

**HAPPY IS  
THE ONE  
WHO IS  
NOTHING**

**LETTERS  
TO A  
YOUNG  
FRIEND**

**J KRISHNAMURTI**



**HAPPY IS**  
**THE ONE**  
**WHO IS**  
**NOTHING**

**LETTERS**  
**TO A**  
**YOUNG**  
**FRIEND**

**J KRISHNAMURTI**



**HAPPY IS THE  
ONE WHO IS  
NOTHING**

# HAPPY IS THE ONE WHO IS NOTHING

*LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND;  
KRISHNAMURTI FOR THE YOUNG*

J. KRISHNAMURTI

EDITED BY DUNCAN TOMS



**WATKINS**  
Sharing Wisdom Since 1893

This edition first published in the UK and USA 2020 by  
Watkins, an imprint of Watkins Media Limited

Unit 11, Shepperton House  
89-93 Shepperton Road  
London  
N1 3DF  
[enquiries@watkinspublishing.com](mailto:enquiries@watkinspublishing.com)

Design and typography copyright © Watkins Media Limited 2020

Text Copyright © Krishnamurti Foundation Trust 2020

Edited by Duncan Toms

Krishnamurti, Jiddu (1895–1986) has asserted his right under the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988 to be identified as the author of this work.

The contents of part one of this book first appeared in *Krishnamurti: A Biography* by Pupul Jayakar, published by Penguin Books, India.

© Krishnamurti Foundation of America All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced or utilized in any form or by any means, electronic or mechanical, without prior permission in writing from the Publishers.

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Designed and Typeset by Watkins  
Printed and bound in the UK by TJ International Ltd.

A CIP record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN: 978-1-786782-75-5

[www.watkinspublishing.com](http://www.watkinspublishing.com)

# CONTENTS

## Part One: Letters to a Young Friend

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

11

12

13

14

15

16

17

18

19

20

21

22

[23](#)

[24](#)

[Part Two: Krishnamurti for the Young](#)

PART ONE  
**LETTERS TO A YOUNG FRIEND**

Between 1948 and the early 1960s, Krishnamurti was easily accessible, and many people came to him. On walks, in personal meetings, through letters, relationships blossomed.

He wrote the following letters to a young friend who came to him wounded in body and mind. Written between June 1948 and March 1960, the letters reveal a rare compassion and clarity: the teaching and healing unfold; separation and distance disappear; the words flow; not a word is superfluous; the healing and the teaching are simultaneous.

**Pupul Jayakar**

# 1

Be supple mentally. Strength does not lie in being firm and strong but in being pliable. The pliable tree stands in a gale. Gather the strength of a swift mind.

Life is strange, so many things happen unexpectedly; mere resistance will not solve any problem. One needs infinite pliability and a single heart.

Life is a razor's edge, and one has to walk on that path with exquisite care and with pliable wisdom.

Life is so rich, has so many treasures. We go to it with empty hearts; we do not know how to fill our hearts with the abundance of life. We are poor inwardly, and when riches are offered to us, we refuse. Love is a dangerous thing; it brings the only revolution that gives complete happiness. So few of us are capable of love, so few want love. We love on our own terms, making of love a marketable thing. We have a market mentality, and love is not marketable, a give-and-take affair. It is a state of being in which all our problems are resolved. We go to the well with a thimble, and so life becomes a tawdry affair, puny and small.

What a lovely place the earth could be, for there is so much beauty, so much glory, such imperishable loveliness. We are caught in pain and don't care to get out of it, even when someone points a way out.

One is aflame with love. There is an unquenchable flame. One has so much of it that one wants to give it to everyone, and one does. It is like a strong flowing river—it nourishes and waters every town and village; it is polluted, the filth of man goes into it, but the waters soon purify themselves and swiftly move on. Nothing can spoil love, for all things are dissolved in it—the good and the bad, the ugly and the beautiful. It is the only thing that is its own eternity.

## 2

The trees were so stately and strangely impervious to man's tarred roads and traffic. Their roots were deep down, deep in the earth, and their tops stretched to the skies. We have our roots in the earth, which we must have, but we cling or crawl on the earth; only a few soar into the skies. They are the only creative and happy people. The rest spoil and destroy each other on this lovely earth, by hurt and likewise gossip.

Be open. Live in the past if you must, but don't struggle against it; when the past comes, look into it, not pushing it away nor holding to it too much. The experience of all these years, the ache and the joy, the sickening blows and your glimpses of the separation, the faraway sense, all these will add enrichment and beauty. What is important is what you have in your heart; and since that is overflowing, you have everything, you are everything.

Be alert to all your thoughts and feelings; don't let one feeling or thought slip by without being aware of it and absorbing all its content. Absorbing is not the word, but seeing the whole content of the thought-feeling. It is like entering a room and seeing the whole content of the room at once, its atmosphere and its spaces. To see and be aware of one's thoughts makes one intensively sensitive, pliable and alert. Don't condemn or judge, but be very alert. Out of separation, out of the dross comes pure gold.

To see what is is really quite arduous. How does one observe clearly? A river when it meets an obstruction is never still; the river breaks down an obstruction by its weight or goes over it or works its way under it or around it; the river is never still, it cannot but act. It revolts intelligently, if we can so put it. One must revolt intelligently and accept what is intelligently. To perceive what is, there must be the spirit of intelligent revolt. Not to mistake the obstacle needs a certain intelligence, but generally one is so eager to get what one wants that one dashes

against it. Either one breaks oneself on the obstacle or one exhausts oneself in the struggle against it. To see the rope as the rope needs no courage, but to mistake the rope for a snake and then to observe needs courage. One must doubt, ever search, see the false as the false. One gets power to see clearly through the intensity of attention; you will see it will come.

One has to act. The river is never not-acting; it is ever active. One must be in a state of negation to act, and this very negation brings its own positive action. The problem is to see clearly; then that very perception brings its own action. When there is elasticity, there is no question of right and wrong.

One must be very clear within oneself. Then I assure you everything will come right; be clear and you will see that things will shape themselves right without your doing anything about it. The right is not what one desires.

There must be a complete revolution, not only in great things but in little everyday things. You have had that revolution; don't settle back, keep at it. Keep the pot boiling, inwardly.

# 3

I hope you have had a good night, a pleasant sunrise out of your window, and you were able to see the evening stars peacefully before you went to sleep.

How little we know of love, of its extraordinary tenderness and power. How easily we use the word love. The general uses it, the butcher uses it, the rich man uses it, and the young boy and girl use it. But how little they know of it, its vastness, its deathlessness, its unfathomability. To love is to be aware of eternity.

What a thing relationship is, and how easily we fall into the habit of a particular relationship; things are taken for granted, the situation accepted, and no variation tolerated; no movement towards uncertainty, even for a second, entertained. Everything is so well regulated, so made secure, so tied down, that there is no chance for any freshness, for a clear reviving breath of the spring. This and more is called relationship. If we closely observe, relationship is much more subtle, more swift than lightning, more vast than the earth, for relationship is life. Life is conflict, and we want to make relationship crude, hard and manageable. So it loses its fragrance, its beauty. All this arises because one does not love, and that, of course, is the greatest thing of all, for in it there has to be the complete abandonment of oneself.

It is the quality of freshness, of newness, that is essential, or otherwise life becomes a routine, a habit; and love is not a habit, a boring thing. Most people have lost all sense of wonderment. They take everything for granted, and this sense of security destroys freedom and the wonderment of uncertainty.

We project a far distant future, away from the present. The attention to understand is always in the present. In attention, there is always a sense of imminence. To be clear in one's intentions is quite an arduous task. Intention is as a flame, ceaselessly urging one to understand. Be clear in your intentions and you will see things will work out. To be clear in the present is all that one needs,

but it is not quite so easy as it sounds.

One has to clear a field for the new seed, and once the seed is planted, its own vitality and strength creates the fruit and the seed. Outward beauty can never last; it is always marred if there is no inward delight and joy. We cultivate the outer, paying so little attention to the thing inside the skin; but it is the inner that always overcomes the outer. It is the worm inside the apple that destroys the freshness of the apple.

It needs great intelligence to live together, not surrender to each other or be dominated by one or the other. Relationship is the most difficult thing in life.

