

Vasanta Vihar

NEWSLETTER

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In view of the prevailing conditions, we were not able to post the previous (July) issue of this newsletter, though we did print it. It contains the full text of the booklet *The Real Crisis*, which you can read online at www.kfionline.org. It has also been translated into many Indian languages, and these are also available on our website. We will be adding more translations shortly.

You can also see in our website a new feature—links to *videos with sub-titles in Indian languages*, which is also an ongoing work. Krishnamurti's videos with English sub-titles are available on Youtube J.Krishnamurti Official Channel.

Our latest release is *The Only Revolution*, excerpts from which are given in this newsletter. The book was first published in England in 1970, and Krishnamurti Foundation India is now happy to offer its readers this new edition—with a foreword and chapter headings—to mark the 125th birth anniversary of Krishnamurti. Demy, pages viii + 206. Cover price Rs 275; Special offer price Rs 200. Packing & postage Rs 50. Order through <http://www.kfionline.org/online-store/>

Our next book will be *The Book of Life: Daily Meditations with Krishnamurti*. It contains 365 quotations from Krishnamurti's talks and writings, in the form of a 'calendar', from 1 January to 31 December, with each month being devoted to four or five themes and the selections covering almost the whole gamut of Krishnamurti's teachings.—*Editor*

Those who are familiar with the three volumes of *Commentaries on Living* by Krishnamurti will find that *The Only Revolution* is in a way a sequel to the earlier series. The evocative descriptions of nature, the vividly etched sketches of those who come with their emotional or intellectual problems, and the way Krishnamurti, in the dialogues that follow, unravels step by step the implications of various questions, are all found here. However, what is special about this book is that many of the chapters are prefaced by, or are interspersed with, brief but profound reflections by Krishnamurti on meditation.

As in the *Commentaries* series, here too one comes across a wealth of characters and a range of existential questions posed by them: a rich and successful lawyer who is a believer in Vedanta; a young lady who has lost in quick succession her husband as well

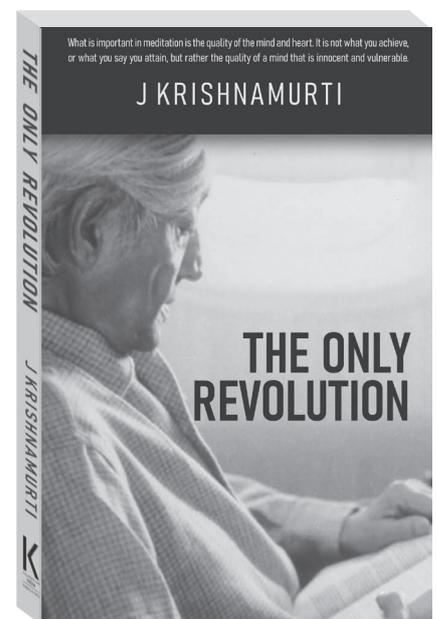
as her child; a gunnery instructor 'whose livelihood forces him to teach others the art of killing' but is keen on finding God; a school teacher proud of his ancient race and tradition; a sannyasi swearing by isolation and a psychoanalyst quite tearful about her loneliness; a young man wanting to lead a religious life; an artist 'enclosed within the dream of his own gifts', a mathematician, a scientist, a film director. . . .

As in many of his other works Krishnamurti demolishes, as if with a feather, the many intellectual and romantic edifices put up by man:

Tolerance is the civilized acceptance of a division between people.

All commitment is self-destruction.

The reformer, really, is a danger to the fundamental



change of man.

Though modern art pretends to be new, it is really as old, though not as beautiful, as the hills.

Possessions possess us more than we possess them.

The scientist, if he has his eyes glued to the microscope, will never see the



spider on the wall, although the web of his life is not in the microscope but in the life of the present.

All propaganda is false, and we have lived on propaganda ranging from soap to God.

