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Dear Friends,

Lately I have been pondering a question regarding this newsletter. Is it too personal? Should it be stopped, or can it be improved? From the letters we get, it seems that people are happy to receive it, and the general view is that there has been an improvement with each issue. The first publication was more of a circular to friends to give them news of what had happened throughout the year. Later, I added a newsletter intended for a wider audience. Derek Hook then suggested the addition of some of my many photographs. With every edition the newsletter's volume increased and finally, the circular letter to friends was discontinued. Soon the

Educational Supplement, edited separately, was added. In 1994, a German language edition was printed and this year there will also be one in French.

We are now planning to introduce another supplement entitled **The First Step** which will directly address K's message, with particular emphasis on changes in individual people's understanding of life resulting from contact with that message. Contents will include articles on that together with such things as transcripts of interesting dialogues, correspondence from readers on a specific topic and relevant K quotes. The First Step originates from occasional criticisms that the newsletter is superficial and misses an excellent oppor-

◆ *The cover picture shows the Matterhorn taken from Rifflialp on an early morning in September, 1995*

tunity to deal with truly serious issues arising from the teachings.

Your comments on the newsletter and this new supplement would be welcome. Although we appreciate all the positive comments in letters that have come in about the newsletter so far, in order to help with my questioning process, please include constructive criticisms as well henceforward.

On Living and Dying

On a walk the other day, we were discussing the ongoing interest in reading K after having read and heard him so much and for so many years already. I am inclined to say that one does not have to read anything else after studying K, not even books by K himself. Why then does it continue to be so fascinating to study the teachings? Is it because one is always discovering something new?

Every year I have one or two favourite K books. This year it is *"On Living and Dying"* one of the theme books. I found his unique use of the word "indifference" very interesting:

'A mind that is indifferent is aware of the shoddiness of our civilization, shoddiness of our thoughts, the ugly relationships, it is aware of the street, the beauty of a tree, or of a lovely face, a smile, and it neither denies it nor accepts it but merely observes – not intellectually, not coldly, but with that warm

affectionate indifference. But, you know, when you are indifferent, there is a sweetness to it, there is a perfume to it, there is a quality of tremendous energy. (This may not be the meaning of "indifference" in the dictionary).'' (refer page 99).

The title of the book might suggest that dying and living are separate but K develops the theme that they are both connected with the whole of life:

'To understand death, you have to understand life. So can the mind bring death from the distant to the immediate? Do you follow? Actually death is not somewhere far away, it is here and now. It is here when you are talking, when you are enjoying yourself, when you are listening, when you are going to the office. It is here at every minute of life, just as love is. If once you perceive this fact, then you will find that there is no fear of death at all.' (refer page 8).

Concerning myself, I must say as a young man I was very much afraid of death but now at 66 years of age, with one foot in the grave – and younger people might see it – I feel no fear of it! I hope that what K said to a man who claimed not to be afraid to die, does not apply to me: "You must be fed up with life."

On page 8 of the book "On Living and Dying", K continues:

'To understand the beauty and the extraordinary nature of death, there must

be freedom from the known. In dying to the known is the beginning of the understanding of death, because then the mind is made fresh, new, and there is no fear. Therefore one can enter into that extraordinary state called death. So, from the beginning to the end, life and death are one. The wise man understands time, thought and sorrow and only he can understand death. The mind that is dying each minute, never accumulating, never gathering experience, is innocent, and therefore in a constant state of love.'

The Travelling

In 1983-84 when I first met K I started travelling to England, Ojai and India. I never thought I would travel so much in my life. To travel just for the so called pleasure of travelling had never made much sense to me.

In 1984 Krishnamurti had made me a trustee of the English Foundation. In the first International Trustees' meeting at Brockwood Park in which I participated, he suggested that the trustees from all the Foundations should meet regularly to become friends. They should feel as one body and not as separate Foundations. In this 1984 meeting he also suggested creating a travelling fund. It should be used to enable the trustees to meet for International Foundation meetings. People would thus get to know each other which would make it much easier to work together. Already in 1977 and until the last days of his life he talked about the members

of the Foundations travelling around acting as a liaison which would help to hold "the whole thing together".

The reason why I continue to travel is not because Krishnaji wanted it. It is because I saw the importance of somebody going around somehow making a link between the places and bringing the people together. This we do in the Sannen Gatherings which are the largest international meetings in the K world. Friedrich's Newsletter also serves this purpose. K always insisted on the internationality of his work which fits perfectly with how I feel. If I may speak personally, as a young boy during the Nazi rule in Germany I was very impressed when my father said, "I am cosmopolitan". This made sense to me even then. Under Nazi rule it was very dangerous to say something like this.

After K's death in 1986, I continued to travel every year to India, California and several times a year to Brockwood Park and Germany.

Dr Krishna from Rajghat also does similar tours. He visits the Krishnamurti places and is frequently invited for conferences at schools in Sweden and at the Theosophical Society in Holland. He went to the conference of the University of Mexico last year and this year he even went to Korea. His report comes in the next newsletter.

My trip to Hawaii this year provides an example of what can develop from this travelling I do. From our friend Christian,



A while ago it was suggested that I include a photo of myself for all those people who receive the newsletter but don't know me, so this time there is one. Taken under especially favourable conditions during the Saanen Gatherings last July, it is probably better than reality. (The photo is reproduced in the smallest size consistent with clarity so that my ego is not inflated by its appearance.) During this time, we often invited friends to my house in Rougemont and on this sunny day we had many luncheon guests. For this occasion I put on my best suit which had been especially made for my mother's 80th birthday. Since then I have had no other opportunity to wear it. For protection against the strong sun, I wore K's Basque beret which I had rescued from the dust and debris caused by the transformation of the West Wing undertaken after his death. Before lunch I took the opportunity to talk with as many people as possible, so I was the last to find a seat. There was no space left at the table but I was glad to sit alone a while at my pond in the midst of the nature garden which gave the perfect background for the picture. Vicky Donnelly, who used my camera to take this picture, has certainly contributed to its success.

who runs Haus Sonne, I had heard and seen many interesting things about Hawaii. As a geologist he first did scientific research tours to Hawaii and then organised travel tours, which he recently gave up for ecological reasons. Through his enthusiasm I became interested in Hawaii but went there only after receiving a letter from Rabindra asking for our Newsletter. Rabindra, together with his friends, is building a small retreat in Hawaii. When I

did visit them in Hawaii this year I was so impressed by the seriousness of him, his brother and their friends that I invited him to come with us to Ojai, Brockwood Park, Haus Sonne in Germany and Saanen. This has enabled him both to communicate his ideas and experience to others, and to learn much that is useful for his projected school in Guyana (South America) and study centre in Hawaii.

Friedrich Grobe

Travel Schedule 1995/96

Inspired by Raman who took it upon himself to travel to Japan and other places in Asia last year using his own resources, Friedrich has decided to create another travel fund that will allow some of us to visit a number of countries in the coming months. In 1984, Friedrich created a travel fund to support international meetings of the trustees of the Foundations. Later he created a second fund to allow teachers from the K schools to visit each other on a teacher exchange program. Occasionally, student trips have also been arranged. The writer recalls a luncheon at the Ojai Institute last May when the father of an Oak Grove school student, who had been one of the participants on a trip to India some years before, came up to Friedrich to thank him, in what seemed to me to be the most heartfelt way, for creating that opportunity for his daughter. He said that even though a few years had passed, she still speaks about India and the effect of the trip.

