



THE LINK
FORMERLY FRIEDRICH'S NEWSLETTER

SOME NEWS FROM THE 'K-WORLD'
NO. 11 · AUTUMN 1996

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Cover:

Copper beeches lining the road from Brockwood to West Meon, Brockwood Park, May 1996

* In using the expression 'K-World' we do not imply any exclusivity or separateness. It is simply a convenient phrase to describe a common interest.

The Newsletter

Dear Friends,

As you can see, this is a good-bye to *Friedrich's Newsletter* and a hello to *The Link*. The previous title had got a little embarrassing, with the publication having become so quickly, with the help of many people, much more than my newsletter. My personal stories will now appear in 'The Newsletter' section. I shall also be contributing to the new section 'Meeting K', events which have always been of special interest to me.

In the last newsletter I announced our trip to the Grand Canyon. It was beautiful and I was astounded that, walking down into the canyon, we were covering 10,000 years of geological history with each step! It took us seven and a half hours to walk up the next day, after having slept in one of the cabins on the Colorado River at the bottom of the canyon. One can have an idea of the vastness through the photo on the back cover. K's feeling for the Grand Canyon was printed in the last newsletter. I found the final comment particularly moving: *'If you have the eyes you will see the creator and the creation.'*

Bryce Canyon and Zion Canyon National Parks were also fantastic, each in its own way. I liked Zion because there one can climb right up like in the Alps. At the top of a mountain called Angels Landing we met a young man who had stayed there overnight. He told us he had just been rock climbing and even ice climbing. My companion said it must be a great feeling arriving on top. After a little hesitation, the young man replied that it was a greater feeling to realise, after going through such efforts, pain and danger, that one was still alive – something I could understand, having had my own mountain-climbing experiences. And also, I think that

mountains are much more interesting from below than from on top.

On the way back we visited – with our friends Raman and Rabindra from the travelling group, as well as Hilikka and Quenby – K. Gopalakrishna (Gopal), a former Rishi Valley and Brockwood Park student, now a teacher at the Centre for Learning in Bangalore who is on leave studying philosophy at Colorado State University in the US. He wrote:

'Studying and teaching philosophy at graduate level is not a very common choice. Some students and particularly professors come here with a "fired" interest. From my initial acquaintance with some of the faculty, there are really a few who are quite brilliant. Modesty has a place in this American philosophy department. For a few philosophy involves a personal journey and not merely the acquiring of qualifications or accomplishments. One professor in particular appears very brilliant, considerate and humble ... He is also interested in K's work but says that this is a more personal and abiding interest – outside his academic work. I hope he is assigned as my tutor.' He was.

Later, in the summer, Gopal came to Brockwood Park, Yewfield, Saanen and Haus Sonne.

After the US travels I joined the International Trustees Meeting at **Brockwood Park**. Things have changed at Brockwood and therefore I was glad to join them again as their first Emeritus Trustee (see page 22). I hope some of my former trustee colleagues will soon join me. Brockwood Park School and The Krishnamurti Centre give a very nice feeling, probably coming from the

Continued on pg 6

From *Krishnamurti's Notebook*

15th

It was dawn; the hills were in clouds and every bird was singing, calling, screeching, a cow was bellowing and a dog howled. It was a pleasant morning, the light was soft and the sun was behind the hills and clouds. And a flute was being played under the old, big banyan tree; it was accompanied by a small drum. The flute dominated the drum and filled the air; by its very soft, gentle notes, it seemed to penetrate into your very being; you listened to it though other sounds were coming to you; the varying throbs of the little drum came to you on the waves of the flute and the harsh call of the crow came with the drum. Every sound penetrates, some you resist and others you welcome, the unpleasant and the pleasant and so you lose. The voice of the crow came with the drum and the drum rode on the delicate note of the flute and so the whole sound was able to go deeply beyond all resistance and pleasure. And in that there was great beauty, not the beauty which thought and feeling know. And on that sound rode the exploding meditation; and in that meditation, the flute, the throbbing drum, the harsh caw of the crow and all the things of the earth joined in and thereby gave depth and vastness to the explosion. Explosion is destructive and destruction is the earth and life, as love is. That note of the flute is explosive, if you let it be, but you won't for you want a safe, secure life and so life becomes a dull affair; having made it dull, then you try to give significance, purpose to the ugliness, with its trivial beauty. And so music is something to be enjoyed, arousing a lot of feeling, as football or some religious ritual does. Feeling, emotion, is wasteful and so easily turned to hate. But love is not sensation, a thing captured by feeling. Listening completely, without resistance, without any barrier is the miracle of explosion, shattering the known, and to listen to that explosion, without motive, without direction is to enter where thought, time, cannot pursue.

The valley is probably about a mile wide at its narrowest point, where the hills come together and they run east and west, though one or two hills prevent the others from running freely; they are to the west; where the sun comes from is open, hill after hill. These hills fade into the horizon with precision and height; they seem to have that strange quality of blue-violet that comes with vast age and hot sun. In the evening these hills catch the light of the setting sun and then they become utterly unreal, marvellous in their colour; then the eastern sky has all the colour of the setting sun, you might think that the sun went down there. It was an evening of light pink and dark clouds. The moment one stepped out of the house, talking with another of quite different things, that otherness, that unknowable, was there. It was so unexpected, for one was in the midst of a serious conversation and it was there with such urgency. All talk came to an end, very easily and naturally. The other did not notice the change in the quality of the atmosphere and went on saying something which needed no reply. We walked that whole mile almost without a word and we walked with it, under it, in it. It is wholly the unknown, though it comes and goes; all recognition has stopped for recognition is still the way of the known. Each time there is "greater" beauty and intensity and impenetrable strength. This is the nature of love too.

Krishnamurti's Notebook, 15/11/61, pgs 184-85, Copyright KFT



The end of June is spring in the Alps and, as last year, spending it on the Riffelalp above Zermatt offered many opportunities to take some interesting photographs of one of the most beautiful mountain peaks in the world – the Matterhorn; Switzerland, June 1996

place itself but also because of the friendly atmosphere created by all the people there.

Brockwood's constant shortage of money, however, reminds me of K's warning when Gisele Balleys, myself and others wanted to start a school in Switzerland. He said at that time that these schools always need money. I replied that I didn't want to throw my money out of the window, at which point he laughed heartily. Donations to Brockwood are still coming in but further help is needed and will hopefully be forthcoming as a result of current fund-raising efforts. The place and the people there deserve it. I can only invite everybody to come and see for themselves. The Centre is a perfect place for a short retreat, studying the teachings.

The middle of July saw the start of the **Saanen Gathering**. It seems to be improving every year, especially the quality of the meetings, and now in addition to the young people's week there is a new parents-with-children week. More and more people are attending. The comments reproduced on pages 14 to 16 give some feeling of it.

After the Gathering, there was the short trip through the Swiss Alps to Haus Sonne (see page 16). Besides being a very pleasant vegetarian guest-house, **Haus Sonne** is also a Krishnamurti Information Centre where many people have their first contact with the teachings. Others deepen their contact there. I have had the opportunity to meet such people, talking with them, recommending books, looking at videos together. (Eva and Christian have very kindly bequeathed Haus Sonne to the A G Educational Trust after their deaths.)

One day during this week at Haus Sonne, several of us left at 6.00 in the morning to walk down to Münstertal to take the train to Freiburg (the German Freiburg), with its marvellous cathedral built of Black Forest sandstone. After our visit we were going to take the cable-car to Schauinsland and walk back from there to Haus

Sonne. Because this walk would have been a bit too long for our friend Krishna Nath, we arranged for him to go back by train and bus. Luckily, we met the bus driver who would be making the journey, and we requested that he look after Krishna Nath. The driver was happy with this request, as he had lived for quite some time in India and even spoke some Hindi. In the end, as there were no other passengers, the driver created a special sight-seeing tour just for Krishna Nath, taking him to a restaurant and the top of the Belchen (the third highest mountain in the Black Forest), all in his big bus!

After this time at Haus Sonne, I went to the Sulz mountain-hut near St Antönien, a special place at an altitude of 2100 m, which means the possibility of snow at any time of the year. I have written in former newsletters about this hut. It is the best place to recover from my sometimes hectic life. It was here that Stephen Smith was inspired to write his novel *Biblion*, which should soon be published. Stephen is also the author of 'The Priesthood of Mankind', which appeared in our Autumn 1995 Educational Supplement.)

At the end of September, the **German Committee** members met at Haus Sonne. There is a very friendly relationship among them. They spent their time together going for walks, having discussions, watching videos of Krishnamurti and reading from *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, which recently came out in German. Manfred Schneider is smoothly handing over the non-authoritarian presidency of the German Committee to Bernd Hollstein, a young and very active friend of the work (see page 12). Bernd has a keen interest in the Krishnamurti Association of Russia, where he and his wife, Klara, will be going for two to three weeks in the near future. Brockwood Park School is also one of his main concerns.

One evening during the German Committee meetings, the discussion went on until midnight. The debate was about whether young people, who have worked from an early age with compu-

ters, grow up to have a different neural structure from older people, with different senses of time and space, and whether this could help them to a fundamental transformation. This made for a very lively discussion!

Since the last newsletter was published, in which we mentioned the people who are closely associated with the A G Educational Trust and other areas of our work, Claudia has joined us. She worked at Brockwood for nine years and we felt that she was the missing link in our working group of friends. (It was not because of her that we renamed the newsletter *The Link*, it was just a happy coincidence!)

Perhaps I should explain that this working group began in 1992 when some dedicated long-term Brockwood colleagues were leaving the place, and our friend Kabir in Bangalore wrote saying that it would be a pity if they dispersed all over the world. There were originally some plans to start a small new school but this proved too difficult and too expensive, though the Curricu-

lum Proposal was produced from that movement. Now the work has shifted and has become quite developed, partly through the **A G Educational Trust**, to support places like the Krishnamurti Association in Russia, the Centre for Learning in Bangalore, the Gurukula Sanctuary in Kerela, and the Krishnamurti Foundations, Schools and Study Centres all over the world. There is now also a more extensive programme for the travelling group, who will shortly be visiting Mexico and South America (see page 8).

In the previous newsletter, I mentioned some of the people whom I had met in India last winter. Two of these people were Ajit and Nalini Gite, husband and wife doctors at Rishi Valley. Sadly, we must now report that Dr Ajit Gite died from a sudden heart attack at Rishi Valley a short time ago.

We must also with great sadness report that G. Narayan died on 4th October 1996. An extract from his 'Memories of Krishnamurti' is to be found on page 54.

Friedrich Grobe, September 1996

■ The Simple Things of Life

This is an excerpt of a letter written to Friedrich by Javier from Galicia in northern Spain. Javier had returned to his place of birth after an absence of almost twenty years, latterly at Brockwood Park as a member of staff and finally in India as scholar-in-residence at KFI. He now works for the Fundacion Krishnamurti Latinoamericana in Spain, translating books by K and writing a book about K at the request of a Spanish publisher. Javier has been the author of many articles in this newsletter.

... I am balancing quite a number of things in my life and at present I don't see yet a clear

outcome. Count no man happy until he is dead, the ancient Greeks used to say, and I am increasingly of the same persuasion. For some time now I have been feeling that mankind is of the same fundamental type all over the planet and that the degree of ignorance is very high. This phenomenon is the result of a long stream of history and of the basic structures the movement of time has inbuilt in human consciousness. Thought has got itself caught in a loop from which it finds it extremely difficult to exit. This loop of thought turning around itself is the nature of egocentric activity and the primary dynamic of society as it exists at the present time. This self-centredness is the basic factor of fragmentation in relationship, whether in K circles or in the world at large, whether in the lowliest hut or the seats of power.

Life overflows the banks of this self-created containment dam and our maintenance efforts seem to add to the meaninglessness.

And yet there is beauty, there is the simple harmony of a day, the discovery of something new, the unfolding of the past beyond its habitual patterns, the blooming of affection, of tenderness and care, the sharing of bread and the sharing of meaning. I long for a peculiar quality of freedom, for the necessary leisure in this art of learning, for a way of being that is not exclusive of the simple things of life, for a creative something that is there without a reason.

And I know at the same time how destructive mankind can be, how ruthlessness follows pre-

judice and the search for power, how envy and even mere opinion can do so much harm. Mankind (*manunkind*, as e. e. cummings put it) is dangerous and we refuse to see it. And I have to earn a living, pay the bills, see to my necessities. What can one do to bring about a new culture free from this gathering shadow of egotism? Of late I feel the darkness practically everywhere, and I don't think it is merely the effect of the weather. There is so little love, so little intelligence. The simplest and most wholesome things are lost sight of and the more uncertain the times the more people pursue security, ignoring the causes of the crisis, ignoring themselves.

Javier Gomez Rodriguez, August 1996

■ Travel-Link

Last year, I wrote on the upcoming world travel and how it came about. As I said at that time, Friedrich Grohe has created a travel fund which, like this newsletter, is an expression of his interest in linking people who are interested in Krishnamurti's teachings. It was decided to use part of this fund as an experiment to see how contact with our K friends worldwide could be personally deepened, extending beyond letters and faxes. Although I wrote about what we were interested in exploring in our travels, what we would actually find was an unknown. So now a year has passed and many different things have come out of the traveling which have been or are being reported in issues of this newsletter.

One such thing is our growing reputation as something like a 'traveling study centre' that we seem to have acquired without ever having asked for it. Does this mean we have suddenly acquired a role as modern, jet-setting sanyasis? I hope not! But to different people the travel has meant different things. Some have criticized: K Tourists, Self-appointed Guardians of the Teach-

ings, Fault-Finders, World Teachers. Some pay compliments: Serious Seekers, Nice Guys, Really Living the Teachings.

While all of these comments need to be considered, for me the best contacts occur where none of these images exist and where I am not expected to play any particular role. Unpredictable insights occur whenever there is a genuine interest in interaction with others who are interested in 'self', not myself or yourself, just 'self'. And quite a few of these types of interactions have occurred, the value of which more than compensates for the pressures of constant travel.

Of course another compensation is the opportunity to experience so many natural and man-made wonders of the world, like Rishi Valley and the Grand Canyon. Many people who originate 'K places' tend to locate them close to beautiful nature spots and we consider ourselves fortunate to be able to spend time in these places. One of the highlights for me was my visit to Bryce Canyon with Friedrich, Hilikka, Quenby and Raman. On hiking down, I felt carried away by the simple beauty of the place.

Madanapalle: A Visit to K's Birthplace

By a fortunate coincidence of knowing the right person and being in the right place at the right time, I was invited to travel with a group of people from Rishi Valley to visit the house in Madanapalle where K was born. Our tour guide had the keys because this old house had recently been passed from the government to the Indian Foundation. The family who had been living there had now vacated the premises and the Foundation was considering what the future of the place would be. An historian, who was a prominent member of a society to preserve Indian heritage, was with us, perhaps to give his opinion on what could be done to restore the house.

With wide-eyed curiosity, the neighbors inspected us as one of our group fumbled with keys to the door of what seemed to be a small concrete building. On a dusty side street, the house lay sandwiched between many other concrete buildings. However, upon entering, the place was clearly not small. It was a solid structure, extending well ahead of us, empty room after empty room. Another building, separate but still part of the whole structure, could be seen at the very back beyond an outdoor, open area that lay between the buildings. In that open area, there were stairs that extended to the roof top above the also large, second floor.

There were many rooms to explore including the puja room in which K was once thought to have been born. All the rooms were bare and the ceilings low. The interior was dark, cobwebbed and enclosing. Not a thing of the past was there except the walls with their cracks and our awe-struck projections from the biographies we have read. A small banyan tree had started to grow in the open area and its trunk was beginning to grow into the wall. The historian repeatedly insisted that it had to be removed as quickly as possible or it would eventually destroy the wall and the foundation below.

Probably out of my own self-involved need for reassurance that I am on the right track with the teachings, it seemed marvellous that the extraordinary mind of K could have begun in this ordinary place, that the simple folk outside (and by extension, I also) share a genetic history with the genius of K. For this reason it seemed important that, if this birthplace is to be preserved, it remain an ordinary place and not slowly evolve into a museum or some other kind of place where people come to worship a special past. Was I, just by my curiosity in coming here, not contributing to that evolution? Is it not the hunger of the tourist that makes the museum?

