

FRIEDRICH'S NEWSLETTER

SOME NEWS FROM THE 'K-WORLD'

NO 8 · SPRING 1995



Blooming Rhodedendron guards the gate into the Grove at Brockwood Park. A beautiful description of the Grove from Krishnamuti's Journal is reprinted on the last page of this newsletter.

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Spring in California and Hawaii

Dear Friends,

Whenever I read Krishnamurti, I want to say it is so stimulating, but I know that the word 'stimulation' does not capture that special feeling of happiness that fills me. After listening to K talk, I remember walking away with a feeling of being on wings, flying. I often heard others say this too. Recently, while actually flying (in an airplane), I was reading a book by K. My traveling companion, realizing my happiness, said: "You are in love with K". I replied: "No, I am in love with what he says."

To me, what he says describes the whole of life and for him, the whole of life was meditation. I continue to be amazed at how he addressed the same things a hundred different times, always from another angle.

Not long ago, I received a book on Gnosticism from Stuart Holroyd in which he says that religion is founded on knowledge, thinking and belief. (He also wrote an excellent biography called "Krishnamurti: The Man, the Mystery, the Message".) Krishnamurti does not accept traditional religion. He says – as I understand it – that real religion implies freedom from the known, it is an all-encompassing love of life with compassionate participation, where intelligence is grounded not in thought but in freedom from the past, implying full alertness of the senses; it involves the emptying of the consciousness of its content which brings a new energy. Has anyone else ever said things like this? The following is a quote by K excerpted from the book "Urgency of Change" in which he talks about Religion and wholeness:

“... It is important not to make the distinction between the wordly and the so called religious. Without the world of matter, the material world, we would not be here. Without the beauty of the sky and the single tree on the hill, without that woman going by and that man riding the horse, life would not be possible. We are concerned with the

totality of life and not a particular part of it which is considered religious in opposition to the rest. So one begins to see that a religious life is concerned with the whole and not with the particular ...”

J. Krishnamurti
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Travel Diary – Spring 1995

Last year was a year without long trips. But already 1995 has begun with a four month visit to **OJAI** in mid January. From there I went, together with Raman and Quenby, on a four weeks trip to three of the **HAWAIIAN ISLANDS**: Maui, Big Island and Oahu. The whole idea of going to Hawaii began with a letter from Rabindra, who has written about his own Hawaiian project on page 20 in this newsletter.

We started in **MAUI** which revealed itself as the island of the hippies and the new age, a kind of “concentrated California”, as Raman observed. No matter whom we met, words or expressions like ‘meditation’, ‘spiritual energy’ and ‘vibrations’ inevitably and quickly came up in conversation. We befriended one chap, Romeo, who was extremely helpful during our stay. He wants nothing more than to “dialogue” with people interested in K; but none can be found in the spiritual market-

place of Maui. Poor Romeo is forced to seek “dialogue” by long-distance phone conversations. Consequently, he was happy to meet us. Despite this, Maui is intensely beautiful and like all the other islands has a special energy that is probably related to its volcanic origin.

Next came the much less developed island of Hawaii, also known as the **BIG ISLAND**. There, we went for a shoreline walk in the blazing heat. After about an hour, we came to Green Sands Beach (see photo on page 20/21) where we refreshed ourselves with swimming and snorkeling. At that time of day, the sand looked more golden than green. On the following days, we swam with giant tortoises at a black sand beach, watched the clouds of steam created by red hot lava as the center of the earth flowed into the ocean, and walked the trails on a 4000 meter high mountain. It was on this island that we met a whole group of

interesting people some of whom will be coming to Saanen later this year. Among them was Rabindra whom we recruited and took with us to Oahu and later to Ojai.

While on these islands, I occasionally called Christian at Haus Sonne for suggestions, because he is a geographer and expert travel guide for many places, and Hawaii has been his speciality and passion. I have mentioned his activities in previous newsletters. On **OAHU**, we met up with a good friend of his, John Jaeger, who has been organizing K video showings there. We had hoped to meet more K people, but on this busy island only John and his friend Tony had the time to accept our invitations to meet together.

I don't have to praise the fabulous variety and richness of Hawaii's natural beauty. Many books are written on this. Although this is a great reason to visit, it was the people we met in Hawaii that made the trip a complete success. Next March we are planning to return again, but this time to include a trip to Kuaii, also known as the garden isle. There we will visit Arius Hopman, a prize winning inventor and designer of systems that blend local knowledge, indigenous materials and modern technology to create ecologically sound architecture. He has mentioned interest in helping with the creation of a nature retreat/ study centre in Hawaii.

Back in **OJAI**, many contacts were resumed, especially through the symposium lunches and dinners at Ulrich Brugger's **INSTITUTE** for Higher Education. Thirty to forty people attended each of these informal gatherings two or three times a week for conversation and just plain catching up on things going on in the international K world, not to mention the delicious dishes orchestrated by chef Michael Krohnen.

This year I was wonderfully spoilt by having "too many" cooks. Besides Michael, there was Raman, who was chief cook at Brockwood for many years and who is currently in Ojai doing work at the KFA archives until July, when he joins us at Saanen. Also, there was Rabindra who owned a vegetarian restaurant for many years in Toronto. Therefore, there were many delicious meals to characterize this year's visit.

Another thing I will remember is our hiking adventures through the nearby mountains. This year there were more people interested in hiking, so forgotten trails were rediscovered. I had been reluctant to go off alone because K had once warned me against doing so. He had said that it was wilder here than the trails I was used to. One morning he specifically warned me against going, but my son was with me and I wanted to go. Hiking on one of the following days, I almost stepped on a rattler that was partly hidden by the grass at the side of



Raman and Rabindra walking through the oak forests of Andrew Molera State Park, Big Sur, April 1995

the path. After that, and in the following years in Ojai, I started cycling instead of walking. However, this year courage returned.