## 4

How strangely one is susceptible to an atmosphere. One needs a friendly tension, a sense of warm attention in which one can freely and naturally blossom. So few have this atmosphere, and so most are stunted, physically as well as psychologically. I am surprised that you have survived without being perverted in that peculiar atmosphere. But one can see why you were not utterly destroyed, spotted and twisted—outwardly you adjusted as rapidly as possible, and inwardly you put yourself to sleep. It is this inward insensitivity that saved you. If you had allowed yourself to be sensitive, inwardly awake, you could not have stood it. There would have been conflict, and you would have broken down, been marked. Now that you are inwardly awake and are clear, you have no conflict with the atmosphere. It is this conflict that makes for perversion. You will always remain unscarred if you are inwardly very alert and awake, and warmly adjust to things externally.

Substitutes soon wither away. One may be worldly even though one has few things. The desire for power in any form, the power of the ascetic, the power of a big financier or the politician or the pope, is worldly. The craving for power breeds ruthlessness and reemphasizes the importance of oneself. Self-expansive aggressiveness is, in essence, worldliness. Humility is simplicity, but cultivated humility is another form of worldliness.

Very few are aware of their inward changes, setbacks, conflicts and distortions. Even if they are aware, they try to push them aside or run away from them. Don't you do it. I don't think you will, but there is a danger of living with your thoughts and feelings too closely. One has to be aware of one's thoughts and feelings without anxiety, without pressure. The real revolution has taken place in your life. You should be very much aware of your thoughts and feelings—let them come out, don't check them, don't hold them back. Let them pour out, the gentle as well as the violent ones, but be aware of them.

Are you occupied with your desires, if you have any? The world is a good place. We do everything to get away from it through worship, prayer, loves and fears. We don't know whether we are rich or poor; we have never gone deep down into ourselves and discovered what is. We exist on the surface, satisfied with so little and made happy or unhappy by such small things. Our petty minds have petty problems and petty answers, and so we spend our days. We don't love, and when we do, it is always with fear and frustration, sorrow and longing.

I was thinking of how important it is to be innocent, to have an innocent mind. Experiences are inevitable, perhaps necessary. Life is a series of experiences, but the mind need not be burdened with its own accumulative demands. It can wipe off each experience and keep itself innocent, unburdened. This is important; otherwise the mind can never be fresh, alert and pliable. How to keep the mind pliable is not the problem; the 'how' is the search for a method, and a method can never make the mind innocent. It can make it methodical but never innocent, creative.

# 5

It began to rain yesterday afternoon, and how it poured last night! I have never heard anything like it. It was as if the heavens opened. There was extraordinary silence with it, the silence of weight, a great weight pouring itself on the earth.

It is always difficult to keep simple and clear. The world worships success, the bigger the better—the greater the audience the greater the speaker; the colossal superbuildings, cars, aeroplanes, and people. Simplicity is lost. The successful people are not the ones who are building a new world. To be a real revolutionary requires a complete change of heart and mind, and how few want to free themselves. One cuts the surface roots, but to cut the deepfeeding roots of mediocrity and success needs something more than words, methods or compulsions. There seem to be few, and they are the real builders—the rest labour in vain.

One is everlastingly comparing oneself with another, with what one is, with what one should be, with someone more fortunate. This comparison kills. Comparison is degrading; it perverts one's outlook. And on comparison one is brought up. Our education is based on it, and so is our culture. So there is an everlasting struggle to be something other than what one is. The understanding of what one is uncovers creativeness, but comparison breeds competitiveness, ruthlessness and ambition, which we think bring about progress. Progress has only led so far to more ruthless wars and misery than the world has ever known. To bring up children without comparison is true education.

It is strange to be writing what seems so unnecessary. The thing that matters is here, and you are there. The real things are always alike, so unnecessary to write about or talk about; and in the very act of writing or talking, something happens to pervert it, spoil it. There are so many things that are said apart from

the real thing. The urge to fulfil, which burns so many people in small or big ways, can be satisfied in some way or the other, and with satisfaction, the deeper things fade away. That is what happens in most cases. Fulfilment of desire is such a small affair, however pleasant; with its fulfilment, as it keeps on satisfying itself, boredom sets in and the real thing fades away. It is the real thing that has to remain, and the wonder of it is, it does—if there is no thought of fulfilment but just seeing things as they are.

We are so very seldom alone; always with people, with thoughts that crowd in, hopes that have not been fulfilled or are going to be, and recollections. To be alone is essential for one to be uninfluenced, for something uncontaminated to take place. There seems to be no time for this aloneness; there are too many things to do, too many responsibilities. To learn to be quiet, shutting oneself in one's room to give the mind a rest, becomes a necessity. Love is part of this aloneness. To be simple, clear and inwardly quiet is to have that flame.

Things may not be easy, but the more one asks of life, the more fearful and painful it becomes. To live simply, uninfluenced, though everything and everyone is trying to influence, without varying moods and demands is not easy, but without a deep quiet life, all things are futile.

## 6

How clear the blue sky is, vast, timeless and without space! Distance and space is a thing of the mind; facts become psychological factors with the urge of desire. The mind is a strange phenomenon, so complex and yet so essentially simple. It is made complex by psychological compulsions which cause conflict and pain, resistance and acquisitions. To be aware of them, and let them pass by and not be entangled in them, is arduous. Life is as a vast flowing river. The mind holds in its net the things of this river, discarding and holding. There should be no net. The net is of time and space; it is the net that creates here and there, happiness and unhappiness.

Pride is a strange thing, pride in small things and big things; in our possessions, in our achievements, in our virtues; pride of race, name and family; in capacity, in looks, in knowledge. We feed this pride, or we run to humility. The opposite of pride is not humility—it is still pride but is called humility. Consciousness of being humble is a form of pride. The mind has to be something. It struggles to be this or that, never in a state of nothingness. If nothingness is a new experience, it must have that experience. The very attempt to be still is another acquisition. The mind must go beyond all effort, only then...

Our days are so empty, filled with activities of every kind—business, speculation, meditation, sorrow and joy. In spite of all this, our lives are empty. Strip someone of position, power or money, and what are they? One had all that show outwardly but is empty and shallow inwardly. One cannot have both inner and outer riches. The inner fullness far outweighs the outer. One can be robbed of the outer; outer events shattering what has been carefully built up. But inner riches are incorruptible, nothing can touch them, for they have not been put together by the mind.

The desire to fulfil is very strong in people, and they pursue it at any cost.

This fulfilment, in every way and any direction, sustains people. If fulfilment fails in one direction, they try in another. But is there such a thing as fulfilment? Fulfilment may bring a certain satisfaction, but it soon fades away, and again we are on the hunt. In the understanding of desire, the whole problem of fulfilment ceases. Desire is effort to be, to become, and with an ending to becoming the struggle to fulfil vanishes.

# 7

The mountains must be alone. It is a lovely thing to have rain among the mountains and raindrops on the placid lake. How the smell of the earth comes out when it rains, and then there is the croaking of many frogs. There is a strange enchantment in the tropics when it rains. Everything is washed clean. The dust on the leaf is washed away, the rivers come to life, and there is the noise of running waters. Trees put out green shoots, and there is new wild grass where there was barren earth. Insects by the thousand come out from nowhere and the parched earth is fed. The earth seems satisfied and at peace. The sun has lost its penetrating quality, and the earth is green, a place of beauty and richness. Man goes on making his own misery but the earth is rich once again, and there is enchantment in the air.

It is strange how most people want recognition and praise—to be recognized as a great poet, a philosopher, something that boosts one's ego. It gives great satisfaction, but it has very little meaning. Recognition feeds one's vanity and perhaps one's pocket, and then what? It sets one apart, and separation breeds its own problems, everincreasing. Though it may give satisfaction, recognition is not an end in itself. But most people are caught in the craving to be recognized, to fulfil, to achieve. And failure is then inevitable, with its accompanying misery. To be free of both success and failure is the real thing. From the beginning, not to look for a result in doing the thing one loves. Love has no reward or punishment. This is a simple thing if there is love.

How little attention we pay to things about us, to observe and consider. We are so self-centred, so occupied with our worries, with our own benefits, that we have no time to observe and understand. This occupation makes our mind dull and weary, frustrated and sorrowful. From sorrow we want to escape. As long as the self is active, there must be weary dullness and frustration. People are caught in a mad race, in the grief of self-centred sorrow. This sorrow is deep

thoughtlessness. The thoughtful, the watchful are free from sorrow.

## 8

How lovely a river is. To sit on the bank of a river and let the waters flow by, to watch the gentle ripples and hear their lapping on the bank; to see the wind on the water making patterns; to see the swallows touching the water, the water catching insects; and across the river on the other bank, human voices or a boy playing the flute of a still evening, quiets the noise about one. Somehow, the waters seem to purify, cleanse the dust of yesterday's memories and give that quality to the mind of its own pureness, as the water in itself is pure. A river receives everything and remains itself, neither caring nor knowing the pure from the impure. The ponds, the little puddles, are soon contaminated, for they are not living, flowing, as the wide, sweet-smelling, flowing rivers. Our minds are small puddles, soon made impure. It is the little pond called mind that judges, weighs and analyses.