This year, the travellers will mainly be Rabindra and Raman. Friedrich, Nick, Jurgen and others will join for part of the itinerary.

The tour begins with Rabindra's trip to his home territory in Hawaii via Ojai. From there he goes on to Guyana where his family come from. There he will investigate the possibility of acquiring land for a future school and meet some K people to arrange public video showings.

Then in November it's on to India to attend the gathering in Rajghat (Nov 16) and the teacher's conference in Rishi Valley (Nov 28). Friedrich and Jurgen join Rabindra in December to visit friends at the schools and centres in Bangalore, Madras, Rishi Valley and Bombay. Raman joins us in mid January for a brief stop in Singapore before we leave for Australia and New Zealand. Friedrich will return to Europe from India.

Bill Taylor, a teacher from Brockwood, and Nick, both originally from New Zealand, are making our travel arrangements for there, and Donald Ingram-Smith will help us with travel arrangements in Australia. At both places, meetings with the K groups and weekend gatherings are being planned. The core group of travellers will then go on to Hawaii in March, Ojai in April, finishing up at Brockwood in May.

One reason for Rabindra's initial visit to Hawaii in November will be to arrange accommodation for the March visit. However, the main reason is that we are organizing a small K gathering of about 40 people on the Big Island of Hawaii in March, the planning of which begins in November with John Farquharson of the K group there (See announcement on pg 31).

But what is the point of all this travelling, meeting, discussing? The main

reason is to make contact with people in the K world and to build bridges of communication. However we also anticipate exploring together our understanding of the teachings with all the people we meet. Here are some excerpts on the subjects of discussion and dialogue from K:

"It is very difficult to discuss in the sense of exposing oneself. We may intellectually, verbally exchange a few ideas. But it is quite another matter to really expose ourselves, to be aware of the fact that we have committed ourselves to something, to a particular course of action, to see the limitations of that pattern, and to find out by discussing, thinking it out together, how to break it up. Such a discussion would be highly worthwhile, and I hope we can do it." (Benares, 1960, Jan 31, Copyright KFA).

"I think that the word discussion is rather misplaced. Discussion means explanation or examination through argument, opinion against opinion, judgment against judgment, one's characteristic conclusions against another's. I think that word discussion we shouldn't use, if I may suggest. But rather use the word dialogue, which means converse together, talk over things together." (Saanen, 1972, August 2, Copyright KFT).

"I do not know if you have ever examined how to listen, it doesn't matter to what, whether to a bird, to the wind in the leaves, to the rushing waters, or how you listen to a dialogue with yourself, to your conversation in various relation-

ships with your intimate friends, your wife or husband. If we try to listen we find it extraordinarily difficult, because we are always projecting our opinions and ideas, our prejudices, our background, our inclinations, our impulses, when they dominate we hardly listen to what is being said. In that state there is no value at all. One listens and therefore learns, only in a state of attention, a state of silence in which this whole background is in abeyance, is quiet, then, it seems to me it is possible to communicate." (Saanen, 1967, July 9, Copyright KFA).

"But when I meet you to discuss, I want tension, you follow? So that you drive me to understand it. You drive me, help me, put me in a corner, create a crisis in my life, so that I'll be free of fear. How will you deal with it? If you say, 'I'm sorry, I can't help you to end fear ... because I have not ended my fear ... but we can have a dialogue about it, and therefore let us go into it together, each feeling the urgency of ending fear, so we'll help each other to end fear'. Would you say that? So there is no authority. I have not ended my fear, you have not ended fear. By coming together, sitting quietly, having a dialogue every day or every other day, we may help each other to dissolve it. Then I know I am dealing with an honest person ... then my urgency will make you urgent also. It will create an urgency in you." (Int'l Trustees Meeting, Ojai 1977, Copyright KFT).

Rabindra Singh



This picture was taken on a ski tour on Rodomont behind Rougemont, Bernese Oberland

Saanen Gathering

1995 marks two special anniversaries: it is of course Krishnamurti's birth centenary year, and it is ten years on from the last Saanen Gathering at which he spoke. It is therefore perhaps appropriate for this issue of the newsletter to reflect a little on the history of the Saanen meetings as well as on my visit there this year with my husband.

To start with the present, I felt this summer that the Gathering was particularly fruitful and rewarding. When, after Krishnaji's death, the first of these informal meetings took place some people were dubious about their worth. Would they, in fact, become merely dried husks of the vitality of those tremendous talks and discussions which we had when Krishnaji

attracted audiences of two or three thousand to the tent? Or would they just become a focus of sentimental memories, or some sort of holiday-camp?

It seems to me that Gisèle Balles and her dedicated band of helpers have created a vehicle for serious exploration which is now beginning to achieve wide recognition and appreciation. I was struck by the fact that the meetings were well attended and that, like Krishnaji's talks had done, they were drawing in people of all ages from many parts of the world. The atmosphere was open, direct and robust, and as well as the deeper meaning of the dialogues and of watching Krishnaji's video tapes, etc., there was the sharing of friendship as people walked together in the mountains, ate and met

together at Le Rosey in Schoenried and, of course, congregated in the house and beautiful garden of Chalet Solitude in Rougemont. Walking through Saanen and Gstaad I was intrigued to keep encountering so many people who had come for the Gathering. I was impressed too by the fact that for lots of them this could not be classified as a nostalgia trip, because they had only recently come across the teachings and this was their first visit to any series of organised meetings.

The weather, too, seemed to be blessing us this year. My mind went back to my first visit to Saanen in the early 1960's, when the sun shone every day, and also to Krishnaji's last Saanen Gathering when he said:

"We have had most marvellous days, three weeks of it, lovely mornings, beautiful evenings, long shadows and the deep blue valleys and the clear blue sky and the snow ... So the mountains, the valleys, the trees and the river, tell us goodbye. Can we go on with our questions?"

I feel that a great deal of the teaching is summed up in that quotation. Surrounded by beauty we respond to it but do not try to petrify the moment. We move on – away from all the wonderful refreshment and renewal of the Oberland and back to our 'normal' lives – but still the questioning which has brought us all together continues.

I think that this continuing exploration and discovery are the keynote of the meetings we now have in Saanen. When Krishnamurti made the decision that 1985 was the last

time he would be there, he did not know that he would die early in 1986; in fact, he was planning to hold meetings at Brockwood in the autumn of that year. But life and the work move on; there is no regular pattern and now in different countries different events take place, all of which contribute to an enhancement of understanding and an extension of enquiry. At Brockwood the Centre has been established for individual study of the teachings; at Saanen there are the Gatherings; in Ojai there are workshops and seminars; in India there is a variety of centres and seminars. All over the world there are dialogue groups and video shows, sometimes attended by large numbers, sometimes only by a few people. And, of course, there are the Krishnamurti schools in India, America and England.