On one of the first walks with Tom and Frode, we set out from Arya Vihara to Horn Canyon. After several hours, we passed the Pine Woods often described by K. Just at a point where you were high enough to see the ocean

over the tops of the surrounding peaks, I suddenly heard a commotion behind me. An out-of-control horse with a screaming rider was galloping towards me on the dangerously narrow path. Frode, who was a few yards behind me, had managed to get clear. My only escape was to jump off the path. Inexplicably, just before it reached me, the horse also jumped over the edge. Was it trying not to hurt me? Because

we both went over, its body was dangerously close to crushing me. At one point in our mutual tumbling, I saw its neck coming down on me. Instinctively, I raised my hands to push the animal away and it went crashing past me through the bushes below.

The rider, a young girl, had been thrown off but was not visibly hurt. By the time she came to see what had happened, I was already scrambling back up to the trail. Other than fright, I was suffering from cuts and bruises only. I told her so and, dazed, she went off to see about her horse. But by then it had found its footing and was escaping into the distance. The distressed Frode, who had watched the whole drama unfold, was amazed to find me unhurt. I wondered if the agility I have developed from years of practicing yoga had helped to save me.

This year, Ojai was also the departure point for many short trips to surrounding areas, including **DEATH VALLEY, JOSHUA TREE PARK**, the amazing **YOSEMITE VALLEY** and **BIG SUR**. The giant trees and the grandiose granite walls of Yosemite could well have been the high point of my travels, but how could I forget the light and colors of Death Valley? If I think about it, perhaps the climax of the trip was Big Sur: The powerful pounding surf and the roaring sea lions at Point Lobos; the majestic redwoods

that the Indians called the 'silent ones', and the dappled light that fell on Raman and Rabindra as they hiked before me along the meandering trails of the oak forests in the Andrew Molera State Park (see photo on previous page).

The end of my stay in Ojai coincided with the **CENTENARY GATHERING** organized by KFA. The five day gathering consisted of panel discussions and special presentations, together with video and audio showings and daily dialogue/discussion groups of twelve to twenty people. Up to two hundred people visited from all over the world. A detailed report of the gathering will be published in KFA's upcoming newsletter, including the inauguration speech by Dr. Allan Anderson about the relevance of K's teachings today.

The KFA took advantage of the Centenary Gathering to issue a statement about Radha Sloss's book **LIVES IN THE SHADOW WITH J. KRISHNAMURTI** which is contained in a small sixteen page brochure is available from KFA.

It is, in our opinion, a clear statement of the issues and includes the response of Krishnamurti himself when they were raised directly with him by the KFA trustees in January and March 1972. One sentence in particular appears to summarize that response:



A cloudy afternoon in the part of Death Valley which is covered in sand dunes, California, February 1995

“In brief, K’s answer was that the teachings stand on their own, that no person can judge with certitude whether the acts of another do or do not have integrity, and that the desire for consistency between the teacher and the teachings simply mirrors the conditioning of the questioner” (page 9).

The statement does not attempt to answer specific allegations or innuendos contained in Radha Sloss’s book, although there is apparently separate

source material in the KFA archive addressing such matters.

While it seems difficult, and probably pointless, to examine past evidence in detail in order to make judgements about K’s actions in relation to the Rajagopals (not to mention the motivation of Radha Sloss in writing her book), it is clear that it is the individual’s response to the teachings which is of final significance. It would be a pity if a natural interest in the details of K’s life should obscure this fact.

Working in the K world one is naturally concerned about education, especially if one has five young grand-daughters. Lately, I have asked myself how they could be educated without developing a mind that is pre occupied with material fulfilment and the hunt for pleasure which inevitably breeds

fear. What is the real reason for education? This is beautifully addressed in the following excerpt from “*Krishnamurti on Education*”, taken from the newsletter of Rishi Valley School, Oct 1994.

Friedrich Grohe

Krishnamurti on Education

Student: How do you find out what you love to do, sir?

Krishnamurti: How do you find out what you love to do? You may have to understand that it may be different from what you want to do. You may want to become a lawyer, because your father is a lawyer or because you see by becoming a lawyer you can earn more money. Then you do not love what you do because you have a motive for doing something which will give you profit, which will make you famous. But if you love something there is no motive. You do not use what you are doing for your own self-importance.

To find out what you love to do is one of the most difficult things. That is part of education. To find that out, you have to go into yourself very, very deeply. It is not easy. You may say: ‘I want to be a lawyer’ and you struggle to be a lawyer, and then suddenly you

find you do not want to be a lawyer. You would like to paint. But it is too late. You are already married. You already have a wife and children. You cannot give up your career, your responsibilities. So you feel frustrated, unhappy. Or you may say: ‘I really would like to paint,’ and you devote all your life to it, and suddenly you find you are not a good painter and that what you really want to do is to become a pilot.

Right education is not to help you to find careers; for god’ sake, throw that out of the window. Education is not merely gathering information from a teacher or learning mathematics from a book or learning historical dates of kings and customs, but education is to help you to understand the problems as they arise, and that requires a good mind – a mind that reasons, a mind that is sharp, a mind that has no belief. For belief is not fact.

A man who believes in god is as superstitious as a man who does not believe in god. To find out you have to reason and you cannot reason if you already have an opinion, if you are prejudiced, if your mind already has come to a conclusion. So you need a good mind, sharp, clear, definite, precise, a healthy mind – not a believing mind, not a mind that follows authority.

Right education is to help you to find out for yourself what you really,

with all your heart, love to do. It does not matter what it is, whether it is to cook or to be a gardener, but it is something in which you have put your mind, your heart. Then you are really efficient, without becoming brutal. And this school should be a place where you are helped to find out for yourself through discussion, through listening, through silence, to find out, right through your life, what you really love to do.

J. Krishnamurti, Copyright KFT

To Laugh at Oneself

These are excerpts from a yet to be published book by Michael Krohnen with the title “THE KITCHEN CHRONICLES – 1001 Lunches with J. Krishnamurti.” Michael, who was chef of the Arya Vihara kitchen in Ojai during the last ten years of K’s life, describes in the following memoirs K’s wonderful ability to see the humorous side of things. He begins by quoting K himself:

“Laughter is part of seriousness. – Seriousness doesn’t exclude joy, enjoyment. – Humor means really to laugh at oneself ... just to look at ourselves with laughter, to observe with clarity, with seriousness and yet with laughter if one can.”

