend Dr Bhaskar Reddy. It said that we could have a dialogue with K on the 18th of December, 1985.

Accordingly, we left Tirupati in the early hours of the 18th. Another friend Dr.D.V. Ramana accompanied us. We reached Rishi Valley at about 11 a.m.. Upon our arrival we were told that it would not be possible for us to have a dialogue with K since he was unwell. We could only greet him when he came out of the house for his evening walk. We felt a little disappointed. The principal informed us that K's energies were rather low.

In the evening we waited for K at the old guest house where he was lodging. Although it was well past his usual time for a walk K did not come out. He was engaged in a serious conversation with a couple from Sydney. The principal advised us to be seated in the small seminar hall outside his living room.

After a while K along with the couple came out. The couple took leave of him. Mr. Narayan introduced us to K. We greeted K with a namaskar. He reciprocated with a radiant smile and asked us "Do you want to come in, sirs?" Accepting the invitation we followed him into his room. The principal introduced us to K as Ph.D's, one in mathematics, one in commerce and one in philosophy. K exclaimed, "Oh, you must be very clever people!" We sat cross-legged on the carpet forming a semi-circle. K sat in front of us. He looked very weak; he was tired. He had had a busy schedule that day. The illness that took him away two months later had already set in.

We remained silent for a while. K asked, "Where do you study?" "We are from Sri Venkateswara University, Tirupati", I said "Is it a good University?" "It is a fairly good University" I answered. As the conversation began to progress Mr Narayan asked K whether he could participate in the conversation. K said that he could do so and that there was nothing secret about it.

After a little pause K questioned me, "Sir, you are a philosopher: what do you mean by philosophy?" I kept silent. I did not want to repeat what I had read. K continued, "Philosophy is the love of truth and not the love of

theories and ideas. But you philosophers theorise; you talk about talks". " Yes sir, unfortunately , I am doing the same thing. I often talk about your talks," I admitted. K leaned forward and gently touched my hands.

Later, K asked me what the topic of my research was. I quickly spelt out the long title, " A comparative study of the problem of freedom with special reference to J.P.Sartre and J. Krishnamurti". K could not follow. Mr. Narayan clarified, " He has worked on your notion of freedom in comparison with that of a French philosopher, Jean-Paul Sartre".

K asked , " What does he (Sartre) mean by freedom?" " Freedom for Sartre is one of ubiquitous choice; there is no freedom without choice; freedom and choice are one and the same" I explained.

K queried, " Sir, how can there be freedom if there is choice? Choice implies confusion and conflict".

"Sartre maintains that the essential nature of freedom is conflict" I added.

"Freedom 'is' only when contradiction and conflict are not" observed K.

Again there was silence. We all kept quiet for a few moments. It seemed that the conversation had come to an end. But I felt like prolonging it a bit. Two fundamental issues readily cropped up in my mind. "Sir, I have two questions to ask", I submitted. K looked invitingly. "Sir, I have been studying your writings for quite some time and with some seriousness too. But to me what you mean by freedom is still an idea and not a fact.," I confessed.

"Sir, whenever we study your books we understand you only intellectually. We are unable to fill the gap between the idea and the fact", Dr. Bhaskar Reddy supplemented.

Pointing to the cot beside us K explained thus, "Sir, the word 'cot' is not the cot and the word 'door' is not the door; there is no such thing as intellectual understanding; either you understand or you don't; understanding is never verbal; it is never an idea; understanding is dismantling and reassembling an automobile. You see, there is a bed; there is a flower out there and it is red. You see it. It is not an idea. It is a fact. There is no controversy, no ambiguity about it. That is understanding. Intellect has no role in understanding. Intellectual understanding is no understanding at all".

Then I put my second question: "Sir, don't you think your very birth is mysterious and you are unique?"

After a pause K began, "Sir, this is a very difficult question; it needs a lot of time to answer; it is like asking a scientist to explain a formula in two minutes."

Again he stopped a while and recalled, "You know Dr. Besant. She proclaimed to the world that the boy K was an incarnation. Once he was asked to speak. The bigwigs were among the audience; he was perspiring. And one of

the bigwigs asked him what he would say about Dr. Besant's declaration that he was a 'holy boy'; the boy replied that he did not have anything to say against what Dr. Besant said."

K looked humorous in narrating the event. He was a little enigmatic too.

I repeated the question, "Sir, don't you accept that you are unique and your birth is mysterious." "No, I don't accept it", he denied categorically.

And suddenly, to our great surprise, K asked, "What does that Bangalore man say?" I could not make out who he was referring to. I was in a quandary. Mr. Narayan rightly identified him as Sai Baba. During that time Sai Baba was very much in the news. He had just then celebrated his 60th birthday on a grand scale. K repeated, "What does he say?" "I don't know, I have not met him." "Nor have I read him," I said. Dr. Ramana commented, "sir, if we go to others, we feel like going to another but if we come to you, we never feel like going to anybody else". K felt that Dr. Ramana was praising him. In his usual manner of refusing compliments, K in a jovial manner asked him, "Are you garlanding me, Sir?" Pointing to Dr. Bhaskar Reddy, I said, "sir, he met Sai Baba a few days ago; He knows what he says". K again asked, "What does he say, Sir?" Dr. Bhaskar Reddy stated, "When I met him the other day, he spoke so rationally that he did not like to be called a Bhagavan. But a few days later on his birthday celebrations, he claimed that he was a Bhagavan". K exclaimed, "Oh, I wonder. Is he really so. What is the point in calling oneself a God-man?"