Krishnamurti started the Saanen meetings in 1961, when the work was opening out and a new, younger audience was growing. Switzerland was reasonably accessible to most countries, and, for so long having the reputation of neutrality, it seemed extremely suitable for an international gathering. As we know this flowered for 25 years, starting with a small meeting at the Landhaus and moving on into the handsome Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome, and, when that wore out, to other tent-structures which were capable of accommodating large numbers of people, as well as various book and tape stalls.

There was something exactly appropriate to Krishnamurti's teachings about sitting

together and communicating in a tent, and knowing that after many hours of intense discussion there, the tent would be dismantled and taken away. However, in the early 1980's Krishnamurti discussed with the Saanen Gatherings Committee and others the possibility of erecting a more permanent building on the field which accommodated the tent. It was felt that people might find this more comfortable, especially in bad weather (of which Saanen gave us a fair share over the years!). Krishnaji also felt at one time that a building on the site, surrounded as it was by so much natural beauty, might provide a place of recreation for staff members of Brockwood and other schools. In the end this did not happen – but when I was at this year's meetings, at Le Rosey and Chalet Solitude I felt that in a sense that proposed place of rest and renewal had come about ...

There is a great deal more that one could write about Saanen – the beauty of the natural scene, the sight and scents of the flowers and trees; the memories of travelling there and back over so many years, in the company of Jane Hammond, with each of us festooned with a portable typewriter, a tape-recorder and piles of paper, in addition to our personal luggage. From 1962, the second Gathering, Krishnamurti's talks were transcribed immediately after he had given them so that translators could quickly receive transcripts. Jane and I shared the transcription work for several years; for many more, Jane did them single-handed. It is true to say that

the vitality of the Gatherings at Saanen and the support of friends who came there regularly helped in no small measure to inspire the creation of the school at Brockwood. One remembers Dorothy Simmons, who once calculated that she had actually spent several years of her life in Switzerland (she used to arrive before the talks began and stay for a week or two afterwards), and her ever-welcoming camp-site base, right by – even perilously near to – the river's edge.

So much hard work was done by so many to make the Gatherings possible, and although it is impossible to mention everyone I shall always recall the dedication of Leon de Vidas, the first main organiser, and his successors, Edgar Graf and Gisèle Balleys. Every year they performed the near-miracle of getting the tent up in time, seeing that the seating was in position, that all the electrics worked, that all the books, audio and video tapes were ready for sale – and that a full team of helpers was sharing the work. Also there was the difficult business of raising the necessary funds...

One could write a history of the Gatherings – but for the moment perhaps we can simply express gratitude for the opportunity to take part in what continues to take place at Saanen, and to ask ourselves again some of the questions which Krishnaji put to us at his last Gathering there. He asked if, after twenty five years of the meetings, there was 'any breaking of the pattern' of each of us. He said:



Solitary tree in autumn colours near Lauenen, Bernese Oberland, October 1995

“Why do you come here? ... Is it curiosity? Is it the reputation the man, the speaker, has built for the last seventy years? Is it the beauty of this valley – the marvellous mountains, the flowing river and the great shadows and lovely hillside? ... Is it that you are concerned with your life, the way you are living it, the problems that you have ... and that you expect

someone to tell you how to examine, what to do? Is that the reason you are here? Or is it that one wants to see what one actually is as we are sitting here, examine that very closely and see if we can go beyond it – is that the reason?” (Krishnamurti quotations are from Last Talks at Saanen 1985, copyright KFT Ltd.)

Mary Cadogan

1996 in Saanen

Recently I was asked by a local why it is that less people are coming to the Saanen gatherings than in the old days. The person did not know that Krishnamurti had died ten years ago, and his question made me wonder instead why there are still so many people who attend the Saanen gatherings. In the last years there were around 200 people visiting, some just come for a day or a weekend, but many stay for one to three weeks.

Why do people come? I asked myself. Because they remember the times when K was speaking in the tent? I don't think so. Those memories are not enough to bring people here, and anyway there are many people who come for the first time. Because they want to meet others? This certainly is an important reason and the question then is on what level we are going to meet.

There seem to be different motives which make a person come to Saanen. The "inspector" comes to see if there is a flowering happening among those who are interested in K. He usually leaves the meeting with a bag full of disappointment and criticism. The "enthusiast" is delighted by the number of people and feels reassured that something is going on, that the word is

not lost. The "social one" likes to share good feelings and experiences with others and fills up his address book. The "genuine one" comes because he was touched by a beauty and power beyond the words, either by reading books, watching videos or having listened to K himself. They are unclear what space they should give to that, uncertain about the effects it could have in their lives and they are wondering how not to narrow it down and lose it.

All those various characters are also alive in me and with this perception I am preparing the 1996 Saanen gathering around the work of Krishnamurti. I want to create a forum in which we can explore our conditioning and what is truly alive in us. This exploration is not done in an isolated corner of ourselves but with a wider sense of being related with others, with nature and with that which might be beyond.

The gathering will take place from **July 14th until August 3rd**. Parallel to the third week of this gathering there will be a special week for younger people under 30 years of age. From July 20th to July 27th I plan for the first time a week specially for parents with young children.

Gisele Balleys

To be Alone

In August this year Alan Rowlands, Brockwood's music teacher since its inception, spent some time at Friedrich's cottage at Buchillon. The following is from a letter he wrote to Friedrich at the time.

A rainy Sunday in Buchillon! What better time to put pen to paper? No cycling or swimming today, I think. I sit propped up in bed listening to the soothing patter of raindrops on the skylights and hearing the birds chatter outside. The birds here are just delightful! The clock in the village has also been wafting its drowsy chimes.

I have been in 'the little house' almost a week now and it has been a unique experience. Never before in my whole life have I spent a period like this living completely alone. Of course, I live alone in London but there are always people around and work to be done. This is different and I find I am liking it so much that I feel I could have lived the life of Thoreau in 'Walden'. Perhaps that would have been harder work! Here I don't have to dig and have everything I need; I am after all on holiday. It has been a very full year, with longer working hours than usual, and an illness thrown in, so it is wonderful to recoup in these beautiful surroundings. But I hadn't anticipated how good it is to be alone; I am almost surprised by it. This solitude has a marvellous quality; I can understand your naming your chalet that. It is something to be prized.

There have been a few other surprises. One is, I am eating less. I thought I would be in danger of filling up the time – and myself – by eating more, but not so. It's just as on a day in the mountains – one always seems to need less than one expects. Probably a lot of our eating is social, or for comfort. I certainly eat more heartily in London, or even in Brockwood. "I suffer", as one friend of mine remarked, "from a good appetite". People think that because one's face keeps getting thinner one is losing weight, but if they were more observant they would see that the opposite is true. It just goes on in the wrong places – "slips down", as another friend put it.

I haven't been out for a meal nor drunk any wine – things I have done on every other visit here. After all, on holiday one can allow oneself those small indulgences. Perhaps I will in Saanen. Here I don't even miss those things – there is a curious sense of contentment and sufficiency, almost as if one were being nourished by this solitude. It took me a few days to slow down. I kept on acting as if I were still under pressure. Now I'm beginning to enjoy a slower rhythm and doing things, 'mindfully'. I love that Buddhist idea – handling things with

care and attention, moving rhythmically and not in a series of spasmodic reactions. It's very much part of Alexander Technique, too.