(Copyright KFT, from the TV documentary ‘The Role of a Flower’, 1985)

Krishnamurti felt especially comfortable in the company of a few people

with whom he had been familiar for many years. On the rare occasion that there were only four or five people for lunch, the joy and laughter – about a joke or silly thing – could become so exuberant as to assume almost cosmic proportions. Had not already Homer sung of the laughter of the gods, of the inextinguishable divine mirth – echoing in the great myths of humanity? One such event of vivacious mirth which I clearly remember happened in 1984:

Stick-in-the Mud

There were only a handful of guests on this particular day, most of them trustees and long-time associates of Krishnamurti. A relative newcomer who was in Ojai for the first time was Friedrich Grohe, a German businessman residing in Switzerland who had recently retired from the family business and become intensely interested in Krishnamurti and his teaching.

I was sitting opposite Krishnamurti, and Friedrich was to my right. Krishnamurti and the person on his left were carrying on a conversation in which someone – who was not present at the table – was described as a real “stick-in-the-mud”. I had been listening to the conversation and was a bit puzzled by the expression which I had heard before and could somehow visualize. But as I wasn’t quite sure as to its literal meaning I asked Krishnamurti, “Excuse me, Krishnaji, what does it mean – stick-in-the-mud?”

Krishnamurti paused and after a moment’s deliberation answered, “A dull person without any initiative”.

Friedrich was fluent in both German and French and normally conversed with Krishnamurti in French. He understood English quite well but was hesitant and shy speaking it as his command of it was less than perfect. A soft-spoken and modest person, he now asked me in a low voice

what the phrase meant in German as he had not quite heard Krishnamurti’s explanation. At that moment I couldn’t think of an exact equivalent phrase, didn’t even know if one existed, and therefore translated it literally, “Stock im Schlamm”. Phonetically it comes across as “Shtok imm Shlumm”.

Krishnamurti had observed the subdued exchange between Friedrich and myself. When I uttered the German words, he burst into surprised laughter, exclaiming breathlessly, “What? What is that, sir?”

I felt a little self-conscious and carefully said, “Well, I translated the expression ‘stick-in-the-mud’ word by word into German as there may not be an exact equivalent. It means ‘Stock im Schlamm’”.

When I pronounced the German phrase, Krishnamurti again broke into exuberant laughter. The other people at the table who apparently had been listening to our conversation joined the merriment, perhaps because of the onomatopoeic quality of the words with their typical Teutonic ring. We, Friedrich and myself, as the German contingent at the table, needed a brief interval to overcome our self-conscious apprehension before participating in the common exhilaration. When after a while the laughter died down a bit, Krishnamurti looked at me with a twinkle and tears in his eyes and chortled, “Say it again, sir.”

By this time I had settled into my new role as comic and intoned without hesitation but with increased vocal volume, “Stock im Schlamml!”

Another round of thunderous laughter rewarded my pronouncement. It was wonderful to see Krishnamurti in such a jolly mood, completely abandoning himself to the common cheer, laughing hard with his head thrown back. When the amusement calmed down a little, he tried to pronounce the phrase but somehow lacked the glottal and labial training to produce the Germanic sounds. It came out

sounding rather blurred. Everybody commenced another round of joyous laughter.

Moments later when the jocular high spirits had evaporated and everybody had left, I reflected on this whole laughing matter as I was by myself in the kitchen. It occurred to me that from a certain higher viewpoint most of us, but especially myself, were stick-in-the-muds. I released a loud burst of laughter into the quiet, solitary kitchen space. Yes, that was the real joke, the esoteric one.

Michael Krohnen

25 Years of Brockwood: The Prison & the Rose

Javier Gomez Rodriguez, both a student and many years later a member of staff at Brockwood, describes the first twentyfive years of Brockwood from his perspective. This article was first published in the Centenary Bulletin of KFI in January 1995.

Brockwood is twentyfive years old. I sit in the library and watch the roses drooping in the rain.

It was a mild September night when the high beams of the car fanned the west wing of the white Georgian mansion on the hill. There was a distinct feeling of quiet elation and expectancy stemming from a hope and heightened by the spirit of passive watchfulness in the place. Entering that

space was like crossing a tenuous yet undeniable border in the world. It meant the real possibility of changing oneself and dissolving sorrow. Walking down the lane to my temporary room, I raised up my eyes to the stars visible through the still and darkling canopy of the trees, thinking: *‘Now I shall dream no more.’*

In 1975, aged seventeen, I felt on the verge of a great transformation. I had

tasted the terrors of relationship and entered into contradiction with society and myself. That was reason enough to seek an answer to the gathering tragedy of life, its crippling divisions, antagonisms, stupidity, hatred, violence. At fourteen some friends had lent me a book and I realized that the author was one of those rare human beings who had found and spoke the truth. He posed deceptively simple questions like: *'Have you ever looked at a tree?'* The lack of unbiased observation was the root of irresponsibility and conflict in man. The implications of this obvious fact were staggering. Surprised that the writer was still alive, I formulated the wish to meet such a free man. Three years later I was accepted as a student at the Krishnamurti Educational Centre in Brockwood Park, where I stayed until 1978.

The first year was the happiest in my life. Such freedom, affection and care were unbelievable to me. And K, aged eighty, was there, talking to us two or three times a week, telling us to sit by ourselves to observe the movement of thought in choiceless awareness, to let thought flower and die as is its nature. Sensitivity was the main thing. It became acute in that atmosphere of total physical and psychological security. Relationship was permeated by an unusual degree of understanding, cooperation, and respect. In academics I was able to recover the natural desire

to learn which had been nearly stifled by the fear-ridden practises of traditional schooling. This was different. It was heuristic in nature and one had the feeling that, no matter what the subject, one was invariably studying oneself. It awakened an inner and sensory perceptiveness, and cultivated questioning to bring about the greatest art of living with its creative happiness. Whenever K spoke of the perfume of the place or of inward flowering, we knew what that perfume meant, what the flowering implied. Occasionally the senses would be so alert and the mind-heart so highly attentive that a different dimension made itself evident to us. It was nothing to boast or marvel about. It was part of the deep meaning, vitality and truth of the place and its tremendous energy.

