

Vasanta Vihar

NEWSLETTER

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Published by KFI. Demy paperback, pp. 242. Rs. 295/-. Excerpts from this book are presented here.

This is the latest in a number of books produced from J. Krishnamurti's own hand-written notes, a rare publication in that it is being brought out nearly seventy years after he wrote them in the form of diary entries. Besides, nearly all the ninety chapters in the book turn around a single historical event—the Second World War.

During the War (1939-1945) Krishnamurti did not speak publicly in the United States, but lived quietly in Ojai, California. People sought him out and came to dialogue with him on many issues of the times or their own personal dilemmas. Reading these pages, one suddenly discovers oneself and one's own questions mirrored in one or several of the interlocutors. The interlocutors are, in one way or the other, directly or indirectly, victims of the greatest catastrophe of the twentieth century. The issues discussed are external and internal; the loneliness of the woman whose husband has been killed in the War; the sorrow of the mother who has lost her son; the arguments of the politician and ideologue who are for or against violence; the dilemmas of the social reformer who dreams of a new world order; the existential anguish of the philosopher and the religious seeker who have questions about rebirth, karma, rebirth, sin, or even about eating meat—the whole gamut of human emotions comes into play here. ■

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of their barbarity, society soon absorbs them.

Society after all is the individual or a collection of individuals, and unless the individual removes the causes that breed war and so on, mere outward patching, re-forming the same causes in a different order is of little significance.

So she must begin with herself; she must understand herself, for out of self-knowledge there is right thinking.

Crying for the Living or for the Dead?

M.N. came in an intense emotional state, and presently she calmed down and said she was sorry to be in this state, for her son had been recently killed in the war. She explained that she hopefully believed in reincarnation and that she had attended several séances, where there was the manifestation of her son in the form of a message and that she had 'fooled' around with automatic handwriting too. Yet she was in despair, she said, and was there no way out of this chaotic misery? Is there immortality?

This is an enormously complex question to be carefully and wisely thought over, not to be believed or disbelieved in, but

Society's Barbarous Game

Mrs M., a schoolteacher, said that the children, not during their class hours, were playing soldiers with wooden machineguns, swords, tanks, and so on. How is one to prevent them?

When the whole society is engaged in this barbarous game, stopping a few children, who will be encouraged again by their elders, is of little importance, unless the teacher is with them constantly and helping them in other forms of amusement, sane and harmless. She may be able to supervise constantly one or two children, but unless through intelligent instruction and guidance the children are helped to perceive the calamities that follow in the wake

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to be discovered; and so let us discover its reality.

This may sound harsh, but is she sorrowing over her son, or is she sorrowing over herself? Is she crying for the living or for the dead? If it is for the dead, then we must inquire who it is that is dead, how he came into being, what is there for him. If it is over oneself, which is self-pity, the sense of devastating loneliness, the attachment to another as hope, as the fulfilment of oneself, as the continuity of oneself, then these must be searched out and understood. For, these are the very things that prevent the clarity of discerning understanding. These create obscurity, and when these veils are pulled aside, then there is clarity. Is she not concerned more about herself, her remorse, her ambitions, her desires?

Who is it that is dead? Your son and the son of a thousand mothers and fathers. He was unique because he was your son and because he had certain qualities, certain tendencies. Outwardly he was unique, and inwardly one psychological trait or traits dominated over others. He was separate entities, all making up your son.

These entities are always in a flux, one or the other coming to the surface. Is there something enduring, is there a spiritual essence that continues behind and beyond this constant change? To assert that there is, is as foolish as to assert that there is not; one has to discover it.

Re-Educating the Parents

H. S. was a young man who said he had two children, and he

wanted to talk over the way of bringing them up. He said he was utterly dissatisfied with the present system of education, and he could not afford to send his children to a good modern school, if there was one. His wife too wanted to bring them up rightly.