There must be reaction; otherwise there is death. But the problem is to see that this reaction does not extend its root into the present or the future. Thought is bound to arise but to be aware of it and end it immediately is essential. To think about thought, to examine it, to play around with it, is to extend it, to give it roots. This is important to understand. To see how the mind thinks about thought is to react to the fact. The reaction is sadness, and so on. To begin feeling sad, to think of a future return, to count the days, is to give root to the thought concerning the fact. So the mind establishes roots, and then how to root them out becomes another problem, another idea. To think of the future is to have roots in the soil of uncertainty.

To be really alone, without yesterday's memories and problems, to be alone and happy, without outward or inward compulsion, is to let the mind be uninterfered with. To be alone. To have a quality of love about a tree, protective and yet alone. We are losing the feeling for trees, and so we are losing love for humanity. When we cannot love nature, we cannot love humanity. Our gods have

become small and petty, as is our love. In mediocrity we have our being, but there are the trees, the open heavens and the inexhaustible riches of the earth.

You must have a clear mind, a free, untethered mind. This is essential. You cannot have a clear, penetrating mind if there is fear of any sort. Fear clogs the mind. If the mind does not face its self-created problems, it is not a clear, deep mind. To face its peculiarities, to be aware of its urges, deeply and inwardly, to acknowledge all this without any resistance, is to have a profound and clear mind. Then only can there be a subtle mind, not merely a sharp mind. A subtle mind is a slow, hesitant mind, not a mind that concludes, judges or formulates. This subtlety is essential. It must know to listen and to wait. To play with the deep. This is not to be got at the end; this quality of the mind must be there from the very beginning. You may have it; give it a full and deep chance to flower.

Go into the unknown, take nothing for granted, do not assume anything, be free to find out. Then only can there be depth and understanding. Otherwise one remains on the surface. What is important is not to prove or disprove a point but to find out the truth.

All idea of change or the truth of change is seen when there is only what is. The what is is not different from the thinker. The thinker is what is, not separate from that which is. It is not possible to be at peace if there is any kind of want, any hope for some future state. Suffering follows if there is any want. Life is generally full of want. Even to have one want leads to endless misery. For the mind to free itself from that one want, even to know that one desire needs attention, is quite an affair. When found, don't let it become a problem. To prolong the problem is to allow it to take root. Don't let it take root. The one want is the one and only pain. It darkens life; there is frustration and pain. Just be aware of it and be simple with it.

## 9

Through the estate runs a stream. It is not quiet water running peacefully to the big river but a noisy, cheerful stream. The country around here is hilly, and the stream has many a fall. At one place there are three falls of different depths. The higher one makes the loudest noise; the other two are not voluble but are on a minor key. The three falls are spaced differently and so there is a continuous movement of sound. You have to listen to hear the music. It is an orchestra playing among the orchards, in the open skies. The music is there; you have to search it out, you have to listen, you have to be with the flowing waters to hear its music. You must be the whole to hear it—the skies, the earth, the soaring trees, the green fields and the running waters—then only you hear it. But all this is too much trouble; one buys a ticket and sits in a hall, surrounded by people, and the orchestra plays or someone sings. They do all the work for you; someone composes the song, the music, another plays or sings, and you pay to listen. Everything in life, except for a few things, is second-, third-, or fourth-hand—the gods, poems, politics, music. So our life is empty. Being empty, we try to fill it—with music, with gods, with love, with forms of escape—and the very filling is the emptying. But beauty is not to be bought. So few want beauty and goodness, and we are satisfied with second-hand things. To throw it all off is the real and only revolution, and then only is there the creativeness of reality.

It is strange how man insists on continuity in all things—in relationships, in tradition, in religion, in art. There is no breaking off and beginning anew. If we had no book, no leader, no one to copy, no one to follow, no example, if we were completely alone, stripped of all our knowledge, we would have to start from the very beginning. Of course, this complete stripping of ourselves must be wholly and fully spontaneous and voluntary; otherwise we would go mad, force ourselves into some kind of neurosis. As only a few seem to be capable of this complete aloneness, the world carries on with tradition—in its art, its music, its politics, its gods—which everlastingly breeds misery. This is what is happening

in the world at present. There is nothing new; there is only opposition and counter-opposition. In religion, the old formula of fear and dogma continues. In the arts, there is the endeavour to find something new. But the mind is not new; it is the same old mind, ridden with tradition, fear, knowledge and experience, endeavouring to search for the new. It is the mind itself that must denude itself, wholly, for the new to be. This is the real revolution.

The wind is blowing from the south, dark clouds and rain, everything is putting forth, reaching out and renewing itself.

# 10

The farmer about here had a beautiful rabbit, alive and kicking. His wife carried it to him, and the farmer killed it. A few minutes later that which was alive, with a light in its eyes, was being skinned by the woman. Here they are used to killing animals, as elsewhere in the world. Religion does not forbid them to kill. In India where for centuries, children have been told, at least in the south among the Brahmins, not to kill, that it is cruel to kill, there are many who when they grow up change their culture. They eat meat; they become army officers to kill and be killed. Overnight their values change. The centuries of a pattern of culture is overthrown and a new one taken on. The desire to be secure, in one form or another, is so dominant that the mind will adjust itself to any pattern that can give it security and safety. But there is no security. When one really understands this, there is something totally different, which creates its own way of life. That life cannot be understood or copied; all that one can do is to understand and be aware of the ways of security. This brings its own freedom.

The earth is beautiful, and the more you are aware of it, the more beautiful it is—the colour, the varieties of greens, the yellows. It is amazing what one discovers when one is alone with the earth. Not only the insects, the birds, the grass, the varieties of flowers, the rocks, the colours and the trees, but thoughts, if one loves them. We are never alone with anything, with ourselves or with the earth. It is easy to be alone with a desire, not to resist it by an act of will, not to let it run away into action, not to allow its fulfilment, not to create its opposite by justification or condemnation, but to be alone with it. This brings about a very strange state without any action of will. It is will that creates resistance and conflict. Being alone with a desire brings about a transformation in the desire itself. Play with this and discover what happens; don't force anything but consider it easily.

# 11

What do we mean by education? We learn to read and write, acquire a technique necessary for a livelihood, and then we are let loose on the world. From childhood, we are told what to do, what to think, and inwardly we are deeply conditioned by social and environmental influence.

Can we educate on the outside but leave the centre free? Can we help man to be free inwardly and be always free? For it is only in freedom that we can be creative and so be happy. Otherwise, life is such a torturous affair, a battle within, and so without. To be free inside needs astonishing care and wisdom, but few see the importance of this. It is a strange world. We are concerned with the outer and not with creativity. To change all this, there must be at least a few who understand the necessity, who themselves are inwardly bringing about this freedom.

What is important is a radical change in the unconscious. Any conscious action of the will cannot touch the unconscious. As conscious will cannot touch unconscious pursuits, wants, urges, the conscious mind must subside, be still, and not try to force the unconscious according to any pattern of action. The unconscious has its own pattern of action, a frame within which it functions. This frame cannot be broken by any outward action, and will is an outward act. If this is seen and understood, the outward mind is still; and because there is no resistance set up by will, one finds that the so-called unconscious begins to free itself from its limitations. Then only is there a radical transformation in the total being of man.

# 12

True dignity is a very rare thing. An office or a position of respect gives dignity. It is like putting on a coat. The coat, the costume, the post gives dignity. A title or position gives dignity. But strip man of these things and very few have the quality of dignity that comes with the inward freedom of being as nothing. Being something is what man craves for, and that something gives a position in society which is respected, a category of some kind—clever, rich, a saint, a physicist. But if one cannot be put into a category that society recognizes, one is considered an odd person. Dignity cannot be assumed or cultivated. To be conscious of being dignified is to be conscious of oneself, which is to be petty, small. To be nothing is to be free of that very idea. Being, not of or in a particular state, is true dignity. It cannot be taken away; it always is.

To allow the free flow of life, without any residue being left, is real awareness. The human mind is like a sieve which holds some things and lets others go. What it holds is the size of its own desires, and desires, however profound, vast, noble, are small, are petty, for desire is a thing of the mind. Not to retain, but to have the freedom of life to flow without restraint, without choice, is complete awareness. We are always choosing or holding, choosing the things that have significance and everlastingly holding on to them. This we call experience, and the multiplication of experiences we call the richness of life. The richness of life is freedom from the accumulation of experience. The experience that remains, that is held, prevents that state in which the known is not. The known is not the treasure, but the mind clings to it and thereby destroys or defiles the unknown.