I was on a years scholarship but did not wish to leave the school. It was too significant. The world was caught in an inertial pattern of habits, and neither love nor reason seemed to touch its dogmatic convictions and hardened feelings. The great art of inquiry to which we had been exposed seemed absent from the whole cultural stream, the burdens of desire and time weighed heavily on every man and woman, and grief lay hidden under every thought. We felt unbearably vulnerable and many of us requested to be allowed to stay for a while longer, spared from the madness of the world.



The south facing side of the Krishnamurti Study Centre on a clear winter's morning, Brockwood Park

Eventually we had to leave. Like many others I went to college and university, got married, had a job, experienced the paralysis of sorrow after the death of someone very close, became bitter under the social pressure to conform, and went through the rack of loneliness stemming from the meaningless rut of consciousness and the mindless ways of the present society. With that vision of general decline, I returned to Brockwood as a teacher four years ago.

It is a shared feeling among the vast majority of those who have lived there that Brockwood is their home. This feeling has persisted through all kinds of vicissitudes in the life of the individual person and the development of the institution itself.

A cursory look at the history of Brockwood reveals the tremendous impetus and sense of value which has sustained it and with which it began. K himself, during the first Brockwood

gatherings in 1969, spoke in no uncertain terms about what was being attempted there: *'So this is a school in which a non-dual existence can be cultivated. And that is what we intend, what we are going to do. It isn't just an idea floating in the air which may or may not succeed. We want to do it and we shall do it.'* (KFT Bulletin no.4)

Brockwood was a place where K's teachings were being put to the test. It was an experiment in learning concerned with a fundamental question, namely, whether it is possible for a small community of staff and students to be free of all forms of destructive conditioning. To facilitate such an exploration into a holistic way of living, the school emphasized from the start the living together as a family, without authority, and learning from every sphere of daily existence, both inward and outward, academic and psychological. As one older student put it in 1972 *'This Brockwood is a place where one can learn what it means to meet life.'* (KFT Bulletin no.14)

Brockwood set out in 1969 as a co-educational boarding school for students over the age of fourteen, with individual programmes of study, a fully vegetarian diet and beautiful natural surroundings. Its international composition and the communal organization were an education in itself. It was pointed out time and again that Brockwood has no other purpose but to

bring about the flowering of goodness in freedom, and that this implies the factual, not conceptual, perception of the intrinsic limitation of thought and the deadly danger of self-centered activity. The school was meant to remain small so as to aid in establishing right relationship. It grew from a dozen students in 1969 to sixty in 1980 and eventually made room for Open University students as well. There is ample evidence that the emphasis on psychological exploration and wholeness and the quality of living in the place have touched a core of deep personal significance in the lives of most former staff and students.

In a statement of 22 October 1983 entitled *'Brockwood Today and in the Future'*, K reviewed the past fourteen years of Brockwood's existence and affirmed that it had reached a point where it could become *'much more than a school'*. As the only centre in Europe representing the teachings, it was meant to be an ashram for those interested in studying the deeper religious aspects of life. It would have no authority to dominate and interpret: *'Brockwood must have no such leader or guru for the teachings themselves are the expression of that truth which serious people must find for themselves.'* No personal cult was to be set up. K warned of the ingrained habits of tradition which make us *'psychologically ineffective'* and direct our energies to *'material concerns and self-*

centered activities’. He stated that *‘Brockwood is a place for learning, for learning the art of questioning, the art of exploring. It is a place which must demand the awakening of that intelligence which comes with compassion and love.’* It is a place where the teachings are to be lived and where integrity can flower. Lastly K made reference to the natural beauty of the grounds and expressed his wish that *‘It must always be kept that way for beauty is integrity, goodness and truth.’*

This assessment and statement of purpose came at a time when it was necessary to consider the future. It was a time of transition. K was growing increasingly frail. In 1985 the Saanen talks ended, Dorothy Simmons retired as principal and after an intermediate council Scott Forbes was appointed principal, and construction of the Study Centre was undertaken. K died in February 1986. The institutions he had founded had now to cope without the extraordinary energy of his presence and insight. The Study Centre was completed in December 1986. Dorothy Simmons and David Bohm, to mention only two of the outstanding people who had helped to found and establish Brockwood, passed away in 1989 and 1992 respectively. De facto, Brockwood was now the responsibility of a new generation. It was also a more complex place. With the addition of the Centre, which houses the KFT offices, the Archives

and video and audio production facilities, Brockwood had definitely become more than a school.

The additional demands created by these new functions seemed at times leading the community in the direction of the *‘material concerns and self-centred activities’* which K had warned against. They became a strain on the available resources. Necessary long term undertakings like the indexing of all of K’s works and the ongoing process of maintaining the physical and psychological integrity of the place consumed enormous energies. The academics were revised and various innovative approaches tried out in an attempt to harmonize the curriculum and the teachings, as often they seemed to stand in separate compartments or even in opposition, thus contributing to a dual existence. The initial aim of making Brockwood finally self-sufficient had not been achieved. Brockwood was always dependent on the sustained generosity of people who felt the importance of what it stood for. Major emergencies, such as an accidental fire and storm damage, had to be met by urgent appeals. The Scholarship Fund, Brockwoods provision for the economically disadvantaged students, was always in need. Given the nature of Brockwood, perhaps this could hardly be otherwise and it is a testimony of its perceived significance that so many continue to make it possible.

To meet its changed human and material conditions, Brockwood's administrative structure has undergone several changes. In 1992 a Council was created to co-ordinate the general functioning of the place. It consisted of the heads of the different operational departments of the school, Centre and Foundation. Further changes were introduced the following years. The principalship was replaced by three directors and finally, as still up to date, by two directors with separate responsibilities in the administrative and academic areas, but sharing in overall decision-making.