The problem is not how to bring up children but how to re-educate the parents. They must voluntarily perceive or become aware of their relationship to the world, of their private thoughts and actions; how they create by their thoughts and actions a world of strife, confusion, and antagonism; how by their lust, ill will, and ignorance they bring about vast misery and suffering.

He explained that he was willing, and even trying, to break away from the stupidities of life, but his wife was not helpful—not that he was complaining, he added. One may be willing, he went on, to go far, breaking through the barriers of everyday existence, but one's responsibilities prevented one from taking the long journey. He explained that his wife might say the same thing of him. It was extremely difficult to break through the clutches of the world, for he himself wanted some of the things of the world.

We are on a long journey, and we undertake responsibilities. One may walk far ahead of the other. To whom is he responsible—to the one that is coming behind him or to that towards which he is journeying? If he is truly responsible to that which is eternal, then in that search, on that journey, the separative division of the 'me' and the 'mine' begins to be broken down; there is

greater love, greater understanding, deeper gentleness, and deeper forgiveness. But existence is strife, a pain till the end of the journey. There is an ecstasy, a freedom from desire as one approaches the end, the infinite.

But, he asked, what was he to do, in the meantime?

There is no 'between times': his wife, the education of their children, his means of livelihood, his private thoughts-feelings, all these are the burden of his journey. He cannot put them off, any more than he can put off his thoughts-feelings. He must understand them, for they are a part of himself. In understanding himself he will understand them. Without self-knowledge there is no understanding. To educate another he must re-educate himself—a strenuous task. Through self-awareness the infinite is discovered. In everything else there is confusion and strife. One must seek the permanent, the timeless, in the impermanent, in time.

She wondered what detachment was and, as she was getting on in age, shouldn't she cultivate it?

For what reason did she want to cultivate detachment?

'I suppose—to be honest—not to suffer', she said.

There lies the whole question: to avoid suffering let's cultivate detachment. Being forewarned that attachment entails sorrow, we want to become detached. Attachment is gratifying, but perceiving pain in it, we want to be gratified in another manner—through detachment. Attachment and detachment are the same as

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long as they yield gratification. Attachment and detachment are both binding; both must be transcended.

In death, in decay, in the transient we seek surety. How blind we are! 'But we must surely live in this world. Who will give us our daily bread?'

In seeking the real, bread will be supplied; but if we seek only bread, then even that will be destroyed. Bread is not the ultimate value; when we make of it into the ultimate, there is disaster, there is murder, there is starvation. Through the transient seek the eternal. There is no path to it, for it is the ever-present.

The creator of time is the self, the consciousness of the 'me' and the 'mine': my property, my son, my power, my success, my experience, my immortality. The concern of the self over its own state creates time. The self is the cause of ignorance and sorrow, and its cause and effect is desire, the craving for power, wealth, fame. This self is unified by the will of desire, with its past memories, present resolutions, and future determinations. The future then becomes a form of lust, the present a passage to the future, and the past the driving motive. The self is a wheel within a wheel of pleasure and pain, enjoyment and grief, love and hate, ruthlessness and gentleness. These opposites are created for its own advantage, for its own gain, out of its own uncertainty. It is the cause of my birth, my death.

Charity should be direct. The giver and the receiver must feel no sense of obligation, nor the sense of superior giving to the inferior, nor a sense of shame. It must be given out of the fullness of heart. He who gives and he who receives, both are responsible for not erecting the barrier of separation. Charity ceases when there is no love; without love there is no charity.

The past in conjunction with the present creates the consciousness of the 'I', the sense of individuality. This individuality has its own becoming, its own existence of conflict and sorrows, for its very nature is self-enclosing, self-limiting. Its very existence is an opposition, and however much this illusory self may try to perfect itself in time-space, it will still remain what it is: a centre of craving and hence the cause of illusion. As long as craving exists, the delusion of separate existence continues, with its problems of birth and death, love and hate, progress and failure, the present and the hereafter, and so on. Any questions arising out of this illusion must be illusory as well as the answers to them.