Even while dealing with the various expressions of the human psyche, Krishnamurti's chief concern is to make us understand the limitation of the 'me' as well as the futility of its own efforts

to go beyond itself. Responding to a questioner's lament, 'It seems so endless, this constant analysis, introspective examination, this vigilance', Krishnamurti says:

Why don't you begin from the other end, the end you don't know about—from the other shore which you cannot probably see from this shore? Begin with the unknown rather than with the known, for this constant examination, analysis, only strengthens and further conditions the known.

The forty chapters in this book are part of a larger set of dictations given by Krishnamurti. Generally referred to in the Krishnamurti archives as 'Conversations', these begin on 15 January 1968 and end on 18 October 1969. Thirteen out of the 105 chapters were directly dictated by Krishnamurti into a tape recorder, and the rest were in the form of typescripts or dictated notes.

Why don't you begin from the other shore which you cannot possibly see from this shore?

IN THE MODERN world the intellect is worshipped, and the more clever and cunning you are the more you get on.

'Perhaps it may be all these things, but do they matter much? Of course we can go on endlessly analysing, describing the cause, but will that bridge the gap between the mind and the heart? That's what I want to know. I have read some of the psychological books and our own ancient literature, but it doesn't set me on fire, so now I have come to you, though perhaps it may be too late for me.'

Do you really care that the mind and heart should come together? Aren't you really satisfied with your intellectual capacities? Perhaps the question of how to unite the mind and the heart is only academic? Why do you bother about bringing the two together? This concern is still of the intellect and doesn't spring, does it, from a real concern at the decay of your feeling, which is part of you? You have divided

life into the intellect and the heart, and you intellectually observe the heart withering away, and you are verbally concerned about it. Let it wither away! Live only in the intellect. Is that possible?

'I do have feelings.'

But aren't those feelings really sentimentality, emotional self-indulgence? We are not talking about that, surely. We are saying: *Be dead to love; it doesn't matter. Live entirely in your intellect and in your verbal manipulations, your cunning arguments. And when you do actually live there, what takes place? What you are objecting to is the destructiveness of that intellect which you so worship. The destructiveness brings a multitude of problems. You probably see the effect of the intellectual activities in the world—the wars, the competition, the arrogance of power—and perhaps you are frightened of what is going to happen, frightened of the hopelessness and despair of man. So long as there is this division between*

the feelings and the intellect, one dominating the other, the one must destroy the other; there is no bridging the two. You may have listened for many years to the talks, and perhaps you have been making great efforts to bring the mind and the heart together, but this effort is of the mind and so dominates the heart. Love doesn't belong to either, because it has no quality of domination in it. It is not a thing put together by thought. *Chapter 3.*

IF, IN EXAMINING a flower, you tear its petals away one by one, there is no flower left at all. You will have in your hands bits of the flower, and the bits don't make the beauty of the flower. So in looking at this question we are not analysing intellectually, thereby making the whole thing arid, meaningless, and empty. We are looking at it with eyes that care very much, with eyes that understand, with eyes that touch but do not tear. So please



don't tear at it and go away empty handed. Leave the analytical mind alone.

Pleasure is encouraged by thought, isn't it? Thought can give it a continuity, the appearance of duration which we call happiness; as thought can also give a duration to sorrow. Thought says, 'This I like and that I don't like. I would like to keep this and throw away that.' But thought has made up both, and happiness now has become the way of thought. When you say, 'I want to remain in that state of happiness', you are the thought, you are the memory of the previous experience which you call pleasure and happiness.

So the past, or yesterday, or many yesterdays ago, which is thought, is saying: 'I would like to live in that state of happiness which I have had.' You are making the dead past into an actuality in the present, and you are afraid of losing it tomorrow. Thus you have built a chain of continuity. This continuity has its roots in the ashes of yesterday, and therefore it is not a living thing at all. Nothing can blossom in ashes—and thought is ashes. So you have made happiness a thing of thought, and it is for you a thing of thought.