Life is a strange business. Happy is the one who is nothing.

# 13

We are, most of us at least, creatures of a variety of moods. Few of us escape from it. With some it is caused by a bodily condition, with others it is a mental state. We like these up-and-down states, thinking this movement of moods is part of existence. Or one drifts from one mood to another. But there are a few who are not caught in this movement, who are free from the battle of becoming so that inwardly there is a steadiness, not of the will, a steadiness that is not cultivated, nor the steadiness of concentrated interest. It comes upon one only when the action of will ceases.

Money does spoil people. There is a peculiar arrogance of the rich. With very few exceptions, in every country, the rich have that peculiar atmosphere of being able to twist anything, even the gods. They can buy their gods. Riches are not only of wealth but the capacity of being able to do things. Capacity gives man an odd sense of freedom. He feels he is above others, that he is different. All this gives a sense of superiority; he sits back and watches others squirm, oblivious to his own ignorance, the darkness of his mind. Money and capacity offer an escape from this darkness, but escape is a form of resistance, which breeds its own problems.

Life is a strange business. Happy is the one who is nothing.

# 14

Take things easily, but with inward fullness and alertness. Don't let a moment slip by without being fully aware of what is happening inwardly and about you. This is what it is to be sensitive, not to one or two things but sensitive to everything. To be sensitive to beauty and resist ugliness is to bring about conflict. You know, as you watch you will perceive that the mind is always judging—this is good and that is bad, judging people, comparing, weighing, calculating. The mind is everlastingly restless. Can the mind watch, observe, without judging or calculating? Perceive without naming. Just see if the mind can do that.

Play with this. Don't force it; let it watch itself. Most people who attempt to be simple begin with the outer, discarding, renouncing and so on, but inwardly the complexity of their being remains. With inward simplicity, the outer corresponds. To be simple inwardly is to be free from the urge for more, which does not mean to be satisfied with what is. To be free from the urge for more is not to think in terms of time, progress, getting somewhere. To be simple is for the mind to free itself from all results, to empty itself of all conflict. This is real simplicity.

How can the mind battle between the ugly and the beautiful, clinging to the one and pushing away the other? This conflict makes the mind insensitive and exclusive. Any attempt on the part of the mind to find an undefined line between the two is still part of the one or the other. Do what it will, thought cannot free itself from the opposites; thought itself created the ugly and the beautiful, the good and the bad. So it cannot free itself from its own activities. All that it can do is to be still, not choose. Choice is conflict, and the mind is back again to its entanglements. The stillness of the mind is freedom from duality.

# 15

There is so much discontent, and one thinks an ideology is going to solve everything, even banish discontent, which of course it can never do. Communism, religion or any other organized conditioning can never do away with discontent. One tries every way to smother it, shape it, give it content, but discontent is always there. To be discontented, one thinks, is wrong—normally not right—and yet one cannot do away with it; it has to be understood. To understand is not to condemn. So really go into it, watch it without any desire to change it or channelize it. Be aware of it as it operates during the day, perceive its ways and be alone with it.

Freedom comes when the mind is alone. Just for the fun of the thing, keep the mind still, free of all thought. Play with it; don't make it a very serious affair. Without any struggle, be aware and let the mind be still.

There is frustration as long as one is seeking fulfilment. The pleasure of fulfilment is a constant desire, and we want the continuity of that pleasure. The ending of that pleasure is frustration in which there is pain. Again the mind seeks fulfilment in different directions, and again it meets frustration. This frustration is the movement of self-consciousness, which is isolation, separation, loneliness. From this, the mind wants to escape again into some form of fulfilment. The struggle to fulfil brings the conflict of duality. When the mind sees the futility or truth of fulfilment, in which there is always frustration, then only can the mind be in that state of loneliness from which there is no escape. When the mind is in this state of loneliness, without any escape, then only is there freedom from it. Separation exists because of the desire to fulfil; frustration is separation.

No shocks must ever take place now, even fleeting ones. These psychological reactions affect the body, with adverse effects. Be very strong inwardly. Be firm and clear. Be complete; don't try to be complete, be complete.

Don't depend on anyone, on anything, any experience or memory; the dependence on the past, however pleasant, only prevents the completeness of the present. Be aware, and let that awareness be intact and unbroken even if it be for a minute.

Sleep is essential; during sleep one touches unknown depths, depths that the conscious mind can never touch or experience. Though one may not remember the extraordinary experience of a world that is beyond the conscious or the unconscious, it has its effect on the total consciousness of the mind. Probably this is not very clear, but just read it and play around it. I feel there are certain things that can never be made clear. There are no adequate words for them, but nevertheless they are there.

To have a body that will not be subject to any illness is important. You must easily, voluntarily put aside all the pleasurable memories and images, so that your mind is free, uncontaminated, for the real thing. Do please pay attention to what is written. Every experience, every thought must end each day, each minute, as it arises, so that the mind does not put out roots into the future. This is really important, for this is true freedom. Thus there is no dependence, for dependence brings pain, affecting the physical and breeding psychological resistance. And resistance creates problems—to achieve, to become perfect, and so on.

In seeking is involved struggle, effort, endeavour. This endeavour, this struggle, invariably ends in frustration—I want something, or I want to be something. In the very process of getting is the craving for the more, and the more is never in sight, so there is always a sense of being thwarted. So there is pain. So once again one turns to another form of fulfilment, with its inevitable consequence. The implication of struggle, of effort, is vast. Why does one seek? Why does the mind everlastingly seek, and what makes it seek? Do you know, or are you aware that you are seeking? If you are, the object of your search varies from period to period. Do you see the significance of search, with its frustrations and pain? In the finding of something very gratifying, there is stagnation, with its joys and fears, with its progress and becoming. If you are aware that you are seeking, is it possible for the mind not to seek? And if the mind does not seek,

what is the immediate, actual reaction of a mind that does not seek?

Play with this, find out; don't force anything, don't let the mind coerce itself into any particular experience, for then it will breed for itself illusion.

I saw someone who was dying. How frightened we are of death! What we are frightened of is living; we do not know how to live; we know sorrow, and death is only the final sorrow. We divide life as living and dying. Then there must be the ache of death, with its separation, loneliness and isolation. Life and death are one movement, not isolated states. Living is dying, dying to everything, to be reborn every day. This is not a theoretical statement but to be lived and experienced. It is will, this constant desire to be, that completely destroys the simple being. This being is totally different from the sleep of satisfaction, fulfilment, or the conclusions of reason. This being is unaware of the self. A drug, an interest, an absorption, a complete identification can bring about a desired state, which is still self-consciousness. True being is the cessation of the will. Play around with these thoughts and experiment happily.

# 16

It is a cloudless morning, very early, and the sky is so pure, gentle and blue. All the clouds have gone, but they may come up again during the day. After this cold, wind and rain, spring will burst forth again. Spring has been gently going on in spite of the cold winds, but now every leaf and bud will rejoice. What a lovely thing the earth is! How beautiful are the things that come out of it—the rocks, the streams, the trees, the grass, the flowers, the endless things that she produces!

Only man grieves, he alone destroys his own species, his own kind; he alone exploits his neighbour, he tyrannizes and destroys. He is the most unhappy and most suffering, the most inventive and the conqueror of time and space. But with all his capacities, in spite of his lovely temples and churches, mosques and cathedrals, he lives in his own darkness. His gods are his fears, and his loves are his hates. What a marvellous world we could make of it, without these wars, without these fears! But what is the use of speculation? It is no use at all.

The real thing is man's discontent, the inevitable discontent. It is a precious thing, a jewel of great worth. But one is afraid of it, one dissipates it, uses it, or allows it to be used to bring about certain results. Man is frightened of it, but it is a precious jewel, without value. Live with it, watch it day after day, without interfering with its movements; then it is as a flame burning away all the dross, leaving that which is homeless and measureless. Read all this wisely.

The rich man has more than enough, and the poor man goes hungry, looking for food and struggling and working all his life. One who has nothing allows life to make itself rich, creative, and another who has all the things of this world dissipates and withers away. Give one man a piece of earth, he makes it beautiful, productive, and another neglects it and allows it to die, as he himself dies. We have such infinite capacities, in every direction, to find the nameless or

to bring about hell on earth. Somehow man prefers to breed hatred and enmity. It is so much easier to hate, to be envious, and as society is based on the demand for more, we slip into every form of acquisitiveness. And so there is everlasting struggle, which is justified and made noble.