K asked us about another self-styled Bhagavan, "Do you know Rajneesh?" "Yes, he is in Pune", I said and asked K, "Sir, have you ever met each other?" He said that they had never met.

He inquired, "Have you met him?"

I said "No". Dr. Bhaskar Reddy submitted, "I have not met him either but I have studied his writings extensively and he often quotes you".

"I am sorry", said K. "Sir, Rajneesh has established a big ashram; he has a large group of disciples there", I informed him. K queried, "What do they do there? Are they not picking nails out of dead wood?"

Again after a brief pause K inquired about my research activities. "Sir, at present I am working on the Madhyamika notion of Sunyata", I told him. "Do you know Sanskrit and Pali?", he asked. "No", I said. "Then how do you go about it?", he questioned. "I follow the translations in English", I said. "Sir, always read the originals", he advised.

Then K asked us how we had reached Rishi Valley and whether we wanted to stay there for the day.

I said, "Sir, we travelled by bus and we will go back to Tirupati tonight".

"How far is it?", he asked.

"About 200kms", I answered and asked, "You know Tirupati, Sir - a small town but a big centre of pilgrimage".

"Yes, I know, where God and money go together", he affirmed, making a witty remark. There was laughter.

Mr Narayan looked at us and we understood that we had to bring our conversation to a close. He had already warned us not to engage K too long. It was getting late for K's evening walk. We all remained quiet for a while. K greeted us with a namaskar. We stood up and shook hands with him. We stepped out of his room. K saw us off standing at the threshold.

We thanked Mr Narayan for arranging the meeting. The dialogue lasted about 30 minutes. K was concerned, cordial and humorous despite his ill health, a man of true simplicity and without a trace of superiority. It was dusk. We walked in the valley along the footpath to the main road. Although we were talking there was a deep silence 'within' and 'without'. There was a joy difficult to remember and recall.

A Letter From Rumania

Lucretia Popescue

My father, Ioan Popescue Zamorra, told us that while he was in Turkey in 1930, he had seen a Rumanian newspaper, which said that a great dignitary's car had been stolen and the reporters were asking him if he hoped to get it back. The dignitary had answered: "No, I don't think so, the person who has stolen it won't give it back, but I'm happy to say I got a standing place to listen to Krishnamurti." The dignitary was Nicolae Titulescu.

My father was a lecturer in physical and metaphysical sciences, and he said to himself: "I must find out who Krishnamurti is".

Back in Rumania, he pursued his interest and somehow managed to meet the person who had been K's interpreter during the gathering he had held in Bucarest: Sorana Topa. After this first meeting she became an inseparable friend of my family. Sorana was fired by an ardent passion and an indefatigable interest in K's teachings. With the help of life and of friends she had abroad, we used, with great difficulty (because of censorship), to get hold of books, which were received wholeheartedly and read out loud in a group at our house.

My mother, who accorded a great seriousness to this 'unique teaching', as she called it, underwent a great transformation, when I was a child. When she put her hand on the first books of Krishnamurti, she said: "From now on, I shall no longer eat meat." The whole family stopped eating meat: our grandparents, daddy, mummy, and we, the two children. At the same time, my parents left the Baptist church, into which they had been baptized. The rest of the family broke off relations with us.

The person who translated K's work for us was Dr. Diamant Petrescu. Doctor Diamant told us the tale of how he had had the good fortune to meet K. Year after year he had saved up, until he was able to go to Saanen, with Mrs. Sorana Topa. When they arrived at the Saanen station, they were met by 'a young man on a bicycle', who had got off with great agility and asked them if they needed help, for they had a lot of luggage with them, as people have when they go abroad. They knew him instantly: it was Krishnamurti. When Dr. Diamant saw him so relaxed, his shirt collar unfastened, without a tie, and not 'dressed like an English gentleman', he said to himself: "Is this why I have saved every penny for all these years?" When they (Sorana and the doctor) went to the talk and Krishnamurti began to speak, Dr. Diamant had a terrible shock and began following K around like a puppy dog. Wherever K was, there was the doctor, somewhere or other in the neighborhood, until eventually K went indoors. Then the doctor leaned against a tree and began to wait. K came to the window, stuck his head out, and asked him: "Can I help you?" The doctor felt so ashamed that he went away; it was then that he became aware of the two extremes: first, his disappointment, and

then, the powerful magnetic attraction, which was making him behave ridiculously - and he calmed down. From that moment on he dedicated his life to the teachings, and he did translations for the rest of his life, for us who had no knowledge of English. We are grateful to him.