But is there something other than pleasure, pain, happiness, and sorrow? Is there a bliss, an ecstasy, that is not touched by thought? For thought is very trivial, and there is nothing original about it. In asking this question, thought must abandon itself. *Chapter 9.*

HE WAS AN artist, a painter. He said he had a talent for it as another might have a talent for the building of bridges. He had

long hair, delicate hands, and was enclosed within the dream of his own gifts. He would come out of it—talk, explain—and then go back into his own den. He said his pictures were selling, and he had had several one-man exhibitions. He was rather proud of this, and his voice told of it.

There is the army, within its own walls of self-interest; and the businessman enclosed within steel and glass; and the housewife pottering about the house waiting for her husband and her children. There is the museum-keeper, and the orchestra conductor, each living within a fragment of life, each fragment becoming extraordinarily important, unrelated, in contradiction to other fragments, having its own honours, its own social dignity, its own prophets. The religious fragment is unrelated to the factory, and the factory to the artist. The general is unrelated to the soldiers, as the priest is to the layman. Society is made up of these fragments, and the do-gooder and the reformer are trying to patch up the broken pieces. But through these separative, broken, specialized parts, the human being carries on with his anxieties, guilt, and apprehensions. In that we are all related, not in our specialized fields.

In the common greed, hate, and aggression, human beings are related, and this violence builds the culture, the society, in which we live. It is the mind and the heart that divide—God and hate, love and violence—and in this duality the whole culture of man expands and contracts.

The unity of man does not lie in any of the structures which the human mind has invented.

Cooperation is not the nature of the intellect. Between love and hate there can be no unity, and yet it is what the mind is trying to find and establish. Unity lies totally outside this field, and thought cannot reach it.

Thought has constructed this culture of aggression, competition, and war, and yet this very thought is groping after order and peace. But thought will never find order and peace, do what it will. *Chapter 25.*

IF YOU ACT as a reformer then you are patching up society, which is always degenerating, and so sustaining a system which has produced wars, divisions, and separativeness. The reformer, really, is a danger to the fundamental change of man. You have to be an outsider to all communities, to all religions, and to the morality of society; otherwise you will be caught in the same old pattern, perhaps somewhat modified.

You are an outsider only when you cease to be envious and vicious, cease to worship success or its power motive. To be psychologically an outsider is possible only when you understand yourself who are part of the environment, part of the social structure which you yourself have built—you being the many you's of many thousands of years, the many, many generations that have produced the present. In understanding yourself as a human being, you will find your relationship with the older passing generations.

'But how can one be free of the heavy conditioning as a Catholic? It is so deeply ingrained in us, deeply buried in the unconscious.'



Whether one is a Catholic or a Muslim or a Hindu or a Communist, the propaganda of a hundred, two hundred, or five thousand years is part of this verbal structure of images which goes to make up our consciousness. We are conditioned by what we eat, by the economic pressures, by the culture and society in which we live. We *are* that culture, we *are* that society. Merely to revolt against it is to revolt against ourselves. If you rebel against yourself, not knowing what you are, your rebellion is utterly wasted. But to be aware, without condemnation, of what you are—such awareness brings about action which is entirely different from the action of a reformer or a revolutionary.

‘But, sir, our unconscious is the collective racial heritage and, according to the analysts, this must be understood.’