There is the unlimited richness of a life without struggle, without will, without choice. But that life is impossibly difficult when our culture is the outcome of struggle and the action of will. Without the action of will, for almost everyone living, there is death. Without some kind of ambition, for almost everyone, life has no meaning. There is a life without will, without choice. This life comes into being when the life of will comes to an end.

I hope you don't mind reading all this. If you don't mind, then read it and listen to it with pleasure.

# 17

The sun is attempting to break through the clouds, and it will probably manage to. One day it is spring and the next it is as winter. The weather represents man's moods, up and down, darkness and temporary light.

It is strange how we want freedom and do everything to enslave ourselves. We lose our initiative. We look to others to guide or help us, to be generous, to be peaceful; we look to the gurus, masters, saviours, mediators. Someone writes great music, someone plays it, interpreting it in his own way, and we listen to it, enjoying it or criticising it. We are the audience watching the actors, football players, or the cinema screen. Others write poems, and we read them; others paint and we gape at the paintings. We have nothing so we turn to others to entertain us, to inspire us, to guide or save us. More and more, modern civilisation is destroying us, emptying us of all creativeness. We are empty inwardly and we look to others to be enriched, and so our neighbour takes advantage of this to exploit, or we take advantage of him.

When one is aware of the many implications involved in looking to others, that very freedom is the beginning of creativeness. That freedom is true revolution and not the false revolution of social or economic adjustments. Such revolution is another form of enslavement.

Our minds make little castles of security. We want to be sure of everything, sure of our relationships, of our fulfilments, our hopes and our futures. We build these inward prisons, and woe to anyone that disturbs us. It is strange how the mind is ever seeking a zone where there will be no conflict or disturbance. Our living is the constant breaking up and rebuilding, in different forms, of these zones of safety. Our mind then becomes a dull and weary thing. Freedom consists in having no security of any kind.

It is astonishing to have a still and very calm mind, without a single wave of

thought. Of course, the stillness of a dead mind is not a calm mind. The mind can be made to be still by the action of will, but can it ever be profoundly, right through its whole being, silent? It is most amazing what happens when the mind is thus silent. In that state, all consciousness as knowing and recognising ceases. The instinctual pursuit of the mind, memory, has come to an end. And it is very interesting how the mind begins to do its best to capture that wordless state, through thinking, verbalising, perfecting symbols. But for this process to come to an end naturally and spontaneously is like dying to everything. One does not want to die, and so there is an unconscious struggle going on, and this struggle is called life. It is odd how most people want to impress others, by their achievements, by their cleverness, by their books—by any means to assert themselves.

# 18

How is everything? Are your days swifter than a weaver's shuttle? Do you live in one day a thousand years?

It is strange that for most people, boredom is a very real thing; they must be doing something, be occupied with something, an activity, a book, the kitchen, children, or God. Otherwise they are with themselves, which is very boring. When they are with themselves, they get selfcentred, crotchety, or become ill or ill-humoured. An unoccupied mind—not a negative, blank mind but an alert, passive mind, a totally empty mind—is a sweet thing, capable of infinite possibilities. Thoughts are wearisome, uncreative and rather dull. A thought may be clever, but cleverness is as a sharp instrument—it soon wears itself out, and that is why clever people are dull.

Let there be an unoccupied mind without deliberately working for it. Let it happen rather than cultivate it. Read this with awareness and let it take place. Hearing or reading about the unoccupied mind is important, and also how you read and listen.

It is important to have the right kind of exercise, good sleep, and a day that has significance. But one slips so easily into a routine and then one functions in the easy pattern of self-satisfaction or self-imposed righteousness. These patterns invariably lead to death, a slow withering away. But to have a rich day, in which there is no compulsion, no fear, no comparison, no conflict, but simply to be aware, is to be creative.

There are rare moments when we feel this, but most of our life is made up of eroding memories, frustration and vain efforts, and the real thing goes by. The cloud of dullness covers everything, and the real thing fades away. It is really quite arduous to penetrate through this cloud and be in the simple clarity of light. Just see all this, and that is all. Don't try to be simple. This trying only breeds

complexity and misery. The trying is becoming, and the becoming is always desire, with its frustrations.

How important it is to free oneself from all emotional and psychological shock. This does not mean that one must harden oneself against the movement of life. These shocks gradually build up various psychological resistances that also affect the body, bringing various forms of illness. Life is a series of events, wanted and unwanted, and as long as we pick and choose which we shall keep and which we shall discard, there must inevitably be a conflict of duality, which is the shock. These series of checks harden the mind and heart. It is a self-enclosing process, and so there is suffering. To allow the movement of life, without choice, without any particular movement, desirable or undesirable, taking root needs enormous awareness. It is not a matter of trying to be aware all the time, which is wearisome, but seeing the necessity of the truth of awareness; then you will see that the very necessity operates without your forcing yourself to be aware.

One may travel, be educated in the best of schools, have the best of foods and instruction, a good climate, but does all this make for intelligence? One knows of such people, and are they intelligent? This shaping of the mind does have certain obvious effects—more efficiency, a certain quickness and alertness of mind—but all these different capacities do not make intelligence. The very learned people, those who have plenty of information and knowledge, and those who are educated scientifically, are they intelligent? Don't you think intelligence is something entirely different? It is the total freedom from fear. Those whose morality is based on security, security in every form, are not moral, for the desire for security is the outcome of fear. Fear and the constraint of fear, which we call morality, is not moral at all. Intelligence is the total freedom from fear. Intelligence is not respectability, nor is it the various virtues cultivated through fear. In understanding fear, there is something wholly different from the formulations of the mind.

# 19

It is good to experiment with identification, from the most simple to the most complex. We say this is mine—my sandals, my house, my family, my work, and my God. With identification comes the struggle to hold. Containing it becomes a habit. Any disturbance which might break that habit is pain, and then we struggle to overcome that pain. But identification, the feeling of mine, belongs to something that continues. If one experiments with this, just being aware, without any desire to alter or choose, one discovers so many astonishing things in oneself. The mind is the past, the tradition, the memories, which are the foundation of identification. Can the mind, as we know it now, function without this process of identification? Find out, play with it, be aware of the movements of identification with common daily things and with the most abstract. One finds out odd things, how thought fades and how it plays tricks upon itself.

Let awareness pursue thought through the corridors of the mind, uncovering, never choosing, ever pursuing.

It is especially difficult not to desire, crave for certain things and happenings, or not to compare. Whatever our condition, desires, cravings and comparisons continue. We crave for more or less, for the continuity of pleasure and the avoidance of pain. Why does the mind create a centre, within itself, around which it moves and has its being? Life is a thousand-and-one influences, innumerable pressures, conscious and unconscious. Among these pressures and influences, we choose some and discard others, and so we gradually build up a centre. We don't let all the pressures and influences pass by, unaffected by them. Every influence, every pressure affects us and the effect is called good or bad; we don't seem to be able to watch, be aware of pressure and not take part in it one way or the other, resisting it or welcoming it. This resistance or welcome makes for the centre from which we act. Can the mind not create this centre? The answer can be found only through experimentation, not through any form of

assertion or denial. So experiment and find out. With the ending of this centre, there is true freedom.

## 20

One gets agitated, anxious and sometimes frightened. These things happen; they are the accidents of life. It was clear and sunny the other day but now it is raining, cloudy and cold; this change is the inevitable process of living. Anxiety and fear suddenly come upon one. There are causes for it, hidden or obvious, and one can with a little awareness find those causes. But what is important is to be aware of these incidents or accidents and not give them time to take root, permanently or temporarily. One gives root to these reactions when the mind compares, justifies, condemns or accepts. One has to be on one's toes all the time, inwardly, without any tension. Tension arises when you want a result, and what arises again creates tension, which has to be broken. Let life flow.

It is so fatally easy to get used to anything, to discomfort, to frustration, to continued satisfaction. One can adjust oneself to circumstances, to lunacy or asceticism. The mind likes to function in grooves and habits, and this activity is called living. When one sees this, one breaks away from it and tries to lead a life which has no meaning, no moorings, no interests. Interests, if one is not very alert, bring us back to a pattern of life. In all this you see that will, the directive, is functioning—the will to be, to achieve, to become, and so on. Will is the very centre of the chooser, and as long as will exists, the mind can only function in habits, either selfcreated or imposed. Freedom from will is the real problem. One can play various tricks upon oneself, to be free from will, the centre of the 'me', the chooser, but it will go on under a different name, a different cloak. When one sees the real significance of habit, of getting used to things; choosing, naming, pursuing an interest and so on; when there is an awareness of all this, then the real miracle takes place, the cessation of will. Experiment with this, be aware of all this from moment to moment, without any wish to arrive anywhere.