For that un-self-conscious banyan tree, there was nothing special about this building where the great man was born. In its desire for life and light any building would have been adequate. However, in my desire for life in freedom, do I privately believe that pilgrimages to special places offer a short cut to enlightenment? As this unanswered question mingled with the impressions of the village and landscape seen from the bus on our way back to Rishi Valley, my mind began to produce more questions for itself. Are there sacred places that we can tap for inner nourishment, or is it that humans, by their attitudes, have the choice either to corrupt a thing or invest it with sacredness? Is it the place we want to preserve or our inward investment in the place, our hope in the existence of the sacred?

R.S.

Friedrich has said that he is becoming less interested in the strain of constant traveling and has asked Raman and me, on his behalf, to visit the many friends who have been inviting us to their countries.

Asking myself why I would be interested in this, I discovered that, for me, the deepening of camaraderie between people is essential to the foundation for a kind of relationship out of

which may spring, depending on one's attention, an understanding of what we think is ourselves and what we think is not ourselves. While understanding is individual, the framework for understanding is common and the greatest friend is the one with whom you can expose how you receive (or don't receive) his questions, doubts and observations. This is a relationship in which one's approach to the challenges that occur in being related, when seen, is more revealing than

the challenges themselves – a certain shift of focus, a passive widening of self-observation.

To the extent that this spirit can be brought into our interaction with people (primarily inside the K world because that is where most of our invitations come from), the travel acquires a special meaning.

Secondarily, the travel has an ambassadorial element in which the function of informing people about ‘who’s doing what and where they are doing it’ is seen as an important part of their personal link to the rest of the world. Only watchfulness will prevent the degeneration of this function from emissary to missionary, from carrying useful information to wallowing in the excitement of gossip.

This year Antonio Autor, on his sabbatical year from Brockwood Park, will join us as a welcome addition both as comrade and Spanish translator. Others will join at different places for particular seminars and gatherings. For your information, here is our itinerary and the hosts through whom we can be reached.

Nov 1st – 5th: **Argentina:**

Host: Bernardo Rodst
Tel: 54 806 8907

Nov 6th – 13th: **Brazil:**

Host: Rachel Fernandes
Tel: 55 32 355 1277

Nov 14th – 22nd: **Guyana:**

Host: Basdeo Rampersaud
Tel: 592 2 54686

Nov 23rd – 25th: **Trinidad:**

Host: Leonard Sawh
Tel: 1 809 662 7264

Nov 26th – Dec 2nd: **Colombia:**

Host: Carlos Calle
Tel: 271-5572

Dec 3rd – 16th: **Mexico:**

Host: Noel Tellez
Tel: 52 66 847 382

Dec 17th – 27th: **Malaysia:**

Host: Casey Tiew
Tel: 60 4 228 9252

Dec 28th – Jan 1st: **Indonesia:**

Host: M Dalidd
Tel: 62 21 751 1276

Jan 1st – 4th: **Bali:**

Host: Tunki Tjandra
Tel: 62 36 821 093

Jan 5th – 11th: **Sri Lanka:**

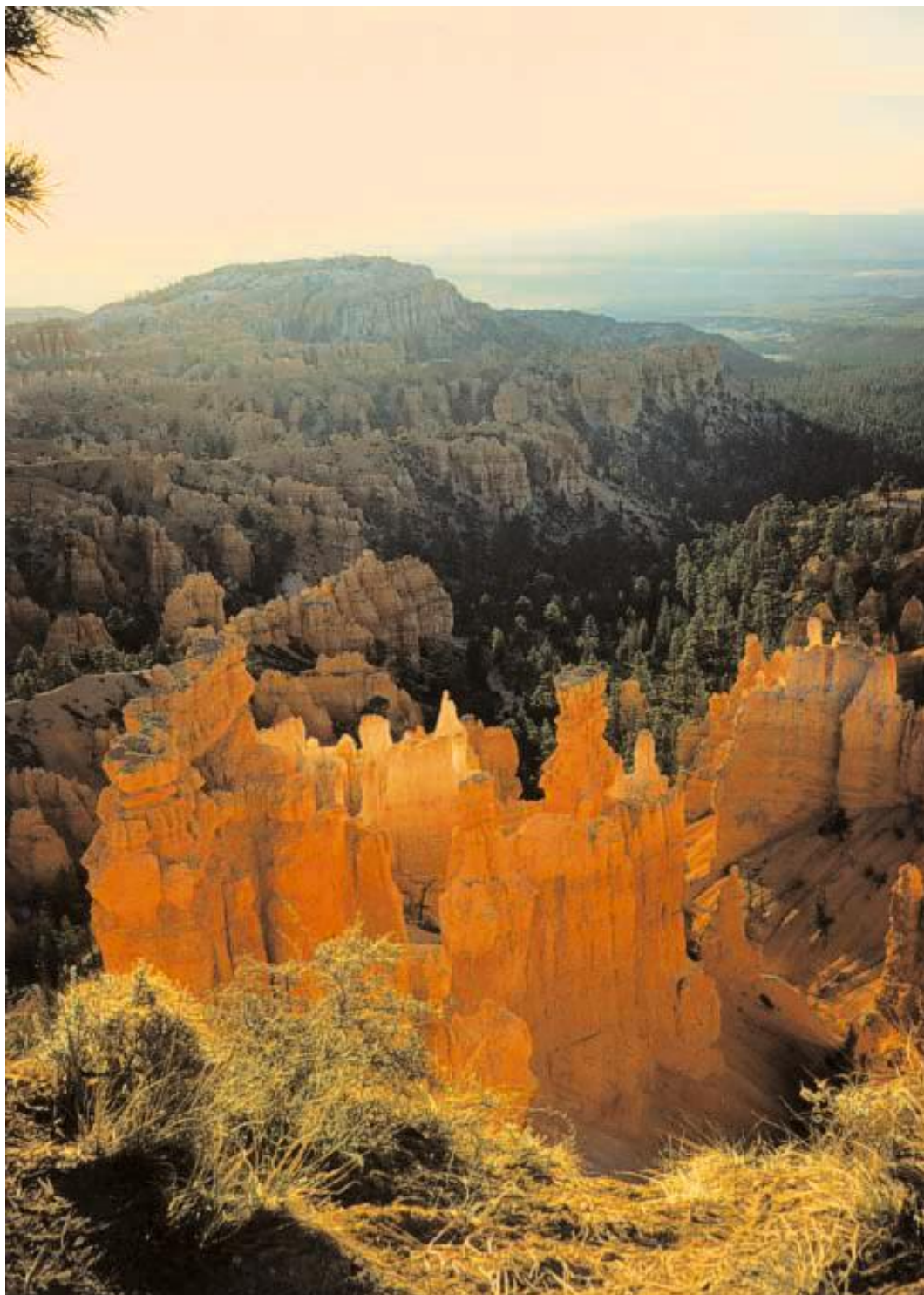
Host: M B Ratnayake
Tel: 94 85 27 54

From Jan 12th through Feb 15th we will be traveling throughout Southern India starting in Madras and making our way overland to Pune. Then we return to Hawaii where Friedrich will join us before we all head back via Ojai to Europe for the Saanen Gathering.

Rabindra Singh, September 1996

Bryce Canyon, Utah

Emphasizing one another, only two colors seemed to be there, the surrealistic orange of the rocks and the complementary blue of a cloudless sky. I was hiking down between ridges, yet felt as if I was rising up. Juxtaposed against that inward feeling, the rocks loomed in extraordinary shapes like frozen, priest-like watchmen of a deserted temple that had once been fashioned by the greatest of gods. For once there was no need for thought and, oddly, I did not object as I felt myself compelled into an unusual, internal quietness. All attempts at conjuring up imagination, however fantastic, paled meaningless against the reality that stretched out all around me. The mysterious mind which normally is much too clever to be subdued, had been momentarily quietened by the simplest of experiences. R.S.



Morning light on the orange-pink sandstone rocks provides a unique transparent effect, Bryce Canyon National Park, Utah, May 1996

International Committee Meetings at Brockwood Park

Members of twenty of the International Committees (of which there are some thirty, associated with the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust) gathered at Brockwood Park this past August for their bi-annual meetings. There is a proposal for these meetings to take place every year from now on, starting next summer in Saanen.

Bernd Hollstein has recently begun looking after the work of the German Committee and was interviewed by Claudia for this article. Manfred Schneider and Christa Winkler, and until recently Walter Bernotat, had previously looked after the work for many years. There are also a good number of other capable and dedicated people in the German Committee, many of whom met in September at Haus Sonne in the Black Forest, where this interview took place.

What is the work of a Committee?

I see it as a response to what is happening in the world. When I consider the terrible things that were perpetrated by Germany during the war, when I look at what is happening now in the former Yugoslavia or Northern Ireland, when I see atomic power plants still being built and we cannot get rid of the plutonium, I wonder *what is going on?* There is a tremendous urge to respond and do something.

At the age of nineteen I began looking into science, philosophy and religions, searching for the real meaning of life. When, about twelve years ago, I read Krishnamurti – the clearest, most penetrating insights I had ever come upon, a mirror without distortion in which one has a chance to see life and oneself completely – I felt that the teachings could be the key for real fundamental change. To make this potential ‘key’ available to others is for me the most important concern of a K Committee. In working for this I

feel we should not be too anxious about making mistakes, and we mustn’t follow concepts of how human beings and society should develop. In fact, in the end we haven’t any control over how the teachings are individually received nor over how they affect others.

The ways in which we can help to make the teachings available are, in practical terms, to a large degree dependent on our circumstances and specific abilities as Committee members. The central task is to provide the possibility of direct contact with the teachings, for example by translating, publishing and distributing books and tapes and by organising video showings. In western Europe and other places, people’s worldviews have been shaken by increasing pressures and insecurities, and many feel that change – even fundamental change – is necessary. Special events dealing with specific concerns and questions – for example seminars in the fields of education and management, or dialogue groups – can offer opportunities for bringing people into contact with the teachings. Assisting Brockwood Park by helping to find interested students and staff, and donations, is crucial. And, of course, when the human and material resources are available, we can also start information centres and libraries, or even study centres and schools.

What is the value of the Committees meeting?

An exchange takes place. There are formal meetings, for example regarding publications – new books, translations, copyright questions, whether the Bulletin should be changed, and so on – and there are informal meetings, which I find even more valuable. We learn from each other. If one Committee can see how to avoid a mistake made by another, or can see a new possibility via another, it’s worthwhile. This

works best, of course, when 'I have done this' or 'we have done that' is missing. Such a personal element usually blocks working together and brings conflict.

What took place during the meetings in August?

One thing struck me more than anything else, but of course there were forty other people present who could highlight other things. For me, it was the Directors of the School at Brockwood Park speaking about the needs of the school – especially the need to find more students and also staff, in particular teachers, and the need for donations to cover scholarships and maintenance work. I was touched by their honesty and sincerity, and felt that they trusted the members of the Committees as friends and well-wishers who could help them with very demanding responsibilities. With such a relationship I feel we can move together to do what is necessary for the school. It is a beautiful place, founded by Krishnamurti, and it should flourish, not only for those who are there but also because it is an important resource for the world.

As I mentioned briefly before, there were also many other meetings (well organised by Ingrid Porter and others), audiotapes of Krishnamurti with the Committee members and trustees who were around at the time, and much informal contact, which helped to deepen old friendships and bring about new ones. It seems, too, as though the Russian and Ukrainian Committees are working well together again, for example producing books together despite all the problems in their countries. However, after several days of meetings I felt the need to be quiet, and spent most of the final day in the Grove and on a long walk in the wonderful countryside!

What will the German Committee do in the coming year?

The Committee has always had a good translation programme, and for some time now

has been helping the Krishnamurti Association, and its study centre, in Russia. We have yet to discuss in real depth our plans for the coming year, but for me the priority will be the school at Brockwood Park.

I do not know Brockwood well but I feel that at least potentially it is a remarkable school where young people can grow, healthily and happily, without arbitrary authority, competition, comparison or fear, and where the beauty and difficulties of living can be explored honestly and sensitively. Prospective staff and students used to be attracted to the school through Krishnamurti's talks in Europe and all over the world. Advertising the school was never really necessary. Ten years after his death, however, we will have to develop new ways of making the school more widely known, take new steps to find people who are dedicated to teaching or other work, or who will interest their children in the school, or who will donate, or visit, or help in innumerable other ways. This needn't mean advertising; rather, somehow setting up 'road signs' for those who find meaning in the teachings and might wish to discuss them with others, or who would help with endeavours such as Brockwood if only they knew about them.

At present there are 850 people on the mailing list of the German Committee. In contrast, more than 120,000 copies of the book *Freedom from the Known* have been sold in this country over the past twenty years, and there are significant, though much smaller, numbers for the thirty to forty other Krishnamurti books which have so far been translated into German. In other countries and Committees there are similar figures. Surely there are people out there who would like to join with others in this work but who simply don't yet know of the possibilities. People coming together who have an interest in the teachings is essential for a flourishing of the work of the Foundation, the School and the Committees.

Bernd Hollstein, September 1996

Saanen Gathering 1996

Thoughts from Saanen

Once again many friends came to Saanen for the annual Krishnamurti Gathering. It was a busy time for all of us. One day at lunch, Friedrich, who continues to sponsor a number of projects, asked: "Am I throwing my money out of the window?" (see page 6 for the context in which this comment was originally made). I began thinking about this regarding the current Saanen Gathering.

What makes a gathering worthwhile? A gathering is a contrived event, manufactured by the thoughts of people in an attempt to do something worthwhile. If the purpose of the gathering is not more than to bring people together who have a stated interest in the teachings of K, then the purpose is functional and easy to fulfil. But then is it safe to assume that this interest will naturally encourage meaningful (serious) discussion? Listen to a group dialogue and it becomes clear that each person's 'interest' is coming from a personally conditioned perspective, so it is unlikely that very much is commonly understood. The tribulation of deliberately putting aside one's individual opinions is made very clear by the attempt to do so.

Yet, there is a hidden value. Would everyone agree with K's perspective as expressed in this excerpt?

... In other words, discussions, if they are to be worthwhile at all, should act as a mirror in which each one is discovering, through the tribulation of thought, what he is, how he is thinking-feeling. If such groups can naturally come into being, I feel it will be an excellent thing and they can become the means of spreading the teachings. After all, one cannot merely spread these ideas through literature but really through one's own life. (Krishna-

murti, from a letter to friends, Ojai, May 1945; R.S.'s emphasis)

If the purpose of the gathering is to stimulate inner revolution in people, then the gathering is a crutch, a stimulant on the assumption that there is not sufficient challenge in daily life to naturally bring about this dedication. K is very clearly not suggesting this but instead that a gathering would be most valuable to those in whom the inner revolution already exists.

... It seems to me to make such a group really worthwhile, there should be an inner revolution which demands a complete dedication and not a mere verbal assertion of belief and non-belief. If there are such people, then they will naturally come together to form a group or to do different kinds of work.

(Krishnamurti, from a letter to friends, Ojai, August 1947; R.S.'s emphasis)

I feel that while a gathering inevitably brings people together, seriousness is brought by the individuals who attend (no pun intended) and there is nothing any one person can do to make another serious. I know that for me the most significant aspect of these gatherings is the lasting friendships I develop each year. This friendliness remains the most appropriate foundation for deep, interactive discussions which I always find extend beyond the publicized meetings. I continue to be amazed at the vast number of perspectives on the book of oneself that friends share over lunch, on a hike, or while traveling on the train to the next town.

So, for me, my primary interest in these gatherings is to meet and become friendly with others who have, inside them, a private seriousness that is never dependent on a gathering or anything else. Notwithstanding that, however, in organizing these gatherings, I think it is important to exercise watchfulness so that whatever

is organized as its format (schedule of events) does not encourage:

- the imposition of unquestionable knowledge (truisms) by speakers speaking to a captive audience;
- economic, spiritual or psychological rewards like money, guruhood or fame;
- the presence of those whose stated interest is no more than a verbal statement, as too many of these will inevitably create an inappropriate atmosphere;
- distracting activities which inhibit the discovery of one's own responses and attitudes such as discussions of issues that are topical (popular, remembered) rather than actual (living, present);
- activities which support either authoritative, spiritual experts or self-disclaiming, spiritual non-experts;
- inequalities caused by overt honoring of the presence of accredited persons like presidents, trustees, scholars and authors.