We went through periods when we had to burn or hide the books because of the 'Securitate' (Secret Police); or else, we wondered with trepidation whether the current month's money would arrive. It was strange to see how, in spite of restrictions and fear, the books always managed to get through. We had a friend who told us how his trunks had been searched at customs and how he had been forced to open his jacket wide, to see if he hadn't hidden books under his shirt, while the books were in the pocket of that same jacket. We thank K for the protection he granted us, for he and he alone could have done such a thing.

Some time before a book arrived, I would have a dream on a particular topic, and then, after a little while or even the next day, a book came which handled the same topic.

At times, I had a concrete sense of K's help. I had a friend, Xenia Armeanu, who was like a sister to me; there was a time when she had enormous problems and, as I was very attached to her, I told myself one evening that only K could help her. On returning home from work, I lay down and at once took a journey to meet K, in order to tell him Xenia's troubles and to ask him to help her. Travelling at an amazing speed, I came to a house and went down a corridor; I felt that K's bedroom was on my left, but that he wasn't there. I set off down a little path and found him somewhere sitting in lotus-posture. I felt overcome with shyness... With a broad and wordless gesture K told me to sit down. Quickly, I sat down in lotus-posture, realizing I did not know the language. I heard him telling me, without words: "Speak, there's no problem." I began to describe to him the reason for my being there, right in front of him. I felt he was so alive, so intense; all I had to do was to tell him the address of my friend, when all of a sudden, I sensed an internal laugh in him, as if he were telling me that such an explanation wasn't necessary. Mummy was asking me if I had gone to sleep... There was a groan, a very strong blow to the chest, and something that was pulling me away from there and forcing me violently to make the return journey in a second. I told mummy I had been to see K to ask for help for Xenia. Mummy said: "When? You haven't been in bed five minutes!"

For an entire week I tried to sit in the lotus-posture, but without success, and yet I felt the ease with which I had done it in the mystery of the night, in his presence.

On the night of 17th February, 1986, I experienced a disturbance just as intense as the one I went through on the death of my mother. I went out into the courtyard, with these words on my lips: "My Lord! Something special is happening, and I don't know what." An irresistible force was pushing me outside. In the sky, a little higher than the tops of the trees, I saw a shape like a white cloud moving across the sky from south to north. I had the feeling that K was visiting us, all those of us who were concerned with his teachings. I stood rooted to the spot, staring at the cloud, from which affection emanated and which seemed to have its eye on me, too. It had, however, its own course, which meant that it carried on moving, and presently it was lost from sight... The next day I said to Aunt Sorana: "Something special happened last night, but I don't know what," and I told her what I had seen. There were conflicting versions of the date, until a letter came from Mr. Ulrich, confirming the date of death as the 17th, in the evening.

A Benediction

P. Sadasiva Rao

One evening in December 1983, Rishi valley. Krishnaji was expected to come out of his residence for an evening walk at about five O' clock. Some half a dozen people were waiting here and there on the way, to see him. A teacher of the school advised me repeatedly to just say *namaste* to Krishnaji, but not to touch his feet.

Krishnaji came out along with a young lady behind him. He was dressed in spotless white *lalchi*, pyjama and white canvas shoes. He was in a gay mood. His presence was such a magnetic one, that he drew my attention totally, leaving me unaware of anything else. I had nothing else before me except K. Even the idea of greeting him was absent. Krishnaji brought me to senses by raising both his arms and by inviting me towards him in a loud voice "Come on, my son." I approached him with folded hands. He too responded with a *namaskaram*. On approaching him, I held his folded hands with affection. He looked into the depths of the heart, stirring the tidal waves of ecstasy in which the being floated and swung like a straw. He then walked on, leaving me alone.

It happened to me again while he was returning from a walk. I informed him that I had been seeing his photographs since my teenage. He affectionately put his hand on my shoulder.

I felt that the call of Krishnaji with the words "Come on, my son" was enough for this life. There was a feeling of fulfillment.

Again in December 1985, at the same spot in Rishi Valley, I had the opportunity of meeting Krishnaji for the last time. I was alone when he came out for the evening walk. It was apparent that his health had deteriorated. He looked weak. That caused some concern in me. He looked serious and there was nobody beside him. I was standing at the gate with folded hands. He enquired in a very kind tone, "You are alright, Sir?" While answering him with a nod I found him tilting to a side. I moved forward at once and held his arms to give support to him. After securing his footing, he held my hand with closed eyes for some time and proceeded on his walk. He went ahead a few feet and looked back at me. I was too innocent to understand the meaning of his look in that situation. But that look was overflowing with love and compassion.

Being With Krishnamurti

Mumtaz Ali (M)

I had the privilege of personal contact with K if only for a short period of three years, towards the end of his life. The circumstances under which I travelled to Vasanta Vihar in Madras, the headquarters of the KFI, met K and subsequently settled down for a while, are unusual enough to merit brief mention especially since they have a bearing on my relationship with K.

Although of Muslim parentage, I had from my youth been a serious student of the Hindu mystic tradition, under the personal guidance of a great teacher who for certain reasons, accepted acolytes only on the condition that they kept his identity confidential. It was after having spent sometime in the Himalayas, in the company of this teacher and accepting his suggestion to contact the heads of the different religious groups - which included *Sufi pirs* - that I found myself face to face with K for the first time, alone.