Southern skies and northern skies are so extraordinarily different. Here in London, for a change, there is not a cloud in the tender blue sky, and the

towering trees are just beginning to show their green. Spring is just beginning. It is grimy here, and the cheer in the people of the south is not there.

A quiet mind, but very alert, watchful, is a blessing; it is like the earth, rich with immense possibilities. When there is such a mind, not comparing, not condemning, then only is it possible for immeasurable richness to be.

# 21

Don't let the smoke of pettiness smother you and let the fire go out. You have to keep going, tearing away, destroying, never taking root. Don't let any problem take root; finish with it immediately and wake up every morning fresh, young and innocent.

# 22

Be wise and definite about your health; don't let emotion and sentiment interfere with your health or belittle your action. There are too many influences and pressures that constantly shape the mind and heart; be aware of them, cut through them, and don't be a slave to them. To be a slave is to be mediocre. Be awake, aflame.

## 23

Face fear, invite it. Don't let it come upon you suddenly, unexpectedly, but face it constantly, pursue it diligently and purposefully.

Deeply, inwardly, there may be a slow withering away; of this you may be unconscious or, being conscious, negligent. The wave of deterioration is always on top of us; it does not matter who it is. To be ahead of it and meet it without reaction and be out of it requires great energy. This energy comes only when there is no conflict whatsoever, conscious or unconscious. Be very awake.

Don't let problems take root. Go through them rapidly, cut through them as through butter. Don't let them leave a mark, finish with them as they arise. You can't help having problems but finish with them immediately.

There has been a distinct change in you—deeper inward vitality, strength and clarity—keep it, let it function, give it an opportunity to flow extensively and deeply. Whatever happens, don't be smothered by circumstances, by the family, by your own physical condition. Eat properly, exercise and don't become slack. Having come to a certain state, keep going, don't stay there—either go forward or you retrogress. You can't be static. You have ridden on the inward wave for so many years, withdrawn, inward, but now from that inward movement you must go out, meet more people, expand.

# 24

I have done a great deal of meditation and has been good. I hope you are doing it too. Begin by being aware of every thought-feeling all day, the nerves and the brain; then become quiet, still. This cannot be done through control. Then really begins meditation. Do it with thoroughness.

Whatever happens, don't let the body shape the nature of the mind. Be aware of the body, eat right, be by yourself during the day for some hours. Don't slip back and don't be a slave to circumstances. Be tremendous—be awake.

PART TWO:  
**KRISHNAMURTI FOR THE  
YOUNG**

Have ever asked yourself why you have to go to school year after year? Your parents pack you off to the kindergarten when you are only three, and then for the next fourteen years it is the same routine. You may change your school in between, but everywhere it is the same story. You learn to read and write, and if you are lucky to get good teachers you begin to enjoy learning new things. History, geography, mathematics, science, literature and so on open your minds to the extraordinary achievements of mankind.

What else do you learn at school? Perhaps you also discover your interests and talent for music or dance, for drama or games and so on. Also, you learn about discipline, respect and behaviour.

But isn't there another whole area of life that you would like to be aware of, be introduced to—the world of thoughts and feelings inside you? Must you not learn how you are hurt sometimes, what are the things that make you angry and how to deal with them, or what your fears are and how they affect your relationship with teachers, parents or friends? Don't you want to know how you respond to the beauty of life in trees, plants and animals around you, or how you feel when you see human beings suffer? Would you not like to find out what you love to do most, so that what you do later as you grow up gives you joy?

Krishnamurti cared deeply for children. He often said you can learn much more from looking at life around you than from books. He wanted you to question everything, find out and learn for yourself directly and not depend on others. That way you can learn about your feelings, fears and anxieties, your hopes and joys, and about all that goes on inside you.

Ahalya Chari

What is it to feel?

I do not know if you noticed early this morning the waning moon and the

morning star very close together. Did you see the light of the moon in your room, and on the river? There were hardly any ripples on the water; there was no breeze; the river was very still. It was quite extraordinarily beautiful: the distant dark shore; the moon almost silver-bright, polished; Venus, the morning star, still bright; and the completely quiet water. And a fisherman was rowing a boat. The fisherman, the tranquil waters, the silver moon, the morning star, and the distant, dark shore—all that was most extraordinary.

Most of us have very little feeling about anything. Do you know what it is to feel, to care, to look? To watch the river, to look at the moon for a long time, to feel the movement of the trees, to see a bird—how it flies, how delicate its wings are, and yet how extraordinarily strong they must be to support it through a storm—demands a great deal of feeling. Do you know what it is to feel? You feel not merely with your hands. When you touch something, you feel. When you touch a lizard, it gives you a rather unpleasant feeling. If you touch a toad or frog, you will find that it is cold, slimy, and if you take hold of it in your hands and look at it, it will give you an extraordinarily unpleasant feeling. And if you have ever taken in your hand a bird that is wounded and just wants to escape, you would have felt its heart beating; everything in it would have been alive.

To feel the movement of a tree, to hear the breeze in the morning among the leaves, to feel for those poor women going from the village to the town, day after day, in their dirty clothes—unwashed, never having a hot bath, never having clean clothes, never having a full meal, never being able to stop working—makes one very sensitive. To hear, not the technique, not the repetition of a particular note, but a song sung well by someone with a full heart, who doesn't care whether anyone is listening; to listen to the call of a bird of a morning; and to listen to the fisherman across the river, calling, makes one very, very sensitive—it makes one terribly alive.

That is why it is very important for you to have feeling, now—feeling about the way you dress, the way you sit, the way you talk, how you play, how you look at a tree, how you treat a dog, how you tear the leaves off a tree, how you talk others, how people, your teachers, for example, treat you, how they talk to you. All that matters now, not tomorrow or in five years—then it will be too late.

If you do not feel everything now, when you are young and alive, if you do not see the lizard go across the roof or wall, and watch it moving, catching a fly; if you do not notice the people about you, your teachers, your friends, then when you grow up you will notice nothing; you will not feel anything. As all your emotions will have been destroyed, you will have no strong feelings about anything—about your brother or sister, your family, your children, about what happens to the people around you—and you will not notice the birds, the river, the trees and the squalor.

I wonder why we, grown-ups as well as children, do not feel, do not care. Why? Why do we not feel strongly for something? Not about nationalism, not about ideas or flags, but little things. And I have wondered about the people who do not care. I have wondered what happens to their children—what kind of human beings their children will be when they grow up, what kind of thoughts they will have, what kind of feelings, affections, sorrows and miseries they will have. I have also wondered what they will be when they are married and when they have children of their own.

Tremendous changes are taking place in the world, and you may know nothing about these changes. You may hear little bits here and there. People are questioning everything—gods, ceremonies, the family. Everything is being questioned anew; everything is being torn apart. You have to learn more every year to keep up with new changes, new techniques and information.

I was talking to a friend who is a medical doctor. He has a first-class reputation, but he has to work much harder now because he has to keep up with new techniques of surgery, new medicines and so on. He has no time; he is worn out, exhausted. And when we are living at this speed, with this strain, anxiety and tremendous stress, the feeling of affection, the feeling for the beauty of a tree, the feeling for somebody who has very little disappears and we function merely in a narrow groove.

So it matters very much that from now on, you become very sensitive. Have strong feelings; do not be frightened of them. Love somebody with all your being—with your heart, with your mind, with everything. Love a bird. Love a

tree you have planted; look after it. Keep your room in a spotless condition. Then you will begin to care, to care what you are.

What is it to care?

Do you know what it means to care? You care when you look after a pet, when you keep your clothes in order, when you wash and keep yourself clean. If you plant a tree, it requires watching over; it needs care. You may have to add manure to the soil it is growing in, and it must be regularly watered when there is no rain. If you have a dog, you must brush it, give it the right kind of food, take it out for walks and see that it has no disease. To do all these things—to have a feeling for people, for animals, for plants, for things—is to care. Caring is a part of that profound thing called love. It begins with the care of little things.

You cannot be intelligent if you do not observe everything around you—the birds, the trees, the people, the dirty streets. If you do not notice all these things, you will grow up as most of the older people have grown up; you will grow up without any affection in your heart. So do try to look, to see, to observe. Don't criticize or compare. Don't say, 'This is good, that is bad' or, 'This is right, that is wrong.' Observe how you walk, how shy or dull you are. Observe how the older people treat the young, how your teachers behave towards you, and how you respond to them. Just watch everything in life. Watching is a most extraordinary thing. Out of watching comes intelligence.