You asked if I feel lonely. Not for an instant, nor bored nor anxious. Another surprise, as I am no stranger to those feelings. Perhaps there were whiffs of loneliness when I went to St Prex – seeing the carefree young people or the happy couples. But not here. Apparently to feel lonely one must be among people! (And I wonder how happy and carefree they actually are – so much is to do with one's own imaginings).

Of course I am doing some interesting things. I have set myself the task of learning Chopin's 24 Preludes to play at Sannen, and they are a big challenge. This turns the time into something of a 'busman's holiday', but I so enjoy it and have never done such fruitful work at the piano as at Buchillon. They are marvellous pieces, full of imagination and fire. It is a perennial wonder to me that the qualities they show, including agitation, desolation, deep sorrow and raging fury, so undesirable in daily life, are so marvellous in the music. It expresses those things but also, as David Bohm once said, points beyond them. Beethoven can mark his music 'klagend', 'ermattet', 'beklemmt' – the last things one wants to feel in life – yet the effect of the music is ennobling. How is it that art which seems born of sorrow can in the experience of it be so healing?

I found your copy of *The Ending of Time* upstairs and re-read it, very thoroughly this time, making notes. It is an awe-inspiring book, but it is delightful to see Dave Bohm's humour coming out – I remember it so well at Brockwood discussions. You see what I mean at the bottom of P237 – Bohm saying that whatever is being discussed thought will always feel it can "make a contribution" and is only "trying to be helpful". I can just see his lurking smile and twinkle when he would say things like this. We should more often say to that little 'voice-over' in the head, "OK, thank you for your contribution", and pass on. K of course also said that one should look with humour and that the journey into oneself could be fun, but I can't help feeling that in practice he kept his humour and his consideration of ultimate questions in separate compartments. But at least he and Bohm seem to be sharing a lighter moment of some kind on the front cover of *The Ending of Time* -I don't know how Mark Edwards managed to get such a delightful shot.

Do we ever share our perceptions totally, I wonder? It is so difficult to know. We may both love Mozart, but I cannot be sure my experience is exactly the same as yours. We cannot even know, looking at a red rose, that we see the same colour. I said this recently to a friend whom I did not know to be colour-blind and he said, "you are quite right, I don't see it as red". When can we share something with absolute certainty? During sex? That area seems to worry people as much as anything – there is plenty

of advice about it in the Sunday papers. It seems that anything palpable, having content, is very difficult to share completely. That suggests the question: can we share the impalpable? – no content and nothing to disagree about?

Dangerous waters, perhaps. On a more mundane level, something very nice has happened. After many years I have fallen in love again – with a new piano piece. I wonder what you thought when you read that? An ex-student of Brockwood, George Mathew from Trivandrum, once wrote me that he had fallen deeply in love (and here thought stepped in with its contribution, “at last he has found a girl-friend”) with the music of Elgar. Well I am besotted with Fauré’s 5th Barcarolle. The symptoms are much the same – for the time being one can think of nothing else and only longs to get back to the beloved object. I even came down in the night to play it – now where else could you do that but in a little house in a garden!? Incidentally, George now has a girl-friend and I believe they are getting married.

I am spending quite a lot of time observing things, including myself. I say ‘including myself’, but in a sense what else is there? All one’s perceptions come through the medium of one’s own body and brain. Perhaps I am getting a little solipsistic, being here alone. I used to be rather fascinated with that philosophy – meaning literally, ‘I alone exist’. There is a certain ring of truth about it, though it falls

down in practice – you can’t go around saying, “well, only I exist”, and then doing what you like (though I have done it once or twice in dreams and very nice dreams they were). The trouble is, the solipsist has not investigated the nature of the “I” which he says alone exists. If he did, he might indeed discover that it doesn’t exist, at least not in the way that he thought, and where would he be? Nowhere, I suppose – probably a better condition. A good word, nowhere. Didn’t K write in an early Bulletin, “get lost”? It rather fascinates me that this word ‘nowhere’ can be made up of two other words, ‘now’ and ‘here’. Nothing more than a happy coincidence, I suppose, but if I really attend to what is given now and here, in terms of sense-impressions, thoughts and feelings, I really can’t discover where “I” am, if anywhere. The English philosopher Hume said almost exactly the same thing – that all he could discover was a constant stream of perceptions and thoughts with no self or centre to relate them to. Any imagined centre turned out to be only another thought. It sounds so intelligent, but I gather there were some questionable things about Hume’s life, and so there are about mine, so I’d better shut up. Dangerous waters again.

All the same, one must look at these things. It’s been said often enough – by Plato for instance: “the unexamined life is not worth living”, and Pascal: “it is an extraordinary blindness to live without investigating what we are” – to say nothing of a more recent teacher! Shakespeare says (in

Measure for Measure) that man is “most ignorant of what he’s most assur’d, his glassy essence”. Now what could that be? I looked up ‘glassy’ in a Shakespeare lexicon and it implies ‘clear’, ‘transparent’, like Ophelia in the ‘glassy stream’. David Bohm used to sometimes talk about the ‘essence’ of the self, or even the quintessence, the essence of the essence. Thomas Traherne uses the word:

No brains nor borders in my soul I see,
My essence is Capacity.

It’s all very puzzling. I am in this house, but my experience of the house is in my consciousness. And where is that? That sounds as unanswerable as the little girl’s question, “Mummy, where is the universe?” But I do know of another little girl who wrote this poem:

Have you ever felt like nobody?
Just a tiny speck of air?
With all those people round you
And you’re just not there?

Is all this rather naïve? Or do we need the simple vision of a child? I don’t think I ever told you of the delightful conversation that Shakuntala, Narayan’s wife who used to teach English at Brockwood, once overheard in a Petersfield tea-shop. It went like this:

Small child (looking round at crowded tea-shop): We are not people.
Mother: Of course we are people.
Child: No, we are not people.
Mother: What are we then, if we are not people?
Child: We are nothing.

Naïvety or simplicity? I don’t know, but I once saw an excellent distinction between the two words: “Naïvety implies a certain inadequacy of response, whereas simplicity denotes a singular directness of response”. Well put, isn’t it? It’s clear it’s the latter we need. Perhaps we can indeed “turn again and be as little children”, turn our intention inward with the simple vision of a child, uncluttered by the intellectual fog and sophistication of adulthood. And then what do we see?

Perhaps Shakespeare, who seemed to know everything, saw this too. Hamlet talked about the possibility of being “bounded in a nutshell” and in the same breath being “king of infinite space”. And Richard II, who had suffered greatly, says at the end of the play:

A man ...
With nothing shall be pleas’d, till he be eas’d
With being nothing.

This response is very peaceful, especially at night, as it now is. A house has a life of its own and when things quieten down outwardly it becomes more alive. The quality of the light changes and things begin to speak – not that one hears a sound, but they are eloquent with their own presence. It is not dependent upon their arrangement or intrinsic beauty. It is like a still-life painting: what appeared random now reveals perfect order.