It was in the year 1983, that I left Delhi, went to Benaras and from there to Vasanta Vihar in Madras, where the late Achyut Patwardhan arranged a personal interview with K. It must be mentioned that I had listened to K's talks many times in the past, read his books and discussed K's thought with my own teacher. Therefore I was sufficiently familiar with his life and teachings to be able to counter the strange fascination that certain exceptionally gifted personages seem to exert on sensitive individuals, consciously or unconsciously. And yet, it would be untrue to say that I was not charmed or even in some way subtly influenced, at the end of the forty-five minute meeting.

The handsome, dignified face, crowned with neatly combed snow white hair, the well-pressed cream coloured pyjamas, the impeccable manners, a general tangible sanctity, all these were evident but what truly touched the heart was the transparent humility and open-mindedness of the man who could afford to be arrogant if he wanted to.

"Come in sir, he said, "sit down here. Come closer. Right. Don't be nervous."

Then he listened as I talked, interrupting here and there to ask questions like: "Now, what do these monks do in the Himalayas? Obviously, they are not immersed in a trance all the time," or "Have you ever met a yogi with extraordinary powers?" or "Oh! You have learnt magic. Interesting. Must show me sometime." After a long drawn discussion which lasted for nearly forty minutes, by which time communication seemed to have been established on a sound footing, he asked, rather mischievously, referring to my life style.

"Sir, have you finished your window shopping ? Good! At least, you are not sure if you have, which is fine."

I settled down in Vasanta Vihar after getting K's assurance that I was free to quit whenever I wanted to and paradoxically stayed on for over four years.

Those were wonderful days and I will recount a few incidents. Just outside the dining hall at Vasant Vihar, is a wash basin. On one of K's visits, the small strip of floor around the wash basin was raised up a couple of inches. K had the habit of waiting for everyone to wash, before using the wash basin himself. It occurred to me that K might trip on the edge of the raised floor and so I waited close by. Ordinarily, he was a very observant man and as usual he did notice the change in the structure but after washing, he stepped backward suddenly, tripped, and would have had a bad fall. I moved fast and supported him, holding his shoulders. Out of genuine concern, and on the spur of the moment, I forgot that I was speaking to the great K, and said rather angrily, "Sir, I think you should look where you are going." That look of utter humility and tenderness, like that of a shy child regretting his mistake, remains etched indelibly on my mind. A look at my face, and immediately lowering those powerful eyes of his, he said, "Yes, I should look where I am going. Thank you, Sir."

Another day, early in the morning, I saw K coming down the steps from his room in his night dress and moving towards the van that had come the previous day from Rishi Valley School, and was to leave soon. I thought he probably had some important message to convey because it was unusually early for him to come down. He walked straight towards the van, and seeing him, the barber from Rishi Valley who had come to give K a hair cut and was returning, stepped out of the van. "Come to say goodbye to you, Sir", said K, holding his hands and then doing *Namaskar*. "Thank you, Sir. You did a good job." Leaving the barber gaping, K turned around and went back to his room.

This was during the last year of K's life, and on his last ever visit to Madras, where the last talks were held. Many do not know that during those talks, K was running a temperature and was in great pain, with Cancer of Pancreas. In his room in Vasanta Vihar was an old chair that badly needed to be repaired. I told him I would get it done by the time he came back the next year. K turned from the window, held my hands and said seriously, "Sir, K won't come back. He doesn't need the chair anymore." My eyes filled with tears, for it suddenly dawned on me that this intimate, friendly old man, would not come from Ojai. Keenly observant, he saw my expression and said "The Teachings are more important, but I may be wrong."

Now, the departure from Madras. K was taking the midnight flight to San Francisco. He came down from his room, impeccably dressed in slacks and sleeved shirt, a silk scarf properly wound around his neck, and well-polished shoes. He bid goodbye to those who had gathered to see him off. On the way to the airport, he hardly spoke. Special permission had been obtained so that he could check-in in advance and be driven directly to the tarmac where the flight was ready to leave. Ten minutes before boarding the plane, he wanted to use the toilet. I accompanied him to the toilet and back, and he remarked about the stink. He got into the car with Dr.Parchure who was to accompany him to Ojai. I stood beside G.Narayan and Mahesh Saxena and someone else I cannot remember. As he was driven away, everyone did their *Namaskars*. So did I. K folded his hands in *Namaskar*, then he looked at me quickly as if it was so important, and *salaamed* with his right hand held near the forehead and headbowed a little in the Moghul darbar style. I *Salaamed* too. What an appropriate gesture. *Salaam* in Arabic means Peace. He was going in peace, to rest in peace, beyond the violence he often discussed.

I felt K would not come back, but the peace, *Salaamath* remained.