When organizing a gathering some of these things may be unavoidable but, by being encouraged to question them if we think they are occurring, we can set a challenging atmosphere, one that indicates active engagement in the kind of inner revolution indicated by Krishnamurti.

Rabindra Singh, August 1996

Further Comments about Saanen

The following are excerpts of letters written to Friedrich which comment on this year's Saanen Gathering. The first extract was written by Javier Gomez Rodriguez who, with Frode Steen, was a key speaker of the second week at Saanen. Siddbarta Menon, a teacher at Rishi Valley for many years, visited Brockwood Park, Saanen and Haus Sonne this summer before joining the Bhagirathi Valley School in Uttar Kasbi in the Himalayas. S. Gopalan and his wife, Shobana, taught at several K schools in

India and now live at the Valley School in Bangalore. Zette Spyker is a ninety-year-old friend from Holland who had not visited Saanen for some time.

... The complaints regarding format and the like that came up in Saanen don't seem to me to be very serious. I was reminded of Aesop's fable of the farmer and his son going off to town with their donkey. There is room for such concerns and Gisele even created a forum where they could be vented. I think it is up to all of us to make these gatherings a significant event. In the end it comes down to how authentic our own inquiry and learning are. People can go on admiring the beauty and truth of the teachings, but without testing in relationship they remain a matter for individual enjoyment and more an exercise in hope than an actuality. The teachings' sense of wholeness tends to become a private pleasure bound to a personal conviction unless the immediate challenge of relationship is taken on. The beauty of the teachings may be that they do not exist in and for themselves but as aids to perception and understanding. And that is the potential they hold for us as well ...

Javier Gomez Rodriguez

... Somehow in the course of these two months at Brockwood, Saanen and Haus Sonne, things have become far clearer and less problematic than they had seemed. I am not sure why this is so, but perhaps several factors are involved. I think being in contact with so many people vitally interested in education, without myself having the immediate responsibilities of a teacher, was one. Thus I could observe and get involved in the happenings at Brockwood, and share especially the concerns of the staff, without feeling under any pressure. I was struck by the similarity of issues confronting students and staff at such culturally diverse places as Rishi Valley and Brockwood. And in all three places – Brockwood, Saanen and Haus Sonne – one felt one was constantly in contact

with the broader philosophical and environmental contexts within which one was looking at education and at one's life.

At Saanen I found it difficult to get actively involved in the large group discussions, but the opportunity that the Gathering provided for interacting in a range of contexts with people from a wide range of backgrounds, was very valuable. I met a number of people whom it was interesting to be with, and feel that my involvement with what I am doing here has been rejuvenated by these encounters.

I think also that the opportunities I have had in these two months to live in extraordinarily beautiful surroundings, to hike so often in the mountains, to learn, especially from Christian, so much about nature's fragility and resilience and about the various ways in which man can relate with his environment, have been of great value. So has been the opportunity to learn at close quarters something about the work that you and your friends are engaged in. I think my appreciation of the 'teachings' and of the need to preserve them and make them available, has grown ...

Siddharta Menon

... We got back here last week after a very instructive and eye-opening period of observation indeed. Apart from this being our first real break in twenty years, we really felt that it was a retreat. Having stepped out of our daily routine here, we had abundant leisure, the environment and the company of serious-minded people which allowed many questions that have been with us all along to be in the forefront of our observation for five weeks with a lot of intensity and energy. Travelling in the organized and efficient countries of Europe brought us back to so many things that we lack here in India but, more important, also made us realize that we are fortunate enough to have so much here in our daily living that people are craving for in the developed societies of the West. Simplicity takes on a far deeper and more important role than we grant it ...

S. Gopalan

... I left Switzerland with my heart full of gratitude for having participated in the Saanen Gatherings. The climate of the meetings has changed, more open, more intense. I hope that Gisele will continue to pursue this work...

Zette Spyker

August Visit to Haus Sonne

After this year's Saanen Gathering, twenty-five of the participants (friends and colleagues from five continents) travelled by coach from the Swiss Alps to the Black Forest under the amicable guidance of Christian Leppert. It was a beautiful three-day journey, full of detours and hikes. One hike in the Alps went from Riederalp (at 2000 m) to the most extensive glacier in Switzerland, the Aletsch, where we went *under* the glacier into a startling cave of sapphire ice. Throughout the trip Christian offered facts and figures and recounted stories to give an overview of the area and the impact on it of modern culture, especially tourism. These details became the catalyst for

some lively discussions at our destination, Haus Sonne, the guest-house in the Black Forest run by Christian and Eva.

We spent a week at Haus Sonne, walking quietly in the marvellous wooded hills and meeting not so quietly over meals, tea and in the evenings. How could we justify coming from so many countries to join the other 110 million visitors to the Alps this year? What were we doing about the environmental crisis?

Christian is passionate about nature and fascinated by culture. He moves easily at Haus Sonne between working as a publishing-house consultant using the latest computers, and

chopping wood for the wood-burning stove. He used to lead expeditions all over the world – and so has an extensive collection of vivid slides for introducing seminars – but he has more or less given up travelling now. He works from home, where solar panels produce a great deal of the electricity, and when he does have to work at head office he walks – 3 hours there and back – as he’s given up his car. He is not an extremist, however. Though he and Eva are careful about the energy they use, and though their standard of what is necessary is no doubt stricter than for many people in the West, their lives are still very comfortable. So what were *we* doing?

During our discussions, two themes in particular emerged, as I saw it, though there were

no doubt many variations on them. One theme could be called ‘ecological’, the view that sharply reducing our use of the world’s resources has absolutely to be our daily priority. ... So, no more trips like this one! (In fact we all took great care at Haus Sonne not to waste things – water, electricity, paper and the like – and went away intent on taking much more care. Our friends from India also gathered information about installing solar panels at a further two Krishnamurti schools.) The other theme could be called ‘psychological’, the view that our absolute priority has to be a demanding ‘inner’ enquiry that leads to the ending of the processes of thought which bring about in the first place the disorder and destruction we all live in.



Morning rest above Aletsch Glacier in Switzerland on the trip to Haus Sonne, August 1996

Neither view needs to be exclusive of the other, and they could work extremely well together. Yet occasionally there did seem to be a tension between them, perhaps a fear that there might not be room in each for the other.

In the end, we left Haus Sonne with many questions which I suppose we are all still

considering. And for those of us who heard it, this reflection too probably still resonates, uttered as it was by someone looking out a window towards the horizon: *Do we realise what the perspective of human beings is? We keep forgetting that the universe can take care of itself.*

Claudia Herr, September 1996

Retreat Places

Across the world there are quiet places where people can stay for a time to study the teachings of Krishnamurti and make contact with others who are doing the same. In this section some of the study centres and retreats which we have encountered will be listed. While they are unified through a common interest, these places are diverse in their expression and, as such, each will have a different appeal. Names, addresses and phone numbers are included. Feel free to contact them directly if any are of interest to you.

Friendship House

– A Krishnamurti Retreat in Hawaii –

Friends visiting Hawaii who are interested in quiet study of the teachings of Krishnamurti are invited to spend the first week of each month at our half-acre nature retreat on the Big Island of Hawaii. Cost is by donation (this first week only) and flexible/nominal if you pre-arrange to stay for a longer period. We offer very rustic, simple, cabin or dormitory-style accommodation in a semi-rural, sub-tropical paradise nestled in a permaculture garden. Accommodation in exchange for work is sometimes possible for students. The three permanent residents and neighborhood friends who often visit respond seriously to what has been exposed by Krishnamurti. We welcome interaction with others interested in the same. For people new to or less interested in studying Krishnamurti's teachings but who wish to visit this beautiful island of Hawaii, simple accommodation is available each month (not during the first week) at US\$30 per night, vegetarian breakfast and dinner included.

For more information, contact John at 1-808-929-8608 or write to: Friendship House, PO Box 659, Naalehu, HI 96772, USA.

Zastavaa Study Center and Retreat

– Krasnaja Poljana, Russia –

Location: In the Caucasus Mountains, about 30 km from Sochi, a famous seaside resort on the edge of the Black Sea. Surrounded by beautiful, unpopulated nature – deep forests with chestnut, walnut and boxwood trees, breathtaking mountains up to 5000 m, wild rivers and waterfalls.

Facilities: Study-Room with books, video and audio cassettes of Krishnamurti in Russian and English. Yoga-Room, Gymnastics Hall and Banja (Russian sauna). The kitchen is vegetarian with eggs and vegetables from our own garden and dairy products from shepherds in the mountains.

Activities: Walks, hikes, nature-tours, yoga and gymnastics with optional health instruction. Krishnamurti studies, talks and silence. For long-term visitors, participation in the activities of the center is possible.

How to get here: Weekly direct flights from Frankfurt or Turkey to Sochi, where you will be met by one of our staff.

For more information, contact Krishnamurti Association of Russia, PO Box Head Post Office, 34500 Sochi, Russia. Telephone: [7] (86 22) 92 83 71. Or Bernd Hollstein, Zwerenberg 34, D-71540 Sulzbach, Germany. Telephone: [49] (71 93) 91 10 72.

Kuranda Retreat

– Springbrook, Australia –

Located on 120 acres of temperate-subtropical forest, we offer the use of our privately owned library of Krishnamurti books, tapes and videos and the CD-ROM. Single-room accommodation is available at reasonable rates on an adjacent property owned by the Theosophical Society, who run an education and retreat centre there. We hold regular meetings for discussion and video viewing and the surrounding countryside is well worth exploring with its glorious areas of forest, streams and waterfalls. We also have a large reference library on a wide range of topics concerned with holistic living.

For information, contact Geoff or Shirley Miller, 'Kuranda', 2115 Springbrook Road, Springbrook, Q4123, Australia. Telephone: [61] (75) 335 178.

Other Retreats and Centres

Penang Retreat, Malaysia. Contact: KC Tiew, 31-10-3 Sri York, Condo Halaman York, Penang, W. Malaysia, 10450. Telephone/Fax: [60] (4) 228 9252.

Peaceful Bushland Retreat, North Arm Cove, NSW, Australia. Reservations essential. Contact: Rome Warren. Telephone: [61] (49) 973 102.

Haus Sonne: A vegetarian, whole-food guest-house with seminar room and library (including K books in English and German), at a quiet, high altitude in the southern Black Forest; no smoking, no alcohol. Contact Christian Leppert or Eva Wollweber, D-79677 Aitern-Multen, Germany. Telephone: [49] (7673) 7492. Fax: [49] (7673) 7507.

Announcements

■ Schedule of Dialogues and Events

University of Guadalajara, Mexico

December 4 – 8, 1996 *Fourth International Conference on the New Paradigms of Science – You Are the World*. Sponsored and organised by the International Foundation for New Human Paradigms.

Krishnamurti Foundation of America (PO Box 1560, Ojai, California 93024, USA)

February 14 – 17, 1997 Dialogue: *A Different Way of Living*

April 28 – May 2, 1997 International Trustees Meetings

May 3 – 4, 1997 International Gathering

Study Trip to India

A January 1997 study trip to India and the Krishnamurti Centres in Rajghat/Varanasi, Madras, Bangalore and Rishi Valley is being organised by Mrs Benedicte Duval. The maximum number of participants is ten. The cost is French Francs 11,500 (approx. US\$2,400). The closing date for reservations is November 30, 1996.

For further information and reservations, please contact: Benedicte Duval, 5 rue Claude Martin, F-73000 Chambéry, France. Telephone: +33-16-79 85 83 85.

Small Gathering in the French Pyrenees, May 1997

The organisers have found a beautiful and spacious house overlooking the mountains. It is ideal for a group of around ten people to find simple accommodation and the space for dialogues and just being together.

For further information and reservations, please contact: Jackie McInley and Astrid Ihle, rue de la Fontaine, F-31260 Marsoulas, France. Telephone: +33-61-97 24 25.

Saanen Gathering in Switzerland, 1997

July 13 – August 3, 1997 Next year's gathering will again offer a one-week *Programme for Young People* and a one-week *Programme for Parents and Children*, both of which will run parallel to the main programme of three weeks. Inexpensive accommodation for around fifty people will be available at Chalet Le Rosey.

For further information and reservations, please contact:

Gisele Balleys, 7A chemin Floraire, CH 1225 Geneve-Chene Bourg, Switzerland.

■ Newly Published Books

Krishnamurti and the Rajagopals is a personal reply by Mary Lutyens to *Lives in the Shadow with J. Krishnamurti* (London 1991) by Radha Rajagopal Sloss. In 129 pages, Mary Lutyens, Krishnamurti's biographer when he was living, counters the many mis-statements of fact, and sheds light on Radha Sloss' misleading inferences as well as answering the accusations she made about Krishnamurti.

This book may be ordered from Krishnamurti Foundation of America, PO Box 1560, Ojai, California 93024, USA.

Total Freedom – The Essential Krishnamurti has just been released by Harper Collins Publishers. Attractively presented in a large well-bound paperback edition, this is an extensive collection of Krishnamurti's work ranging from talks in 1933 to unpublished talks from the 1970s and 1980s. In addition to some of these earlier and later public talks, it contains passages chosen from such noteworthy books as *Commentaries on Living*, *Krishnamurti's Journal* and *Krishnamurti to Himself*. One part goes into significant questions asked at public meetings in Paris, Bombay, Benares, and those raised with students at Brockwood and at meetings with the trustees of the Foundations. Each of the parts is introduced with editors' comments on the content, relating it briefly to biographical information about Krishnamurti.

This book may be ordered from Krishnamurti Foundation Trust, Brockwood Park, Bramdean, Hampshire SO24 0LQ, England, for £ 14.99 including postage and packaging.

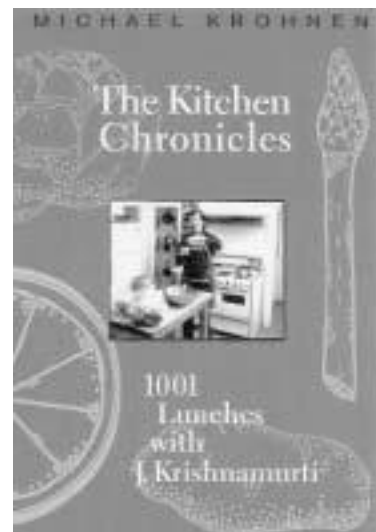
A Book Review

The Kitchen Chronicles, 1001 Lunches with J. Krishnamurti

"Truth is a pathless land," said Krishnamurti in his famous speech of 1929. But, though pathless, there are seemingly endless ways to approach both the teachings and the man. A case in point, of a refreshing kind, is Michael Krohnen's *The Kitchen Chronicles, 1001 Lunches with J. Krishnamurti*, published by Edwin House, Ojai, California.

As the title implies, the author's approach is anecdotal. By page 11 he has made the "fateful" connection and from then on, apart from a brief respite in Japan, his entire existence revolves around K. It is possible he holds the world record for the number and variety of places he has heard K speak. From India to Saanen, to Brockwood, to Santa Monica – these are all stepping-stones along the way which brings him to Ojai, where the action takes place. It is in Ojai that Michael, with the gracious help of the Hookers, becomes Chef de cuisine at Arya Vihara, which K first came to in 1922 and which was the focus of so much of the drama in his life. The book ends with his death there in 1986.

What we are treated to in *The Kitchen Chronicles* is a feast (chapters 5 through 22 are preceded by menus), where good food is a metaphor for the good things of life: community, friendship, the basis of enquiry. As chef-provider, Michael's role



was crucial and, of course, it made him privy to all the comings-and-goings of what seemed to him like “a sovereign’s court” wherein “the uncontested focus of attention ... was Krishnamurti ... with whom practically everyone was in love.” Obviously, Michael was in love with him, too, but the book draws much of its strength from the fact that he manages to sustain a dual perspective: that of the committed participant (insider) and that of the detached observer (outsider). In this way he brings a new dimension to the difficult task of writing about K. There is nothing “official”, or officious, about Michael, and thus he allows himself the space of not-knowing – to bring forth his subject. What emerges is a human being of startling originality, utter vulnerability and inconceivable greatness. Not that it was easy to live with such a person; everyone who knew him knows better than that! What made it extraordinary, and what this book makes plain, is that the plain, four-square world we inhabit is only a fragment of that larger totality, which Krishnamurti manifested in full. Whether speaking on the platform, in dialogue with David Bohm, or showing up next to Michael for a piece of halva, there’s no doubt we are present at a mystery. This *The Kitchen Chronicles* brings out more clearly than any other book I have read.