The main challenge, as from the first, has continued to be the understanding of oneself in the mirror of relationship. There is no escaping the fact that the inner invariably overcomes the outer; that environment, however helpful, will not change man. Learning to meet life requires tremendous honesty and sensitivity to face our conditioned ways. Relationship is the wholeness of life but its fragmentation seems to be the rule rather than the exception. One of the most demanding challenges in this regard is whether people can co-operate and live responsibly together without a sense of authority. This challenge is intimately connected with the question of freedom, which is the fundamental aim of the teachings and what brings people to Brockwood, especially the staff and

older students. The respect, intelligence and affection needed to co-operate in the spirit of freedom, without imposition and so on, are inseparable from the essential meaning of the place and its approach to relationship. And this demands careful watchfulness on the part of everyone.

So what is Brockwood after these twentyfive years? Much has been and remains to be done. A recent reunion of former staff and students renewed for many that abiding feeling of home. But, as that older student put it in 1972, *'there is no objective reality to Brockwood'*. Brockwood is what each one of us is in relationship and changes with the seeing. For K home was wherever he found himself. Essentially it was not a place but a way of living, being. The beauty remains. The grove stands as a silent sanctuary with its old magnificent trees, and the surrounding hills of the rolling Hampshire countryside turn with the yearly round of the seasons. The Centre sits on the very grounds where the large tent used to be pitched for the August/September gatherings. It has its own light and beauty. Walking down the corridors of the white Georgian mansion, one notices the care taken to maintain a high quality physical environment. The very walls of the place seem to throb with the dedicated energies of all the people who have through a quarter century participated in this experiment



The last rays of the sun hit the trees near the Grove before a snowstorm moves in, Brockwood Park

in learning. Brockwood still stands for this quality of inward space and quiet sensitivity in which the self is dissolved. It stands for a non-dual existence free from conflict, for the anonymity that can and must transform this ugly world.

I sit in the library, right under K's former living quarters in the west wing, on the eve of his centenary of his birth. I look through the windows at the roses sagging in the rain. Time seems not to

have passed since those distant adolescent days. The question is still the same: can you look at a flower, a person, a thought without distortion, without the word? This is the tenuous yet undeniable border which constitutes the limitation of man, his unendurable dream, his unending sorrow. It is to go beyond this self-created prison that Brockwood exists today and in the future.

Javier Gomez Rodriguez

Krishnamurti Archives

During the May gatherings at Ojai, an archival fund-raising luncheon was organized which Rabindra attended in the capacity of volunteer kitchen-helper. At the presentation after lunch, he learned some simple facts that really touch on the importance of this preservation work.

The Chinese Whisper: A group of people sit in a circle. One person whispers a message into the ear of the person to his or her right. This person whispers the same message to the person to his or her right and so on. See what has happened to the message when it returns to the original person. This experiment will bring some insight into the nature of interpretation and the deep importance of the Krishnamurti Archive work.

On the preservation of K's words: Since Krishnamurti's death, an unprecedented number of books about him have been published. This writer has two friends who are currently working on K books. What is the inspiration behind all these books? Some who knew K personally write to share their experiences of him, some write to clarify their own thoughts, some write to interpret his teachings for those unfortunate others who they believe lack the ability to understand firsthand and some write to make a living. The motive behind any of these books could be a combination of these and/or lots of other reasons.

Whenever I read a book about K—and some of them are quite arresting—I keep in mind that I am learning, not so much about K, but more about the author. Because of the nature of the teachings, for there to be any chance of understanding one must get at the teachings directly by going to the original material produced by K himself. However, new generations of readers, unaware that firsthand relationship is essential will be faced with more and more books *about* K. Take a look at K sections in libraries and bookstores and you'll see what I mean. I don't advocate censorship, so I'm not suggesting that people should stop writing such books but it's a fact that K is no longer alive and no new material is being produced. Therefore the existing material must be preserved in its original form so that true records will be available also to future generations, to publishers, scholars and researchers.

Chari Petrowski, one of the archivists of KFA at Ojai, spoke of her experience as a proofreader of items being prepared for publication from

verbatim transcripts of K talks. She noticed that punctuation added to make these items readable – such as the simple placement of a comma – can sometimes change meaning. All the punctuator can do is make her best guess, grateful that the original materials will always be available for reference through the archives, so that each new generation of transcribers will always be able to start from the original material, thereby preventing the Chinese Whisper phenomena.

In connection with his research work on the very early works of Krishnamurti, Lloyd Williams described his travels in search of material by and about K which, over the past 70 years, has been scattered across the globe. He described rodent infested storage closets containing magazines with articles by K never published anywhere else. In other archives, many publications have been destroyed by water damage from broken pipes.

Material written by K never to be seen again! Even the current archives at the Pine Cottage Guest House is in danger from potential water damage. Currently, there is a drive to raise funds for a new building in Ojai to protect this precious material. Anyone who can help financially or in other ways should contact the Foundations.

Friedrich's Foundation presently supports an Archives Exchange Program among the Krishnamurti Foundations in America, England and India. Any important archival material (writings, audiotapes, films and videotapes) which does not already exist in all three archives is copied and shared with the other Foundations. This way all the Foundations will have access to the complete core material in their own archives, and the material itself will be much better protected than if it is in one archive only.

Rabindra Singh





The Green Sand Beach on the Big Island of Hawaii (described on page 3). Rabindra's retreat is only 3 miles from this beach. The picture is composed of two photos and shows Raman twice,

A Retreat in Hawaii

As of April, 1995, I have started a tour with Friedrich by his gracious invitation. After becoming acquainted with him through this newsletter some time ago, I had written to him from my home in Hawaii. We started a small correspondence before finally meeting in Hawaii last February. It was after that meeting that he invited me to

accompany him on his visits to places where K activities are happening and to assist him in his ongoing work with regard to that.

To suddenly leave Hawaii was a bit of a difficult decision. I probably wouldn't have accepted Friedrich's offer if my brother Devendra had not



once all by himself on the left of the picture, and then together with Quenby after a swim in the Pacific .

been there to continue on an important project which we started together two years ago along with our longtime friend, John Farquharson. This project involves creating a small “nature retreat” on our half-acre property on the Big Island of Hawaii. For 15 years or so, our common interest in K and a strong urge to find a different way of life kept this intention alive, awaiting the right time for manifestation. John, who works in Toronto, sends money whenever he can while Devendra and I have

been clearing the land, planting trees, creating gardens and building cabins and other living spaces. Eventually, we plan to have 5 private guest cabins in addition to our rooms at the main house, as well as an indoor-outdoor kitchen, screen house and bathhouse. These structures will be built to integrate into the landscape, and with great effort to use indigenous materials as much as possible. A blend of ornamental flowers and edible plants in gardens encircled by lava rock walls

that define naturally curving walkways is slowly emerging out of what was once a dense thicket of Christmas Berry shrubbery.