A Unique Approach

Dr. Sanat Kumar Sen

I saw Krishnaji for the first time in 1983 at Calcutta where he gave a few talks that year. On reaching the venue, I was impressed by the austere setting of the dais which was rather unusual in Calcutta. There was no banner, not even a table, no flowers, no decoration of any kind. On a platform covered with a white sheet, there was just one hard-back ordinary chair and a microphone. There was no incantation, opening song or closing song. Krishnaji came, spoke for about an hour each day and was listened to by what seemed to be a spell-bound audience of several thousand people. I had never listened to that kind of speech before. The even tenor of the talk, the unhurriedness and the calm confidence with which he spoke, the truth content of his words and the obvious rational interconnectedness of his presentation — all kept me glued to the discourse.

The first impact was so telling that I took an instant decision to attend Krishnaji's talks the next year at Varanasi, doing some relevant reading meanwhile. The Varanasi talks were cancelled in 1984 owing to unforeseen circumstances; and I instead attended the talks at Madras that year and at Varanasi in 1985.

At Madras, I had the privilege of attending a small group-meeting with Krishnaji, and of having lunch once, sitting by his side. His enunciation and elaboration of a theme at the group-discussion acted on me as an eye-opener. His unassuming conversation at the dining-table was also remarkable in contrast.

In the initial stages, some of Krishnaji's basic unconventional statements (like 'There is no Guru', 'There is no path to Truth' etc.,) had a shock-effect on me, primarily because of my intellectual preconceptions. It took months for me to see the significance of some of his statements. Towards the end of one of the Madras talks in 1984, an untoward incident occurred as a result of such mental resistance from me. After developing a point step-by-step, Krishnaji said that thought was responsible for all human misery, and asked the audience repeatedly, "Do you agree?" I was there at a distance, in the periphery and thought that he would not proceed further until he got a response from his listeners.

From that distance I expressed my dissent, "No sir, I do not agree" — a thought-sustained-philosophy-professional that I was.

It was obvious that Krishnaji was pained by such a reaction; for he said with great pathos in his voice, "Sir, have you listened carefully to what I have been saying all along in this talk?"

And he ended the talk then and there. The abrupt ending of the talk stirred me to my depths. I was to realise later what Krishnaji was referring to.

I will conclude this short article by mentioning two points regarding the uniqueness of Krishnaji's teaching. First, his is basically a message of unity or non-duality. Without unity there is no love. He says that human nature is the same everywhere at the core, irrespective of outward differences of race, religion, sex, culture, language etc.. Psychological processes in each one of us are the same. This he shows by constantly drawing attention to facts and functions of the mind, overt or covert — not by appealing to any theory or ideal. A characteristic attractiveness of his teaching lies in its mirror-effect — we see ourselves in it. The movement of our anger and fear, pleasure and pain, joy and sorrow, love and hate, desire and delusion, cleverness and foolishness are all reflected in it. In it, we can see ourselves as we actually are, and thus can find that we are not really very different from one another. Such factual corroboration of oneness of humankind seems to be a unique aspect of Krishnaji's vision.

The other point of distinction which I wish to underline is the related feature of the universality of the teaching. Krishnaji sees man's common nature and common plight, and he speaks in direct and simple words to men in general — not to any specialised group. All sorts of people — students, teachers, businessmen, lawyers, doctors, engineers, scientists, artists, officers, clerks and so on — attended his meetings and understood what he said according to their capacity. He generally speaks of facts and familiar things — not about extra mundane reality or extra-sensory experiences, though he does not deny them. Authority, conditioning, thought, knowledge, time, emotion, ambition, compassion, love etc., — are these utterly unknown? (But he shows them in a new light in their interconnectedness). Krishnaji speaks with intensity about such things, exploring and revealing their nature and interrelations in a unique way. He talks to us at the level of our ordinary human existence, awakening in us the capacity to see our own lives more clearly and deeply; and thus bring about a spontaneous change in our being and living. The focus of his teaching is the common and universal problems of man as man. And this, I think, is an uncommon mark of his approach.



Do you know what it means to love somebody? To love is not to ask anything in return, not even to feel you are giving something and it is only such love that can know freedom.

The Personality Of K - A Help Or An Obstacle?

Anonymous

The twentieth century has been sanctified by the visit to this planet of a World Teacher, J.Krishnamurti. Though in the physical body of a human being, he was Truth incarnate. Humanity is passing through a crisis in consciousness and at such time what is more important is not the vehicle which brought the Truth but the Truth itself. "What is this Truth?" one may ask. Krishnamurti showed us that there is no such thing as Truth in abstraction. "Perception of the false as false is truth", he said.

It will therefore be very important for us to examine what he called falsehoods and also to perceive them as false and not just accept them intellectually as false and continue with the false in real life.

The impressions of traditional ideas, beliefs, dogmas and superstitions are deep on the human mind, of which it is hardly conscious. Hidden deep among these beliefs, concepts of morality, doctrines of religion and philosophy are myriad falsehoods accepted by us as truths. All these unrealities, through the passage of time, have now become truths and our minds are incapable of recognising truth in this dense forest of falsehoods.