M. said that though she met many people and knew many, she lacked human contact. How was she to set about getting it?

By not asking for it. The more you ask, the less you will have; and the less you ask, the more you will have.

There is only reality, the supreme without a second. There is only one humanity and one

righteousness, and the way to its realization does not lie through any other path, through any other person save through yourself. Seek your own deliverance, and then you will deliver the world from its confusion and conflict, its sorrow and antagonism. For you are the world, and your problem is the world's problem. If you are clinging to your beliefs, to your petty gods, to your nationality, to your possessions, to your leaders, then you will create a world of confusion and conflict, of sects, of racial and religious prejudices, of economic and ideological frontiers, ever leading to separation, breeding ill will, multiplying catastrophes.

To realize the supreme, begin to comprehend yourself. This comprehension is not to be gained through another, through a church, through any organization but through your own awareness of craving. The craving for sensuality, worldliness, personal immortality, wealth, power, fame, authority, miracle, and mystery cause sorrow, and none can free you save yourself. Through the freedom from these bondages comes wisdom, which opens the door to the highest.

The immeasurable, the unknowable is realized in love and not in the deep, subtle defences of the intellect. With the silence of the intellect, when reason has exhausted itself, in that super-rational state, this love that dissolves all problems is known. It is this love that must be felt and understood.

Relationship is inevitably painful, which is shown in our everyday existence. If in relationship there

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is no tension, it ceases to be relationship and becomes merely a comfortable, sleepy state, an opiate, which most people want and prefer.... If you seek security in relationship, then it is an investment in comfort, in illusion, and the greatness of relationship is its very insecurity.

Write down every thought-feeling, not the specially chosen thoughts-feelings, at a determined and happy moment, for then the mind is thinking only what is desired. Write down every thought-feeling, the trivial, the stupid and the good, say, when you get up in the morning. You cannot write down everything as you are thinking too many things, but write down as many as you can, not a selection. You have to do other things, your attention is given elsewhere. After you have attempted several times to write down, you will notice that though you have to pay attention to other things, your subconscious is taking note of your inward thoughts-feelings, for when you begin to write again, these thoughts-feelings will come out. Look over what you have written, without condemnation or justification, acceptance, judgement or identification, which is an extremely difficult thing to do. You will find that instinctively you are condemning or justifying, and this will prevent the flow of understanding of the deeper significance of what you have written down. Don't write down as though it were a duty, but if you would understand you must be aware of what you think-feel; it is interest and not a painful duty.

Relationship is conflict, pain, with passing joys, domination, and yielding. It is a thing to be understood, not to be shaped and directed but to be understood, not inclusive but expanding. To exist is to be related, and existence is painful. We want to avoid this pain by any means, but if we understand it, there is a possibility of transcending it. Is not relationship a process of self-discovery? You may not like what is being shown, and the thoughtful man considers it, does not avoid it, does not cover it up. Most of us dislike and resent being shown up as we are, and as the very nature of relationship is to expose, it inevitably brings pain and discomfort. We try to avoid this painful exposure, and when it gets too threatening and painful, we change our relationship. We seek comfort in relationship, which is non-exposure; we do not want to discover ourselves. All living is a tension, and it is in tension that the true note comes. We want relationship to be peaceful, to dull us, to anaesthetize us to face our daily occupations, which are uncreative, boring, and useless.

Thought must climb the ladder of morality, and its steps must be worn out in usage. For, to be conscious of the steps is to be without morality, without virtue. Freedom from craving is virtue; this craving expresses itself principally as sensuality, worldliness, personal immortality, and fame, or as power, mystery, and miracle.

You cannot dig deeply, for you are too active on the surface. You are too occupied with your cleverness, with the gift of your verbal activity and explanations, with your ease and comfortable life. You are in a gratifying and comfortable hole, if we may say so, and each time you dig you get deeper into it, for it gets more agreeable, more pleasantly lethargic. Your family, your friends, and your environment help you to make that hole bearable. Since they are satisfied with theirs, they want to keep you in yours. You are encased in your own capacities and gifts, and they are dangerous friends.