Alan Rowands



Rhododendron behind Yewfield, Lake District, June 1995

Journey to the East of Eden

The driver held up a brochure showing K walking with open umbrella in the sun. They had come to pick me up at the airport after a long flight from London via Dubai and with a six-hour wait in Colombo. I was hit by the humid heat of the tropics, and the withered hand of an old beggar woman came through the lowered window of the car

as we were about to leave for the city. The cows were lying down on the road, peacefully ruminating or else grazing on the median. The thatched huts by the Adyar river and the very somnolence in the sunlight conveyed the strangeness of the land. Still in a daze, I felt the quiet thrill of having started on an adventure. It was, after

all, my first ride through the streets of Madras.

I went to India with the intention of studying the teachings and making as serious a reflection on myself as possible. KFI had put together what they called the Resident Student Scheme, which offered a year's scholarship to people interested in exploring a different way of living. It was limited to four people a year in residence at Vasanta Vihar. I had heard of it in 1991 or '92, while still a teacher at Brockwood, and applied to the KFI: they extended an invitation to join them and I took this opportunity to deepen the inquiry in a friendly and leisurely atmosphere.

The expression 'to study the teachings' tends to ring false in the ears of most people dedicated to this exploration. It sounds academic, intellectual, and therefore devoid of substance. This attitude appears to be derived from K himself, who apparently considered all such things meaningless. This aversion to the intellect goes together with the fear of interpretation, which generally means the making of theories. But there are simpler ways of looking at it.

In the introduction to the second volume of *Letters to the Schools*, K indicates what he means by studying. He points out that the letters are not to be read casually but rather in the careful way one would study a flower. 'One must give time to it, enquire into it without acceptance; live with it for some time; digest it so it is yours

and not the writer's.' In Mary Lutyen's *The Open Door*, K invites people to talk freely about the teachings: 'Discuss, criticise, go into it. Read K's books and intellectually tear it to pieces. Or intellectually go with it. Discuss. That's not interpretation'. Further on in the same book K drew an outline of activities proper to a study centre: '1) Look at trees, nature, be aware of everything. 2) Study K's teaching to know (even intellectually) all he has said. 3) Are you interested in all this? If not, do your job as well as you can but ease out.' So studying the teachings involves dedication of time, a thorough acquaintance with its contents, an intellectual dissection, and a testing of one's seriousness. It is this seriousness which justifies the intellect and dissolves the danger of interpretation.

I had been a student and I was then a teacher at Brockwood. I had had considerable exposure to the teachings through reading and listening to K himself. I had discussed, or attempted to discuss, their meaning and implications and participated directly in the educational process, which is one of the most practical testing grounds of the teachings. However, I felt the need to delve deeper into them, into their contents and into myself. Time and experience had brought about an awareness of a series of repeating crises at the centre of which lay habitual patterns of thought and unexamined and unconscious assumptions. The opportunity to spend time doing just this sort of exploration was an offer I couldn't refuse.

The programme left me completely free to schedule my time and go about it in my own way. I had a mind to concentrate on K's proposals for a holistic education, but initially the process of my own self-exploration took precedence. The lovely grounds of Vasanta Vihar were an invitation to spend long hours sitting outside in silence. I did this assiduously and it gradually brought about a deeper quietness. Inwardly I had many unfinished things to deal with. I had brought along a number of unresolved conflicts in my minimal baggage. The past was alive with contradictions, endarkening the present. So the first task was to experience all this out, invite it, live with it intensely, without solutions. Every emotional upheaval, intellectual challenge or deepening of attention was an opportunity for self-discovery. This is what we experience in daily life, with alternating moments of sensitivity and confusion, affection and struggle. In the absence of any pressing external demand, these phenomena become the real substance of one's life. When outward time is in abeyance, the psychological is cast into high relief. Sensing, thinking, feeling and acting are no longer instrumental but acquire a new relevance and fascination of their own, become self-reflective, indicative of what we are.

The studying consisted of exposing myself as widely as possible to all the literature and tapes available as well as holding regular discussions with the other residents. I was often struck by some salient

point or other. I noted them down and then reflected on their implications in connection with my own state at the time. This inquiry was just as important as the listening and the reading. It was part of the mirroring. Normally one's thoughts are concerned with other things and seldom do we allow ourselves to rise above the immediate and take a long view. In this way our very thinking remains bound to a thoroughly fragmented reality and we find it difficult to carry out a meaningful and coherent inquiry into the human condition. The teachings challenge us to become aware of our thoughts and how these arise in response to that challenge. One must have the space in which to unfold them safely, without further contradiction.

As a practical contribution to the place, I taught history for a while to the four Ladahki children being educated there and did some transcribing and text verification for the Archives. Eventually I became coordinator of the Forum for New Education (FNE), a small division of KFI at Vasanta Vihar set up by Sri Rajesh Dalal. The FNE organized meetings with teachers and students, mostly of different colleges in Madras but also of other interested institutions, in an attempt to explore together K's views on education. It also promoted a series of cultural encounters among the residents in which a broad range of topics of individual interest was shared and discussed. Once a year it conducted a Summer School, two weeks of dialogues and workshops for KFI teachers. This work on

education was in keeping with my special interest in this area of the teachings. I was able to visit the different KFI schools and attend their educational conferences. Everyone is aware of the difficulties of bringing about a holistic education but far more work needs to be put into it. There's still a good deal of confusion on such questions as discipline, the place of knowledge, conditioning, freedom, competition, and so on. Undoubtedly a lot of work is being done and the task is uphill, especially in a country like India.

Travelling through the subcontinent, I was able to take a look at that ancient civilisation fallen into the sere. The problems of the Indian society are overwhelming, starting with the population. The undeniable gentleness and dignity of the people flounder in the face of the pervasive corruption. It seemed to me that a cultural continuity of four thousand years is fast coming to an end. It won't be able to withstand the pressures of Western influence nor its accumulated internal contradictions. For me, the vast and all-too-human canvas of India was one more instance of the deepening crisis of our time.

In Sartre's play *No Exit*, one of the characters says that 'Hell is other people'. That means there is no escape from relationship and relationship generally implies conflict. But a more fundamental challenge is to live with oneself. In any case, the conflicts one has with others are more often than not internal dissensions. Every

day brings its challenge, its disturbance, its crisis. An incident elicits a reaction that leaves a painful or pleasant residue on which our further acting and thinking are based, but now with a time gap, with the doubt cast on it by our limited motive and the changing nature of reality. These incidents reveal what we are, the nature of our fears and desires, our capacities and conceits. But there is a choice of qualities which we identify with or dissociate ourselves from. Thus a division is created, a resistance to seeing ourselves as we are. This is why living with oneself is no easy task, because it means to be without choice.

We are all experts when it comes to diagnosing other people's ills and others are constantly telling us what and how we are. We may be shocked, flattered or left indifferent by what they say, but seldom do we see what they are pointing at. This mirror can also be unreliable, for they have their own distorting self-serving motives. It is quite another matter to see oneself as one actually is. It can be just as disturbing as what other people tell us but it has a quality of freedom. (That is, if we don't bring choice to bear on it.) It is like the pain of a rotten tooth and that caused by the dentist who extracts it. After all, inwardly no change can come about until we see for ourselves. Hell is not primarily other people, then, but this endemic lack of proprioception.