Michael is something of a mystic himself, as his early exploration of religions attests, and he avoids the trap (which many did not) of taking K too literally. The truth, as he well knows, is never literal, and that is perhaps why, as a seasoning to his narrative, he includes so many well-told jokes. In this, too, K was a master, with the precision and timing of the true raconteur. “Laughter is part of seriousness,” he said, and in this lies a secret we often miss. With the ebullience of its spirit, the meticulousness of its art, and the sense of a loving relationship between the writer and “the man”, this book will send the reader forth on a journey of discovery both magical and real. *Stephen Smith, September 1996*

The book will be published at the end of November and may be ordered from: Edwin House Publishing, 1014-D Creekside Way, Ojai, California 93023, USA (price \$ 22.00 plus postage \$ 4.00 in the US). Or from: Office Friedrich Grohe, Chalet Solitude, CH-1838 Rougemont, Switzerland (price Swiss Francs 35.00 including postage within Europe, Swiss Francs 40.00 outside Europe).

■ Emeritus Trustee Appointment

I am very happy to report that in May of this year the Brockwood Park Trustees unanimously agreed to appoint Friedrich Grohe as Brockwood’s first – and at present its only – Emeritus Trustee.

All readers of this newsletter will know of Friedrich’s active, generous and world-wide participation in many aspects of the work connected with Krishnamurti’s teachings. We have made this new appointment both in recognition of Friedrich’s outstanding contribution to the work and in order to strengthen links and communication between us now and in the years ahead. We know that we have much to share, exchange and draw from each other’s experience.

It is probable that other retiring Trustees will become Emeritus Trustees at some time in the future – but at the moment Friedrich is our ‘trail-blazer’ in this new and extremely significant role.

Thank you, Friedrich, for so much help and comradeship.

Mary Cadogan, September 1996

From *Krishnamurti's Notebook*

17th

The earth was the colour of the sky; the hills, the green, ripening rice fields, the trees and the dry, sandy river-bed were the colour of the sky; every rock on the hills, the big boulders, were the clouds and they were the rocks. Heaven was the earth and the earth heaven; the setting sun had transformed everything. The sky was blazing fire, bursting in every streak of cloud, in every stone, in every blade of grass, in every grain of sand. The sky was ablaze with green, purple, violet, indigo, with the fury of flame. Over that hill it was a vast sweep of purple and gold; over the southern hills a burning delicate green and fading blues; to the east there was a counter sunset as splendid in cardinal red and burnt ochre, magenta and fading violet. The counter sunset was exploding in splendour as in the west; a few clouds had gathered themselves around the setting sun and they were pure, smokeless fire which would never die. The vastness of this fire and its intensity penetrated everything and entered the earth. The earth was the heavens and the heavens the earth. And everything was alive and bursting with colour and colour was god, not the god of man. The hills became transparent, every rock and boulder was without weight, floating in colour and the distant hills were blue, the blue of all the seas and the sky of every clime. The ripening rice fields were intense pink and green, a stretch of immediate attention. And the road that crossed the valley was purple and white, so alive that it was one of the rays that raced across the sky. You were of that light, burning, furious, exploding, without shadow, without root and word. And as the sun went further down, every colour became more violent, more intense and you were completely lost, past all recalling. It was an evening that had no memory.

Every thought and feeling must flower for them to live and die; flowering of everything in you, the ambition, the greed, the hate, the joy, the passion; in the flowering there is their death and freedom. It is only in freedom that anything can flourish, not in suppression, in control and discipline; these only pervert, corrupt. Flowering and freedom is goodness and all virtue. To allow envy to flower is not easy; it is condemned or cherished but never given freedom. It is only in freedom the fact of envy reveals its colour, its shape, its depth, its peculiarities; if suppressed it will not reveal itself fully and freely. When it has shown itself completely, there is an ending of it only to reveal another fact, emptiness, loneliness, fear, and as each fact is allowed to flower, in freedom, in its entirety, the conflict between the observer and the observed ceases; there is no longer the censor but only observation, only seeing. Freedom can only be in completion not in repetition, suppression, obedience to a pattern of thought. There is completion only in flowering and dying; there is no flowering if there is no ending. What has continuity is thought in time. The flowering of thought is the ending of thought; for only in death is there the new. The new cannot be if there is no freedom from the known. Thought, the old, cannot bring into being the new; it must die for the new to be. What flowers must come to an end.

Krishnamurti's Notebook, 17/11/61, pgs 188-89, Copyright KFT

Meeting K

For some time now I have been taking down notes whenever relevant things in connection with K come to mind. I was thinking about writing a new version of or an addition to *The Beauty of the Mountain*, the booklet of my memoirs about K. Another idea was to publish a book of photographs showing the places that K visited, as well as the trees, mountains, flowers, rivers, etc. that K described so poetically. This idea recently became more realistic with the suggestion from Evelyne Blau to create an exhibition of my photos, calling it *The Beauties of the K-World*. This would be the perfect title.

But when one of my friends and colleagues, Rabintra, suggested heading one section of the newsletter 'Meeting K', I thought this would be a better way of achieving my aim because it would be easier to also include other people's memories of K. This is now what we plan to do. We already have interesting contributions from Rene Pascal, Bill Quinn, Fritz Geiss, Geta Angheluto, Mme Popesco, Elizabeth Martin and others.

One of the things that amazed me about K was his natural joy in having physical contact with people, holding hands, hugging, just a little touch with its healing powers. For me, hugging was not a natural way of greeting somebody or bidding them farewell, it was more the French/Swiss way of kissing the cheeks. I never saw K kissing. He hugged. As I didn't know how to do this properly we sometimes got entangled. Once while in Rajghat I witnessed K meeting Michael Krohnen, who is now a close friend of mine. First K threw up his arms in surprise at seeing him there, and then he hugged Michael, who was twice as tall and three times larger than K. As can be seen on the photo taken by Rita Zampese (opposite), K and I were almost the same size, only his arms were longer. I remember my astonishment when

K showed me some breathing exercises while at Brockwood. He asked me to put my hands on his lower chest to feel the movement of his breathing. It felt as if his lungs would fill out all of his abdomen, so deep and free was his breathing.

The road in the picture is the same as that which was shown in the previous newsletter on page 7 – now lined with *Spatodia* trees full of orange-coloured blossom. And on this road, on our last walk together at Rishi Valley in December 1985, something happened. While I was looking with admiration at the lovely blue mountains east of Rishi Valley, K suddenly put his arm around my shoulder and said something like, 'my dear friend.' Radhika was with us and when she reminded me of the scene, I asked her to write it down, which she did:

As a party of us walked down the road, I could sense that he was straining every nerve to keep up with the small group of younger friends that walked with him that afternoon. But at one point when we had reached the cluster of rocks under what the RV children call Uday rock, his demeanor changed. There was an unexpected lull and I turned around to see the tension and effort go out of Krisbnaji; he was his still and contemplative self. A moment later he turned around and embraced Friedrich, calling him "my friend." Later that evening in his bedroom, saying goodnight to him, I said: "Something happened to you this evening, didn't it?" Wearing the hooded look that came over him when he was approaching mystery, he said, "Good for you to have noticed."

Mentioning K's 'hooded look' reminds me of another event, which took place while sitting in the crowded dining-room at Vasanta Vihar in Madras. K was sitting in front of me while I was



On the main valley road at Rishi Valley, December 1984; walking ahead of Krishnamurti and Friedrich are Mary Zimbalist (left) and Dorothy Simmons. The spatodias lining the road as shown in the previous newsletter on page 7 were then only stems, which can be seen on the left. Photo by Rita Zampese.

looking dreamily at the sandalwood buttons on his shirt, when suddenly he caught my eye. How can I describe the flame which came from him? It was like a volcano bursting. The whole person was on fire. It was just like his description of a sunset evening at Rishi Valley where at one point he says, 'You were of that light, burning, furious, exploding, without shadow, without root and word.' (from *Krishnamurti's Notebook*, 11/17/61; see excerpt on page 23 of this newsletter) I couldn't stand this force, so eventually looked down. None of the other guests seemed to have noticed.

The same thing happened once at a table in the west-wing kitchen at Brockwood Park in the presence of two other people. It was unlimited energy, an immense force which he emanated. Did he want to show us something? It seemed to express 'Wake up' or 'Come over.' It indeed had urgency. He used to tell us 'Move! Move!' and

sometimes, on our walks, he would push me on the shoulder, which seemed to indicate the same thing.

On one of my last walks with K, on the beach at Madras, we had just reached the house of Radha Burnier (the President of the Theosophical Society), when he suddenly took my arm firmly under his arm and we walked at high speed past the house, which seemed to suggest, 'Come on, Come on, Don't sleep, Don't be dead,' just as he used to say in his talks sometimes. This also reminds me of an incident at Brockwood Park. While on a walk we had briefly sat down to fix our shoes and when we got up I told him that my grandmother used to say at the end of a break, 'Debout les Morts!' ('Get up the dead!') This he enjoyed very much.

Friedrich Grobe, September 1996

Extracts from 'On the Essential' The Diary of Pascal Rugas

First Acquaintance with Krishnamurti at the Brussels Talks 1956

My first impression is circumspect, although I temper it with a strong reserve, perhaps even a mistrust towards my own person. This impression overwhelms me with such intensity that this first contact with Krishnamurti soon becomes almost unpleasant to me. Although I am aware of his desire not to influence us by the radiance of his presence but to help us reveal ourselves to ourselves, I am affected by his coldness of appearance, by the mask of his face where feelings scarcely surface.

With a build a little below the average, he is standing at the corner of a table; he speaks almost without hand movements. He seems averse to all rhetoric. Perhaps it is because I feel this mistrust so much that I myself hold back. His voice, however, is warm, engaging, often moving; his body, in spite of an immobility that could give the impression of contraction, is nonetheless of a fluidity and flexibility surprising for a man of more than sixty. Only his white hair betrays his age. I feel that beneath this surface calm runs a torrent of life of a rare intensity. There is sadness in his face, no doubt due to the fact that he is trying to communicate to people something which is almost incommunicable. Is that the deep drama of Krishnamurti's strange destiny? I had promised myself that I would ask him why he spoke to people, which I subsequently did during a small group discussion. I shall come back to this question later on.

During the talks certain gestures of Krishnamurti annoyed me, for instance, clasping the pocket of his trousers with his thumb, as if he were afraid that his hand would take on a life of its own, over and above what he thought good for it; or this same hand would stay glued to the cut of his trousers, as if he were intent that only his voice should bring us his message. Never once

during these talks did I see him smile, except for a little half-smile at the last meeting, which was a way of greeting his audience. We were in the presence of a painful tension, rather than a smiling serenity.

Between Krishnamurti and his audience there are no civilities, not even a greeting ... With a quick, quiet tread, but with no sign of recognition, Krishnamurti steps on to the podium, and before he speaks he casts a long look around the hall. There were more than a thousand people present. The Queen-Mother of Belgium was there, in a 'box' ... Krishnamurti engendered a

We were in the presence of a painful tension, rather than a smiling serenity.

great silence and, as at church, there was no question of applauding ... His look did not seek to flatter us; it was a look which discarded all the comfort we might be hoping to receive from him. I thought of these words of Christ: 'I have not come to bring you peace, but a sword.' Who said Krishnamurti was effeminate? I saw before me a warrior ... In his silence was all the fury of one who, again this evening, was going to take on the ignorance and indolence of humankind. His look had a burning, almost hostile, quality. He got up to speak; the silence intensified. And then he spoke. When the talk was over he left as he had come, with his quick step, signless, without looking back.

There is an extraordinary dignity about this man, a rare nobility in his demeanour and his face. One feels he is alone at a deep level; very often he gave me the sense of being a person living in a world I didn't know. Some people have claimed to see in this face a slight hint of scorn

for the earthbound reality which is our lot, but I see in it rather one of the masks behind which he keeps intact a little of his private life. In him Love, in its largest sense, seems to me to be held back to the extent that he does not stir up the deeper feeling of his fellow human beings. That would account for the impression of coldness which I felt in my first contact with him. The parasitic element in me was deprived of its prey ... However, already during his talks, I was telling myself with some surprise that later I would be grateful to him for refusing to arouse the facile, futile feeling we were expecting from him, for he was very well aware of the inner laziness contained in our desire to love him and be loved. It is in obedience to this illumined Love that, contrary to what numerous people with access to him have said, he is not the 'radiant' type ... He does not seek to influence by his radiance. The opening into self-knowledge must come from us.

Krishnamurti is the most selfless person it has ever been my privilege to meet; he is a pure 'jnani', and his thinking expresses such a degree of impersonality that the majority of intellectuals are repelled by it: they feel a real malaise in approaching it. I was one of them. I remember the depth of resistance I felt on reading Krishnamurti for the first time. I found that his thinking lacked structure, that, in spite of its obvious veracity, it was not comprehensible through the analytical procedures that we Westerners love so well. His vocabulary seemed too simplified, even simplistic. I was not to discover until later the profound value of this simplification. With Krishnamurti, thinking becomes so impersonal that it creates in us the necessity of using our own vocabulary; he does not want us to use his thinking, he only wants to point out to us that we have our own thinking faculty and that that alone authenticates us. The ultimate goal of Krishnamurti's books (if there can be a goal – we must be careful with words) is that we stop reading his books...

The malaise I felt on this first contact with Krishnamurti did not lead me to any conclusion;

all I did was observe the malaise through the critical eye of an experience whose only participant was myself.

At the last talk the face of Krishnamurti was almost the face of sorrow; I thought of a sombre Buddha of compassion, very well aware how few of us in his audiences are touched by the spirit of truth, and yet he speaks, he goes on speaking ... as if that were his only mission, a sort of ultimate sacrifice, before becoming *ONE* beyond all the contingencies the spoken word brings in its train. But can one speak of sacrifice? *HE IS THAT*. Did I not say above that Krishnamurti was the most selfless person I was privileged to meet? And this selflessness is such that no way of comfort can bring us close to it. Naturally I realize that my mistake was that I used my imagination all the time; I could not abandon myself to what was. One can only receive in the absence of self; now, my imagination was corrupting what I was encountering, it was erecting the sacrosanct barrier of the 'me' to block the incoming waves. I was wise enough to realize that I was playing a game, into which I did not enter ... for, in my heart of hearts, I knew that every imagining and every comparison could be nothing other than elements of separation; but between knowing and feeling there is an abyss, and, rather than throw myself courageously into the void, I preferred to cover it with my miserable analyses, all the while knowing that every analysis is, by its nature, incompatible with a state which defies all analysis ...

Report and Commentary on Discussions with Krishnamurti at Robert Linssen's in 1956

We had four discussions with Krishnamurti between 27 and 30 June, 1956. We met every morning from 10.00 a.m. to 12 noon. There were about thirty-five of us, and the spacious living-room of Robert Linssen's villa, into which light streamed through large bay-windows, provided ample room for all.

As he did in his Brussels talks, Krishnamurti came among us without a sign of greeting. Sitting down in an arm-chair, he asked us to move closer to him. He wanted to be able to see all of us. He remained silent for some minutes, shooting piercing glances at us, playing with his fingers and not at all giving the impression that here was a man who was focusing his energies. Then it was a great disappointment to me when, contrary to what Robert Linssen had told us

I was the only one who said
that I had come to find real human
communion.

(that the discussions would be held in French), Krishnamurti spoke in English. In my disappointment I told myself that it would be better if I took a train that afternoon ... So, Krishnamurti put a question to his audience in English, and, since no-one responded, he asked in very clear French with almost no accent if we had all understood the question he had just put. Whereupon I told him that I didn't know English and, because of this, had not understood the question. 'Oh! Poor fellow!' he exclaimed in French, casting a lively look at me, and, turning towards Mme Duchy, he asked her to translate his question, which was ... 'Why have you come here?' The majority answered that it was because they wanted to free themselves and, above all, free themselves of suffering. I was the only one who said that I had come to find real human communion. I must say that at this gathering, in this chosen group ... I felt scarcely the nuance of a desire for human communion; we were each of us, rather, hooked on our problems, without attempting to put the question as to whether one is not colluding in a world whose natural law seems to be greed ...