To have real affection for people, one must not only look and listen but also care. Do you care for anyone? Do you care for your parents? Do your parents care for you? Caring means looking after others, being kind, seeing to it that they are not treated cruelly. And you cannot really care for anyone if you do not see, if you do not observe.

To see everything as it is is quite an art. It is as difficult to see things as they are as it is to learn mathematics, history or geography. There is beauty in seeing. Seeing is action. If you see, if you observe, if you listen, you cannot help but act. But most of us are blind and deaf, so we do not act.

One day, a few months ago, when I was in Switzerland, I was riding in a car

with a friend. A little girl was cycling ahead of us, and suddenly she got off and began pushing the cycle. I wondered why and watched. She picked up a piece of paper that was lying on the road, threw it in a nearby trash bin, remounted her cycle, and went on. There was nobody to tell the girl to do what she did, but she had a feeling for keeping the road clean and picked up the piece of paper. It was a natural, spontaneous desire to keep the countryside beautiful. People who talk about action do not act like that. They don't see what actually is and therefore do not act immediately. Unfortunately, this spontaneous feeling will probably be destroyed in the girl as she grows up. She will go to school where she'll study certain subjects and pass examinations, but this feeling will be gone.

Why do we lose our imagination?

When you are young, you are sensitive, alive, and full of curiosity. When you are young, you have this extraordinary faculty of imagination. Why do you lose it as you grow up? When you see the river, you picture yourself in a boat, sailing down to the sea through tremendous storms. You have read some history, and when you think about it, you imagine the most fantastic things. When you see a cloud, to you it is a castle, and you are right in the middle of it. The sound of the wind immediately makes you think you are hearing marvellous music, and when you see a big bird, you imagine you are riding around the world on its back. You imagine that you are a great person, with plenty of money, or that you are a marvellous speaker to whom everybody listens and applauds. This wonderful imagination exists while you are young, but as you grow older, it disappears. Why?

Nobody encourages you to dream. Whether you are at school or in your own home, nobody says, 'Go on, have a good time; enjoy yourself with your imagination.' When you say something out of your imagination, the older people say, 'You are telling a lie. You must not tell lies, you must always speak the truth,' and perhaps they punish you. You may have imagined yourself riding on a cloud, and when your parents say you are lying, you naturally come down from that cloud.

Similarly, in the classroom, you are not allowed to look out of the window

and see the sunlight shining on a green leaf, or sense the perfume of a solitary flower. If you are watching a buzzing fly, your teacher says, ‘Why are you not looking at your book?’ and immediately you lose the fascination for watching the fly. This goes on throughout your early years. Fear, despair, examinations, grades, competition in order to earn a livelihood—these things darken your life, and with them the misery begins. You come off the cloud. The storm and the rainbow are gone. You become ugly, fighting, quarrelling, cheating to get money, or you may become a social worker with an idea that you want to put into action; but the dream is lost; the world of imagination has disappeared.

It is good to have imagination. You must have imagination to write a poem or to paint a picture. Do you ever paint pictures? Does your teacher put a vase or another object in front of you and ask you to copy it? Is that what you do? Or do you see, let’s say, a leaf in the sunlight, and paint it with all your feeling? Which means you are free to go with the clouds, with the rains, with the storm, with the river. There is beauty in that.

What does fear do to you?

Once when I was out walking in California, I was not particularly looking where I was going, as I was watching a bird. Suddenly I heard a sharp rattling sound. I looked in the direction of the noise, and I jumped back because there on the path before me was a big rattlesnake. As you probably know, the rattler is venomous. But it is called a gentleman-snake because it generally gives a warning before it strikes. It is not like a cobra or some other snakes which just strike without warning. This rattler was quite large and fat. I stood a few feet away from it, and we watched each other. I could clearly see all the patterns on its skin, its large head, its unblinking eyes—snakes have no eyelids—and its black tongue shooting in and out. We continued to watch each other for some time, and then it began to move away, but as it did so, I moved nearer, and then it coiled again, ready to strike. We kept this up for half an hour or more. By that time, the snake was getting rather tired and didn’t know what to do. Finally, it began moving away again, but it kept its head and tail towards me, ready to coil and strike if I came too close. Then it very quietly disappeared in the underbrush.

In the same way, watch every fear that arises within you. Whether it is fear of snakes, fear of your parents, fear of another student, fear of your teacher, or fear in any other form, do not run away from it, but observe it, question it, find out what that fear is. Watch your fear and learn from it.

It is very important to understand fear. Do you know what fear is? It begins when we are children. We are afraid of our elders, of our parents, of our teachers. As we grow up, this fear continues; most people in the world—the old as well as the young—have this extraordinary sense of fear. When are you afraid? Fear comes when you think of what people may say about you or what your parents may say; you are afraid of being criticized, of being punished, of failing to pass an examination. When your teacher scolds you, or when you are not popular in your class, in your school, in your surroundings, fear gradually creeps in, doesn't it?

The older people have the power to punish you, to push you away or ask you to stay in your room; and so in school as well as at home, we are continually trained in fear. Our life is moulded by fear, and from childhood till we die, we are afraid. And do you know what fear does? Have you ever watched yourself when you are afraid, how your tummy tightens up, how you perspire, how you get nightmares? You don't like to be with the people you are frightened of. With that fear, we go to school and college, and with fear we leave college to meet this extraordinary thing, this vast stream with its enormous depth, which we call life.

So it seems to me that the thing of first importance is that we are educated to be free from fear because fear dulls our minds, cripples our thinking and makes for darkness. As long as we are frightened we shall not create a new world.

How will you find out about fear? Are you afraid of public opinion, public opinion being what your friends and others think of you? Most of us, especially while we are young, want to look alike, dress alike, talk alike. We do not want to be even slightly different because to be different implies not to conform, not to accept the pattern. When you begin to question the pattern, there is fear. Now examine that fear, go into it. Don't say, 'I am afraid,' and run away from it. Look at it, face it, find out why you are afraid.

One of the causes of fear is comparison. Our society is based on comparison, and we think comparison is necessary for growth. When a teacher compares you with another who is perhaps a little cleverer, what happens to you? Have you noticed what happens to you when you are compared with someone else? The teacher says to you, 'Be as clever as them.' To make you as strenuous, as studious as the other boy or girl, they give you grades, and so you keep on struggling, competing; you are envious of the other. So, comparison breeds envy, jealousy; and jealousy is the beginning of fear. When you compare yourself with somebody else, that somebody else is more important than you. You as an individual with your capacities, with your tendencies, with your difficulties, with your problems, are not important, but the other person is important. So you are pushed aside and left struggling to become like somebody else. In that struggle is born envy and fear.

If one has fear, there can be no initiative in the creative sense of the word. To have initiative in this sense is to do something original—to do it spontaneously, naturally, without being guided, forced, controlled. It is to do something which you love to do. Have you ever, when out walking, observed others and done something kind—done it spontaneously, naturally, out of your own heart, without waiting to be told what to do? If you have fear, then this is shut out of your life; you become insensitive and do not observe what is going on around you.

How are you to be free of fear? There is fear of the snake, fear of the bully in the class, fear of your parents, fear of society, fear of religious and political leaders. How are you to be free of all this fear? And must you not be free of it? Because if you are not free of fear, you will live the rest of your life in darkness. You may have a nice house with electric lights, you may be married to a good husband or wife, but if you have fear in any form, you will always live in darkness. So it is very important to find out how to be free of fear.

To be free of fear, you must first know that you are frightened. And secondly, you must not run away from it; you must not escape from fear but look at it. When you are conscious that you are frightened, what do you actually do? You run away from it, don't you? You pick up a book or go out for a walk; you

try to forget it. You are conscious of that fear, and you do not know how to resolve it. You are really frightened even to look at it, so you run away from it in various directions. You continually try to escape from your problem, but that will not help you to resolve it. You have to face it.

Now, can you look at your fear? If you want to examine a bird, observe the shape of its wings, its legs, its beak, you must go very close to it, must you not? Similarly, if you are afraid, you must look very closely at your fear. When you run away from it, you only increase fear.

Fear is something which exists in relation to something else; it does not exist by itself. It exists in relation to a snake, to what your parents or teacher might say, or in relation to death. It is in connection with something. Fear is not a thing by itself; it exists in contact, in relation, in touch with something else. Are you conscious, aware, that you are afraid in relation to something else? Are you not afraid of your parents or teachers? I hope not, but probably you are. Are you not afraid that you may not pass your examinations? Are you not afraid that people may not think of you nicely and decently and say what a good person you are? Don't you know your own fears?