Getting to know oneself means encountering and tracing out one's history and its implied compulsion to repeat itself.

The self is the sameness in time of particular mental contents reiterated by a collectively shared structure of thought. The habitual pattern of the contents points to the underlying structure and to the fundamental perception that psychologically we are the past, with its interweaving accumulation of fact and fantasy. This inquiry brings about an awareness of the critical importance of thinking in our lives. We tend to believe that what goes on in the privacy of our heads is our own business and does not affect anything or anyone. However, a little observation shows that our thoughts function like cause and effect, they shape our relationships and have tremendous consequences. This insight is essential if we are to be responsible human beings and create a new order in society. We are each other's fate, for better or for worse, in sickness or in health, as in marriage. We children of Cain are our brothers' keepers. And this means watching out for the delusion of the observer projecting the observed.

My journey to the East lasted twenty months and it is impossible to recount the whole of it in a few pages. I was able to

expose myself to further teachings, to explore my own character and background, and to take a look at the ancient cultures of India and Sri Lanka. I am grateful to the KFI for this unique opportunity. It seemed somewhat ironic that I should have to go to India to find such leisure to dedicate to this, but their valuation of time has not yet reached the level of our mercenary obsession. I would recommend such a journey of self-discovery to anyone who needs to make deep reflection on his life, wants to immerse himself in the teachings and is willing to stand alone in the midst of an alien culture. This is no panacea nor are there any guarantees. Only a chance of choiceless freedom, whose root meaning, according to the Oxford Dictionary, is love. And, indeed, when the mind is clear there is a simultaneous opening of the heart.

There is much more to tell, naturally. Perhaps one of these days, under the delicately blue autumnal skies on the Atlantic seaboard, sitting with friends in a distant village round an open fire, one could a long tale unfold, but this one has ended and the rest is silence.

Javier Gómez Rodríguez

The Lake

The lake was very deep, with soaring cliffs on both sides. You could see the other shore, wooded, with new spring leaves; and that side of the lake was steeper, perhaps more dense with foliage, and heavily wooded. The water was placid that morning and its colour was bluegreen. It is a beautiful lake. There were swans, ducks, and an occasional boat with passengers.

As you stood on the bank, in a well-kept park, you were very close to the water. It was not polluted at all, and its texture and beauty seemed to enter into you. You could smell it – the soft fragrant air, the green lawn – and you felt one with it, moving with the slow current, the reflections, and the deep quietness of the water.

The strange thing was that you felt such a great sense of affection, not for anything or for anyone, but the fullness of what may be called love. The only thing that matters is to probe into the very depth of it, not with the silly little mind with its endless mutterings of thought, but with silence. Silence is the only means, or instrument, that can penetrate into something that escapes the mind which is so contaminated.

We do not know what love is. We know the symptoms of it – the pleasure, the pain, the fear, the anxiety and so on. We try to

solve the symptoms which become a wandering in darkness. We spend our days and nights in this, and it is soon over in death.

There, as you were standing on the bank watching the beauty of the water, the one issue that would solve all human problems and institutions, man's relationship to man, which is society, all would find their right place if silently you could penetrate into this thing called love.

We have talked a great deal about it. Every young man says he loves some woman, the priest god, the mother her children, and of course the politician plays with it. We have really spoilt the word and loaded it with meaningless substance – the substance of our own narrow little selves. In this narrow little context we try to find the other thing, and painfully return to our everyday confusion and misery.

But there it was, on the water, all about you, in the leaf, and in the duck that was trying to swallow a large piece of bread, in the lame woman who went by. It was not a romantic identification or a cunning rationalised verbalisation. But it was there, as factual as that car, or that boat.

It is the only thing which will give an answer to all our problems. No, not an



Trees on Krishnamurti's round walk of his last years at Brockwood Park, May 1995

answer, for then there will be no problems. We have problems of every description, and we try to solve them without that love, and so they multiply and grow. There is no way to approach it, or to hold it, but sometimes, if you will stand by the roadside, or by the lake, watching a flower or a tree, or the farmer tilling his soil, and you are silent, not dreaming, not collecting daydreams, or weary, but with silence in its intensity – then perhaps it will come to you.

When it comes, do not hold it, do not treasure it as an experience. Once it touches you, you will never be the same again. Let

that operate, and not your greed, your anger or your righteous social indignation. It is really quite wild, untamed, and its beauty is not respectable at all.

But we never want it, for we have a feeling that it might be too dangerous. We are domesticated animals, revolting in a cage which we have built for ourselves – with its contentions, wranglings, its impossible political leaders, its gurus who exploit your self-conceit and their own with great refinement or rather crudely. In the cage you can have anarchy or order which in turn gives way to disorder – and this has

been going on for many centuries, exploding, and falling back, changing the patterns of the social structure, perhaps ending poverty here and there. But if you place all these as the most essential, then you will miss the other.

Be alone, sometimes, and if you are lucky it might come to you, on a falling leaf, or from that distant solitary tree in an empty field.

*J.Krishnamurti
(Copyright KFT)*

A Religious Centre

The following was noted by Sunanda Patwardhan at Visanta Vibar in January, 1984. It was not from a recording nor was it written by K, but was the writer's transcription of what K said.

It must last a thousand years, unpolluted, like a river that has the capacity to cleanse itself; which means no authority whatsoever for the inhabitants. And the teachings in themselves have the authority of the truth.

It is a place for the flowering of goodness; a communication and cooperation not based on work, ideal or personal authority. But cooperation implies not around some object or principle, belief and so on. As one comes to the place, each one in his work, working in the garden or doing something, may discover some thing or fact as he is working and he communicates this and has a dialogue with the others there – to be questioned, doubted and to see the weight of the truth of his discovery. So there is a constant communication and not a solitary achievement, a solitary enlightenment or understanding. It is the responsibility of

each one of us, if he discovers something basic, anew, to treat it not as personal but as something for everyone there.

It is not a community. The very word 'community' or 'commune' is an aggressive or separative movement from the whole of humanity. It is essentially a religious centre according to what 'K' has said about religion. It is a place where one is not only physically active, but there is a sustained and continuous and so a movement of learning; and so each one becomes the teacher and the disciple. It is not a place for one's own illumination or one's own goal of fulfilment, artistically, religiously, or in any way, but rather for sustaining and nourishing each other in flowering in goodness.

There must be absolute freedom from orthodoxy or traditional movements, abso-

lute freedom from all sense of nationalities, racial prejudices, religious beliefs and faiths. If one is not capable of doing this with honesty and integrity, he had better keep away from this place. Essentially one has the insight to see that knowledge is the enemy of man.

This is not a place for romanticists, sentimentalists or the emotional. This requires a good brain, which does not mean being intellectual but a brain that is objective, fundamentally honest to itself and has integrity in word and deed.

A dialogue is very important. It is a form of communication in which question and answer continues till a question is left without an answer. Thus the question is suspended between the two persons involved. It is like a bud which, untouched, blossoms. If the question is left totally untouched by thought, it then has its own answer because the questioner and the answerer as persons have disappeared. This is a form of dialogue in which investigation reaches a certain point of intensity and depth which then has a quality which thought can never reach. It is not a dialectical investigation of opinions, ideas, but rather an exploration of two or more serious good brains.