It is this life based on falsehoods that has brought so much strife, misery and suffering to humanity. In fact Truth incarnates in a human form only to free the human consciousness from slavery and bondage to these falsehoods. It is not going to be easy for our minds and brains which have been dulled by centuries old tradition, to be able to perceive the truth he has brought to us. Krishnamurti was fully aware of this incapacity of ours to listen.

Now let us examine one of the many pointers to the falsehoods we have been unable to see. In 1974 at Rajghat, Varanasi, he was asked at the end of one talk to define his own Teaching. In reply to the same question by his biographer, he wrote out the core of his Teaching in just one page. The very first sentence of this core is significant and relevant here. " Truth is a pathless land. Man cannot come to it through any organisation, through any creed, through any dogma, priest or ritual, not through any philosophical knowledge or psychological technique", " not through intellectual analysis or introspective dissection...."

Krishnamurti almost listed most of the traditional falsehoods. To him, a path, an organisation, a creed, a dogma, a priest, i.e. a religious teacher, a ritual which could be any system, method, discipline or sadhana, a philosophical knowledge, psychological technique - the various practices of meditation, intellectual analysis and introspective dissection - none of these could ever lead to the discovery of Truth. And having said this, Krishnamurti asks us: "What is making you listen to someone who says things which are entirely contrary to all that you believe and hold? Is it his personality, his reputation, the noise that is made around him?" "If it is that which makes you listen, then

your listening has very little meaning", he emphasises. Now is it possible for us to see deeply within us whether it is his personality that is making us listen to him? Our view point maybe so important and our identification with our view point may be so great, that even if Krishnamurti repeatedly advises us not to get caught in the personality, we may desperately cling to it. Here are some of his appeals to us.

"If your search is for that understanding which is based not on the charm or the grand phrases or the light of another individual, but on your own desire, then it will last, otherwise it will wither away...."

"If my personality or authority can sway your emotions and your thoughts, then the authority or charm of another may upset your whole understanding."

"You will spoil everything if you base your understanding on individuals, even on Krishnamurti. There is a much greater thing than this form, which you call Krishnamurti, which is life and of that life I speak and of that life I urge you to become disciples, and with that life I would urge you to be in love."

"Do not worship me, but worship truth. Those who worship truth will worship everyone and have respect for everyone including me. Truth cannot be conditioned by a being, though that being may have attained to the fullness of Truth, as I have."

"If you merely worship the form which holds the truth, truth in its fullness, in its greatness, will vanish and you will be left with an empty shell."

"I am speaking of the whole, the unconditioned and if you would approach that totality of life, you must not concern yourself with the mouthpiece, the instrument but with what is said."

Krishnamurti has been aware that for centuries our minds have been dinned with a belief that "without a guru, there is no salvation". We believe that he alone can transport you to freedom and that "complete surrender, deep devotion and life time service to the form which holds the Truth is more important than the Truth itself."

Naturally our minds are now going to be confused by this contradictory advice. "Which of these two is true? Which shall I follow?" the mind asks. It is caught in a dilemma. It cannot call Krishnamurti false, nor can it totally reject the age-old traditional teaching. So it often compromises and invents a variety of self-deceptive and self-convincing ideas to overcome the conflict created by Krishnamurti's contrary statements. Here lies the beauty of the human mind and its skill in playing with words. When one asks such a mind to write about personal recollections related to J.Krishnamurti, one has to check if it is the personality, the reputation, that is making him write about the person or whether he or she is really interested in the discovery of truth. Let everyone decide for oneself.

The author requested anonymity.

Live The Teaching

Pt. Krishna Nath

KN : Krishnaji asks us repeatedly to "Forget the teacher and live the teaching". Do we take this literally? What does this mean to me ? I think this means that one should not go by the person, but by the teachings. In the ancient Indian tradition it is said that one should not have "deha-buddhi", a fixation on the body, the physical aspect of the teacher. The teacher is only a means, "*Guruhu upayaha*". He only shows the way. So one is not to be overawed by the personality of the teacher and it is not that the physical entity is to be worshipped and offered incense, candles, all the rest of the things.

In tradition it is also said that one can find the light from the guru, "*Gurutaha*", from the scriptures "*Shastratah*", and "*Swataha*" by himself. The three should go together. Krishnaji negated the first two and emphasized the third way, he said, "Be a light unto yourself".

Krishnaji challenges the role of the guru, the role of the intermediary. What does he mean?

The modern scientific age with all its complexities is basically a rational one. So he presented his talks and held dialogues and communicated to his friends the world over in an idiom that suited the modern rationalist trend. He could do it very well. He communicated to those minds in a language and in the sense and sensibility which suited the modern man. So in a way he did perform the role of a teacher in this modern scientific age. Krishnaji once said that he didn't deny the masters. He said that what was sublime was made ridiculous and he had denied the ridiculous.

So what Krishnaji denies first of all is the circus, the blind faith, even the commercialism that has grown around the institution of the guru. In this world this institution has brought about more harm than good.

And even in the ultimate sense, nobody can give you liberation. No guru, no method, no path can ultimately lead you to that. Only in the elementary stages they may help. But if you elevate that help to the status of ultimate deliverance, then perhaps that is not correct.