I don’t see why you give such importance to the unconscious. It is as trivial and shoddy as the conscious mind, and giving it importance only strengthens it. If you see its true worth it drops away as a leaf in the autumn. We think certain things are important to keep and that others can be thrown away. War does produce certain peripheral improvements, but war itself is the greatest disaster for man. Intellect will in no way solve our human problems. *Chapter 26.*

YOUR HUSBAND WORKS in his office, and you work in your house, both of you with your ambitions, frustrations, agonies, and fears. He wants to be a big executive and is afraid that he may not make it, that others may get there before him. He is enclosed

in his ambition, his frustration, his search for fulfilment, and you in yours. He comes home tired, irritable, with fear in his heart, and brings home that tension. You also are tired after your long day, with the children, and all the rest of it. You and he take a drink to ease your nerves, and fall into uneasy conversation. After some talk—food, and then the inevitable bed. This is what is called relationship—each one having in his own self-centred activity and meeting in bed; this is called love. Of course, there is a little tenderness, a little consideration, a pat or two on the head for the children. Then there will follow old age and death. This is what is called living. And you accept this way of life.

... There is no point in this kind of existence at all. We have made this life, the everyday brutality and ugliness of it, with occasional flashes of delight; so we must die to it all. You know, madam, actually there is no tomorrow. Tomorrow is the invention of thought in order to achieve its shoddy ambitions and fulfilment. Thought builds the many tomorrows, but actually there is no tomorrow. To die to tomorrow is to live completely today. When you do, the whole of existence changes. For love is not tomorrow, love is not a thing of thought, love has no past or future. When you live completely today there is a great intensity in it, and in its beauty—which is untouched by ambition, by jealousy, or by time—there is relationship not only with man but with nature, with the flowers, the earth, and the heavens. In that there is the intensity of innocence. Living, then, has a wholly different

meaning. *Chapter 29.*

‘IT SEEMS SO endless, this constant analysis, introspective examination, this vigilance. I have tried so many things; the clean-shaven gurus and the bearded gurus, and several systems of meditation—you know the whole bag of tricks—and it leaves one rather dry-mouthed and hollow.’

Why don’t you begin from the other end, the end you don’t know about—from the other shore which you cannot possibly see from this shore? Begin with the unknown rather than with the known, for this constant examination, analysis, only strengthens and further conditions the known. If the mind lives from the other end, then these problems will not exist.

‘But how am I to begin from the other end? I don’t know it, I can’t see it.’

When you ask, ‘How am I to begin from the other end?’ you are still asking the question from this end. So don’t ask it, but start from the other shore, of which you know nothing, from another dimension which cunning thought cannot capture...

‘I can’t see how I am going to begin from that end. I don’t really understand this vague assertion this statement which, at least to me is quite meaningless. I can go only to what I know.’

But what do you know? You know only something which is already finished, which is over. You know only the yesterday, and we are saying: Begin from that which you don’t know, and live from there. If you say, ‘How am I to live from there?’ then you are inviting the pattern of yesterday.



But if you live with the unknown, you are living in freedom, acting from freedom, and, after all, that is love. If you say, ‘I know what love is’, then you don’t know what it is. Surely it is not a memory, a remembrance of pleasure. Since it isn’t, then live with that which you don’t know.

‘I really don’t know what you are talking about. You are making the problem worse.’

I’m asking a very simple thing. I’m saying that the more you dig, the more there is. The very digging is the conditioning, and each shovelful makes steps which lead nowhere. You want new steps made for you, or you want to make your own steps which will lead to a totally different dimension. But if you don’t know what that dimension is—actually, not speculatively—then whatever steps you make or tread can lead only to that which is already known. So drop all this and start from the other end. *Chapter 30.*

TO LIVE WITHOUT a principle, without an ideal, is to live facing that which is every minute. The actual facing of *what is*—which is to be completely in contact with it, not through the word or through past associations and memories, but directly in touch with it—is to be honest. To know you have lied and make no excuse for it, but to see the actual fact of it, *is* honesty, and in this honesty there is great beauty. The beauty does not hurt anybody. To say one is a liar is an acknowledgement of the fact; it is to acknowledge a mistake as a mistake. But to find reasons, excuses, and justifications for it is dishonesty, and in this there is self-pity. Self-pity is the darkness of dishonesty. It does not mean

that one must become ruthless with oneself, but rather, one is attentive. To be attentive means to care, to look. *Chapter 39.*



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