This place must be of great beauty with trees, birds and quietness, for beauty is truth and truth is goodness and love. The external beauty, external tranquility, silence, may affect the inner tranquility, but the

environment must in no way influence the inner beauty. Beauty can only be when the self is not; the environment, which must have great wonder, must in no way be an absorbing factor like a toy with a child. Here, there are no toys but inner depths, substance and integrity that are not put together by thought.

Also, knowledge is not beauty. Beauty is love and where there is knowledge there is no beauty.

The depth of the question brings its own right answer. All this is not an intellectual entertainment, a pursuit of theories. The word is the deed. The two must never be separate. Where the word is the deed, that is integrity.

Intelligence can only be where there is love and compassion. Compassion can never exist where the brain is conditioned or has an anchorage.

A collection of mediocrities does not make a religious centre. A religious centre demands the highest quality in everything that one is doing and the highest capacity of the brain. The full meaning of mediocrity is a dull, heavy brain, drugged by knowledge.

The flowering of goodness is not an ideal to be pursued or sought after as a goal in the future. We are not setting up an Utopia but rather dealing with hard facts. You can make all of this into something to be achieved in

the future. The future is the present. The present is the past and the future, the whole structure of thought and time. But if one lives with death, not occasionally but every day, there is no change. Change is strife and the pain of anxiety. As there is no collection, accumulation of knowledge, there is no

change because one is living with death continuously.

The first stone we lay should be religious.

J. Krishnamurti
(Copyright KFT)

News

The Krishnamurti Centenary in Brazil

Rachel Fernandes, Jandira Hollerbach, Ari Carneri, of the Brazilian Krishnamurti Committee (ICK), and Michael Krohnen arranged a four-day seminar on Krishnamurti in Salvador, Bahia from June 26 through 29, 1995. The following is Michael's report.

Salvador, the former capital of Brazil, is a city of four million people situated in tropical splendour on the picturesque Bay of All Saints, 1,000 miles north of Rio de Janeiro. The day after our arrival, we had our first meeting in a large hall of the municipal Center of Education (Centro do Treinamento). We had brought along K books and audio cassettes in Portuguese which we exhibited on a table in front of the hall, and of which we sold quite a few to the seventy to eighty participants. The theme of the meeting was "What is our responsibility as we face the crisis in the world and within ourselves?" We showed the first of the 1984 Ojai Talks which addressed this vital question. Fifteen people participated in the dialogue meetings.

One of our organisers had suggested that we might show parts of a K-video on a local educational TV channel (Televisao Educativa 2). One afternoon we went to the studio, and it was a bit of a shock when we were unexpectedly informed that there was a free slot on the early afternoon news program and that two of us would be interviewed. It was another shock when it was decided that Rachel and I should appear in front of the camera – live! – to be interviewed by a man and woman newsteam for a ten-minute segment. Although my command of Portuguese is rather incomplete, I managed to provide some information about K, his work and the Schools. Halfway through the interview, we showed a portion of the video "Problems of

Living". It was a relief when our three friends, who had watched the interview on a TV set outside the news room, congratulated us afterwards on the presentation.

The same evening, a three-person news-team unexpectedly came to film our dialogue group in session. They were from the national "O Globo" TV network, the largest in Brazil. After filming the group in discussion and taking shots of some of the slides of Krishnamurti, the lady reporter proceeded to interview Rachel and myself about Krishnamurti, education and Rachel's school in Tiradentes. It was two days later, shortly after lunch, that our hosts excitedly called us to the TV set. There we were, on the one o'clock news. I was glad about the beautiful shots of K, but a bit apprehensive to see and hear myself in Portuguese. But my friends assured me that I came across intelligibly.

On our last evening in Salvador, we were invited to a discussion on education at the home of a well-to-do lady. After being introduced to the doctors, lawyers and journalists who were to participate in our discussion, we were deeply shocked when suddenly the light went out and our hostess started a long, ritualistic prayer. Our apprehension intensified when the chap next to her, a doctor, started gyrating his head and shaking his outstretched arm. Then he proceeded to channel a "cosmic message" which he proclaimed with a loud, unworldly voice. Despite our misgivings, we tried to keep a straight face and not run

away, which wasn't easy. Once the lights came on again, somebody asked me to talk about K. For a moment I felt paralyzed and had to struggle to overcome my resistance before I could speak with some dignity about K and his work.

Throughout our meetings in Salvador, we found it a great challenge to make clear that K and the teachings have little or nothing to do with the Theosophical Society, or with any other guru or belief system. There seemed to be a prevailing tendency to want to group K with all sorts of other philosophers or would-be spiritual teachers. Especially people associated with the TS liked to promote the claim that K was really one of theirs. All we could do was to state the fact that he had fully disengaged himself from the TS over 60 years ago and that he had refuted all forms of organized belief and spiritual authority (including his own).

Once back in Tiradentes, we set our sights on the next project – the Gathering at the K-Center in Tiradentes on July 20 – 24. The center building adjoins Rachel's classroom and was built to be used only for K work. For the last two years, however, it hadn't been used at all. So I suggested that a dialogue meeting take place there. We agreed on the theme of "Order and Freedom", with a maximum of 20 participants. There was a good response. Rachel had chosen text extracts and videos from Saanen, Brockwood and Ojai which were used during the meeting.

Micheal Krohnen

German Committee Meeting & School Project

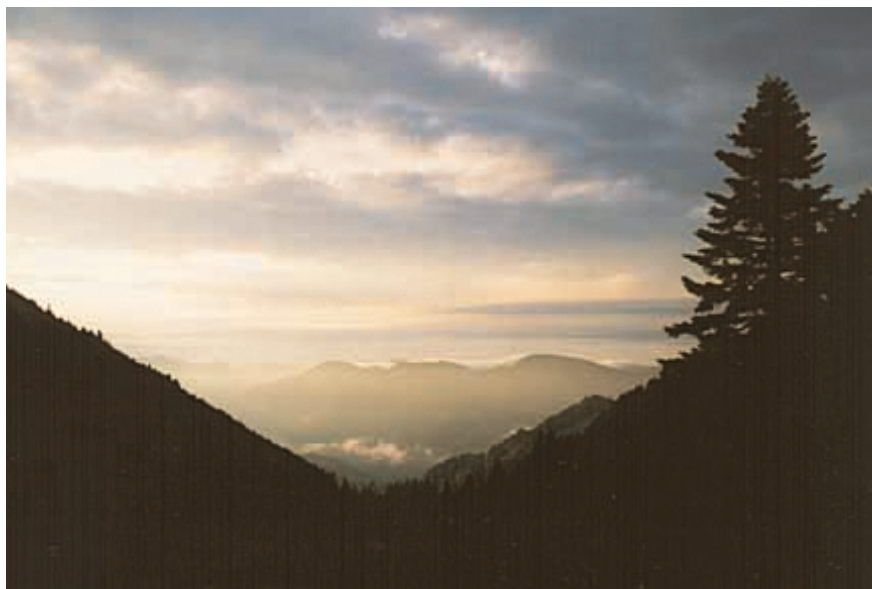
Beautiful autumn weather accompanied this meeting during the last week of October (21-29) at Haus Sonne in the Black Forest. The meeting was open to anyone interested and apart from the Committee members there were around twenty people – nine of them for the first time – who attended the video showings and dialogues, and went on the beautiful walks. Manfred Schneider had selected video passages on certain topics of ten to fifteen minutes length which were an excellent starting point for inquiries and exchanges throughout the day.