The only difficulty in all this is that when one feels rather confused and feels the need for help, not in a physical sense, but one would like some light, then one looks outward. And the light is not contained in any person. You can get a certain clarity either from the teacher or the teaching, and if one is lifted up for a moment and leaves it at that, then it doesn't bind. But if you want to enshrine it in the body of the teacher or begin to weave rituals around it, then it becomes a problem, a dependence.

Q. When there is an intense need that itself seems to create conditions for something to happen. It is similar to the process of insight which typically involves an intense period of preparation followed by hibernation. That creates the space for insight to occur. So where is the place for personality worship?

KN. And when one moves on and on these theoretical questions get dissolved. And perhaps one can touch that with a Guru, without a Guru on in spite of a Guru. This is not the issue that one should get stuck with. When one can get stuck with a guru then one can get stuck with anything. And whether one is in favour of the concept of a Guru or in opposition to that it is the same. One gets stuck.

Q. Then what is one to do?

KN. Not these discussions but trying to listen and understand the teaching. And living it. In living that way, whatever the blocks, they don't hinder you. We can compare this to the flow of a river in the mountains. Take for instance, the Bhagirathi river. Almost right after its inception, the gushing waters strike against big rocks. They can't move the rock so they find a way and move on. In the same way when one moves like the river and one doesn't get stuck, held up, then you will find the way. Words, practices, theories all go. Life is a great teacher, it teaches many things. One should so move with the flow of life.

Q. What place has dialogue in this movement ?

KN. We listen to Krishnaji's audio tapes and videotapes. So ,may be we get the impression that he was talking all the time. But he used to be silent for hours and even days together. But if we think that the dialogue is the only way, we would be mistaken. Often you reduce it to a discussion generating more heat than light. And even in dialogues you begin as friends and affection is the ground. Intellectual discussion without that affection can do more harm than good.

It is important to realise that insight is not in the field of the known. All you can do is clean the debris. For that a certain silence is important. Krishnaji is supposed to have told one of our friends that if silence works, don't utter even a single word. If a single word is enough, don't speak the second one.

Silence is the key. So if you are caught up in words and languages, then perhaps it is not the correct thing.

Q. What does 'living the teachings' mean?

KN. The teachings say go into yourself. If you have made a mess of your life, get out of it. If you are not thinking straight, think straight. The teachings are like a mirror in which you see yourself and correct yourself. But I don't think he was for or against anything. He loved to chant, and did Yoga, and not for spiritual reasons. Sometimes he used to 'clean' the room, just do something that would drive the negative things away. At many centres he has puja gems to protect the place. To my mind, he was against organized religions. But the sense of the sacred was always with him.

So as I go into it, the statement "forget the teacher and live the teaching" means first of all that the teachings are important in themselves. Truth is important, the rest, including the person does not matter much. It also means to we should go not just by the word but by the meaning. There, do not follow the literal word meaning but the intentional meaning. And most importantly, do not just examine critically, intellectually but live the teachings and see.

Q. What was Krishnamurti like?

KN. There was something unique in his presence. I had the privilege of having dialogues with him between November' 74 and November' 85 at Rajghat. And though we never agreed fully, there was something in his presence, the silence and gestures that would dissolve many of our doubts. Though, ofcourse, I cannot say that they are all dissolved for ever. Even at that age he had a special kind of energy around him. It was a specially charged body. But we must remember that ultimately it is the awareness, the sensitivity which is important. Krishnaji's teachings have been well-recorded in books, tapes, CD-ROM etc. They are available in the centres all around the world. How do we proceed from there? What do we do? Perhaps as Krishnaji suggests listen to it and live it. Read, ponder, meditate and live it. 'Be a light unto yourself'.

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To see is to act. And if one does not see very clearly, naturally all actions become confused. And we go to somebody else to tell us what to do, because we cannot see for ourselves, what to do... Nobody can help another to see clearly... Therefore, your responsibility in listening becomes very significant because you have to find out if it is possible to change radically so that we live a totally different kind of life.

The Full Moon

Dr. Madhusudan Rao Taduri

When I saw Krishnamurti for the first time on the last Sunday of December, 1981 in the lawns of Vasanta Vihar, the first response of my traditional mind was 'Here is the ancient sage Vasishtha.'

And when I heard him the scientist in me found in him an incisive intellect to admire. The doctor in me captured a psychologist's insight in K's talk as he was explaining the intricacies of the human psyche and functioning.

I was ecstatically happy walking about in the lawns of Vasanta Vihar having found one (I could not call him a man) who was all beyond all that I had known and could ever imagine. Then I went to him year after year.

One day, the talk was over and the crowds gathered around him. Though I was one among many, I was fortunate. K came to me and gave me a handshake with both his hands. It was certainly not a routine, friendly touch. His love, his affection, his initiation was in that. I never received such a warm, gentle handshake in my life. (I, a good copycat, later went around holding people's hands just like he did for almost a week or so. But where was that energy, compassion and warmth....)