Politics is only one branch of life, and to focus one's whole attention on it, as is being done, is to worship the part, and in the development of the part there is conflict, confusion, and antagonism. Politics helps to focus thought but in the wrong direction...To reform politics, the affairs of the State, is to waste, dissipate thought.

Awareness is understanding without identification. When thought accepts or rejects, compares or judges, then the analytical process begins—the thinker watching his thought. In analysis, the thinker and his thought are separate. Awareness is silent and choiceless, in which comparison and judgement have ceased. Though we have separated the thought from the thinker, through constant awareness the thinker and his thought are integrated, experienced as one.

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New Books

To Parents and Teachers: This 28-page booklet contains the introduction that Krishnamurti wrote for the book *Life Ahead*. The essence of his vision of a new kind of education is given in this brief essay, which deals with many of the questions raised by parents and teachers regarding children and their upbringing. Price Rs 10. To place orders, e-mail publications@kfionline.org or write to Krishnamurti Foundation India, Vasanta Vihar, 124 Greenways Road, Chennai—600 028.

Knocking at the Open Door: My Years with Krishnamurti:

The author of this new book of memoirs, Mark Lee, was closely associated with Krishnamurti

from 1965 and is now a Trustee both KFI and KFA. The book brings alive the practical and everyday relations of Mark Lee with Krishnamurti, and leads to a deeper understanding of some of the unexplained mysteries surrounding the man and his teachings. Published by Hay House, New Delhi. Demy paperback, pp. 286, price Rs 399.

A Jewel on a Silver Platter: Remembering Krishnamurti:

by Padmanabhan Krishna, a close associate of Krishnamurti, was Rector at the Rajghat Education Centre for many years, and is now a Trustee of the KFI. The first part of his book (Part I) is devoted to describing what Krishnamurti was like and how his consciousness operated. It includes observations of the author's personal interactions with him as well as

those of other colleagues who were close to him. Part II is devoted to the exploration of Krishnamurti's teachings and of various fundamental questions of our life in the light of the teachings.

The book has been published by www.lulu.com in three formats: as an e-book, as a paperback, and as a hardback. Go to: <http://www.lulu.com/shop/search.ep?keyWords=P.Krishna&type=>. Kindly note that this book is *not* available in India.

Journal of the Krishnamurti Schools Vol. 19: In this issue of this annual publication, the theme of unconditioning the child through education runs like a common thread through most of the 16 articles, contributed mainly by teachers working Krishnamurti-inspired schools. Price Rs 120. See website: www.journal.kfionline.org. ■

News & Notes

Annual Gathering 2015: The Annual Gathering of Krishnamurti Foundation India will be held this year at the Rajghat Education Centre in Varanasi from 18 to 21 November. Participants are expected to arrive on 17 November and may depart after lunch on 21 November. Details of the theme, the schedule, the tariff, and so on will be announced in July, in our newsletters and in our website www.kfionline.org

Post-School Programme: From June this year, The Valley School, Bangalore, is introducing a three-month or one-year 'Post-

School Programme', which is meant primarily for young adults between the age group 18-25. The aim of this programme is to help young adults explore themselves, while providing them avenues to find out what they really want to do in life; this is done through workshops and other activities. A complete profile of this programme is given in a brochure. See website: www.kfistudy.org

For more details, please contact Programme Coordinator at ashutosh@thevalleyschool.info.

Study Retreats in Bangalore: The Study Centre, KFI,

Bangalore offers residential retreats every month. The dates and themes are:

March 12-15—What does fear do to you?

April 9-12—Karnataka JK Shibra: Significance of 'Living in the Here & Now'

June 11-14—Harmony in Relationship

July 9-12—Can I be a responsible parent without understanding myself?

August 6-9—Significance of 'Living in the Here & Now'

September 10-13—Education and the understanding of life

October 8-11—Breaking free from the prison of the mind