The main topics for the Committee work related to K publications and the German School Project. The Committee members expressed their satisfaction with the current strategy that two renowned German publishing houses (Koesel and Fischer) are each continuing to publish one new K book every year. Two professional translators who are also both familiar with the teachings – Mrs Anne Ruth Frank-Strauss and Mrs Christine Bendner – are available for these translations.

The latest development of the school project was introduced by Brigitte Wiechert, a member of the German Committee and mother of a daughter currently studying at Brockwood. Brigitte herself works in adult education and started – with the support of the federal government – two adult schools in the area of professional education. The present school project of course is a totally private endeavour. It began about a year ago and now there are more than twenty people working at it, among them two teachers and five parents. The fundamental structure and the philosophy of the school, which is based on Krishnamurti's teachings, have already been worked out. The project is now in the very critical phase of securing the necessary finances and purchasing or renting a suitable property. The school will be located in the Frankfurt area and will be a day school which the founders are hoping to start in autumn 1997 with two teachers and a class of around twenty students at standard five. Every year another class will be added up to standard twelve.

A more detailed report is intended for the next edition of this newsletter.

Jurgen Brandt



East view from Haus Sonne, Black Forest, on an early September morning, 1995

Awareness and Ecology

Another outcome of the German Committee meeting was an in-depth discussion on ecology. Christian Leppert – who runs Haus Sonne – talked with us about how the teachings had influenced him over the last 25 years and described how awareness arising from them has made him especially sensitive to modern man's and his own carelessness towards the natural world. Since then he has changed his lifestyle, his habits and his thinking and has become a specialist in environmental matters.

In K circles one often hears the view that a change in consciousness is the real issue and the environmental problems are only symptoms. This is probably correct, but it can too easily serve as an excuse for an indifference/ignorance towards the ecologic effects our actions have here and now. To live with and not against nature is not merely a technological matter but challenges us on all levels of our being.

Christian has been invited to give a four day workshop on this topic at Brockwood Park School in February 1996.

Jurgen Brandt

Krishnamurti Association of Russia

One guest invited to the German meeting at Haus Sonne was Vladimir Riapolov from Sochi who's luggage came packed with jars of excellent homemade jams and honey. He showed us the latest photos of the newly built centre at Krasnaya Polyana in the Caucasus near Sochi. With the donations received this year they were able to finish the outside walls, install all the windows and finish the inside of three rooms and the big yoga and gymnastic hall. They will need another \$30,000 to \$50,000 to complete everything.

Vladimir told us that the situation in Russia is still very difficult. Every time he leaves Russia he feels he is leaving behind an all pervading psychological pressure resulting from the material and legal disorder and insecurity in his country. Nevertheless the work of the association is going on well, more people than ever are calling the office in Sochi and more people are visiting the centre, where Vladimir lives and works with seven other people. He sees such contacts to be the result of the work done in the previous years: twelve books have been translated and published, thirty-two videos with Russian translations exist, and the address list of the association now contains three thousand addresses. Every year four to six seminars and gatherings are organized and many contacts with the education departments of universities have been established.

The group at Krasnaya Polyana invites people from other countries to come and visit and share. They feel these contacts are essential. This year they had six long term guests, including three former Brockwood students who were involved in projects – James, Hilkka, Stephanie – and Sarish from CFL in India. Two former Brockwood staff members had also visited: Paul Herder was involved with lectures at teachers' colleges and universities, and Lorenzo Castellari was again a teacher at this year's summer school. Both have written reports on their activities for previous newsletters.

As a result of the appeal in newsletter no.7 for financial help for the Russian project, we received almost \$3,000. The money was used to help finish the new house and to buy a set of videotapes for the K group in Siberia. Thank you very much to all those who contributed.

Jurgen Brandt

Gathering in New Zealand

The Krishnamurti Association of New Zealand has organised two short study gatherings for February 1996, one in the North Island and one in the South. As with former gatherings there will be no formal structure, apart from meal times, but there will be every opportunity for participants to engage in serious enquiry, both alone and with others. A comprehensive library of Krishnamurti's books and tapes (video and audio) will be available at both gatherings. Vegetarian meals will be provided and the venues themselves offer exceptional natural beauty with easy access to bush walks. The gatherings have been timed to coincide with the visit of a group from Europe and America. They include trustees of Brockwood Park School and KFI, and several former and current staff of Brockwood: Derek Hook, Kabir Jaithirtha, Raman Patel, Nick Short, Rabindra Singh, Bill Taylor and Vicky Donnelly.

THE TAUHARA GATHERING (North Island)

Arrive: Mid-afternoon 9th Feb. (Friday)

Depart: Mid-afternoon 11th Feb. (Sunday)

Cost: NZ\$115 all incl.

For information & Registration, write to:

Warwick Bradshaw

P.O.Box 3057

Ohope, Bay of Plenty/NZ

THE RAINCLIFF GATHERING (South Island)

Arrive: Mid-afternoon 23rd Feb. (Friday)

Depart: Mid-morning 26th Feb. (Monday)

Cost: NZ\$60 all incl.

For Information & Registration, write to:

Averil Harrison

23 Sinclair St

Christchurch 9/NZ

Gathering in Hawaii

From March 17–30, 1996 a gathering of people interested in exploring the message of Krishnamurti will be held at the Punaluu Resort on the Big Island of Hawaii. The main theme of the gathering is "Our Relationship with Nature". With unlimited opportunities for quiet solitude there will also be optional daily events in the morning and afternoon including videos, dialogues, discussions, mountain hikes, beach explorations and excursions to different parts of this diverse island. Accommodation will be at the Punaluu Resort, which is situated in a remote section of the Big Island, at private homes or a beach campsite. Prices range from US\$ 30–\$60 per person per night including vegetarian meals. For information contact the office at Rougemont (address on last page) or call John Farquharson at 808-929-8608 in Hawaii.

Rabindra Singh

The A G Educational Trust

In March of this year the Charity Commissioners in the UK gave their approval to the registration of a charitable trust in the name of the A G Educational Trust.

The intention behind forming this trust was to provide a formal vehicle for the donations and general support previously made available by myself and my own organisations. While this Trust can only operate in respect of educational projects, this represents a substantial part of the total support provided, and its existence means that long term continuity is possible.

The Trust's budget for 1996 is already allocated, but people seeking support from 1997 onwards for educational projects which are informed by K's teachings are welcome to apply to the trustees. There are specific criteria for the Trust's support which need to be met, so it is desirable for any applicants to obtain this information before requesting assistance. This is best achieved in the first instance by writing to my office at Rougemont whose address is on the back page of this Newsletter.

Friedrich Grohe

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