About six of us, all students, teamed up together and lay in wait at the steps of the Vasanta Vihar building. We waited at the steps for K and requested him to stay with us quietly for sometime. He obliged. He sat amongst us. Initially hardly anybody spoke. After some days, on seeing us he would directly come and sit with us on those steps. Most of the time he was silent. If at all, he asked us routine questions. We answered him. Days went by. One day my heart beat faster as I suddenly felt apprehensive that K would go away. He gave me a gentle smile as if he understood me. He got up after a few minutes and when I tried to help him, he gently refused my help. Then he took his slippers in his hands and walked upstairs. As I watched him walk away, immense melancholy enveloped me. I could never explain that.

The seeds dispersed by K were probably lying dormant. Months and years passed. I obtained an M.D. degree and got married. Lots of events, suffering, joys and a certain routine became the fact of life.

Then a year and half back I suddenly came to Hyderabad. And one day I walked into the Krishnamurti Centre there.

The same deja vu feeling.....

Yes, I am related.....

This centre is in fact a small house. The main hall can only take thirty people at a time. It has the austerity, simplicity and the religious touch of which K spoke many times. You enter and you are home. Of course one may say it is a figment of my imagination.

K spoke in a scientific way allowing himself to be challenged and doubted. He always said 'That'(enlightenment) is not for a limited few, certainly not for the blessed ones. He said there is no monopoly. It is there for everybody whose eyes are open. This is the truth of K, call it change, transformation or mutation.

If we observe the lives of enlightened men, records show that their mothers felt a difference when they were in the womb itself. Their astrologers, occultists, clairvoyants and many others clearly identified them as unique phenomena at a very tender age. Certainly they were unique since birth. And this is precisely the reason why the common man refuses to accept K when he says 'it' is for anybody who wants to listen. Can the truth of K be proved scientifically? Perhaps a doubtful 'yes'. If only intense observation or awareness pushes the mind into the unknown! Even then how can science tackle the unknown?

But unless at least one person undergoes the radical transformation of which K spoke, his teachings, like many teachings of the Orient, have no scientific validity. But then science also clearly says that mutation is neither a routine occurrence nor is repetitive.

How do I , or in fact any other common man, who has just led an ordinary life till now, suddenly transform radically?

In reality it is a great challenge for all of us. But can anyone of us make it?

What are the hurdles?

Why does the door not open?

Why, in spite of reading K for so many years, does nothing change?

I am sure many a serious K student can answer this very eloquently.

The fact, however remains, why does it not occur? Once while talking to Doris Pratt, K says "When I was young, I wanted to do everything a young man wants to do -- fall in love, get a motorbike, race around -- I was just a young man - I had to struggle between the myth and the fact". Later he added very poignantly "Tears of all the world have produced the World Teacher." If we look at this, is it that we have never faced the challenge of the magnitude of K?

Is it that though our words are serious our inner world is not? As Pupul Jayakar succinctly puts it in the 'Fire in the mind'. "One feels that the door is about to open, but it does not. So there is something inhibiting us?"

K benevolently says, "Are you waiting for the grace?"

In reality, I think we are all waiting for an assurance that nothing untoward will happen to the self or the closely related, either in the physical or any other plane.

If one needs an assurance then we seem to have it too. K at least said twice to my knowledge that "Anybody who really lived the Teachings, that person will be protected".

You have that assurance, you do not wait for the grace, and of course you have the tremendous challenge.

Are we willing to accept this challenge?

Till that happens K's teaching beyond a point is mysterious, as he himself is. Or is it as we say in Telugu, "andani chandamama" - the moon beyond one's reach?

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Do you need to be convinced of the beauty of the sunset, of the beauty of a rose, or of a single star in the naked sky, or of the cry of a bird in a still forest? It is there; and those who have the experience of sorrow and have the desire for immense knowledge, they will discover the beauty, they will recognize it, become one with that beauty.

Postscript

"I am only acting as a mirror to your life, in which you can see yourself as you are; then you can throw away the mirror; the mirror is not important".

- J. Krishnamurti

Are we doing the right thing? A centre named after Krishnamurti. Photographs of K on our walls. A souvenir based on people's interaction with him. Hasn't everything become too personalised?

Dear reader, the answer is 'No'. Then why the symbolism? Because, there is no fear. We at the Jiddu Krishnamurti centre, Hyderabad got together because of interest in the teachings. Some of us have met him, and most of us continue to be aware of the challenge of his teachings. We may not understand him fully, some of us may even differ with him. But in the core of our being we reject belief and dogma, we learn and we engage in dialogue.

This souvenir is in answer to a natural curiosity on our part. What was he like? This man who walked on this earth with us, yet walked in a different world. Can we see all the contours of some one like that? Is it possible? Is it of any help?



I hope you have enjoyed reading this souvenir. And may be found answers to these questions.

Rajat Tandon

*“ Do not worship me, but worship truth.
Those who worship truth will worship everyone
and have respect for everyone including me.
Truth cannot be conditioned by a being, though
that being may have attained to the fullness of
Truth, as I have. ”*



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“ *One has to be a light to oneself. This light is the law.* ”

J. Krishnamurti

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