We know that we cannot live alone, that we are the outcome of relationship, that wanting at all cost to be individuals in the universe is a chimera

we pursue solely through the illusion of the ego. And yet, each time in the Brussels groups, which could be seen as outgrowths of the thinking of Krishnamurti, that I pronounced the word 'Ecommunity', I ran into fear. Some thought of communism, others of social problems incompatible with our enquiry. Certain people vented an absolute pessimism, but nobody thought that the mere fact that we were talking about it was already the communal aspect of the problem. Each one of us is more or less bound to material security in this world, which accords so badly with a spirit of Love and Justice. Once out of this security, however precarious it may be, is it not the great adventure, courting failure, throwing oneself into the lion's mouth ... to embark on an experience which could be nothing but a useless sacrifice? Already we are reckoning up our little bank account, like poor security maniacs who forget that they are on the rim of a crater. This century has already, on several occasions, given rise to terrible rumblings. We shall never be able to live in real community if we are a prey to time and separative self-interest. Time will destroy us inexorably, and all our self-interest to boot ... We have to look at the problem of relationship very directly, without bias, and become aware of all the factors of conditioning which spoil right relationship. Through this insight our activity will be purified of itself, without the least act of will on our part, for we shall only be losing what was deceiving us. In this way we shall be opening the door for the Real to manifest in all its fullness.

Idealism is often a form of thinking which one projects a long way ahead of one, in order not to have to deal with it sooner ... and thus to satisfy a secret mental laziness. Idealism is more useful to the 'status quo' of the ego, because it omits consideration of the present ego in favour of an ego-to-come in which it seeks comfort, with all the sugar sweet imaginings this brings with it. It is no exaggeration to say that idealism, however subtle its disguises, is almost always just a kind of bad faith. To express it, there are words! ... Words are cheap, and theirs is a cur-

rency which is always in inflation ... Will we ever understand, contrary to the usual prejudice, the huge force of inertia that words contain? If the word is not immediate and profoundly innocent, if it is not detached from its very intention, if it is not the Word ... a free movement expressing the inexpressible in the springing-forth of the thought which makes it manifest, then it is no more than the empty shell of a symbol one uses carelessly; it is no more than the witness of a wretched search for profit, which inevitably vitiates the close, living, creative texture contained within its verbalization. Very often we are satisfied with words ... and in this sense words make us rich with intentions and we get intoxicated with whims ... Thus it is that words form an opaque screen, in which our action petrifies and dies. We are quite ready to accept the word 'communion', for example, but we are careful ... we know only too well how much this word holds an explosive force of Love and that it constitutes a veritable danger for everything in us which looks to the soft option, the little comforts of life; we don't hesitate, then, we cut back the wings of this word, we crystallize it in rites, we make a habit of it, we even eat it all together ... We have soon domesticated this poor word 'communion'; we shall keep it on a lead (having put a collar round its neck) and, thus made worldly in the grand manner, we shall be able to make it accessible to everyone, as in the market-place, and everybody will be able to admire it, each one will feel a little less guilty, but only a little less, so that he can allow himself not to be too embarrassed by his guilt, which is still all-too-present. Thus, from parody to parody, the word will be voided of its content and will become a dead letter. Each one will give voice to the word 'communion' in the tenebrous region which he inhabits, without taking note that a desensitized word is a word already close to death.

In Brussels I made the discovery that we were all more or less candidates for this communion between people, a communion which would naturally imply a state of relationship in which

would be realized a universal, harmonious sense of community – but candidates only ... An insidious thought slips in and whispers to me that perhaps we shall always be only candidates ... but I shall not follow the suggestion of this thought – it is as vain to hypothesize about the future as it is to block the present with a thought.

I recognize today that I made an initial error in my community researches of a year ago, that of having had community *PROJECTS*. No project for a real community can exist, for such a community cannot be projected into the future; either it is, or it is not. In this sense, it wasn't there in Brussels, nor even here now in Tervueren, where the people making up the group belonged for the most part to the so-called middle class ... engineers, businessmen, men in trades, university professors, even the wife of a general ... All these people seemed quite content with their position in this world, and, if the 'psychological revolution' which Krishnamurti spoke about satisfied them, it was above all because, consciously or unconsciously, it reassured them by strengthening in them the desire to put far from them the other revolution, a revolution, naturally, which would do no more than shift the privileges around, for a revolution born of a greedy world, however good its intentions might be, can only be a revolution of greed ... There is, alas!, no dearth of examples.

Krishnamurti has an astonishing presence, always centred in the act of the moment. He

Very often we are satisfied with words, and in this sense words make us rich with intentions and we get intoxicated with whims ...

astounds us by the quickness of his thought and gestures, rare and unusual in a man. I never saw him play the sage, even allowing himself the luxury of 'seeming' to get impatient at our diffi-

culty in understanding. I quote him: 'Here there are people I have been seeing for thirty years, and they have not yet understood ...' In this connection, there was a question I wanted to put to him, and I put it to him point-blank, dissatisfied nonetheless with the verb 'convince' which I used in this question, for did Krishnamurti really want to convince us? There was a certain tone and weight to this verb which did not find a correspondence in Krishnamurti's thinking and behaviour. He did not answer directly, but here is his answer, which was translated for me. 'I assume that we have come here in a spirit of seriousness and that you, as well as I, are serious, otherwise we would not be here; for the moment, that is all that counts.' During the course of the discussion, when we were talking about the problem of *DEPENDENCE* (which was the key problem of the four discussions), Krishnamurti answered my question more directly. I had asked him if he was dependent on his audience, and Krishnamurti answered that he didn't think he was. Thus, since Krishnamurti had not identified himself with the will to convince an audience, being free of his audience, my question as to why he wanted to convince people fell away of itself. I told him that he had just answered the question which I had put at the beginning of the discussion and that I was satisfied. All the same, I should have formulated the question differently and said rather, 'Why do you talk to people?'

I was astonished by the extraordinary difference between the Krishnamurti of the Brussels talks and the Krishnamurti of the Tervueren discussions. Just as he was reserved on the podium, to the point of seeming cold and contracted, just so he came alive, very animatedly, with the thirty-five or so people in the discussions at Robert Linssen's. His hands and his extremely beautiful face express as much as do his words. His look, still almost sad, whose sharpness seems an arrow of intelligence, ferrets out problems down to their last recesses, and these recesses are, for him, our looks. We feel a presence which is intense, supple, fluid,

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

From the outset Krishnamurti suggested that we leave aside our preconceived ideas, that we not refer to any teaching, be it religious or philosophical, and above all not to Krishnamurti. Are

Is it not better to pursue nothing,
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US ...

we gramophones? No, we are a group of friends, met with the intention to help one another. The first question which arises is that of knowing what we want. The conversation takes a general turn, generalities dominate, all-purpose terms come up. Some are after liberation, others happiness or God; but all complain of the state of dependence in which they find themselves, which is preventing them from successfully pursuing their quest for truth. I ask myself the question: 'How can one pursue a state which we do not know?' Or, at least, if we know it intellectually, how can we feel it in its plenitude? Moreover, how does one resolve the paradox which consists in *PURSUIING* a state of liberation? Do we know, in this pursuit, if we're doing any more than expanding our egos, since we are far from knowing all the tricks of the ego? What guarantee do we have of the authenticity of this action? There is nothing to pursue. To pursue a realiza-

tion of personhood is to formulate a contradiction, it is to identify a desire with the certainly fraudulent idea of liberation we have made for ourselves. Is it not better to pursue nothing, to simply see what is going on inside us, as if we were not concerned, by separating our drives from our observations? Wouldn't it be right to stop our pursuit? These are the thoughts which prompted me to intervene for the third time during the first discussion. There is nothing to attain, I said, any new departure can only corrupt the object of the search. Hardly had I pronounced this sentence than Krishnamurti held out his hands towards me, telling me with his eyes, his voice, with all his body, with clear conviction, like the moving bow of a violin sketching out the principal theme of a sonata: '*CAREFUL ... YOU'RE GOING TOO QUICKLY ... YOU'RE GOING TOO QUICKLY ...*' These words were said in French, and he went on in English. But it doesn't matter much what came next, this single sentence in my own language was amply sufficient to bring crashing down the edifice my intellect had put together, not without some sense of pride, drawing satisfaction from a mere explanation. In this way we locate ourselves in the intellect, without taking into account our real state. We want to anticipate this state through our mind, in other words, we go '*TOO QUICKLY*,' and it is our greed to be that brings about this dislocation, a desire to fool ourselves about our real state, a wrong rapidity. In fact, here we stumble on our own inner laziness. We must be present at the instant of our insight, and, if we recognize our dependence, let's not seek to give it another face, let's look at the one that belongs to us. One should not leapfrog over suffering, for suffering is part of it. It is a knot that one should untie with patience. The only patience possible is the act of clarity towards ourselves, an act we should not confuse with the intellect, which itself is purely mental, whereas an act of clarity embraces the whole of our personhood. This '*YOU'RE GOING TOO QUICKLY*' became for me almost the leitmotiv of these discussions, and I can still hear it in other forms, echoing with the

same intensity of expression as Krishnamurti had given it; but it was still the same man who, on that day, told us with the same force: '*CAREFUL, YOU'RE GOING TOO FAR ...*' What a beautiful objection among the sirens of our doctrines, our theories and all the self-satisfactions, in which our desire to understand swims around. What's the use of an explanation, if all it is is an explanation? Yes, '*IT'S ONLY AN EXPLANATION*,' Krishnamurti was telling us, and what we had thought was an act of intelligence became a source of confusion for us. As soon as the symbolism of words took us beyond our reality, Krishnamurti would say, '*DON'T GO FURTHER, BE SATISFIED WITH KNOWING WHAT'S GOING ON IN YOU RIGHT NOW. WHAT IS GOING ON?*' With unremitting patience he did not allow us to try to go beyond our dependence via a ruse of the intellect. When we are constantly confronted with ourselves, and if there is truly presence of mind, there is also a constant awareness of our state of dependence. There is continuous suffering, a suffering often compensated for by the attainment of one or other of our desires; but it doesn't take us long to realize that, the more we experience satisfaction in the attainment of our desires, the more we feed the fire of our suffering. The first act of an insight into oneself implies necessarily a state of suffering. To see the thousand and one factors of conditioning, which make limited beings of us and bind us to suffering but now it is a suffering we see, a suffering we are looking in the eye.

'Don't go further, be satisfied with knowing what's going on in you right now.'

'*WHAT IS GOING ON?*' Krishnamurti said, over and over, indefatigably. I must say that all our answers to this question stemmed from our egos, we explained ourselves like creatures who, throughout their lives, had never known any-

thing but the walls of their prisons ... It was difficult to understand that the mere desire not to suffer is already the starting-point of suffering. One does not transcend one desire by another. One or two of us saw the problem statistically. One frees oneself from one thing, then another, then another ... A real Herculean labour!

Awareness is not our personal property, it is not an object one can grab hold of ...

To go beyond the state of dependence, our only tool was our own awareness, on condition, however, that this awareness be purified of all motive, for again it would identify itself with a desire and become no more than a mental act, that is, an act in isolation, willed and induced by our intellect. Awareness can shed light on our inner motives, but if it is driven to identify with them, then it is no longer awareness. Awareness is not our personal property, it is not an object one can grab hold of, on the contrary, the more we want to grab hold of it, the less it is subject to our will. There are no portions of awareness. *AWARENESS IS* ... Awareness cannot be conditioned by any object and does not change to suit any division. There is no gradual evolution in the act of liberating awareness, and that is why the important act par excellence is to see true. *'RIGHT SEEING,'* the Buddhists say. But then, whatever our insight might be, what is going on inside us? Krishnamurti was not afraid to repeat this question, and we had to recognize that we were before a door which didn't want to open, or, if we did attempt to open it, all we did was close another for ourselves. It was a deceptive game, with something that didn't want to die in us. Whenever we tried to go off at a tangent with the help of words appropriate to our desire, Krishnamurti brought us back to our point of departure, and if one of us found some very simple terms to express non-grandiloquently the

right resonance of his being, with its network of conditionings, Krishnamurti would throw his arms out, with the look of an adult who would like to prevent a child from falling down a hole, and exclaim: *'THAT'S IT, THAT'S IT. DON'T GO FURTHER, SEE THAT.'* No more room for hair-splitting, no more room for finding satisfaction in our chatter – it was an ablution of simplicity, which washed off all the superimpositions we had accumulated. It little mattered whether they were superimpositions of true or false culture of the mind, they were superimpositions to which we clung, because they affirmed us in our ego-hood, an ego of quality, God damn it! not a little proud of what it was ...

It was at this moment that I saw the possibility, for Krishnamurti, of being accessible to 'simple, uncultured people', I mean human beings who are truly simple, human beings we should not confuse with the evermore zombie-like nonentities which today's society lavishes on us with a disturbing generosity, a sure sign of a definite desensitizing process. This is not a form of simplicity, it is the mark of an inner degeneration!

Generally speaking, there were two categories of listeners among the participants in these discussions: those who 'understood', intellectually speaking (which one should not confuse with the act of clarity, in which is included the global feeling of an understanding), and those who resolutely did not understand. With the latter, also, we were often not on the question, which was a source of irritation for some of those who 'understood'.

I shall just quote, for example, the case of a middle-aged gentleman, whose intelligent observations revealed a clear intellectual understanding of what we were talking about but who, alas!, got on my nerves because of a continual mime-act, which I thought could only be detrimental to him. Each time one of the participants from the other category (those who did not understand) made a verbal contribution during the course of the discussion, this man looked over to Krishnamurti, as if to claim him as a witness, and

assumed an air of disillusioned commiseration, shaking his head slightly ... His silent look was worthy of the best mime! ... He seemed to be saying: 'You see, Krishnaji (a term of endearment used by the faithful), these poor people have not understood ... they are to be pitied ...' It was comical and irritating at the same time. This little game was repeated at every turn, and I was disturbed by the self-conceit it expressed.

During the course of these discussions everything took on the value of a teaching. Being put off by the pretentiousness of this man, I found that I was judging him and that, by judging him, I was (though, in my case, no mime-act made it show on my face) doing exactly what he was doing ... As for Krishnamurti, he kept an unflinching composure in response to the silent messages of this man, and one felt that he would never allow himself to give high value to the

In fact, we had been running on the spot, but what running on the spot!

statement of one person at the expense of another. I don't think we can make a friend of Krishnamurti after the pattern of affection which we usually attribute to friendship. Friendship necessitates a choice; Real Love is, above all, non-choice. Let us intelligently see that, and perhaps we shall understand that one cannot be a friend of Krishnamurti in the narrow sense we

give to it, but that we can link up with him at a place where our egos are transcended, at a place where choice no longer exists.

We broke up at the end of this first discussion, fairly stirred up. This way of doing things, this approach to the Real, was so different from those with which we were familiar that the majority of us felt a little at sea. Two or three people were even disappointed enough not to return the following day. We were so far from the classic exposition of an idea, and from the no less classic discussion of that idea, that it seemed somewhat as if we had been running on the spot. In fact, we had been running on the spot, but what running on the spot! ... We were all, more or less, focused on an imponderable malaise. Each one seemed to be preoccupied with himself, and it was observable that the conversations following this discussion were not particularly fruitful; something too intimate was working in us for us to be so imprudent as to speak of it too much. But doubtless we each have our own path to travel, and to put oneself in someone else's shoes in order to bring him round to our way of thinking leads us away from wisdom. We must steer clear of any attempt to make things personal, at our own level as well as that of our fellow human beings. The Real is never limited by the person. To incarnate that is extremely difficult.

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These diary extracts will continue in the next edition of The Link.

The First Step

Editor's Note

'The First Step' began with the previous issue of this newsletter. One aspect of 'The First Step' is that we choose articles which we hope will provide readers with challenges they find interesting enough to elicit written responses from them. By publishing these responses in subsequent issues, we can start an interactive encounter, a different kind of dialogue, one that is stretched out over time.