When we first arrived here, the whole project looked impossible. Years of volcanic activity in this area of Hawaii has left the land with virtually no soil. Amazingly, however, certain plants and trees that can grow in the cracks of the mineral rich rocks have re-asserted themselves, returning life to what would otherwise have been a volcanic desert. Removing these plants to start a garden or even just to plant a tree reveals bare rock with virtually no soil in which to start growing something else. Finding this, we realized that a whole new approach to gardening had to be found.

We finally decided that the only thing to do was to get over the intimidation and get started by letting the patterns of nature be the teacher. Make mistakes and learn from them. Observe how the existing plants were surviving. Read about other people's efforts. Talk to the neighbors. "Start where you are"

After two years the change in the landscape was dramatic. The potential for the kind of natural paradise that I had envisioned was now clearly evident. Needless to say we are tremendously encouraged. Especially

because, in spite of the inherent difficulties we met upon arriving, we still chose to stick close to nature in tackling the project. This choice was, and is, an experiment in sensitivity. We are without electricity, use only hand tools, bathe in the open air and generally live as close to nature as our conditioning permits. As time went by, city conditioning inevitably weakened and sensitivity expanded. Bugs no longer frightened us. Instead, we welcomed them as we began to really apprehend the significance of all living things, which had previously only been intellectually understood. No doubt, one day we will get an indoor bathhouse and solar electricity to run the gadgets that we have stored away somewhere, but for now the means are the ends, so we find ourselves not missing so-called modern conveniences.

Although I personally have left Hawaii for the next while, the project remains dear to my heart and I do plan to return often to continue the work. Eventually, we will have a sanctuary for people who would like to spend some time with us to absorb and share together the teachings of Krishnamurti in a setting as close to a natural paradise as we can make it. We still have a long way to go before offering our place officially to guests but, unofficially, we are open to visitors on a work-exchange or donation basis. We

have regular dialogues on Wednesdays, video discussion nights on Fridays, enjoy two nearby beaches (green or black sand), mountain hikes and lots of sunshine and quiet time, and work at gardening, landscaping, and building shelters.

Although I always thought that people interested in K would visit from distant places, we have found that our group of friends in Hawaii itself is growing. We are considering pooling our resources to acquire a larger parcel

of land with enough space for 6-8 permanent homes in addition to the guest cabins. With more land, we could realize the possibility of becoming food and fuel self-sufficient.

Please contact me, care of the address in this publication, if you have ideas, suggestions, connections, can provide donations of funds or energy or if you would just like to visit.

Rabindra Singh

Gurukula Sanctuary in India

The following article is taken from a letter from Suprabha Seshan who was formerly a student at Brockwood Park, studying ecology and botany, and who has been working with the Gurukula Sanctuary for almost three years. The Sanctuary is located in the Nilgiri mountains of South India. It was founded by Wolfgang Theuerhaupt, who first went to the site in 1970. His personal initiative and his love for nature has gradually developed it into a sanctuary where a small group of people work to collect, identify, nurture, propagate and finally reintroduce to the wild as many indigenous plant species as they can. More than 2000 species of plant, many of them endangered, have been collected in the Sanctuary. The following article describes the group on two of its collecting trips in the nearby mountains, and conveys in the most beautiful way the care these people have for their natural habitat.

... We have spent much of this year pondering upon a puzzle of nature that greets us wherever we go on our journeys into the southern mountains.

This puzzle faces us daily at the Sanctuary too, and is of increasing fascination and concern to us. It is a familiar puzzle to anyone who explores

the living world and the diversity of life forms. It is to do with the uniqueness of place.

The subtlety and beauty of the puzzle struck us on a couple of occasions during recent collection trips. On one journey in the high ranges of Munnar, we decided to explore a corner of a fairly dry and cultivated valley. We had been recommended the area by a scientist friend of ours who had found some interesting orchid species there. At first we were a little put off by the dryness and the ubiquitous Eucalyptus plantations. We walked down a disused, depleted road that wound alongside a small stream and up the u-shaped valley. As is our normal practice we looked for ways to enter the stream through the dense undergrowth to see if there were places with boulders and partial light. Our experience has been that the combination of water and rock, light and shade, moss, shelter and coolness makes for high life diversity.

So we dipped into the stream and were immediately delighted by the assemblage that greeted us. Large boulders set in and along the shallow rippling water, bathed in soft, dappled light, overhung with moss and ferns, straddling small sand banks where species of *Impatiens* and *Selaginella* grew. We made our careful pickings, heartened by our early find, enchanted by the magic and perfection of the

place. Further along the road, so ugly and destroyed in comparison, the next diversion brought us to another plant-water-rock enclave, very dark and narrow this time, with fern fronds leaping out from both sides, the canopy closed in, the banks steep. Though many of the plants were old friends (from other places in the Ghats) the combination was spectacular, the setting as if in a little shrine – quiet, undisturbed and perfect. And so we went from one shrine to another, marvelling at the miniature worlds, the treasures which must have taken millenia to assemble. Each was so complete and unique – enveloped in an ancientness that seemed older than the activities of humankind in the neighborhood. They were there by pure chance – surrounded as they were by negligence and destruction and only by chance and grace would they remain.

Though we were rewarded in our hearts by the beauty around us, and in our efforts by the rare plants we found, we felt like intruders. We looked down to find between the velvety leaves of the jewel orchids our own booted and bloodied feet, big, clumsy and totally out of place in this land of mystery and magic.