So, first, you must know what you are afraid of. Then you must also know, the mind must know why it is afraid. Is fear something apart from the mind? Does not the mind itself create fear, either because it remembers the past or it projects itself into the future? Fear corrupts, and to be free from fear, one has to understand how the mind creates fear. There is no such thing as fear except what the mind itself creates. The mind wants shelter, the mind wants security, the mind has various forms of self-protective ambition; and as long as all that exists, you will have fear. It is very important to understand ambition, to understand authority; both are indications of this fear which is so destructive.

### Freedom and order

Have you ever sat on the banks of a river and watched the water go by? You cannot do anything about the water. There is the water, with leaves and sticks going by, and you are watching all that. You see the movement of the water, its

current and fullness. But you cannot do anything. You watch, and you let the water flow by. In the same way, listen to these words.

Freedom cannot exist without order. The two go together. If you cannot have order, you cannot have freedom. The two are inseparable. If you say, 'I will do what I like, I will turn up for meals when I like, I will come to the class when I like,' you create disorder. You have to take into consideration what other people want. For things to run smoothly, you have to come on time. You have to have consideration and think of others. You have to be polite, considerate, be concerned about other people. Out of that consideration, out of that thoughtfulness, out of that watchfulness, both outward and inward, comes order. With that order comes freedom.

When you are told what to do, what to think, to obey, to follow, do you know what it does to you? Your mind becomes dull; it loses its initiative, its quickness. This external, outward imposition of discipline makes the mind stupid; it makes you conform; it makes you imitate. But if you discipline yourself by watching, listening, being considerate, being very thoughtful, out of that watchfulness, that listening, that consideration for others, comes order. Where there is order, there is always freedom.

If you are shouting or talking, you cannot hear what others have to say. You can only clearly hear when you sit quietly, when you give attention. You cannot have order if you are not free to watch, if you are not free to listen, if you are not free to be considerate. This problem of freedom and order is one of the most difficult and urgent problems in life. It is a very complex problem; it needs to be thought over much more than mathematics, geography or history.

If you are not really free, you cannot blossom, you cannot be good, there can be no beauty. If the bird is not free, it cannot fly. If the seed is not free to blossom, to push out of the earth, it cannot live. Everything must have freedom, including man. Human beings are frightened of freedom and do not want it. Birds, rivers, trees, all demand freedom, and we must demand it too, not in half measures but completely. Freedom, liberty, the independence to express what one thinks, to do what one wants to do is one of the most important things in life.

To be really free from anger, jealousy, brutality, cruelty, to be really free within oneself is one of the most difficult and dangerous things.

You cannot have freedom merely for the asking. You cannot say, 'I will be free to do what I like,' because there are other people also wanting to be free, also wanting to express what they feel, also wanting to do what they wish. Everybody wants to be free, and they want to express themselves—their anger, brutality, ambition, competitiveness, and so on. So there is always conflict. I want to do something and you want to do something, and so we fight. Freedom is not doing what one wants because one cannot live by oneself. Even the monk or sannyasi is not free to do what he wants because he has to struggle for what he wants, to fight with himself, to argue within himself. And it requires enormous intelligence, sensitivity and understanding to be free. And yet it is absolutely necessary that every human being, whatever their culture, be free. So you see, freedom cannot exist without order.

You cannot have freedom without order, and order is discipline. I don't like to use that word discipline because it is laden with all kinds of meaning. Discipline generally means conformity, imitation, obedience; it means to do what you are told. But if you want to be free—and human beings must be completely free, otherwise we cannot flower, cannot be real human beings—you have to find out for yourself what it is to be orderly, what it is to be punctual, kind, generous, unafraid. The discovery of all that is discipline. This brings about order. To find out you have to examine and to examine you must be free. If you are considerate, if you are watching, if you are listening, then, because you are free, you will be punctual, you will come to class regularly, you will study. You will be so alive that you will want to do things rightly.

What is order?

Have you ever considered why it is that most of us are rather sloppy—in our dress, in our manners, in our thoughts, in the way we do things? Why are we unpunctual and inconsiderate of others? And what is it that brings about order in everything, order in our dress, in our thoughts, in our speech, in the way we walk, in the way we treat those who are less fortunate than ourselves? What brings about this curious order that comes without compulsion, without

planning? Have you ever considered it?

Do you know what we mean by order? It is to sit quietly without pressure, to eat elegantly without rush, to be leisurely and yet precise, to be clear in one's thinking and yet expansive. What brings about this order in life? It is really a very important point, and if one could be educated to discover the factor that produces order, it would have great significance.

Have you ever looked very closely at a flower? How astonishingly precise it is, with all its petals; yet there is an extraordinary tenderness, a perfume, a loveliness about it. Now, when one tries to be orderly, our life may be very precise but it has lost that quality of gentleness which comes into being only when, like with the flower, there is no effort. So our difficulty is to be precise, clear and expansive without effort.

So, how can we be expansive in our feeling, wide in our thinking, and yet be precise, clear, orderly in our life? I think most of us are not like that because we never feel anything intensely; we never give our hearts and minds to anything completely. I remember watching two red squirrels, with long bushy tails and lovely fur, chase each other up and down a tall tree for about ten minutes without stopping—just for the joy of living. But you and I cannot know that joy if we do not feel things deeply. If you are extraordinarily receptive, sensitive to everything, then that very sensitivity brings orderliness.

You cannot depend on others; you cannot expect somebody to give you freedom and order, whether it is your father, mother or teacher. You have to bring it about in yourself. This is the first thing to realize, that you cannot ask this from another. You cannot possibly ask, or look to anyone, your gurus or your gods. Nobody can give you freedom and order. So you have to find out how to bring about order in yourself. That is, you have to watch and find out for yourself how to be good, how to be kind, how to be considerate. Out of that consideration, out of that watching, you bring about order and therefore freedom. You depend on others to tell you what you should do, that you should not look out of the window, that you should be punctual, that you should be kind. But if you were to say, 'I will look out of the window when I want to look but when I

study I am going to look at the book,' you bring order within yourself without being told by others.

Do you ever walk by yourself? Or do you always go with others? If you go out by yourself sometimes, not too far away because you are young, then you will get to know yourself, what you think, what you feel, what virtue is, what you want to be. Find out. And you cannot find out about yourself if you are always talking, going about with your friends, with half a dozen people. Sit under a tree quietly by yourself, not with a book. Just look at the stars or the sky, the birds, the shape of the leaves. Watch the shadows. Watch the bird across the sky. By being with yourself, sitting quietly under a tree, you begin to understand the workings of your mind, and that is as important as going to class.

# J. KRISHNAMURTI

J. Krishnamurti is regarded as one of the greatest teachers of all time, yet he did not set himself up as a teacher. When he was young, his family and friends noticed that he was a child of a very different kind, close to nature, alive to life around him, thoughtful, generous and compassionate. He communicated strikingly original perceptions about life and travelled all over the world giving talks to large audiences on the eternal problems of living and our search for truth or happiness. Everywhere he went, people came to him with their problems and he helped them understand their lives. Eminent scientists, philosophers, psychologists, educators, and people of religion held dialogues with him on contemporary thought and ancient wisdom. He vigorously denied the notion of authority in spiritual and religious matters, saying that human problems can be solved in only one way: for and by ourselves.

Krishnamurti was truly a world figure concerned about the whole of humanity and not about any one nation or sect. He wanted us to live like guests on the earth, taking care of all life on it. He was a great lover of nature, and his descriptions show how keen his observation was of the beauty and wonder of the earth. These are reflected in his writings which are a new contribution to modern literature. One cannot talk of his philosophy; instead his words are a mirror in which to see ourselves.

Krishnamurti founded schools to give children a new kind of education that is free of fear, comparison and competition. His schools are in India, England, and America. He visited them every year and held talks and discussions with teachers, students and parents on the importance of living and learning without pressure. He spoke to college and university students and helped them to meet the challenges of livelihood and life. His teachings have affected the lives of innumerable people all over the world and have brought into being a new vision of education and of life itself.

According to Krishnamurti it is possible to change ourselves radically, not over a period of time but instantaneously. By changing ourselves we change our relationships and the whole structure of society. He eloquently and succinctly communicated this vital need for change in a large body of work available in audio and video recordings online, and in many well-received books including Freedom from the Known, Commentaries on Living, The First and Last Freedom and Can the Mind Be Quiet?

More information and teachings can be found at [www.jkrishnamurti.org](http://www.jkrishnamurti.org)