In group dialogue meetings, I sometimes find it difficult to participate effectively because of the sheer speed with which people contribute their thoughts and opinions. Word adepts, talented in the quick formulation of verbal expressions, consciously or unconsciously often dominate the conversation. Others who need more time to verbalize their impressions are left out. With 'The First Step' dialogue we are proposing here, months will pass between issues of *The Link*. This will not only give us time to mull over the questions raised, we can take time to suspend or consider our responses before submitting them in writing.

Although in group dialogues we may intellectually decide to 'agree to disagree', in actuality this is difficult to do face to face. It is often more important to maintain a superficial cordiality than to take the chance of seeing the truth of something. No one wants to lose a friend. With 'The First Step' dialogue, not only is the face to face element gone, but because the articles are anonymous, people have the opportunity to be honest. With our policy of anonymity, we can address what is being said without being influenced by our image of who is saying it. Anonymity also prevents contributions from people searching for the pleasures of fame or power.

The human need to be with others in society can express itself as dependence on a group – another potential influence on the overall dynamic of a face to face meeting. So with 'The First Step' dialogue, we are attempting a different approach to the self-revealing relationship we call dialogue. To sit at home and passively read what someone else thinks while actively observing your own responses throws a different light on finding out what a response is.

By no means is any of this intended to suggest that the written approach is better than face to face meetings. Such meetings offer their own important learning in the mirror of relationship and we do not recommend that these meetings be avoided. Avoidance of this sort itself indicates something significant.

But the danger exists that being together as a group can become more important as a kind of security than the awareness of the responses in oneself, which can bring insecurity. We begin to worship the mirror, applauding 'being related' as relationship instead of using relationship as the link, the bridge to the real revolution which, though it may have effect on others and the world, only occurs quietly, privately, alone, inside oneself.

■ A Private Memoir

How shall I begin? It happened one time that, as I was hiking between Saanen and Rougemont, I was overcome by an immeasurable sadness – not only for all the sorrow and the unending problems everywhere in the world, but also for the cost to me and the trouble I had taken over the years to understand Krishnamurti, obviously to all appearances without getting anywhere. I no longer wished, and it was no longer possible, to carry on in this way. Each and every movement, everything I undertook, was clearly just another evasion. I had evidently arrived at the end of a long journey. I couldn't do anything any more. This was a complete insight, and it was clear to the intellect that it had to surrender to an unknown process, over which it could have no control or influence. I could in fact no longer do anything but stop completely, a state not unlike total abandonment. Since I was alone and suddenly very much alone, I leaned against one of the fir-trees and gave myself up to the inner summons. The observer witnessed how, quite literally, every inner movement came to an end. Overpowered, my tension-laden body finally reacted with a primal sob. Yet along with this non-interference – at this juncture the sole right action – there took place (and I felt it directly) a re-organization in the core of the brain itself, which from then on set me up as a different

One had the impression that all that is must the very next moment fall back into chaos or the bottomless abyss, should there be a cessation of this giving-birth.

man. Without any security, one felt oneself suddenly the latest miracle of creation! Abandoned to the breath of being, a movement of creative renewal from moment to moment – a miracle. All of a sudden one had the impression that all

that is must the very next moment fall back into chaos or the bottomless abyss, should there be a cessation of this giving-birth. Life, indeed, all that is, each and every existence is extraordinariness itself – the grandiose dice-throw of an unknown creation, of an unknown creator – an incredibly complex tapestry of pulsating being, and yet borne along by what is most simple, born out of Nothing, or surrounded by it. The process of creation had all of a sudden become a happening in the present, in which one participated directly, miraculously! Each and every cell was wide awake, and the degree of inner aliveness surpassed any known measure. Taken over by the transcendent, I no longer felt any sense of separation from the Original Ground and its tender desire, from which all life has sprung forth. Despite this immense vitality, one felt at the same time as if one's own life, as well as the whole existing world, had come to inwardness and rest, making space for a feeling of holiness and reverence, and one looked involuntarily down at oneself, to see whether one were not shining or radiating, in keeping with the inner feeling ...

Everything was singularly living and fresh, giving expression to another dimension, and, at the same time, it was completely normal, indeed it was the essence of the normal and the sane. What one felt was pure religious feeling, and it lay in a region beyond the intellect, to which it was not accessible. Apparently, I was coming somewhat near to what human beings have always sought and sought for in secret and will continue to seek, so long as humanity exists. Even my heartbeat had slowed down – everything was wonderfully harmonized, and daringly simple and transparent. A new dimension was making itself manifest, of which one had no prior knowledge, although one had heard about it. I can only write down here in dead words on paper what actually took place and beg the reader's indulgence for my artless narrative (words, in any case, fall short of the mark). It occurs to me that in the Indian cosmology there is the concept of 'the opening of the third eye' –

was this it? Put briefly, it was an ecstasy of clarity, a plunging into the essence of things, into the plain-straightforwardness of truth in itself – and all of it the outcome of a little, but honest, genuine working with sorrow. And, along with this, came the clear feeling that life is not unlike a burning candle, whose fate it is to burn itself out.

Whatever my being struck by the lightning-bolt of truth may have had to do with my relationship with Krishnamurti, this transformation came as a total surprise, I hadn't planned it. Perhaps this awakening could happen because the 'soul' had become more and more finely attuned, yet without conjecture getting in the way. In any event, to carry on, when I became aware that this tender plant or condition – it was certainly not static – might thrive or endure, I got a little worried that this strange absorption in the *unio mystica* would not survive the stress of the long journey home (that is, gross worldliness). But that's not the way it was! In accordance with the immediate command of the hour, it was sometimes agitation that gained the upper hand, but the 'other' was remarkably robust, for, with a little relaxation, one slipped back promptly into one's Natural State of eloquent silence. This state was therefore no vision, lasting a mere five seconds or five minutes, but one which would not leave me for four or five weeks! The uncommon 'where there is no longer any conflict of the opposites' became the companion of my days. The scope of clear vision was recognized in this context as a real possibility, but was dismissed as unimportant, even immoral. And I don't think anybody at that time noticed what was going on with me, either at the workplace or among my nearest-and-dearest. My life, insofar as I am able to recall it, ran its course free of friction, as if oiled. During my leisure-time I found myself simply at the right place, such as, for instance, at a summer celebration in the country, with dancing outside, which I am so fond of; or in quite spontaneous conversations with strangers in the street about the profundities of life and the world. Yet the main thing about it was that the seemingly dead ego was no longer able to

narrow down the breadth of life, nor to distort it in any other way, but heart and mind, although defenceless, lay embedded in a holistic feeling!

Its being a mutation in the deepest depths – to come back again to the matter in hand – seems to be testified to by the fact that that singular sense of being surfaced at its strongest in quiet moments, when it also demanded the most attention and revealed its fathomless profundity. One felt one was living in the proximity of death, for it was not certain whether one heartbeat would follow another, and each newly arrived moment was greeted with rejoicing, though not looked forward to as indispensable. One was living, it seems to me, to the thousandth of a second exactly in the present moment. In consequence, an immense inner work was required of one, which went together with surrender and total attention, but which I am not able to describe in greater detail. The whole thing manifested itself to some extent as a physical phenomenon, one of 'total accord', surrounded by the miraculous, yet not necessarily supported by it! But let this too be said otherwise, in the language of the street: it was not as if I 'had a screw loose'... no way; rather, it was as if all screws, angle-irons and nails, which normally hold the I-thought together, had simply fallen away, and one was living from now on fully awakened, natural and free in the right way, where, paradoxically, total insecurity and absolute security, that is, emptiness and fullness, were one and the same.

In any event, as a consequence, it will be easier to understand what Yogananda, for instance, touched upon in his famous book, 'The Autobiography of a Yogi', when speaking of an Indian saint (I didn't like it at all at the time), that she was so far removed from all earthly things that she literally had to be fed by her disciples. And why? Simply because the work of concentration with the 'beyond' was consuming all her energy. And even today I cannot help but conceive it as an initiation into the beginnings of the mystery of life, indeed as the ground of all



Rübli appearing from the mist like a mirage; near Rougemont on an early morning hike, August 1996

things – which naturally goes beyond logic and normal understanding. The writer not only received a vital impression of mystical insight but he also got an idea of the herculean labour that Krishnamurti has been performing over the decades. What it means, not to revert to the power-seeking or routine-type activities of the mind, but to be single and free of the chains of the past, and one with the immensity of the moving present. Then again, what Buddha conveyed with his pertinent concept of ‘nirvana’, which in German signifies something like ‘the stifling of the wind’, by which he doubtless meant the dying down of the storm of thoughts, with the complete cessation of all thought and reflection. Put clearly, where thought only arises and swings into action when it is needed, but otherwise lies quietly ‘in the corner’. Perhaps, if we make a leap, it was that way also to the so-called ‘king-

dom of heaven’, which Jesus alluded to; in any case, by this means I could understand it a little.

I will gladly admit that this disclosure or experience of a rebirth, for which I am eternally grateful, was also the reason why I undertook this small written investigation in the first place. Moreover, I was interested in it myself, since, over the years, this revelatory experience has disappeared completely into the unconscious and has only made itself manifest from time to time in a vague sense of ‘now there was something’.

Although I was greatly helped by my loyal parents, so that after work I had no, or scarcely any, further obligations, I must confess that things went gradually downhill again and that so-called conventional life took over. I, the ‘hero’, managed somehow to let that visitation from the unknown leach out slowly but surely into mean-

inglessness – perhaps because of my inability to build those worlds verbally into daily life, or also, quite generally, because the pressure towards fanciful projection, on which the world and one's own brain are built, could no longer be diverted. In any case, almost immediately after it became clear to me that I had lost the most precious thing that life can give in terms of spiritual observation and meaningfulness, the nosy intellect

gave its assent with three cheers, saying how good it was to be snuggled up again in a mediocre, narrow, straight life, where this singular rigour, this 'inner exertion' never crops up ... The old (in which the inner workings are sustained in a purely routine way by the ego) triumphed again over the new. Out of this deplorable loss, and some ten years later, I am writing this report ...

■ A Student's Response to K

"Now Where Do I Begin?"

A Closet Thinker's Dilemma!

I found that to apprehend the ideas presented in the following article, a difficult study, demanded much patience. However, as I took the time and trouble to go through it, resisting my natural impulse to hurry through words in order to arrive at a comfortable mental summary, I discovered a rather lucid and unusual description of the process of thought as observed by one individual. It is a lot to digest and for some of us, it can be an exercise to chew our food slowly, but in the end I think it is worth the effort. I'd like to know what readers think. (Editor)

When I was at kindergarten, K came to Rishi Valley and said, 'Watch your thoughts'. He spoke of the terrible business people were making of their lives. That life was pretty awful was apparent to me. I had watched backyard wrangles, been subject to the fear of God, seen the fury of unseated authority, and my elders dissolve into tears over their dead. It was all really frightful. Krishnaji looked gentle, concerned and beautiful, so I resolved to listen to him. My pig-tails bristled behind my ears. From then on I pursued thought zealously like the law pursues a felon, comfortable in the notion that I was on the right track. How dare thought create such confusion, I thought.

K came each year and I listened, wondering why more people weren't like him. Somewhere along the way, the law began to dawdle and the chase was reversed: my thoughts began to pursue me. I blamed thought for this too and continued watching it, trying to justify my point of view. But K did not stop, he returned each year. He continued to question our assumptions with the same intensity and humour. Sitting on a mat on the concrete floor one squirmed, not from discomfort, but because K often questioned a conviction I'd grown accustomed to. This tug of war went on in my mind long after I'd left the schools. It wasn't till years later that the movement he had tried to trace out for us became clear. Thoughts were not at fault, I realised, it was awareness that was lacking, awareness of the limitations that gave 'meaning' to thought.

Thoughts need to be justified, otherwise they do not make any sense. So it is the nature of thought to seek out its context. 'Seeking' implies time, a movement within the context, from the part to the whole, in order to establish congruence. 'Justifying' indicates appealing to authority, the authority of the context. Whereas 'making sense' describes the movement as a creative process, and is therefore not devoid of the undertones of acquisitiveness or desire. Presumably one does not create unless one is motivated by the desire to achieve something, or the desire to be free of some pressure that requires us to create. Desire always seeks to



Southwest view from Sulzhütte to Rättschenflub, early morning, Switzerland, August 1996

possess, but often in ‘thinking’ it is not clearly evident ‘what’ it is that ‘seeks’ to possess and to seek ‘what,’ because neither exists in the actual present, there is only ‘thinking’. The context is the canvas upon which the thought lays claim, yet it is entirely dependent upon it to signify what it means. If a thought seems plausible, that means that the context, in the form of the knower, supports its plausibility. So the knower is inevitably attached to the thought. Thought is the knower in evolution. Phew! What a lot of words.

Becoming aware, while thinking, that the actual movement is not without a sense of leaving something behind and moving towards something ahead, clarifies the nature of attachment. ‘Attachment’ refers to the past, one cannot be attached to something that is not known, and ‘desire’ refers to the future, one desires

what one does not have as yet. If there is no attachment, there is no move to substantiate. If there is no desire, there is no move to acquire. Thinking is not independent of either attachment or desire. The moment there is thinking, there is attachment to the context that gave rise to the thought, and a counteractive pull to establish pertinence of the thought within the context.

This movement is thought in process. Thought in process is, therefore, a complex web of associations very dependent on attachment to substantiate and locate the connections from one concept to another. Attachments to concepts give rise to convictions. If this indebtedness to the past is not understood, one falls into the habit of taking thought for granted, getting caught in the web of attachments used to interpret everyday

reality. It is no wonder then that one feels so confined, so constrained and so caught in one's search for 'freedom'. (The fact that the self is only a bag of memories recollected in the act of thinking, and exists as a persona to facilitate reference, dawns on one only if the nature of thought is fully understood.)

The concept of self exists among thousands of the other concepts in memory

Becoming aware of the entire movement is to engage in observation of the fact that *self* as a separate entity to the thinker does not exist. The concept of self exists among thousands of the other concepts in memory, to facilitate thought, but to refer to the self as something concrete that is separate from the thinker is still, merely, to refer to a concept. Through observation it is possible to relinquish the attachment to the notion that self exists other than as thinker, just as it is now possible for us to come to terms with the fact that the world is actually a globe. That the actual does not require the concept to hold it together begins to be clear. There is a gradual decrease of reliance on context to signify the present.

As the force of the concept of self as separate from thinking diminishes, the fierce demand for the 'supreme' vanishes. The mind then settles down to face the fact that there is more to the 'actual' than the commentary that seeks to interpret it. One is then a part, an important part, of the whole scene that was once regarded as being 'out there'. There arises, suddenly, an absence of the sense of seeking reality. 'Seeking' becomes clear as a movement within context, limited by context and therefore incapable of encompassing reality, which refers always to the 'whole', the 'fact'.

Why, I asked myself, had it taken me so long to see this? I began to look at thought in retro-

spect, trying to trace the reality that till then had been theory. I understood the nature of thought only by watching it taking place in my head. As it evolved in my mind, certain 'constraining' facts became clear. That the movement was self-contained within the context; that the division between 'thinker' and 'thought' arose only because of a need to label two concepts; and the move to seek significance, or truth, or reality, arose out of maintaining this division as reality. The notion of reality is a powerful but complex concept. It holds the authority of the highest and leads one on. To pursue it, what must one be? ... fiction? To endorse 'reality', doesn't one have to be removed from it? Where does that leave me? Where can reality be?

It is only when the acquisitive impulse of thought is understood as part of its intrinsic nature that there is the insight that reality can never be acquired. To take hold requires time, and there is no time to take hold in the present. The active present does not wait obligingly for us to take hold of it: all we can lay claim to is the interpretation of what we experienced. Interpretations are merely a commentary. Interpretations of the present are a running commentary, but they are still not the event. How does one resolve the fact, though, that the actual includes the commentary? It is a fact, it is a part of the race, but it is not THE RACE.

Achieving reality is the fictitious self's dominant preoccupation.

Conflict arises when the commentator seeks to be the center of attention. If he understands his role as being a part of the process that is bringing the scene into being he will be resolved, and conduct his responsibility with ease, allowing the race to dictate the direction of the commentary. This requires the commentator to be constantly aware of the interdependence of the various elements that comprise the scene, and

also of the potential for incongruencies that can arise from the mere act of labeling these elements as separate. This awareness comes about only through observation. It is not something that can be passed on in the manner that knowledge is. Knowledge requires congruence which makes it acceptable; it can then be held and stored. Awareness requires the complete participation of the observer in the moment.