And then there was the journey to Attapadi (near the famous Silent Valley National Park) and the climb up

Sanjeevanmaala. From the arid and desolate plateau we embarked on an exploration of a 2000m high ridge. When we finally entered the cloud zone and crested the rise we found on the other side, to our astonishment, a sheltered shole (high altitude forest surrounded by grassland) with the most unexpected assemblage of species. One of these had last been reported some 150 years ago! The vistas were incredible – between the clouds that rushed up to us out of the huge valleys, we caught glimpses of the southern face of the Nilgiri horst and other fantastic ridge formations. On this exposed, windy, high outcrop, we had discovered

a unique little spot, a gathering of extremely specialized beings. Another sacred forgotten shrine.

Can we ever hope to recreate such areas? – the shady corners of mountain brooks, the windblown surfaces of high ridges? This is where the puzzle reveals its complexity, the solving of which is as much by imagination as by luck and perserverence. The task of the Sanctuary is to unravel what we can of the puzzle – what makes a place special, why do these plants grow only here, and how can these environments be recreated?

Suprabha Seshan



Although the Sanctuary is relatively isolated and the few people involved go about their work quietly, many contacts with people all around the world could be established. The Sanctuary has also become involved with the 'Centre for Learning'-school in Bangalore. Many of the city kids have taken the full day's journey to the Sanctuary to learn about the nature of their country. It lies in the hands of serious and interested young Indians like them if the Indian wilderness is to survive.

So far the Sanctuary has worked with minimal funds, but more money is needed to install a basic watering system and to buy some surrounding land to protect the Sanctuary from encroaching tea plantations. Friedrich's Foundation is assisting these projects, but any further help would be highly appreciated.

Jurgen Brandt

Russian Reflections

In the previous newsletter Jurgen Brandt wrote an extensive report about his visit to Russia and the work of the Krishnamurti Association of Russia. Many people helped with donations for the study centre in Krasna Polyana near Sochi in the Caucasus. Vladimir Riapolov received more than \$ 3,000 through this appeal and with the help of others the building was able to be finished to a stage where it can now offer simple accomodation. The work of the Association has proceeded uninterrupted, but the situation in Russia is still far from normal and the latest war in Chechnia raises many uncertainties. Paul Herder's article – he spent the two months of February and March 1995 in Krasna Polyana – reflects some of the hardships of living in todays Russia. Another report on his discussions with Russian educators appears in the Educational Supplement of this newsletter.

As I stand on a frosty rock ledge looking out over the town of Krasna Polyana and the Caucasus mountains, there is little to suggest a nation staggering out of a disastrous era of state socialism. From the soft focus of elevation and distance all appears serene, a rustic settlement nestled amid the towering mountain peaks. Quite idyllic. Who was Marx or Stalin or grandfather Lenin to this wilderness, to such majestic mountain ranges? Apparently history has left this remote landscape mostly untouched. But the town and its people have not been so lucky.

Krasna Polyana is small rural town. The houses are predominantly older wooden structures, although there is a token Soviet-era concrete apartment block in the centre. The town's inhabitants carry on with their daily concerns much as I imagine they did in

Soviet times. Despite the arrival of a few European tourists, an American evangelist or two and the odd Western car, the atmosphere is one of inertia. The heavy hand of totalitarianism has not disappeared. The statute of the great dictator Lenin remains unmo-
lested in the central park.

Maybe it is my bourgeois sensibilities, but the places I visited in Russia seemed muzzled. Even in the cities there were no bright colours, nothing even hinting at extravagance, nothing soft or inviting. It took me a while to realise that there were actually shops and cafes, markets and theatres. No doubt this was the result of enforced soviet 'realism'. But what kind of realism was this? It was the realism of bureaucrats, of political cliches, of enforced conformity. To this day everywhere you look you can see the so called 'father images' of Lenin. I can

picture the late dictator twirling in his Red Square mausoleum now that his portrait must share the boulevards with adverts for Pepsi and Reeboks.

Sochi is the closest city to Krasna Polyana. It is a coastal city spread along the shores of the Black Sea. During the Soviet era it was renowned for its many health spas. There are still a good number of spas but many have closed. A wander to the waterfront reveals rows of gutted buildings and a litter strewn beach. I was told by a long time resident that when the soviet regime fell and many spas were forced to close, nearly everything had been stripped from the buildings within months. Yet despite the decay I found that the citizens of Sochi considered themselves blessed to be born here. And here they will most likely stay. Although officially anyone is allowed to live where they wish, in reality picking up and moving is unusual and difficult. Russians value family and value their roots, but they have also learned to value their connections. As far as I could see just about everything significant happens through whom you know. Informal networks take the place of a stable and regulated social infrastructure. However, even with the connections many transactions are performed with great caution. Trust is a luxury here few can afford.

I travelled frequently between Sochi and Krasna Polyana. There isn't all

that much distance between the two places yet the trip takes around two hours each way. The reason for this is that the road is in a state of near continuous disrepair and occasionally stops trying to pretend to be a road at all. As we bumped and rattled our way up this road, passing rusted out vehicles and delapidated houses, my mind turned to Marx. Or rather his dialectic or historical materialism which he got from the philosophy of Hegel. Marx was convinced that social change was fuelled by the inevitable collision of a society's internal contradictions. These contradictory forces were none other than society's classes. Marx considered class struggle the driving force of history, and it was on this basis that violent revolution was justified. I wanted Marx to be sitting there beside me in the Japanese made van taking in all the 'glorious progress' his work inspired. Don't get me wrong. I was not playing the role of the smug Cold War victor. America is no show-case of social enlightenment. Beneath the material prosperity of the United States lies a more subtle but no less real deterioration of spirit with its attendant alienation and violence.

During my last month in Russia I was invited to give a series of lectures on ethics and education at a teacher's training institute in Sochi. This turned into a lively exchange of views on the nature of education and the mind. I was

struck by the student's energy and commitment to their field of study. These young people were unlike most Russians I had met. A few actually had dreams. Not of success or comfort, they will earn around sixty dollars a month, enough to ensure ongoing economic worry. No, it seemed that they had simple dreams of a better world, a world where they were allowed to be them-

selves. Saying goodbye on the last day of our discussions I felt something I realised I had not felt for some time: delight. At that moment I imagined a non-violent dialectic of social change was in the process of emerging. Unlike Marx, I have no historical basis to justify such a notion. But I do know that a dream can be contagious.