By watching the process of thought as it relates to day to day interactions, the observer learns to appreciate the fact that at any one point in time knowledge is limited. It is finite. The 'perceiver' is 'thought incorporated'! The perceiver is very concerned with seeking to perceive. He seeks unconsciously to fit perception within the context already established by him as reflecting truth. The context is then the authority that determines what is real, true, or plausible. In this way what is known limits what can be known.

Seeking inevitably appeals to authority, is subject to the pressures of authority, and is also attached to authority, since it is context that has given rise to the seeker. The notion of endorsement becomes very important within the context of the search. The authority is identified and personified as the highest concept that thought can conjure, which is God. God is the all-

knower. People call this by different names and then go to war, in order to squash an opposing point of view and therefore stabilize their reality as the pinnacle of life-experience. Achieving reality is the fictitious self's dominant preoccupation.

The search for endorsement is inherent in the search for truth; how else can one establish that the truth is true? By seeking to know God, however pious that may seem, we are seeking to know it all. The acquisitive element is still there under the robes of elevated virtue. Observing this entire movement enables the mind to grasp the fact that it does not have to seek. It can never be less than all that is known, or more. 'More' and 'less' are comparative terms that depend entirely upon the known to take their measure. The fact is ... the known. That is real, the other two terms are ideas.

I find that the mind loves to pursue ideas because of the thrill of discovery and because it does not make any sense to 'pursue' the reality that is already accessible. You cannot desire something if you have it, obviously ... unless you make believe that you haven't got it, which excites the acquisitive impulse ... and the chase goes on! What does it take to realise that we have undertaken an impossible task?

On Education

Editor's Note

'On Education' this time is centred around a lengthy interview of Nagabusharam at his small village school in Thettu, near the Rishi Valley School in India, conducted by Rabindra and others in January this year. We have concentrated on those parts of the interview which give factual accounts of the school itself – classes, ages, subjects – and the views of its founder. There are many issues which arise from this material which we hope will prove thought-provoking to the reader.

One particular question which surfaces fairly constantly from the editors' perspective and which runs as a kind of unspoken motif through the Naga interview is: what exactly is 'education' and what can legitimately be called by that much used and abused word?

Current politically correct thinking in Britain, for example, takes a narrow view and attempts to limit it to the inculcation of specific knowledge under closely controlled and measured conditions. It is light-years away from that being pursued by Naga, and there may be a certain irony about which is seen as the more advanced and far-sighted of the two views.

While it is not appropriate to enter upon a detailed investigation of this issue here, there does seem to be a factor which regularly emerges from commentaries and interviews like this one, and that might be characterised as the 'goodwill' of the person starting or running the school or simply teaching in it. How genuine is the concern of the educator for those in his or her care, whatever their ages; and to what degree, if at all, is that concern subordinated to or limited by that individual's personal need to express himself through the educational process?

We have also included, directly or indirectly, reports on two educational conferences held respectively at Brockwood Park in August this year and at Rishi Valley last November. We find them interesting for their own sakes but also for the contrast with the approach and level at which Naga operates. Finally there is a contribution which places education within the context of the student's thought-processes and his or her awareness of them, which gives a perspective both different and yet seemingly consistent with everything else here.

A Rural School Project in India

When our group visited Naga's school in India last winter, I recorded our conversations with him on my portable tape recorder. An edited version of this is reprinted here. I found that these conversations provide an informal glimpse into Naga's approach to his homeschool educational project, an interesting approach that is as paradoxical as India in being indirect yet intentional. Naga has been much influenced by K's teachings and I felt that this project represents Naga's current translation of his understanding of education into something practical, a way of life and learning. Anyone wishing to contact Naga could send a letter to this publication.

Rabindra Singh

N: We have a power problem and if the water is running, we need to water the land urgently. It may be morning and school will have already begun.

Q: Oh, I see. Normally, do they do the farm work as part of their schooling?

N: It is part of their schoolwork.

Q: Does the school have a beginning and end at certain times of the day?

N: Well, for convenience we have an agreement that we will come to school at 9:30. They may show up, they may not show up. A child may come at 10. It doesn't matter. We find out what the reason is and if it sounds unavoidable ... well.

Q: I know that there are alternative schools in America where they tried to introduce a sense of freedom but it back-lashed because the children couldn't discipline themselves. They'd come late, miss classes. Do you find that here, or is there some guideline?

N: Not exactly. Because sometimes we too have some important work at home or in the fields and we may be fifteen minutes or half an hour late, but the children know what to do in the meanwhile. They take their books and start. They don't rely on us because they have got used to not having a timetable. The older children manage to organize the smaller ones until the adult comes, so this is very convenient for both the adult and the children. When the adult comes, he will organize their study. It doesn't matter if they do fifteen minutes more of one subject than another.

Q: You have no connection with any regulating government bodies?

N: Nothing so far.

Q: Are you avoiding them?

N: Trying to as much as possible. Because they are too much into a framework, which is very difficult to work with freely.

Q: How do you group children, according to age or ability or some other way?

N: Well, we haven't graded them so far. Sometimes, when a couple of children can read a particular book, they will work together, but it may not be the same with the other subjects so they keep moving from one place to the other. With a Telugu book, five children may sit together, but when they are taking English they may be at different levels.

Q: How many teachers do you have?

N: My two brothers and myself.

Q: Who supervises the children in the fields?

N: My brother, but all of them are not working in one place and they would be told what to do. If they need help, we help.

Q: Or the older children help the younger ones.

N: Yes.

Q: Do they get a chance to learn how to work with animals as well?

N: We have a cow and they are looking after that too. Right now, it is the only animal we have.

Q: I just saw a goat. Is it a neighbor's?

N: Yes, it just wandered in.

Q: What do you think are the disadvantages to the child of this concept of either



Seemingly barren peanut field near Thettu Village, Risbi Valley, December 1995

working or studying, the traditional choice in India?

N: If it is either/or, they choose one and if they fail at that, they don't want to get back into the other, and that has been the case in all the villages.

Q: Is that what has been happening in the government schools?

N: Most of the children drop out after class five. That's because they can't get to the high school, it's too far away, or they have to help their parents; and sometimes they fail in their academics. For these reasons, a lot of them drop out at primary level. Fifty percent of these children are poor in academics, so they don't even know the work from their previous class when they drop out. Class five students may not even know the alphabet properly, even in Telugu. If they manage to get to class six, most of them will fail by class seven. If they work for two years and manage to go on, by tenth grade, they are

sure to drop out forever. And then, since they have got into the habit of studying but have not got into the habit of working, they would just sit at home and do nothing.

Q: And what about your students? What do they do after class five?

N: They will continue here. I will continue with them until class ten, at the age of fifteen.

Q: But they don't take any government exams?

N: They will be able to take the class ten exam at age sixteen.

Q: You have only been going for a year, is that right?

N: Eighteen months.

Q: Naga, how do you balance work and study, how many hours for each?

N: There are no fixed times as such, but we do have some schedules. 3 o'clock is more or less the time for gardening and that's also optional because we don't want to make it a

chore, so some of them will play, some will continue their studies. But as they see the others work in the fields, they will begin to go out with their tools. Maybe at first they resist, but after a week they join in. So it should come naturally, not just for us to say: this is a period when you must do this work.

Q: Is this applicable to the academics as well?

N: Obviously. I don't want any kind of authority.

Q: If they don't want to do maths, they don't?

N: They don't. And the adult has to deal with mathematics in such a way that they don't resist it. It should be like play, something casual. Like I take some examples from the field itself.

Q: Do you teach them about ecology?

N: Yes, the very fact that we are doing gardening means that they begin to get a feeling for the plants – they get a liking for it. Maybe this is not the age for us to talk about ecology and things like that. I think at this age they must first enjoy doing gardening and the joy itself will give them the love for plants and all that. But maybe at a certain age – thirteen or fourteen – as a part of, lets say, an English lesson or something like that we will mention it, but not as a subject. We are then just introducing ecology – it should be not as a very important thing, but just in passing, they could just realize what it's like – then that has a better effect on children than taking up a textbook and studying ecology. Eventually this will result in the understanding of ecological balance, because there will be moments when it is discussed spontaneously. The contact with nature will produce something naturally, a sensitivity to it and to what is real.

Q: Do they have different subjects, English, maths, geography?

N: Well, geography as a subject is not taught at this age except as a kind of general knowledge. Basically it is the mother tongue Telugu, English and maths. That is what is stressed at first. When they pick up the language ... then, sciences.

Q: They learn English at quite a young age.

N: Yes, but it is not a big pressure, it is basic learning – not like in other schools where

they find it quite hard to learn the letters, the phrases, sentences and paragraphs.

Q: They learn ABC and 123 in English?

N: Yes.

Q: At what age do you start introducing specific subjects like history?

N: As a separate subject it comes last, at class six, but as a general subject, as part of social studies, it comes at the age of eight – learning about the plants, the animals and human settlement.

Q: But do you have a general idea, as they get older, how to approach it, or are you waiting till you get there?

N: If they are quick enough to learn without much pressure being put on them and I see they can learn without many difficulties, then I will introduce books. Of course, if they can't understand I will take them around and show them one or two examples – but some of them are quick enough to gather from books and it's okay. When they don't understand, they ask, and I will give them a lot of examples from things around.

Q: Before, when you worked in other schools, what did you do?

N: I taught English – firstly at a school which was affiliated to the government, a convent school, a regular sort of a school, and later I worked in the Blue Mountain School. I was there for two years and then I set out to start a school with a friend of mine, sixteen kilometers from here.

Q: Your father is here as well as your brothers. Is your father teaching pottery to the children?

N: Yes, he just retired from Rishi Valley School.

Q: Do you have a sense of concern that what you are doing is experimental? What if your approach is wrong and you are using these children? Is that ever in your mind at all? You know what I am trying to say?

N: I know what you are saying – if I am experimenting now and sometime later I feel it is not right – something like that. No?

Q: Yes, how do you know complete learning is here?

N: It's not here yet. I know at a certain age, at a certain time, I have to somehow find a way to expose them to the ways of the world and they will have to live there, they can't become independent with a cocoon around them – it is not possible that way. So we have to prepare the child for that, but with a difference – so that with that difference he will continue to explore. It becomes an ongoing process – so we are not breaking everything and trying to make something new, we are just trying to find something in there – so you don't lose your track. That's what I feel. If I break everything, there may be a moment when I will regret it.

Q: So you don't see it as a breaking.

N: No. I am doing what is essential. It may be a kind of breaking but I know this is essential because I have felt it in my life, gone through it personally. And I know I am neither a reserved person nor am I a maniac – so I know my position and it should be equally good for the others. So I am not talking from an idea, I am talking from my life, my experience. I am very open to the children's needs. If I think they resist a book I throw away that book, I work with something else. Like the other day, there were two children who don't like to read books, they like to be onto the slates, they like drawing. They come for drawing, they sit and draw and in the drawing itself we bring out the subject. There are two children who do not want to write – whereas other children like it, they come ready with book and slates. But you can't make children idle – so I would draw and then get them to recognize that, repeat them in their own mother tongue and then use a new word – make it short so that they learn something new and then slowly connect that to other studies, get them to be interested in other things – learning numbers. It could be anything. I even tried with the clay – ask them to make marbles. They love playing with marbles and they can do so many things. Mathematics – let them make a heap of marbles.

Q: The process you are using, it would be impossible to do this on a large scale. The bigger you get, the more the centre moves off the child – it has to because you have to start organizing, structuring, more teachers, lunch and all the rest of it.

N: We have to keep the right ratio. Ten is very good.

Q: Ten means thirty children to three teachers?

N: Sometimes the older ones get very independent, at age eight or nine they get very independent – we may have to deal with them for ten minutes or for one hour/two hours. Then you can spend the rest of the time with the smaller children. So first we deal with the older ones then send them away with their own work and then we attend to the younger ones. Occasionally the older ones return when they have doubts.

Q: Do they all work in the garden at the same time? Or do the older ones go there separately?

N: Yes, the older ones, they choose when they want to work. Watering is very important – if it is time to water the plants, then they will go even if they have started doing something else.

Q: Watering and weeding?

N: Yes. Weeding can be done in the evenings and doesn't depend on power.

Q: So it is dependent on the electricity for the pumps, so that whenever there is electricity, you have to water?

N: Yes, that's a priority.

Q: What do you feel is essential for the child?

N: For the child – the essential things would be learning a language and mathematics for dealing with their own lives, like going to market; or maybe even to enjoy their studies, to know things, to feel that it's good to know things – what's happening in the world – and for that you need a language, whether it is English or Telugu. So learning a language is essential and learning mathematics is essential. To work in the fields is also essential, to get the feel of where the food comes from, and in that is a lot of the relationship between nature and man. The parents have

been working the land and so did their forefathers, and they can't get away from that. Particularly in India, it is very, very difficult to get a job even if one is educated. To depend on education only would be impossible, and since they have the land to get back to, I would feel that it is intelligent to also learn the ways of the land and grow with it, so that they won't have any resistance when they must return to the fields. So when they are not employed by the government they won't just sit back and waste their time – (but) they can proceed, they can become doctors, they can become engineers, they can become whatever they want to be. I am not preventing that. I am giving them the essential things from which they can grow further. If they have to continue with their studies, they can do so, and if they fail at that then they can get back to the fields. No problems. It is a situation without any problems. They can just meet the situation.

Q: So they work in the fields with their parents as well as here. Would you encourage that?

N: Yes, I would encourage them.

Q: Do some parents come and work with the children here, say at harvest?

N: Yes, some, not all.

Q: Do you see the children in the government school losing touch with the land more than the children in this school?

N: Not exactly. But the more successful children lose touch.

Q: But you are in touch.

N: I was never in touch. We were in Rishi Valley, we were doing just small gardening.

Q: Yet you and your brothers know enough to teach these children?

N: Well, we have an assistant here. He is a student and we have been learning for two years.

Q: Just like the children

N: Yes, learning with them.

Q: Where are the women and what part do they have in this?

N: At home – at the moment my wife does not teach here, she is home cooking. The older ones learn to cook and she is teaching them.

Q: What about music and dancing?

N: None of us at home are musicians – that's the problem. I have a liking for music, classical, so I let them listen, but I can't teach them to sing, although my sister has been involved in teaching them a few folk songs.

Q: Actually they have learnt some dances too, they were performing for us the last time we were here with the kids from Ojai.

Q: Are you concerned about examinations?

N: I am not very keen.

Q: You do use them somehow?

N: At some stage I think and I feel that somehow they have to get into the world and if the world demands that, there is no harm in doing it, if properly approached. I think the approach is most important and not the issue of resistance or acceptance. What I feel is that the examination should be taken as a passing thing, that it is not so important but rather that it is only a necessary target. It is something that just goes by like lunch goes by during the day. So the children can feel that an examination is as casual as anything else ... but the studying is more important. So when they study, let's say, mathematics – with all their heart and mind, to know what's there in that subject, that's far more important than the examination.

Q: So a certain kind of curiosity, interest in the subject is never lost ...

N: Never lost – then any examination, however tough it is, the child is able to deal with it. That's how I feel. Because in the government schools and various other convent schools, they are training the children to answer particular questions in a particular manner, which is dangerous.

Q: That kind of approach destroys the ability to listen and the ability to communicate and people end up very isolated, each imprisoned in their own little world.

N: That's right, curiosity is lost, enquiry is lost, the questioning ability that the child had inherently is lost.

Q: But one may say that out of that regular system are produced children who appear to be well integrated into a rotten society, a corrupt

society. They are very well integrated into it, they know how to handle the corruption, they know how to be insensitive enough not to be affected too much so that they can maintain a certain sense of goodness. Does that have any meaning?

N: No, it depends. What the outcome of this education will be – right now we can't see. There may be some who will do as you say, just accept certain things while other things they wouldn't touch. You might also produce a few who would sort of radically cut everything. It might happen, but we are not trying to produce that ... I feel that, when we deal with the child in this manner, that is, when the child is exposed to an environment where it knows what it is to learn, then it is an ongoing process, so that when he sees corruption he learns from it rather than resisting or being pulled into it ... We cannot dream of an outcome – that is not important – it's that quality [that's important], and the miracle can only happen if that quality is there. If there is to be any miracle ...