Paul Herder

Oak Grove School India Trip

An exciting trip to Brockwood Park in England and the Krishnamurti Schools in India is being planned by the senior class of Oak Grove School in Ojai. The group of ten to twelve students, accompanied by two staff members will leave in late November 1995 and return in mid January 1996. As a pre-requisite to the trip, the students will be involved in an Indian Religions and Culture Course which will include studying the teachings of Krishnamurti.

In the winter of 1989/90 Friedrich Grohe sponsored a trip for Brockwood Park and Oak Grove High School students and teachers to travel to the Indian Krishnamurti schools. This trip proved to be extremely valuable and enriching for Oak Grove students, providing them the opportunity to feel connected to a worldwide community of people who are interested in Krishnamurti's work. As our seniors are at the brink of leaving Oak Grove and moving into the larger global community, we would very much like to offer them this experience.

Friedrich has very generously offered a donation of \$ 7500 which has been matched by Babu Merali to begin our fund for this trip. We will need to raise another \$ 15,000, however, and we are looking for other people who would like to help us with this venture. Please send donations to :

Oak Grove School India Trip
220 West Lomita Ave.
Ojai, CA 93023 USA

Your contributions will be greatly appreciated and the senior students say a big thank you in advance.

Mary Lou Sorem, High School Director

Krishnamurti: “Freedom from the Past”

The following extract and the one on page 30 are taken from the excellently compiled book “Krishnamurti for Beginners”, published by KFI in Madras as a special centenary edition. The book includes a twenty page introduction by Radhika Herzberger entitled “Krishnamurti – The Formative Years”. It can be ordered from KFI directly as well as through my office in Rougemont (for address see last page) for US \$ 10.– or CHF 15.– including postage.

... *Questioner*: What do you mean by freedom from the past?

Krishnamurti: The past is all our accumulated memories. These memories act in the present and create our hopes and fears in the future. These hopes and fears are the psychological future; without them there is no future. So the present is the action of the past, and the mind is this movement of the past. The past acting in the present creates what we call the future. This response of the past is involuntary, it is not summoned or invented, it is upon us before we know it.

Q: In that case, how are we going to be free of it?

K: To be aware of this movement without choice – because choice again is more of this same movement of the past – is to observe the past in action: such observation is not a movement of the past. To observe without the image of thought is action in which the past has ended. To observe the tree without thought is action without the past. To observe the action of the past is again action without the past. The state of

seeing is more important than what is seen. To be aware of the past in this choiceless observation is not only to act differently, but to be different. In this awareness memory acts without impediment, and efficiently. To be religious is to be so choicelessly aware that there is freedom from the known even while the known acts wherever it has to.

Q: But the known, the past, still sometimes acts even when it should not; it still acts to cause conflict.

K: To be aware of this is also to be in a state of inaction with regard to the past which is acting. So freedom from the known is truly the religious life. That does not mean to wipe out the known but to enter a different dimension altogether from which the known is observed. This action of seeing choicelessly is the action of love. The religious life is this action, and all living is this action, and the religious mind is this action. So religion, and the mind, and life, and love, are one.

J. Krishnamurti

Excerpt from “Urgency of Change”

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Krishnamurti: “The Beginning of Thought”

... We are talking about selfknowing: knowing oneself actually as one is, not as one should be, to see that one is stupid, that one is afraid, that one is ambitious, that one is cruel, violent, greedy, the motive behind one's thought, the motive behind one's action – that is the beginning of knowing oneself. If you do not know yourself, how the structure of your mind operates, how you feel, what you think, why you do certain things and avoid other things, how you are pursuing pleasure – unless you know all this basically, you are capable of deceiving yourself, of creating great harm, not only to yourself, but to others.

... So to understand oneself is the beginning of wisdom. Wisdom does not lie in books, nor in experience, nor in following one another, nor in repeating a lot of platitudes. Wisdom comes to a mind that is understanding itself, understanding how thought is born. Have you ever questioned or asked: What is the beginning of thought, how does thought come into being? That is a very important thing to understand. Because if you can understand the beginning of thought, than perhaps you can find a mind that is not burdened with thought as a repetition of what has been. As we said, thought is always old, thought is never new. Unless you

discover for yourself – not repeat what somebody says, it does not matter who it is – unless you find out for yourself the beginning of thought, like a seed which puts out a green leaf, you cannot possibly go beyond the limitations of yesterday ...

... So what we are going to do is to find out, to understand the beginning, the origin of thinking. And to do that, you have to listen and go with it, which means you must give attention. Attention is possible only when you are deeply enquiring – which means, you are actually free to enquire, and you are not bound by what some people have said and so on.

Now, all life is energy, it is endless movement. And that energy in its movement creates a pattern which is based on self-protection and security – that is survival. Energy, movement, getting caught in a pattern of survival, and the repeating of that pattern – this is the beginning of thought. Thought is mind. Energy is movement, that movement caught in the pattern of survival, and the repetition of survival in the sense of pleasure, of fear – that is the beginning of thought ...

J. Krishnamurti
Excerpts from third talk in Bombay, 1967
Copyright KFA



Old windblown Monterey Cedar at Point Lobos, California, April 1995

See picture on cover page:

The other day, coming back from a good walk among the fields and trees, we passed through the grove near the big white house. Coming over the stile into the grove one felt immediately a great sense of peace and stillness. Not a thing was moving. It seemed sacrilegious to walk through it, to tread the ground; it was profane to talk, even to breathe. The great redwood trees were absolutely still; the American Indians call them the silent ones and now they were really silent. Even the dog didn't chase the rabbits. You stood still hardly daring to breathe; you felt you were an intruder, for you had been chatting and laughing, and to enter this grove not knowing what lay there was a surprise and a shock, the shock of an unexpected benediction. The heart was beating less fast, speechless with the wonder of it. It was the centre of this whole place. Every time you enter it now, there's that beauty, that stillness, that strange stillness. Come when you will and it will be there, full, rich and unnameable.

from Krlshnamurti's Journal, Copyright KFT

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