Q: You are figuring out what you are doing at the same time [as you are teaching], right?

N: Yes, like tiling the building. I was sitting on top of the tiles with one of the people who knows the art of doing it and I was learning. At the same time the children queued up, passing the tiles. You see, it is there. The feeling of involvement gives them tremendous joy. And that joy can be responsible for many things.

Q: So it is not really possible to figure out once and for all what education means, as in: I have to transfer this to the child. It's a living, moving thing so that one can touch it but not hold it – it seems to me that's what you are describing.

N: It's like the air. You can't catch it and put it in one vessel and say, this is what it is ... Right from the beginning, I never gave much importance to the financial, to where the money will come from – the most important thing is our initiation, our seriousness, our dedication. Just plunge in. Don't bother with what will happen. What will happen is in the future. Anything can

happen, even if you have some money, you can lose it tomorrow, be a beggar. Anything can happen. I am not bogged down by thoughts of the future and what might happen. But the most important thing is just getting down to work ... Exactly a year back I was talking to the chairman of our Central Board of Education in Delhi, and he was amazed at what I was trying to do and he asked me how it was possible in our system, it sounded like an impossible thing to him. The finance, the people, how can we get the people? I said there are plenty of people who have dedication – you have to know how to bring them together.

Q: Do you think what you are doing, for you personally, is a process of self-understanding?

N: Yes.

Q: And that goes along with what you are doing?

N: It is a fortunate thing that I have myself become radical. I've thrown away all my certificates, I have nothing to show anymore. So, first of all it is an experiment on myself – to be without a certificate to show myself as an 'educated' person.

Q: An uneducated person or an uneducator.

N: Whatever. I've thrown away all that, because to me it is not that paper and the paper is not important. It is too easy in India to get papers – all you have to do is to throw some money around, and I do not want people to recognize me because of the paper. I want to show people what can be done if someone likes what he is doing. That's where I stand. First of all, I am not experimenting on the child. I began experimenting on myself ten years ago and I know exactly what I mean by what I am doing. I'm definite. So I am certainly not experimenting on the children. And I know how I feel. You know, that certificate gave great confidence. It's not there now and I know the feeling exactly. So what shall I be? To tackle all that.

Q: Some people might say that the certainty of a certificate has been replaced by the certainty of the dreamer. If someone wanted to be critical

of you they may say that, and how would you respond?

N: It's a difficult question.

Q: It's a difficult question – where one's identity comes from.

N: In fact, we have to question the very nature of identity. We are working backwards. We have thrown away the paper.

Q: Because we have thrown away the paper there is the danger of thinking reactively – like, they don't know everything, but I do.

N: The thing is, I have been able to tackle my identification with this, but there are many things of myself in the process. This is the inner process, the inner thing which goes on.

Q: In yourself, in the caring, keeping attention alive.

N: But more important is the people around me. The relationship amongst friends.

Q: Do you have servants?

N: Servants? No servants, we do our own work.

Q: So how do you support your family? From the fields, or are you looking for ways to support the school, the whole place? Somebody might say

you are doing all this to feed your family, and the school is just an excuse.

N: It does not matter.

Q: Is it part of the same thing?

N: It is the same thing – how can anyone see them as different?

Q: You allow yourself some pay from the children's fees?

N: Just nominal. About \$30 a month comes in from tuition fees – all added together – about 30 rupees per month each child.

Q: So it is a token really. I guess the parents value it more if they pay a little bit – more of a relationship than to have it free.

N: Yes, and they take it seriously.

Q: So you have good relationship with the villagers?

N: Yes.

Q: Do you see yourself here for the rest of your life?

N: Yes. I don't want to run around.

Conversations with Naga, January 1996

First Summer Conference at Brockwood Park 'The Whole Question of Education'

The Krishnamurti Foundation Trust held its First Summer Conference at Brockwood Park from 15th to 19th August this year, on 'The Whole Question of Education'. The conference coincided with five days of perfect weather, much appreciated by all the participants, who thus were able to enjoy the place at its best. The participants came from some eighteen countries and were mostly educators. Many were new to Brockwood and some even new to the teachings. There was a large group of French-speakers and, like at Saanen, translations and special forums were provided as often as possible. Brockwood staff and students made everyone feel welcome and at

home with their usual care and dedication and people participated with them in daily chores, such as doing morning jobs or helping with the dishes. The sense of community involvement and free inquiry, together with the extraordinary beauty of the immediate surroundings, added up to an atmosphere of intense and significant communication.

The programme was centred around a series of workshops repeated throughout the duration of the conference, so that the maximum number of people could attend each one. Even so, the offerings were too numerous for anyone to hope



Copper beeches in May near The Krishnamurti Centre, Brockwood Park, 1996

to cover them all, so it was necessary to choose. The workshops were followed by discussion sessions in the afternoon and, after the traditional tea, the schedule offered a series of other activities, such as videos on the different K schools and Mark Edwards' slide presentation on the environmental crisis. After supper there were music recitals and folk-dancing, just as there were times for yoga and other exercise before breakfast. Those who wished to participate fully could be active from six in the morning until eleven at night. Leisure was encouraged, nonetheless, but it seemed rather dependent on people's ability to withstand temptation, as there was always something interesting to do.

The theme of the conference, 'The Whole Question of Education', was introduced by Harsh

Tankha (the KFT's Director of Educational Development). He spoke of two main challenges to the participants – Krishnamurti's work on education, and the speed and direction of cultural change in the final years of the 20th Century. Referring to the first of these, he spoke of a learning which might lead to right relationship with nature, a view of humanity as a whole, a deep sense of beauty, intelligent action, and the awakening of compassion. *What can be done to promote such learning?* Referring to the second challenge, he spoke of the environmental crisis, the almost explosive expansion of information and new skills, and the emergence of a pluralistic society. *How can we educate for what we don't know?*

These challenges were approached in the various workshops:

Caring for the Student
The Staff Ethos
Responding to the Environmental Crisis
The Curriculum Question
The Younger Student
The Student's Perspective
The Teacher's Perspective
The Parent's Perspective.

Many of the participants, being educators, brought further practical concerns to the meetings – for example, the number of students per classroom and the amount of material that must be covered within a given period of time. The quality of relationship between teacher and student, the level of co-operation among staff, as well as the current mainstream values being transmitted by schools, were still more fundamental areas of questioning. Implicit in all this was the issue of priorities, for example, between knowledge and sensitivity, between social adaptation and psychological freedom, between security and affection. K definitely seems to reverse the established order in this regard and the question as to what can be done is dependent on the perception of its rightness and significance, something which at present is not at all evident in the overall educational field.

All this gave rise to any number of discussions which ranged over a variety of related topics, such as, can one educate for direct perception, what are the approaches required by the different stages of development (for example, in early childhood or adolescence), can one teach without reward and punishment, and what is the pedagogical responsibility towards the individual student and the environmental crisis?

Apart from these thematic questions, there was a strong personal component for many of the participants, who saw themselves being challenged in an intimate way. The teachings seem to appeal to an inward involvement on the part of each one and in some cases this reached quite a level of intensity. Everyone's deeply held convic-

tions, be they occupational or private, aspirations and sense of search, came into play, adding their differences and similarities to the varieties of expression and exchange. The general result was a rich fabric of inter-relations and human concerns conveying a sense of mutual renewal.

It is clear that this conference was a significant step in opening Brockwood's doors to the broader educational community after a lengthy period of introspection following Krishnamurti's death. It represents, however, an added effort on the part of the staff and students, who already live with a busy schedule during the rest of the year. The majority of participants were of the opinion that the conference was too short and proposed that it be made longer in future. They also suggested that it might be on themes other than education and that it might include a system of simultaneous translations to accommodate a multi-lingual audience. The expectations generated were obviously high and it is hoped that similar events will be held on a regular basis from now on. The details of this remain to be worked out, as the Brockwood community has many other periodic commitments that on occasion could land it in a morass of meetings. Evidently, that wouldn't be a very wholesome way to go.

Nature added its own note of enchantment. It was warm and clear and the bales of straw stood like silent monuments of harvest in the fields, while the bumblebees hung in droves from intoxicating lavender, and the hydrangeas were an explosion of blue silence in the Grove. The apple boughs were heavy with ripening fruit and everywhere the land was alive with the engendering heat and the murmuring shades of summer. With this burgeoning landscape as a backdrop, who wouldn't want to return for another conference? It may be true, as the poet says, that humankind cannot bear very much reality, but at least at Brockwood there is a secret wisdom in the trees.

Javier Gomez Rodriguez, September 1996

The Rishi Valley Krishnamurti Birth Centenary Educational Conference

Concerning Education is the title of the report of the Educational Conference held at Rishi Valley School at the end of November 1995 as part of the Krishnamurti Foundation India's celebration of the centenary of Krishnamurti's birth. It may seem strange to review a report of a conference rather than the conference itself, but it is only rarely that one sees a report that actually reflects in its outer design and inner presentation the concerns for order, clarity and affectionate interchange that obviously motivated the participants in their inquiry into the "fundamental questions" of education.

The 65 page booklet, in an attractively designed warm orange and black cover, is published by KFI. Following a Foreword by Ms Ahalya Chari, there is the text of an Invocation from The Upanishads with which the conference began, and then an Introduction explaining the central question and how the context in which dialogues were held was determined. The rest of the booklet consists of eight chapters summarizing the panel discussions, open session and group discussions, and an address on "Krishnamurti's Vision of Education" which was given by Mr Rajesh Dalal. The text concludes with an extract from Krishnamurti's talk with children at Rishi Valley School in 1984, a videotape of which had ended the conference. A list of the names and addresses of the participants is included.

As stated in the Introduction, the central question of the conference was: "*Can education serve as a process for transforming the mind and bringing about a new culture?*"

It notes that there were teachers and thinkers not only from schools all over India, but also from as far away as Germany, Thailand and Taipei, exploring "the challenge that educators

face today". Panel discussions were the main mode for "unravelling the many facets of a question", followed by general discussions. "A silent but important factor that contributed to the seriousness of the deliberations was the magic that nature holds at Rishi Valley. The beauty of the valley and the impact of its silence were deeply felt."

The panel discussions, each with four or five participants, one acting as coordinator, investigated: "Education for an Integrated Life"; "What is Learning?"; "The Child, School and Society: Educating for Responsibility"; and "Education and the Religious Mind". Very sanely, the booklet does not present the entire discussion under each of these topics, but instead has very clear summaries of the key points in each, serving as an excellent reminder for the fortunate participants and giving nonparticipants vital information in a form that is useful.

In an Open Session entitled "Breaking New Ground", "principals and other educators were invited to share their perceptions on the innovations and changes introduced in their schools and ... to bring into focus the thinking that went on behind the changes." Under the heading "Creating an Atmosphere of Learning", small groups held discussions about Schooling without Competition, Freedom and Discipline, the Role of a Teacher, Learning about Oneself, Relationship and Management, Fostering Academic Excellence, and Learning through the Senses. During a general session entitled "The Challenge of our Times", with invited speakers, Mr Michael Mendizza spoke on the impact of technology on the mind, while Dr Vandana Shiva discussed the ecological crisis.

The last ten pages of this remarkable publication present a portion of one of Krishnamurti's

talks with the students at Rishi Valley School in 1984, which had been shown to conclude the conference. In it we are reminded of the great care, affection, patience with which he spoke directly to them, with his simple, natural vocabulary going to the heart of tremendous questions even with those small children, in a way that they could understand: "Now how do you watch? ... You have learnt something, haven't you? That you are not thinking when you are watching." Perhaps we can learn too.

Ms Chari's Foreword to the booklet gives one excellent reason for producing it: "We hope our readers, many of whom may not have attended the conference, will find the questions that were shared and some of the insights that came through, worth pondering over." I certainly did. Congratulations and thanks to Ms Ahalya Chari and Dr Shailesh Shirali, the convenors of the conference, for this artistic and valuable publication.

Ray McCoy, September 1996

Educating the Human Being Rather Than the Individual

Systems of education that focus merely on the acquisition of knowledge without fostering the understanding of how knowledge is acquired and assimilated within existing structures of understanding, are doomed to produce generations of children who will repeat the mistakes they have inherited from previous generations. There is nothing surer than that. Although by and large we all detest wars, societies where wars can never be a possibility do not exist. Why?

Despite our natural withdrawal from such an idea as utopian, it is conceivable, if children are brought up to see themselves within a context wider than the limitations imposed by self. This is only possible if they are encouraged to watch their own thoughts. To observe the process of thinking. To observe assumptions, how assumptions lead to conclusions and how these conclusions become the cornerstones of belief, of our selves.

If a child is encouraged to become self aware in this manner, we can begin to nurture human beings who can keep track of their own development, who understand their own limitations and

who will be free to develop through childhood without being dominated by fear. Education systems the world over create an environment of competition, being based on individual achievement. This can be healthy only if each child is encouraged to address the nature of their own limitations without the fear of being graded within a context they have no control over.

Fear of authority leads to an obsessive process of self-justification, isolating the child within a psyche that is incapable of giving room to a perspective that is not his own. To free an individual from an isolating perspective, the individual must be directed to watch and understand the influence of their thought process on their perspective.

This is where our present education is falling short. Emphasis on knowledge is important, but so is the understanding of the limited nature of knowledge and how entirely dependent each one of us is on the knowledge we acquire ... for our sense of identity and our view of the outside world.

Geetha Waters, 1996

G. Narayan

On 4th October 1996, Narayan died at the Valley School in Bangalore, India. He had spent the final years of his life there and had been well looked after by Dr Satish Inamdar and his wife, Sushma.

In 1992, Narayan wrote some reminiscences which are now in the Krishnamurti Foundation Trust archives. The following is an extract:

Memories of Krishnamurti

I first met J. Krishnamurti in the year 1947. He was staying in a house on Sterling Road in Madras. This road led to Loyola College where I was a student. My father, Sivaram, who was a doctor of medicine, both a physician and a surgeon, told me that J. K. was his younger brother. They had not met for many years. K had gone for a walk and I waited for him to return. When he did so I was standing on the doorstep and introduced myself. It took him some time to remember his brother Sivaram. K asked me to come up with him to the first floor. We sat down and K asked quite a few questions about Sivaram's family and his many children.

I met K again in Bombay in 1952. This was the second meeting after a lapse of five years while I was a student at Madras University. I was trained to be a lawyer with a master's degree in economics. I had also studied mathematics and obtained a degree in it. He was staying at a friend's house. There was some difficulty in getting into the house. The lady at the entrance asked me if I had an appointment with K and I said "yes". It was after 5 o'clock in the evening.

Fortunately K came out of his room and saw me standing there. He took me inside and said he had just returned from his evening walk. K went to the windows and drew the curtains. The sun was just setting in the western sky above the waters of the sea. I felt a sense of beauty and peace.

The room was well furnished and had an elegant look. We sat on the floor facing each other. After some conversation about my stay in Bombay, K asked me if I would like to go and teach at the Rishi Valley School in Andhra Pradesh. I went back to my residence in Andheri, a suburb of Bombay. That night as I was sleeping I had an interesting experience. The chest region was diffused with light, mingling white and blue with a great sense of calmness. I awoke and stayed quiet and went back to sleep. Again the light with a blue tinge spread all over the chest, and there was no thought, only a feeling of beauty. It was a unique experience, though it lasted for only a few minutes.

I decided to go to Rishi Valley.

G. Narayan, 1992



Cross-country ski slope in the Black Forest near Haus Sonne, Germany, February 1996



Lone juniper at the South Rim of the Grand Canyon, Arizona, May 1996

The Link was written in collaboration with Nick Short and Jürgen Brandt, compiled and edited by Jürgen and printed by TYPOAtelier Gerhard Brandt in Frankfurt. Photographs were taken by Friedrich Grohe unless stated otherwise. The section 'On Education' of the newsletter was compiled and edited by Nick Short. The editors of 'The First Step' and the authors of the articles therein prefer to remain anonymous. Such anonymity creates the freedom for more personal and, perhaps, strongly expressed views and opinions which do not necessarily reflect those of *The Link's* editors and publisher.

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